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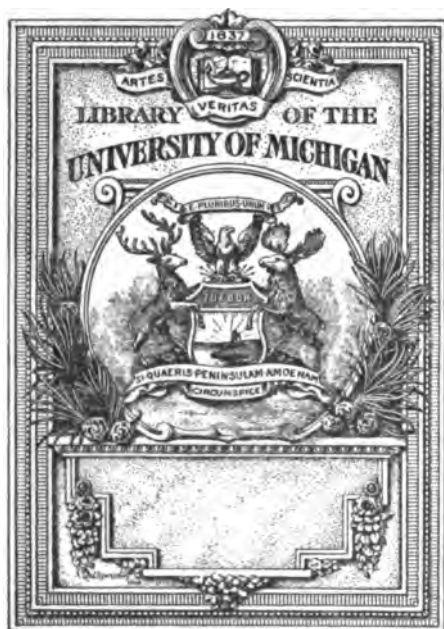
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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

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Vol. XL.

TOUCHING THE IDENTITY OF JUNIUS.*

"Si quid novisti rectius ista
Candidus imperti: si non hoc utere mecum."
Hor. Epist. ad Numicium.

It is not true, as some may be disposed to think, that the puzzle of Junius has lost its interest, and become an obsolete matter. This writer has connected himself with the governmental history of his day in England in a manner too striking to permit the mere lapse of time to nullify him. He waged war with the Government of George the Third before the Thirteen Colonies did, for nearly as long a space, and on something of the same constitutional principle. This alone would give him claims to an undying consideration, and such consideration is further secured by the mystery which has always a power of fascination over the human mind. If we were disposed to forget his powerful pen, his provoking mask would not let us. Then, posterity must always be anxious to know who it was who left behind him some of the most elegant and masterly specimens of epistolary literature in the language.

The successful concealment of Junius strikes us as a *primâ facie* proof that he was a man of high consequence, not a secretary or other hireling. From the care he took of his secret, we may guess the importance of it to himself in his life-time, and also to his family after him. No inferior man would take all these precautions—would push away from his name for ever the cele-

briety of the letters. Everything points steadily and conclusively to some distinguished man; one who would also belong to the aristocracy of England. It is not alone by handwriting, or the tall gentleman with the cloak in Ivy-lane, punctuation, capital letters, favourite words, dates, and so forth; nor even by what Junius is pleased to say of himself or others in his public or private letters, that we should be guided in looking for him. All these are false or frivolous guides. The whole subject should be regarded at a distance, and in all its bearings. And because the secret was the result of a comprehensive scheme—because the writing of the letters must have had causes covering a large surface, we should try to make our means of detection comprehensive in proportion, and gather our conclusions from a wide circle of facts—from the chief political characters and questions of that memorable time, when great things were done, and great men walked the stage; when the Toryism of the house of Brunswick began to supplant the Whiggery of the Revolution, and the North American Colonies began to agitate all minds with the first impulses of their immortal rebellion. We do not get grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. The lofty and overbearing literature of Ju-

* "JUNIUS: including Letters by the same Writer under other signatures; to which are added, his Confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters to H. S. Woodfall; with an Analysis, by the late Sir Harris Nicholas, and New Evidence, by John Wade." Bohn, London.

nus, so full of genius and passion, never could come from any understrapper; it was the fruit of one of the most self-sustained and lordly intellects of the time. All who look for Junius must look up for him, not down. Hitherto the eyes of the great majority of the searchers have been turned in the latter direction—

“Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dared not glow.”

The critics have repeatedly come close to him—have seen his large vestiges in the sand; have been within reach of him, with only a cobweb, as it were, between them and him. But that has been as successful in averting discovery, as was the miraculous spider-work, which, lying across the mouth of the cave of Thor, hindered the Koreish from laying hands on Mahomet. The filmy influence in this case is chiefly, we think, made of traditionary feelings and national prepossessions. A good deal of it is certainly due to the Machiavelian art with which Junius draws his cloud about him; but foregone conclusions and historic preoccupations have been more effective in warding off detection than anything else. Therefore it is that people have mostly gone to look for the secret among clerks and secretaries, not permitting themselves to suspect the right man.

About eighty years ago, Junius boasted, with the confidence of Isis in the old temple of Saïs, that nobody should ever be able to lift his mask; that he was the sole depositary of his secret, and that it should perish with him. Since that time a hundred books and a vast number of articles have been written by men desirous to point out the real author of the letters: and a crowd of undoubted and rejected Juniuses have rewarded the curious infelicity of the inquirers. Most of these *nominis umbræ* have strutted their hour upon the stage, and then passed off, to be talked of no more. As it is, there are not “six Richmonds in the field,” out of so many. Mr. Wade, in Bohn’s edition of Junius, gives a list of these involuntary candidates, to the number of thirty-five, to wit:—Colonel Barré, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Bishop Butler, Lord Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, Earl Shelburne (“Shelburne meek holds up his cheek” with the rest), Lord Camden, Earl Temple, M. Delolme, Dunning, Lord Ashburton,

Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, E. Burke, E. Gibbon, W. G. Hamilton, C. Lloyd, J. Roberts, Sam. Dyer, George and James Grenville, W. Greatrakes, Duke of Portland, Rd. Glover, Sir W. Jones, Jas. Hollis, General Lee, Laughlin Maclean, Lord George Sackville, Rev. P. Rosenhagen, J. Wilkes, J. H. Tooke, John Kent, Dr. Wray, Horace Walpole, Lord Loughborough, Sir Philip Francis. The claims advanced for the great majority of these are ridiculous, and prove nothing so much as the principle of diversity and dissent existing in the human mind, and the power which a hypothesis will have, at times, over the poor Frankenstein that has made it.

Among those spoken of with most confidence, when the letters were coming out in the *Public Advertiser*, was Edmund Burke; and there was some appearance of truth in the assumption; for Burke was the only Whig writer of the day whose intellectual powers seemed to bear any comparison with those exhibited in the letters. We say *seemed*; for the two authors differed widely; and their writings afford intrinsic evidence of this. Burke was a generaliser, and dealt very much in abstract principles, following out his conclusions by long chains of reasoning. Junius was all for particulars: he went directly and dictatorially to his mark, with an impatience of all ratiocination; he would not waste time in the tediousness of outward flourishes. Burke had not the fierce heart of Junius; he would wage war with pomp and circumstance. As for Junius—

“He had *nae* thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.”

Burke’s dramatic hostility against Warren Hastings was a different thing from the bloody personal assaults upon Grafton, Bedford, or Mansfield. Burke used a bright and chivalrous rapier; Junius came on with a tomahawk—not, however, without its own beautiful lightnings, as he swung it round his head and brought it down with an unmerciful sway, right, centre and left. But Burke himself has set this question at rest. He told Dr. Johnson, of his own accord, that he was not Junius. Mr. Butler, of the *Reminiscences*, says that Burke spoke of the letters with disgust; and the latter said to Dean Marley, “I could not write like Junius; and if I could, I would not.”

Gibbon was also spoken of; but he had nothing in common with the Man in the Mask but a splendid style. The historian's rhetoric is never coloured by the warm blood of cotemporary politics or statesmanship. The date of his mind was many centuries anterior to the age of Wilkes and liberty; and it concerned itself more with the Constantines than the Georges—with the Arians and Ebonites, rather than the Whigs and Tories.

The erudite Dr. Parr thought Chas. Lloyd, George Grenville's private secretary, was Junius, beyond any reasonable doubt. Writing, in 1822, to Mr. Butler, the Doctor says—"I tell you, peremptorily, the real Junius was private secretary to George Grenville. The name of Junius was Lloyd. This will, one day, be universally acknowledged." The points in Lloyd's favour were, that he always praised George Grenville, and that at the period of Lloyd's death Junius ceased to write. Lloyd died three days after the date of Junius's last letter. But the following seems to do away with this hypothesis. Six weeks after the death of Lloyd, Woodfall made his usual signals for Junius. Now, Woodfall knew Lloyd, and must have heard of his death. He also suspected, if he did not know, who his famous correspondent was; and it is not to be supposed he would make overtures to a dead man. The claims of Lloyd, in spite of the large credulity of Parr, have always been considered very feeble. Lord George Germaine was also suspected, when Junius first appeared. He was a Whig, had reason to be angry with the Marquis of Granby for his share in the court-martial and disgrace which followed the battle of Minden; and, as a military man, would be likely to exhibit the knowledge of the War-Office visible in the letters of Junius. Lord Chesterfield too was set up and sworn by, for a while; so was W. Gerard Hamilton; and so was Horace Walpole. But a person is forced to smile when he speaks of these four fastidious members of the aristocracy in the same breath with Junius. The style of Lord George was bald and debilitated in the extreme; he himself was pigeon-livered, and lacked the gall of that truculent masquer. Chesterfield, though really something more than a high priest of "the Graces—the Graces," could be Junius as little as the cynical, finical Horace Walpole.

As for Hamilton, he is almost knocked down by the breath of imputation which makes him *nominis umbra*. There is a sentence in one of Junius's letters to Grafton, in which the writer speaks of a man who had travelled through every sign of the political zodiac, from the Scorpion, in which he stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury, &c. "If I had written such a sentence," shrieks Single-Speech (Horace Walpole, in his letters, shows that this is a misnomer, after all), "I should have thought I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition for ever." Hamilton's good taste in composition has long ceased to be outraged by the suspicion of the world.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, has been advocated. But at the time the letters first appeared, Dunning was Solicitor-General, and continued such for some time after. This argument, however, is not so strong as another which may be used, to wit, that he could not write the letters. This is, in fact, an argument which overturns the pretensions of every one of the claimants, save the right one. General Lee was once confidently put forward as Junius; and he certainly was Junius; but with a difference. During the years 1769, 1770, and 1771, he wrote in the *Public Advertiser*, under the signature of "Junius Americanus." He also wrote the Preamble of the Bill of Rights for the citizens of London; and, in a letter to Wilkes, the real Simon Pure says that his American namesake is plainly a man of abilities. In 1803, a Mr. Rodney, in a letter which appeared at Wilmington, in America, said Lee confessed to him, in 1773, that he was Junius. Lee, doubtless, played off his *equivogue* upon his auditor; but it made a great sensation, and people said *Nominis Umbra* was a Yankee, after all. Mr. Newhall, of Massachusetts, has written a book to show that Junius was Richard, Earl Temple, brother of George Grenville. It was generally considered that Junius was in some way connected with the Grenvilles; and, in 1827, a report was spread which seemed to strengthen that conviction. It was stated in a London magazine that Lord Nugent and the Duke of Buckingham, rummaging in the library at Stowe, found a secret parcel of documents which contained MS. originals of a few of Junius's letters, among

which was the famous letter to the King. It was further said, Earl Grenville was conscience-struck on this discovery, and begged a respite, as he was very old, promising to leave a true statement of facts at his death, and admitting, at the same time, as much as implied that Junius was connected with his family, which meant to lead to the idea that he was Lloyd, George Grenville's secretary. But the whole thing was a hoax. The idea that Junius would go putting the useless MSS. of his printed letters into holes and corners is too childish to be entertained for a moment. But this report made quite a sensation, showing that the public interest in that literary riddle has not at all died away.

Influenced a good deal by the foregoing report, and by the opinion of the best critics, among whom is the writer of an article in vol. xlv. of the *Edinburgh Review*, that Junius was a Grenvilleite, Mr. Newhall tries to find in Earl Temple some lineaments of Junius. But after all is said and proved, we find that, like the clothes of a giant on the body of a dwarf, the hypothesis is too large for the man. The Earl had neither the genius nor the fervid political blood which could give birth to that strong, anonymous literature. Nothing in any part of his career justifies the belief that he could have written the letters. The only considerations in his favour, are those which would countenance the claims of Chesterfield, Shelburne, and the other peers: to wit, high rank and wealth, such as would naturally give the tone of loftiness that belongs to Junius instinctively, and is as palpable in his smallest notes to Woodfall, as in his letter to the King; and would also afford the pecuniary means of successfully guarding such a perilous secret.

Among the latest original attempts to unmask Junius was that made, four or five years ago, by Mr. Britton. This gentleman thinks Colonel Barré was the man, or rather, he makes Junius a sort of epistolary Geryon—"three single gentlemen in one:" viz., Barré, Dunning, and Lord Shelburne. He shrewdly suspected this triumvirate would be most likely, if not sure, to cover all the conditions of Junius—the legal and constitutional knowledge, the military evidences, and the lofty anti-Toryism of the celebrated letters. He fails in his grand argument, founded on a "Letter to an Honourable Brigadier-

General." He assumes, and tries to show, that Barré wrote, or may have written it; and thinks it carries a resemblance to the style of Junius. Now, it must be remembered that Barré began his career in Parliament by a bitter attack on Chatham—a man for whom Junius evidently, in spite of appearances, entertains a strong feeling of attachment. Mr. Britton's man can't stand.

The claims of Wilkes, Tooke, and all the rest—the Glovers, Boyds, Dyers, Macleanes, &c., are no longer debateable. They have been given up, and nobody thinks of recalling them. To be sure, a late critic in the *North British Review*—Sir David Brewster, we believe—leans to the belief that Maclean was the secret writer. But his argument carries very little conviction with it. Maclean was skulking about London, and trying to get out of his gambling difficulties, when Junius was in the midst of his great business—

"When, like an eagle in a dove-cote, he
Flattered the Volsel in Coriol!"

made the King, Lords, and Commons tremble at the sound of his scourge; and the former was Collector at Philadelphia in 1772, at a time when the letters still continued to come forth.

Sweeping the board clean of all this rubbish of falsified pretension, we find two men left, between whom, certainly, lies the truth of this mystery. These are, Lord Chatham and Sir Philip Francis. ONE OF THEM WAS JUNIUS, and the other knew it. Such is the conviction to which a steady survey of Junius, in connexion with his era, should lead every investigator, and which, we believe, will be the general conviction in a little time. The claim of Sir Philip Francis has been confidently supported for a long time; and, in a dissertation accompanying Mr. Bohn's edition of Junius, Mr. Wade continues to put it forward—

"A past, vamped, future, old, revived, new claim."

We thought Mr. Barker had completely laid it; but it still walks. It is not likely to resist Mr. Wade, however; and we suspect that, in a little time, if our own hypothesis be not adopted, people must honestly chime in with Lord Byron, and admit—

"That he whom Junius we are wont to call,
Was really, truly nobody at all!"

a conclusion, by-the-bye, which Sir Harris Nicholas, in the book about

which we write, says, comes as easy to his apprehensions of the matter as any hypothesis extant.

The acquaintance with the War-Office so visible in Junius's letters, seems to tell very much in favour of the advocates of Sir Philip Francis. Mr. Francis was a chief-clerk in the War-Office at the time Junius began to write, in 1767; and continued there till 1772, when the letters ceased. Favourable mention is made of Francis in the Miscellaneous Letters, and Lord Barrington is denounced for dismissing him. Several of the miscellaneous letters are in sarcastic denunciation of Lord Barrington for his appointments, and written in the way young Francis would be supposed to write, if he wrote on such a subject. Again, in 1813, Mr. Taylor, who published a book, called "*Junius Identified*," puts Sir Philip's case in another way. He argues from the fact, that young Francis reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham in the House of Lords. Now, a number of sentiments, metaphors, and peculiar phrases, which appear in these speeches (published by Almon in 1791), are also to be found in Junius's letters, forming a remarkable portion of their style and character. Of course, argues Mr. Taylor, either of two things must have happened—that Francis adopted these things from the speaker, and used them as his own; or, that, from the affluence of his mind and manners, he clothed the meaning of Chatham with his own phraseology, figures, and so forth—did for the speeches what he did for the letters—poured the Franciscan characteristics over both! This likeness between Lord Chatham's reported matter and the letters is so strong, so startling, that Mr. Taylor comes to the obvious conclusion, that Francis was Junius! He had no other alternative, of course.

Nevertheless, we are not yet convinced. There are one or two objections so rugged and indefensible, that Mr. Taylor, *e segnaci suoi*, must get along without us. The first—and we think it all-sufficient—is that, at the time the first of the Miscellaneous Letters was published (that signed "*Poplicola*"), Francis was just twenty-seven years old—an insignificant clerk in the War-Office. There is no difference in power or style between this letter and those of the later Junian series. The beginning of the series bears as plainly

the stamp of Junius as the close of it; the vivacity and power of the extraordinary author are visible everywhere alike. Now, we do not think it possible that a young man of twenty-seven could write these letters—could exhibit the high political decision—the consummate literary strength and science conspicuous in every one of them. The tone of them does not belong to that period of any man's life; and it is to little purpose that Lady Francis, in a letter to Lord Campbell, talks of Sir Philip's early experience in embassies, bureaux, and so forth. This negative evidence has demonstrative power enough to carry all the special pleading of Sir Philip's advocates away before it.

There is another good argument, inferior to the foregoing, but forcible, nevertheless. It is not possible that a young man, who began life under the patronage of William Pitt—who received his appointment in the War-Office from Lord Holland, Pitt's Paymaster of the Forces—who was the Private Secretary of Pitt for some time, and professed for him, ever after, the highest veneration and gratitude, would begin a series of letters with an outrageously exaggerated assault on the character and general policy of his benefactor—the highest genius and the most popular man in the realm. The masked writer was a Whig. Is it likely he would begin by assailing the venerable and recognised champion of Whiggery? Such a supposition is too violent to be countenanced. Furthermore, in all that he achieved in his lifelong career, Sir Philip gave no proof that he possessed the mind—the large intellectual mould in which the lava-literature of Junius took shape—none whatever. In everything he wrote, an imitation of Junius can be detected; and thus many have been cheated into the belief that he was the anonymous writer. Whether it was the influence of his early admiration, disposing him to copy a certain living model which had won his enthusiasm, or some secret design which influenced him throughout all his after-life, we perceive Sir Philip Francis always trying to regulate his style and manner after the forcible rhetoric of Junius. But he moves, like Ascanius by his father's side, *hauri passibus equis*; he always proves that he is an imitator—that he never was the great original.

Who, then, wrote these letters? No doubt, somebody whose antecedents were as striking and as full of power as the epistles themselves are seen to be; one who did other things as great as these. His celebrity, we think, was not confined to the pen; it will be found equally recognised under another aspect in the politics and statesmanship of that age. We must not take Parr's, Taylor's, Brewster's, Wade's word for it, and look for Junius among the understrappers and petting officers of the day. We must look among the foremost and most towering characters in the nation—the men of the quarter-deck, who used trumpets for their talk, and directed the ship of the State through the rough waters of the time.

To find Junius we must look to the picture painted by Copley, and lying on the wall of the House of Lords. *THERE* is old *Nominis Umbra!* with his flannels on his gouty legs, his crutches falling out of his hands, and he himself sinking into the arms of the Duke of Cumberland: "The Pilot that weathered the Storm" on one side, and Lord Mahon on the other; there he is, after having protested against the independence of America, and the diminution of that "ancient and noble monarchy" which he himself had said and done so much to establish—and about to be carried away to Hayes, where, in eleven days, he shall die, and make no sign of Junius! It is only in William Pitt, Lord Chatham, that we can find the anonymous letter-writer. In him alone, of all the great characters of the time, can we find the full requirements of the authorship. He alone could have written the letters. He alone had the compelling motives to write them—as a perusal of his career will conclusively show—and the bitter vigour to keep up the epistolary war for five years. The only Whig of the time who came near Chatham in intellectual power, was Burke. When the latter is set aside, the grim Earl stands alone, as the secretary did before. To suppose Junius to be *only* Junius—a man of mean antecedents, or none at all—who did nothing in his lifetime to equal, in another way, the merit of this epistolary achievement, or show himself capable of it, is a very violent assumption. The letters give evidence of an intellectual energy which could never be bounded to the

production of them. They are, so to speak, aerolitic fragments of some great revolving body which research must find out. Junius must have been something more than Canny Elshie, of Mucklestane Moor, with large head, and great strength, but stunted in all other respects.

To come to a just conclusion on this matter, we must, we repeat, take a broad view of things. We must look to the life of the man whose character presents a well-defined likeness of that shifting and shadowy apparition which has disconcerted so much admirable logic.

William Pitt was born in 1708, and educated at Oxford, where he had the name of a good scholar, an excellent debater, and a writer of very elegant verse. After leaving college, he travelled on the Continent, and on his return was made a cornet of horse. In 1736 he went into Parliament for the borough of Old Sarum. The gout, which seldom left him untormented during his life, and, certainly, helped his vehement politics to exacerbate his mind, obliged him to—

"Forego the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue."

As a soldier, we can easily conceive how Pitt would have rivalled the celebrity of Marlborough. In parliament he was distinguished for a bold and original style of oratory, which amazed and offended Sir Robert Walpole and his supporters; and the exclamation, "will no one muzzle that terrible cornet of horse!" shows the minister's perplexity, and, perhaps, something of his admiration. From the beginning, Pitt set his face against the ascendancy of Sir Robert Walpole, in the irrespective, intrepid spirit which Junius afterwards exhibited in his assaults upon the ministries of Grafton and Bute. He thwarted George the Second long before he called George the Third "the falsest hypocrite in Europe;" but in 1746, the high and popular character of Pitt obliged George the Second, much against his will, to admit the orator into office; and he was made Paymaster of the Forces. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and the Grenvilles always acted in concert, from the beginning; and their league was occasionally strong enough to overpower the royal antipathies, and the intrigues of the Court party. They

were dismissed from the Ministry in 1755; but, in 1756, the want of Pitt was so grievously felt, in the midst of ministerial incapacity and national disaster, that the King sent the Duke of Newcastle to treat with him. The latter haughtily refused to accept any situation with the Duke. He refused another overture made by the Duke of Devonshire; till, at last, in 1756, Pitt obtained the concession of all his demands, and mounted over the benches into the Ministry, with the Grenvilles behind him, as Mahomet the Second may be supposed to have entered Roman Constantinople, at the head of his Spahis. The new Minister insisted on having an almost dictatorial control of the government and the national armaments; and thus single-handed, in a great measure, undertook to restore the failing fortunes of the monarchy. And this he did with the most consummate ability and success. His three years' ministry was the most triumphant on British record, and his fame was trumpeted wherever his power was felt—that is, in every habitable quarter of the globe.

But Pitt was to pay the penalty of his lofty ambition and success, and prove the truth of the lines suggested by another aspiring genius to the noble poet of the last generation—

"He who ascends the mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surmounts or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below."

The Leicester-House faction, the guiding spirit of which was the Princess Dowager of Wales, joined the Court in cordial hostility against the dictatorial Minister, who exercised so potent a Whig influence on the Government and the Crown. The mother of George the Third resolved that, when her son should ascend the throne, the King of England should be no longer subject to that power which had confined the royal prerogative ever since the Revolution. Though agreeing in little else, the self-willed old German and his daughter-in-law were of one mind as regarded William Pitt. The minister's power was a source of discontent and alarm to the royal family and the Court parties; and while his glory was greeted by the popular applause, and recognised throughout Europe, a crowd of hireling writers were encouraged to assail his character and general policy, through all the chan-

nels of the press. His war-projects that had effected so much to restore England to a sense of security, were denounced for the bloodshed and heavy expense of them; and as he had, in 1761, accepted a pension for himself and a title for his wife, he was vituperated as a renegade from his former principles—a man merely ambitious of rank, and avaricious of royal largess. All the advocates of prerogative were let loose upon him; and his temper, never of the meekest, and always sharpened by the gout, was vehemently chafed by the eternal buzzing and stinging of his adversaries.

After the death of George II., a systematic proscription of all Whiggery commenced. Pitt's Parliament was dissolved, and his friend, Mr. Legge, dismissed from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. At the same time, John Stuart Earl of Bute, the King's sometime tutor, was added to his council; and Lord Barrington, whom Junius so fiercely denounces as "bloody Barrington," put into the place of Legge. In 1761, the Grenvilleite league, that sustained Pitt so long, was overpowered in the council. Being outvoted there, on the question of declaring war against Spain, Pitt and Earl Temple resigned their seats. In a short time the former gave up the reins of government, and his memorable administration terminated. In the meantime the paper war against Pitt and the Whigs raged furiously. Flying pamphlets darkened all the air. Smollett wrote for prerogative and Toryism, and Wilkes charged for Whiggery and Liberty. Pitt and Temple, in 1765, refused overtures from the Duke of Cumberland, on which Rockingham and his *Fidus Achates*, Burke, went in and tried to fortify themselves in the ministerial citadel. But, at the end of a year and a day, they beat the *chamade*, and marched out, scarcely with the honours of war. Pitt, now Lord Chatham, once more got a *carte blanche* from his Sovereign, and hoped to propitiate the fortunes of the by-gone decade. But in vain. The genius of Whiggery was fated to sink before the Toryism of George III., then mounting to its long and steady ascendant. Chatham soon seemed to feel that the omens were against him. But he did his best, and made a ministry, which Burke has termed the mosaic administration—"a tessellated

pavement, without cement"—a "queer hotch-potch and coalition," which began to fall to pieces from the moment it was set up. Lord Chatham himself was Lord Privy Seal in this administration, and the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Charles Townsend, and Mr. Conway, filled the chief offices of it. Lord Camden was Lord Chancellor. It was an eminently disastrous Ministry; and Chatham's efforts to form it from the discordant political materials about him, and, afterwards, to keep it together, tortured him far worse than the gout. He had accepted the task of making it, without carrying Earl Temple along with him, according to their old "family compact," the source of Pitt's former power. He had accepted it, too, under a Butean influence; and the remorse of these things aggravated the perplexity of his efforts to carry on his administration. The overtures he was obliged to make to the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Bedford, and other meaner men, and the rebuffs and refusals he received, were gall and wormwood to the high, unchastened spirit of Chatham. The refusal of the Duke of Bedford inflicted upon it its sorest wound. The Duke had been instrumental in undoing what Pitt had done, in his former ministry—he had signed away at Paris, in 1763, the fruits of Pitt's organised victories. To be forced to make overtures to him, and have them refused by the angry Duke, was a dire humiliation—such as was retorted in the fiercest invectives, three years afterwards, in the twenty-third letter of Junius.

Such were the circumstances in which Chatham found himself in the 59th year of his age. He had been struggling with Toryism from his youth upward—had "always been in a triumph or a fight." His political views and plans of government were systematically opposed, and the King's friends were incessantly bent on pulling him down from his elevation. The stern pride and inflexibility of his character had only the effect of sharpening the animosity of his opponents, without conciliating to his side those who would be disposed to engage in his quarrels and strengthen his influence. Among the people his popularity was great—he was generally admired and venerated. But in the government region, the Lord Privy Seal stood alone—a

political Lear—while the storm blew pitilessly all about him. This enmity against the government policy, and the parties who were supplanting the Whig influence in the State, was necessarily strong and deep-rooted. His personal feelings and his political ambition had been alike outraged and thwarted. In his letter to George III., Junius expresses Chatham's sentiments on the policy of the King's reign:—"To the same early influence (that of the Earl of Bute) we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne, *the whole system of government was altered*—not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessors." This alteration, which began with Pitt's own dismissal from power in 1761, always clung to his memory, like the poisoned shirt to the back of the Centaur. In fact, from a fair consideration of Chatham's antecedent career—of his political sympathies and antipathies, we can very readily conceive how he would participate in all the warfare waged by Junius for five years against the Tory powers of England, for the re-establishment of Whiggery upon its old ground.

The same similarity to Junius is seen in the intellectual features of Chatham's character. Pitt was always vehement and bold of speech, full of assurance, invective, vernacular idiom, metaphor, and so forth. A letter written by Horace Walpole, in 1755, will give us a general idea of what he was, on most occasions. Walpole speaks of a meeting that took place at the Cockpit, in that year: "Pitt surpassed himself, and then, I need not tell you, he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured cabinet orations, cut *vis-a-vis* his manly and dashing eloquence! *I never suspected Pitt of such a universal armory.* . . . On the first debate (on the Hanoverian and Russian Treaties) Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt, attacked him for his *eternal invectives*. Oh! since the last philippic of *Billingsgate memory*, you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned! Campbell was annihilated. Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has

since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think what a charming ridicule that must be that lasts, and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a-half!" The sarcastic humour and happy raillery displayed in some of Junius's miscellaneous letters, are at once recognised to be what Walpole has thus described; and the loftiness of Pitt's character cannot hinder any one from conceiving how he could descend to satirical comedy and the ridicule of "little Shammy, the wonderful Girgashite," &c. In his place in parliament he often gave specimens of this extraordinary quality. He turned upon Lord Mansfield once, in the House of Lords, and cried out he had a few words to say to him; but they should be daggers. Then, after staring with the face of a thundercloud at the grandest and gravest functionary in the realm, he added, in a tone which Kemble never could have equalled, "Judge Felix trembles! He shall hear from me some other day," and then sat down! People gathered a notion, from his peculiar manner, that Chatham's head also was touched with the gout; "men stood abeigh, and ca'd him mad." Those who shrink from allowing him the *verve* and vituperative spirit of Junius, must be completely ignorant of the intellect and passions that went to constitute the man. Some argue that Chatham was too old and feeble for the bitter vivacity of Junius; but age can hardly wither some minds. Lord Brougham is an older man than the Junian Chatham, and the agile vigour of his mind has very lately appeared to be as great as ever it was. In 1770, "Nerva," writing to Lord Chatham, in the *Public Advertiser*, speaks of the "presumption, insolence, absurdity, meanness, folly, ignorance, and rancour" of his lordship's conduct in the House of Peers. All this is, doubtless, exaggeration; but there must have been something in Chatham's words and demeanour to which "Nerva's" language, in his own opinion, was not wholly inapplicable; and we can easily suppose that some of the old Pitt characteristics had again exhibited themselves. Chatham was now sixty-two years of age. But "Nerva" further meets the doubts of those who believe the Earl was a broken-down old man at that time. He says, "you possess, with the cold heart of age, the hot

brain of rash and intemperate youth." Lord Chesterfield gives us a few more Junian features: "Lord Chatham," he says, "was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing. He had manner and address, but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. His eloquence was of every kind; his invective terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction and such dignity of countenance, that he intimidated those most willing and best able to encounter him." It is in such an original, energetic, passionate man as this, alone, that we can expect to find the identity of the daring Junius. To no feebler or tamer order of intellect can that anonymous assaulter ever be traced. And this consideration should be the guide of all our inquiries.

Following the fate of the *mosaic* Ministry, we may the more clearly perceive how naturally and necessarily Chatham converts himself into Junius. It was scarcely framed, when the Earl went away to Bath, to drink the waters for the gout that just then seized him, as if it were Tory, too, and tormented him on principle. At the close of the year 1766, Lord Chesterfield, writing from Bath, says of him, "Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here with a real gout, and not a political one, *as is often suspected*." This suspicion was very often a true one. About a year subsequently, Chesterfield wrote from the same place:—"Lord Chatham's physician had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it over his body, and it fell particularly on his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vaporish. He would neither see nor speak to anybody while he was here; *for the last eight months* he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends. He would receive no friend, nor so much as open any packet about business." Eight months before the date of this letter, Junius printed his first letter, signed "Poplicola;" after which followed, in all the modes of hostility—sarcastic, vehement, or comic—a series of attacks on the heterogeneous ministry which Chatham's strange absence had left at sixes and sevens, complaining with its several voices of his want of participation. In the beginning of 1767, Lord Charlemont, writing from London, says—"Lord Chatham is still minister;

but how long he may continue so is a problem that would pose the deepest politician. The opposition grows more and more violent, and seems to gain ground; his ill-health as yet prevents his doing any business. The Ministry is divided into as many parties as there are men in it." In another letter he says, that no member of the opposition speaks without abusing Lord Chatham, and none of the Earl's friends take his part. "Is it possible," he exclaims, "such a man can be friendless?" The silence of his nominal friends just then is not so difficult to be accounted for. They felt his opinion of them, and his conviction that he could do no good with them. His reserved and splenetic nature was very unfit, at any time, to make for him strong personal friends. Now he had none. He was in the predicament of Byron's "scorpion girt by fire." It repented Chatham that he had made the Ministry, and we hold that, in his exasperated solitude, he addressed himself to the task of destroying it—just as a master of a house, with original ideas, may be found to pull down his own tenement in a rage, if evil occupants make it intolerable. On his way up to London, the violence of Chatham's disorder obliged him to stay for some time at Hampstead, to which place the King sent every day to inquire after his health. The Ministry was now falling to pieces, and his Majesty, fearing some dead-lock in the government, wrote the Earl a letter, asking his advice about further changes in it. Whereupon the tormented statesman sent back a *verbal* message, to say that the King need expect no further advice or assistance from him, such was the miserable state of his health. In January, 1768, Lord Chesterfield says—"Lord Chatham is at his re-purchased house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; many think his worst complaint is the head, which, I am afraid, is too true."

Chatham was now baffled and powerless, and must have felt the growing strength of Toryism, and the sinking of the Whig cause. Both in the Cabinet and in Parliament, the odds were irresistibly against him; while the coolness of his friends, and the heat of his enemies, rendered his discomfiture the more galling and complete. But his resources were not yet exhausted. He had

still left one more battle to bring up. He was a *strategos*, in the old sense in which Pericles, Themistocles, Agis, and Napoleon were such. He had the power and genius to direct the armaments of the nation as well as to sway its councils—

"Chatham, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

He could do more. If, with one hand he could smite the house of Bourbon, he could with the other wield the democracy of England. He now betook himself to the latter resource. He resolved to make an appeal once more to the English people, such as they would not willingly let die. Beaten from the holds of government, he fell back upon the masses, with whom he was always a favourite for his highly popular opinions. The House of Lords was not the Agora from which he could address his *oi polloi*. It was a secret conclave, in a great measure; and to publish its debates was legally punishable. William Pitt looked elsewhere for his *pou sto*, and he found it in the public press. Indeed, it is not improbable that Chatham had availed himself of the anonymous aid of public letters long before those of Junius had come forth to the world. It is also not improbable, that the idea of making use of such a regular system of political warfare, was working for a long time in his brain before 1767. In 1757, the Rev. Dr. Brown published a pamphlet, in which the characters of Pitt and Junius were outlined in what we should call a spirit of prophecy, if we did not suspect it came from an intimate knowledge of men and things, or was inspired by foregone conclusion. At that time Pitt was about to take the reins of his glorious Ministry. After speaking of the general corruption of society and the deterioration of the national interests, Dr. Brown goes on:—"Necessity must, in such a case, be the parent of reformation. Effeminacy, rapacity, and faction will be then ready to resign the reins they would now usurp; virtue may rise on the ruins of corruption, and a despairing nation may yet be saved by the wisdom, the integrity, and unshaken courage of *some great minister*." The writer, of course, alluded to Pitt. When he proceeds and writes the following, we cannot but feel as if some unexpected light were coming upon

us. Dr. Brown must have known the "great minister" well, and known all the sides of his mind—known that he could be as powerful with the pen as in the tribune. He says:—"There is another character, I mean the *political writer*. He would choose an untrodden path of politics, *where no party man ever dared to enter*. The undisguised freedom and boldness of his pen would please the brave, astonish the weak, and confound the guilty. He would be called arrogant by those who call everything arrogance that is not servility. As he would be defamed by the dissolute great without cause, so he would be applauded by an honest people beyond his deservings." That is either a wonderful *prophecy*, or a knowledge of facts and tendencies. It is most likely the latter. So that we have Pitt and Junius brought together by a very striking piece of circumstantial evidence.

Lord Chatham was now resolved to maintain the cause of constitutional liberty, after a new mode, which would also give him the cherished opportunity of wreaking his personal revenges. His main object of assault was the power of the Crown, which, to use the words of "Mnemon," in the Miscellaneous Letters, "revived the doctrine of dispensing power, state necessity, arcana of government, and all that machinery of exploded prerogative which it had cost our ancestors so much toil, and treasure, and blood, to break to pieces." The undertaking was a great one, and required all the malevolence of William Pitt's general character, aggravated by his individual causes of hatred and indignation, to carry out equably and effectively. It required, at the same time, a caution only equal to the daring of it. The mode of controversy he meditated was such as he would not have identified with his character and fame; and he resolved it should be guardedly anonymous. This was an indispensable premise in the business; he would otherwise have been attainted or assassinated in a week. Having taken his resolution, he prepared his precautions; and we find them of a piece with his determination. He knew he might conceal his name, and compromise some of his opinions to an unimportant extent; but he could not conceal his style without crippling those free powers of mind on which he should

depend for his effect. To meet this difficulty, and mislead all suspicion *in limine*, he had, in the first place, whether suffering from the gout or not, kept all the world at a distance, and encouraged reports that he was a moody, feeble, incapable old man, moping about on crutches, and suffering from a disordered brain. In the next place, he made the first of the Miscellaneous Letters, signed "Poplicola," an attack upon Lord Chatham, couched inferentially and in a curious conditional phraseology. Under such circumstances, suspicion was effectually warded off from the Earl. Though some may have considered the hand, the style, like Esau's, certainly the voice, the utterance seemed that of some Tory Jacob entertaining a strong enmity against the Lord Privy Seal. Public curiosity was thus dexterously led astray; and the grim Earl, goaded by revenge, ambition, and the gout, was left unsuspected and unmolested in his retreat, to weave his web and fling out his lines, like a powerful Whig spider, waging war with all the Tory Beelzebubs of the land.

In all the main courses of politics, adopted and followed by Junius, he was one with Lord Chatham. They thought alike on everything great and essential. Junius was a Whig, and he addressed himself, of set purpose, to the popular ideas of the English nation. That such a writer should *begin* by striking at the most glorious and venerable Whig in the kingdom, one whom the democracy most delighted to honour, is a fact strongly suggestive of our suspicions. It would be such in any case. But *here*, where we are to guard against seemings, and look for *ambages* at every step, it appears to present a very strong "evidence of design." It adds vastly to the weight of the testimony in this case, though some *literal* people interpret it the other way—swallow, with innocent consciences, this first demonstration of the most cunning strategist in all literature!

If we closely consider the letters denouncing Lord Chatham, we shall suspect the invective to be hollow; from its exaggerated tone, in the first instance, and next, from the fact that after a few epistles, it dies away into meaningless and sidelong allusions to "crutches," and "lunatics," and "the miserable understrappers of Lord Chat-

ham." After which the way is clear for the formidable, real purpose of the Letters. In the first letter, "Poplicola," without ever mentioning Chatham, says, "But if, instead of a man of common mixed character," &c., "a nation had confided in a man *purely and perfectly bad*." Again, "As the *destruction of the constitution* would be his great object," &c. The suspension of the law by proclamation is also denounced. Likewise that "masterpiece of treachery," fomenting discord between England and her colonies, "that both may become a *prey to his own dark machinations*!" The writer well knew that all this would only have the force of Priam's javelin on the buckler of Pyrrhus. The people would not credit a word of it. They knew Chatham was always the *champion* of the constitution, and that the proclamation was issued by him and Lord Camden, to prevent, for a little time, the exportation of provisions from the kingdom in a period of great scarcity. In the same letter, Camden, the most constitutional lawyer in England, and Chatham's closest friend, is called "an apostate lawyer," for his share in the business. In his next letter, "Poplicola" allows that the "suspension" was *necessary*; but that, because these noblemen did not sufficiently impress or allow the actual *illegality* of the thing, they deserved detestation, contempt, and the gibbet, as there was no Tarpeian rock to throw them from! Such assaults, for such causes, are preposterous—unimaginable, in fact, except on the hypothesis here put forward. However, it is curious to remark how the enmity of the letter-writer against Chatham dies away by degrees. He wonders, in the third letter, the Earl's "spirit and understanding" would permit him to hold office under "a pernicious Court minion" (Bute). He says, a pension and a title were considered by the rest of the world "beneath Chatham's acceptance;" though he would have hanged him for a traitor in the preceding epistle! "But," says Anti-Sejanus, "to become the stalking-horse of a stallion!" and so forth. The coarse and bloody ferocity of this blow at the Princess Dowager's favourite, shows the true aim and *animus* of the writer. Chatham or Camden is only made use of to prepare the way for his operations against the Court and the Tories. There is one little circum-

stance which strikes us a good deal. One of the Miscellaneous Letters called forth W. D. (Sir William Draper) in defence of Lord Chatham. But "Poplicola" was so little interested in that Earl, that he did not even recollect the initials of the man who wrote for him. He alluded, in his next letter, to the defender as C. D.; he knew or cared so very little about the man or his initials! In every one of his projects, Chatham was accustomed to look to the accessories as well as to the prominent parts of it. There seems to be a consummate cunning in that little *trait* we have quoted.

He was still Privy Seal, but towards the close of 1768 the office having been put in commission, in consequence of his absence (one of the Miscellaneous Letters satirises the three commissioners), he sent it back, by Lord Camden, to the man who, he subsequently declared in the House of Lords, had duped him. Three days afterwards, a letter signed "Atticus," satirised the King's cabinet all round, with the exception of Camden. When "Atticus" comes to Chatham (whose resignation was not yet announced), he stops short with a *Quos ego*—"Of Chatham I had much to say, but it were inhuman to persecute when Providence has marked out the example to mankind!" Implying, of course, that his lordship was come to be a helpless old driveller, incapable of doing anything, and not worth talking about!

Almon's "Anecdotes of Chatham" show a vast number of passages in his lordship's speeches, curiously similar to others occurring in Junius. Mr. Taylor, in his "Junius Identified," has rather violently wrested this similarity to his own purpose, in arguing for Sir Philip Francis. It is far easier to adduce it, according to its natural bias, in support of our hypothesis. Not being able to presume on space sufficient to quote these passages, we refer the reader to Taylor's book, if he cannot find time to make the comparison for himself. The speeches spoken by Chatham in the Lords, and the letters written by Junius, will afford in sentiment, figure of speech, or peculiarity of phrase, the most striking proofs of the identity of the utterer and the writer. We cannot believe that Sir Philip Francis, reporting his lordship's speeches, either plagiarised from them, or gave his own form and

colouring to the orator's ideas. As we have already stated, there is no mark of an understrapper's pen upon these beautiful and formidable specimens of literature. The writer was certainly a man who performed a remarkable part on the stage of the time—who had an intimate and personal interest in the object of the letters, who had confronted, upon equal or superior terms, the distinguished men whom he vituperated. His elegant and polished style, magisterial tone, and general intrepidity of speech, show him to have been as lofty in station as in intellect—an aristocrat of the noblest style. At the time of the publication of the letters of Junius, such seems to have been the opinion of the shrewdest judges. Horne Tooke, in his reply to Junius, July, 1771, says—"The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded has not concealed him. Because Lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the King, and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is to be the pillow on which Junius will rest all his resentments, and the public are to oppose the measures of Government from mere motives of hostility to the Sovereign." It was in reply to this dangerous thrust that Junius introduced his curious eulogy on Lord Chatham, in his fifty-fourth letter. It is, like the invective of "Poplicola," *compulsory*. He praises Chatham, to mislead those who may suspect him to be the Earl himself, and who would naturally suppose, that in such a case, he would not venture to speak of his lordship in eulogy.

Wilkes seems to look to Junius, as to some grave, powerful, and dignified being. The little squinting scoffer, who girded at everything else—who was *cultor Deorum parvus et infrequens*—almost falls down and worships the veiled *eidolon*. He says, in 1771, in reply to Junius: "I do not mean to indulge in the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our time—the author of Junius. I will not attempt, with profane hands, to tear the veil of the sanctuary. I am disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica (Wilkes's grandiloquence for *Athenians*), to erect an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." And again: "I did not go to Woodfall to pry into a secret I had no right to know. The

letter itself bore the stamp of Jove." This could scarcely be the stamp of the "good Juvenal," Francis, or the threadbare Maclean. See also the manner in which Woodfall receives the commands of his shadowy correspondent, and how he reverences him! He buys a franchise, and humbly begs that the shadow of a name will tell him how to vote. Woodfall certainly knew who Junius was: George Grenville also knew it, and Sir Philip Francis. Burke undoubtedly suspected it, and, if put to the test, would have pronounced the right name. His very figurative and flighty speech on the subject of Junius, in the House of Commons, shows that he did not think himself speaking of any private secretary, Franciscan or otherwise. The wild boar, or the bird, was not, in his opinion, to be sought for among the "small deer" of the political world. Having finished the boar, the orator comes to the bird: "While I expected, in his daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down, souse, upon both Houses of Parliament! Yes, he did make you his prey, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. In short, after carrying our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury!" Not the fury of young Philip Francis, certainly! The idea of cause and effect, in connexion with *him*, would be as incongruous as that implied by Horace (*ad Pisones*)—

"Humano capiti cervicem plector equinam
Jungere si velit."

The shrewd men we have quoted (not including Flaccus) certainly looked for Junius among the most potent and lordly spirits of the day. And it was after no long criticism of handwriting, idiom, form of words, dashes above and below C, and such-like, that they reached their conclusion.

It may be argued that Junius must have been in the War-Office. But Chatham, who knew all the departments of State, who had also been a soldier, and, in his palmy days, the director of armaments in their magnitude and *minutiae*, knew the War-Office as well as his own house. His great interest in the business of it is particularly accounted for by the dismissal of his friend, General Amberst, from his

Government of Virginia. The "bloody" Barrington, for whom Legge was dismissed, was Secretary at War; and the blows he would feel most would reach him through his office. Chatham, who assailed the Ministry "along their whole line," found the War-Office a convenient and vulnerable point, and aimed many of his strokes there. Again, it may be objected, that the great Earl would scarcely pay such attention as Junius has paid, to the party business of the city of London; but Pitt was always proud of the support of the city, and conscious of the value of the Livery to the cause of constitutional liberty. In the House of Lords, in 1770, Chatham said: "When I mentioned the Livery of London, I thought I saw a sneer on some faces; but let me tell you, my lords, though I have the honour to sit in this house as a peer of the realm, coinciding with these honest citizens in opinion, I am proud of the honour of associating my name with theirs; and let me tell the noblest of you all, it would be an honour to you. The Livery of London was respectable long before the Reformation. The Lord Mayor of London was a principal among the twenty-five barons who received Magna Charta from King John; and they have ever since been considered to have a principal weight in all the affairs of government." Lord Chatham was deeply interested in such an excellent friend and ally as the city of London often proved itself to be, and may again.

Respecting the treatment of America, it would seem that the opinions of Junius and Chatham differed; but it is not easy to state the sentiments of either of them on the matter. Junius (Poplicola) blames Chatham for encouraging the colonists; yet, in the first of the Junian series, he says the question of taxation should have been "buried in oblivion." Again, in 1771, he considers the right of the British legislature to tax the colonies as *merely speculative*. Chatham seems vacillating too; he agreed with George Grenville in the attempt to tax the Americans—if they would permit it; seeing they would not, he was afterwards against it. Then he rejoiced that America had resisted; and perished in an effort to hinder her independence! Junius and Chatham are found to agree on this question, quite as often as they seem to differ.

Chatham's dislike of Grafton, Bedford, Mansfield, and the rest, was countenanced by many causes. Grafton, from being an adherent and parasite of the Earl, had deserted him, and gone over to the enemy—the Court party. Such insolent ingratitude the Earl never pardoned. Grafton was the man whose defection most injured the cause of the Whigs. If he had remained faithful, observes Mr. Almon, and scorned an alliance with the Bedfords and the King's friends—the Grenvilleites, Newcastle, and Rockingham Whigs would have carried all before them. Fearfully did Grafton expiate this sin against Lord Chatham, as Junius attests. The Earl's dislike of the King was no secret. George hated William Pitt as heartily as his father did before him. Chatham declared in parliament that the King had duped him; and Wilkes says to Junius, "Lord Chatham told me, the King was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." The letter to the King speaks out the very soul of the Whig Earl. The latter hated Mansfield, with a hatred which began in their youth, and only increased with their years. The estate left by Sir William Pynsent to Mr. Pitt was litigated; and Mansfield decided in favour of the Pynsent family, who claimed it. His judgment was reversed, however—proving that the Chief Judge leant more against Pitt than to the claims of justice in the matter. The causes springing from their different politics were strong enough to account for their hostility; but, perhaps, after all—such is human nature—this personal business of the property would file Chatham's mind for Mansfield as sharply as the highest constitutional motive. The last words of Junius—the last lingering look of patriotic menace is directed against Lord Mansfield. He has "dragged him to the altar," and majestically leaves Camden to put the knife into him.

The perfect secrecy with which the conveyancing part of this anonymous business was carried on, and which has covered the authorship till now, is surprising. Junius says he did his business alone, and alone held his secret. But the feminine character of the handwriting, differing in the letter to the King from that of the others, shows he must have had assistance. No one, single-handed, could have carried on such a correspondence, for such

a period. The privity of another person or two would have perilled the secret—would, at least, have destroyed the confidence of the writer in his own incognito, and thus impaired the will to continue the letters for any length of time, except in some very peculiar instance; and such an instance was the case before us. Lady Chatham, sister of Richard Earl Temple, was a woman of strong understanding and fine accomplishments. She wrote with great ease and spirit, and was the Earl's amanuensis, whenever the gout kept him in bed, swaddled in flannels, or otherwise incapacitated him from taking a pen in his hand. Aided by such a wife, the secret writer could work in safety, and the chances of detection would be almost entirely done away with. Her ladyship's hand—which, of course, she would try to disguise as much as possible—would not run a very great risk of recognition. All that Wilkes and his friend could make out of it was, that it was the hand used by ladies at the beginning of the century; and the former said it strongly resembled the writing, on a card of invitation, which he had had from the Countess Temple, *mother of Lady Chatham*.

Junius's knowledge of what passed in Court circles, in the penetralia of the Palace, was calculated to excite a good deal of astonishment. But our hypothesis removes all wonder from the matter. Lord Chatham's sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, was keeper of the Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of George III., and the woman, of all her sex, whom Junius hated most. Mrs. Pitt, a spinster, passed her life in the very atmosphere of courtly gossip, and was in the way of knowing all the secrets of royalty. She resembled her brother, and was of a certain voluble and masculine spirit, yet not without a fascination of manner that made her society greatly sought after; and her reunions were attended by the wittiest and most fashionable people of the day. Bolingbroke used to call her *divinity Pitt*, in her earlier years. We now see the source of Junius's curious information (concerning the Palace) conveyed in his notes to Woodfall. He tells the latter how the King takes cordials when his mind is upset by any *contre-temps*, and lives for a week on potatoes; how "our gracious Sovereign is as callous as a stockfish to every-

thing but the reproach of cowardice; that alone is able to set the humours afloat; after that, he won't eat meat for a week;" how the Duke of Bedford scolded the King in his closet, and left him in convulsions; how Garrick had told Mr. Ramus, the King's page, that Junius would write no more; how the Princess Dowager "suckled toads from morning till night," for the cure of a cancer in the breast, of which she ultimately died. That last piece of information could only come through a woman.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Junius should keep himself concealed with the utmost exertion of will and means. He speaks truly when he declares that, if discovered, he should not survive three days—that he would be attainted by bill. How strange the idea that Junius had been in the King's cabinet, and, by proxy, in the King's palace! And yet, we think it a true one. It explains at once the terror of such an intrepid being in the prospect of detection. Nothing could make such dread of discovery reasonably accountable, but the rank and position of Junius and his family. In a private secretary, or any such character, this fear would be as ridiculous as that of Dennis the critic, who retreated hastily from a watering-place lest the ships of the King of France (on whom he had cast some reflections in his tragedy) should make a sudden descent on the coast, and carry him off! The celebrity attending the discovery would more than compensate any of the Lloyds, Dyers, or Francisces for the danger of it. But it would be different in Chatham's case. A cry of aristocratic execration would assail the peer and privy councillor, his sister, the courtier, and all his family; and the evil fame of his anonymous truculence would be likely to stick for ever to his name, and tarnish the honor of it. As for the renown of the literature, it could not weigh against such considerations; and he could easily afford to forfeit it.

Francis always did his best to look like Junius. This pretension can be traced in a hundred passages of Sir Philip's life, sayings, and writings. In 1811, he published a pamphlet on the Regency, written very much in the Junian style. The motto of it was a part of one of Chatham's speeches, delivered in 1770:—"There is one am-

bition which I will renounce but with my life. It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have received from my ancestors." Francis then commences:—"After the noble speaker of these words, no one has so good a right to make use of them as I have." He wishes to make the world suspect, that, *as the sentiment is also found in Junius*, he made the Earl, whom he reported, a present of it. In no other way can we understand what *right* he has to it. Elsewhere, he says Lord Chatham made a certain assertion—or it is recorded for him—hinting that the reporter may have put into the poor orator's mouth, fine things the latter never spoke! Nobody, who peruses Francis with attention all over, can fail to be struck with his indirect meanings and demonstrations, tending to make people suspect him for Junius. But as La-fontaine's old rat said to the cat, who whitened herself with flour for a purpose, "*Rien ne te sert d'être furine*," so people may have said to Sir Philip, "It is of no use to make yourself Junius."

Mr. Wade, who has furnished a dissertation for Bohn's edition of Woodfall, adopts Mr. Taylor's exploded hypothesis. Both are greatly embarrassed by the prominence of Lord Chatham in the business. Taylor tries to get rid of him by saying, that when Francis reported his lordship's speeches, he powdered them all over with the flowers of thought and language from his own more affluent resources. Mr. Wade makes a more determined effort to push that stern old nobleman out of the way. He says, positively, that Francis (this wonderful Juvenal!) made some of Chatham's speeches—gave the faded orator a new coat of freshness! "He certainly composed many of his lordship's speeches," says Mr. Wade. In a copy of Belsham's History of Great Britain, Sir Philip Francis made a MS. note:—"I wrote this speech for Lord Mansfield, as well as all those for Lord Chatham, on the Middlesex election." Wade proves too much here—

"He o'erleaps his sell,
And falls on the other side."

He shows that Junius furnished Mansfield with a speech! He says, furthermore, that Lords Holland and Chatham, the Grenvilles, Mr. Calcraft, and Doctor Francis, *père*, were the

sources from which information flowed to the "Juvenal." "A body of intelligences, it must be owned," he adds, "amply sufficient to produce the letters!" But that is not all. The strong necessity of the old Earl is upon him, and he next says, that Chatham was the *ally* of Junius—a fraction, as it were, of that epistolary Iron Mask—not the whole of him! He also quotes Justice Hardinge, to show how Junius spoke of a matter known only to Chatham, Temple, and Camden; and, "says very wisely," that it must have been Temple who went and told it to the able young scribe—no other way of accounting for it. He quotes from Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors a very inconsequent letter from the widow of Sir Philip Francis. She declares Sir Philip never said he was Junius, even to her; and yet, she goes on to assume that he was, by saying that after the Junian letter to Sir William Draper, a *new and powerful ally* came to Sir Philip's assistance; meaning Lord Chatham, who hampered the poor lady just as much as he has done the critics. Wade says that Sir Philip (Junius) submitted some of his letters to Chatham. The declaration—"I am the sole depositary of my secret," is thus thrown out of the window very summarily. Lady Francis thinks her husband was Junius, because he gave her a beautiful copy of the letters after their marriage (the copy in vellum, eh?) and was always very much interested in them.

Mr. Wade who, like a moth, sings his wings in hovering about the light, admits that to restore Chatham to power was the object of Junius, who would write no more, seeing that the Whig cause was lost when Lord North came to the helm of affairs. He further says, it was because Francis was known to be Junius that he got his lucrative Indian post—that the King, Lord North, and the Government, knew the secret of Junius from his own confession! Poor Lady Francis! She would have given her little finger to be able to say her husband had told her he was the immortal Mask. But she could not say it. Never did he whisper the secret into *her* ear, as her head rested on his pillow, though he could go tell it to the King, to Lord North, and the Government! Mr. Wade believes, that though the Ministry gave Junius £10,000 a-year in India, it

was *not* with the understanding that he was to write no more against the Government. Not at all. Francis took the matter as his due, merely, and did not promise one way or the other.

Lord Chatham's powers of the pen were, according to Mr. Wade, very feeble. Though most effective in oratory, he was careless in literary composition, inexact, loose, and repetitionary." Great orators are, and have been, in the habit of first writing down their points, illustrations, and pet parts of speeches before speaking them. We have evidence enough that Pitt's oratory was terse, vigorous, and highly impressive. He who spoke like Pitt could hardly write loosely or inexactly, seeing that a man's written language is usually closer and more correct than his speeches. In the Chatham Correspondence, recently published by the grandsons of the Earl, there is visible an uneasy feeling, that the founder of their house is open to a suspicion of the truth in this matter, and an attempt is made to put young Francis between Lord Chatham and the conclusion. Mr. Wade, who leans to the evidence of the Correspondence, tries to show that, because Francis was intimate with Calcraft (Chatham's friend and retainer), it was through this last that Junius communicated with his lordship, and got intelligence from him. As we have said, Lord Chatham is terribly in the way of all the Franciscans. The Earl's grandsons and his family would do everything in their power to set aside any suspicions tending in the direction of their progenitor. A couple of letters appear in the Correspondence, purporting to be from Junius to Lord Chatham! But they are not to be relied on. They are but a part of that subtle *machinery of deception* which the masked writer employed for the purpose of preserving a perpetual secrecy. They are as much to be relied on as the declaration that Junius had no personal knowledge of George Grenville. The man who planned the system of the epistles would not think himself perfectly guarded without some such documents as these letters to himself.

To account for the undeniable marks of Chatham visible in the letters of Junius (for—

"The trace of Lord Chatham is over them all")—

Mr. Wade says, Francis admired the

great Earl with such enthusiasm that he adopted his political sentiments and imitated his style. But the notable difficulty presented in the first letters of the miscellaneous series—the terrible assault on the Earl—how does he get over that? Easily enough; he cuts the knot with a single stroke. The first five or six letters are spurious. Junius never wrote them! But there are more difficulties to be waded through. He anticipates them, and says, "With the fire of a Chatham in his bosom to electrify the senate, with the acumen, knowledge of human nature, and mastery of language of a Hume, a Robertson, or a Gibbon to adorn and invigorate history, Sir Philip was destined to leave as his avowed productions only a pile of well-nigh forgotten speeches, protests, pamphlets, manuscript notes on book-margins, and fugitive verses." But he answers such objections with readiness. Admitting that Sir Philip shows himself very inferior to Junius in everything else he wrote, he says, "Francis was certainly a person of *precocious gifts*." From the age of 27 to 32, in fact, he came out vigorously, but afterwards (being exhausted, probably), faded away into a maker of still-born pamphlets, forgotten letters, and fugitive verses—a mere moonlight reflection of his former self!

We pause here, in the sudden suspicion that Mr. Wade is laughing at the public, and that we are hoaxed. However this may be, the only effect produced by his essay on those convictions that were already leaning to Chatham, is to confirm them. Balaam-like, he reverses his mission, and after reading his proofs, we are more steadfast believers in Pitt than ever.

Indeed, it is not improbable that young Francis was the unconscious means by which Chatham received, through Calcraft, some of his knowledge of War-Office details. It is highly probable Francis knew who Junius was, without, however, being in the confidence of the latter. And it seems highly probable the Earl would encourage the idea that Francis was Junius. We can very well conceive that when, in 1772, Chatham found the cause lost, and was resolved to write no more, he would, as a master-stroke, arrange a *coincidence* which should be one of the chief guards of his secret then and, he hoped, for

ever. He would convey a hint to Lord North, that if young Francis were sent away there would be an end of Junius! Also, in his own venerable person he would use what influence he possessed to procure the Indian situation for his sometime secretary and *reporter*. The gift of ten thousand a-year to a young man who had only £500 a-year in the War-Office, seems unaccountable, except on some supposition of this kind. And this cunning winding-up of the whole system of false appearances would be only of a piece with the astute policy of the anonymous writer. Perhaps, also, this arrangement was well understood by the young man, who would do all in his power to guard, if not to keep honourably, the secret of one he revered and esteemed so much; a secret, too, by which he profited so considerably. And, indeed, the imitations and pretences to which we have already alluded may, after all, be only the evidences of Sir Philip's gratitude to the Earl, and not those of his own personal or literary vanity.

Every view of this curious case of concealment presents the agency of Lord Chatham, or some reference to himself or his cause. Others may be put in the foreground, but the grim, gouty chieftain of the Whigs is always moving in the background of the picture, more or less distinctly—

"Toujours lui; lui partout;
Toujours le noir géant qui fume à l'horizon,"

as Victor Hugo says of Napoleon, comparing him to Vesuvius. This is a very suggestive consideration, and is supported by the strongest circumstantial evidence. Except a few very significant feints, all the blows of Junius were struck in Chatham's battle.

A sort of fear, or prejudice, or reverence, or what you will, seems to prevent people from seeing Junius in the elder William Pitt—the latter is such a venerable historical character. Their ideas of Chatham are gathered from his grand prominent features—his great speeches in the senate—his vigorous statesmanship—his sublime fall in the midst of the peerage of

England, sinking like old Earl Siward of Northumberland, in harness. But Walpole and others have given us a true notion of what Pitt was in reality; what a versatile, restless, passionate, faulty man—goaded eternally in the head by ambition, and in the feet by the gout. The very passions which invigorated the genius of Chatham, linked him and his modes with the common "red earth" and the mass of his species. Such is mostly the case with men of genius; they show themselves more like common men than others. Weeds and tares spring up vigorously in rich soils; and we hold that the rage and vituperation of Junius are not at all inconsistent with the lofty, masculine mind of Chatham. Splenetic people must delight in splenetic acts. Such was the case with the moral and sententious Dr. Johnson, who loved to maltreat people. "We had a good conversation to-night," he cries out to sycophant Boswell, after coming, in high spirits, from a feast of reason and flow of soul, at the Club. "Yes, sir," replied the latter, "you tossed and gored several persons." Chatham also, being provoked, loved to toss and gore, but was not the less Chatham for that.

In the foregoing observations, the salient points of proof only have been touched. The amount of evidence which could be accumulated in detail on Chatham's side in this argument, would require a book, instead of a hasty article. What we have said may lead others to look in the right direction. Junius is either Chatham, the —, or, as Byron says, Nobody. The dust thrown by "Poplicola," on first setting out, into the eyes of the many, and by Junius in the first letter of the regular series, has effectually served the purpose of that Ulysses of the pen. But this cannot be so much longer. One of the most polished and vigorous writers in the language, the cotemporary of Burke and Cowper, cannot remain a riddle to the end of time. The motto of the man will soon be turned into *Stat Nomen Umbra*.

W. D.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. ;

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

SOME "NOTICES OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER."

It has sometimes occurred to me that the great suits of armour we see in museums, the huge helmets that come down like extinguishers on the penny candles of modern humanity, the enormous cuirasses and gigantic iron gloves, were neither more nor less than downright and deliberate cheats practised by the "Gents" of those days for the especial humbugging of us their remote posterity. It might, indeed, seem a strange and absurd thing that any people should take so much pains, and incur so much expense, just for the sake of mystifying generations then unborn. Still, I was led to this conclusion by observing and reflecting on a somewhat similar phenomenon in our own day; and indeed it was the only explanation I was ever able to come to, respecting those great mansions that we Irish gentlemen are so fond of rearing on our estates, "totally regardless of expense," and just as indifferent to all the circumstances of our fortune and all the requirements of our station—the only real difference being, that our forefathers were satisfied with quizzing their descendants, whereas we, with a livelier appreciation of fun, prefer enjoying the joke in our own day.

Perhaps I am a little too sensitive on this point; but my reader will forgive any excess of irritability when I tell him that to this national ardour for brick and mortar—this passion for cut-stone and stucco—it is, I owe, not only many of the mischances of my life, but also a share of what destiny has in store for those that are to come after me. We came over to Ireland with Cromwell; my ancestor, I believe, and I don't desire to hide the fact, was a favourite trumpeter of Old Noll. He was a powerful, big-boned, slashing trooper, with a heavy hand on a sabre, and a fine, deep, bass voice in the conventicle; and if his Christian name was a little inconvenient for those in a hur-

ry—he was called Bind-your-kings-in-chains-and-your-nobles-in-links-of-iron Carew—it was of the less consequence, as he was always where he ought to be without calling. It was said that in the eyes of his chief his moderation was highly esteemed, and that this virtue was never more conspicuous than in his choice of a recompense for his services; since, instead of selecting some fine, rich tract of Meath, or Queen's County, some fruitful spot on the Shannon or the Blackwater, with a most laudable and exemplary humility, he pitched upon a dreary and desolate region in the County Wicklow—picturesque enough in point of scenery, but utterly barren and uncultivated. Here, at a short distance from the opening of the Vale of Arklow, he built a small house, contiguous to which, after a few years, was to be seen an outlandish kind of scaffolding—a composite architecture between a draw-well and a gallows; and which, after various conjectures about its use—some even suggesting that it was a new apparatus "to raise the Devil"—turned out to be the machinery for working a valuable lead mine which, by "pure accident," my fortunate ancestor had just discovered there.

It was not only lead, but copper ore, was found there; and at last silver; so that in the course of three generations the trumpeter's descendants became amongst the very richest of the land; and when my father succeeded to the estate, he owned almost the entire country between Newrath Bridge and Arklow. There were seventeen townlands in our possession, and five mines in full work. In one of these, gold was found, and several fine crystals of topaz, and beryl—a few specimens of which are yet to be seen in the Irish Academy. It has been often remarked that men of ability rarely or never transmit their gifts to the generation

succeeding them. Nature would seem to set her face against monopolies, and at least, so far as intellect is concerned, to be a genuine "Free-Trader." There another and very similar fact, however, is which has not attracted so much notice. It is this, that not only the dispositions and tastes of successive generations change and alternate, but that their Luck follows the same law, and that after a good run of fortune, for maybe a century or two, there is certain to come a turn; and thus it is, that these ups and downs, which are only remarked in the lives of individuals, are occurring in the wider ocean of general humanity. The common incident that we so often hear of, a man winning an enormous sum and losing every farthing of it down to the very half-crown he began with, is just the type of many a family history—the only difference being, that the event which, in one case, occupied a night, in the other, was spread over two, or maybe three hundred years.

When my father succeeded to the family property, Ireland was enjoying her very palmiest days of prosperity. The spirit of her nationality, without coming into actual collision with England, yet had begun to assume an attitude of proud hostility—a species of haughty defiance—the first effect of which was to develope and call forth all the native ardour and daring of a bold and generous people. It was in the celebrated year, '82; and, doubtless, there are some yet living who can recall to memory the glorious enthusiasm of the "Volunteers." The character of the political excitement was eminently suited to the nature of the people. The themes were precisely those which lay fastest hold of enthusiastic temperaments. Liberty and Independence were in every mouth. From the glowing eloquence of the Parliament House—the burning words and heart-stirring sentences of Grattan and Ponsonby—they issued forth to mingle in all the exciting din of military display—the tramp of armed battalions, and the crash and glitter of mounted squadrons. To these succeeded those festive meetings, resounding with all the zeal of patriotic toasts—brilliant displays of those convivial accomplishments for which the Irish gentlemen of that day were so justly famed. There was something peculiarly splendid and imposing in the

spectacle of the nation at that moment; but, like the grand groupings we witness upon the stage, all the gorgeousness of the display was only to intimate that the curtain was about to fall!

But to come back to personal matters. At the first election, which occurred after his accession to the property, my father was returned for Wicklow, by a large majority, in opposition to the Government candidate; and thus, at the age of twenty-two, entered upon life with all the glowing ardour of a young patriot—rich, well-looking, and sufficiently gifted to be flattered into the self-confidence of actual ability.

Parliamentary conflicts have undergone a change just as great as those of actual warfare. In the times I speak of, tactical skill and subtlety would have availed but little, in comparison with their present success. The House was then a species of tournament, where he who would break his lance with the most valiant tilter, was always sure of an antagonist. The marshalling of party—the muster of adherents was not—as it now is—all sufficient against the daring eloquence of a solitary opponent; and if, as is very probable, men were less under the guidance of great political theorems, they were assuredly not less earnest and devoted than we now see them. The contests of the House were carried beyond its walls, and political opponents became deadly enemies, ready to stake life at any moment in defence of their opinions. It was the school of the period; nor can it be better illustrated than by the dying farewell of a great statesman, whose last legacy to his son was in the words: "Be always ready with the pistol." This great maxim, and the maintenance of a princely style of living, were the two golden rules of the time. My father was a faithful disciple of the sect.

In the course of a two years' tour on the Continent, he signalised himself by various adventures, the fame of which has not yet faded from the memory of some survivors. The splendour of his retinue was the astonishment of foreign courts; and the journals of the time constantly chronicled the princely magnificence of his entertainments, and the costly extravagance of his household. Wagers were the fashionable pastime of the period; and to the absurd extent to which this passion

was carried, are we in all probability now indebted for that character of eccentricity by which our countrymen are known over all Europe.

The most perilous exploits—the most reckless adventures—ordeals of personal courage, strength, endurance and address, were invented as the subject of these wagers; and there was nothing too desperately hazardous, nor too absurdly ridiculous, as not to find a place in such contests. My father had run the gauntlet through all, and in every adventure was said to have acquitted himself with honour and distinction.

Of one only of these exploits do I intend to make mention here; the reason for the selection will soon be palpable to my reader. At the time I speak of, Paris possessed two circles totally distinct in the great world of society. One was that of the Court; the other, rallied around the Duc D'Orleans. To this latter my father's youth, wealth, and expensive tastes pre-disposed him, and he soon became one of the most favoured guests of the Palais Royal. Scanty as are the materials which have reached us, there is yet abundant reason to believe that never, in the most abandoned days of the Regency, was there any greater degree of profligacy than then prevailed there. Every vice and debauchery of a corrupt age was triumphant, and even openly defended on the base and calumnious pretence, that the company was at least as moral as that of the “Petit Trianon.” My father, I have said, was received into this set with peculiar honour. His handsome figure—his winning manners—an easy disposition—and an ample fortune, were ready recommendations in his favour, and he speedily became the chosen associate of the Prince.

Amongst his papers are to be found the unerring proofs of what this friendship cost him. Continued losses at play had to be met by loans of money, at the most ruinous rates of interest; and my poor father's memoranda are filled with patriarchal names, that too surely attest the nature of such transactions. It would seem, however, that fortune at last took a turn—at least the more than commonly wasteful extravagance of his life at one period would imply that he was a winner. These gambling contests between the Duke

and himself had latterly become like personal conflicts, wherein each staked skill, fortune, and address, on the issue; duels, which involved passions just as deadly as any whose arbitrament was ever decided by sword or pistol! As luck favoured my father, the Duke's efforts to raise money were not less strenuous, and frequently as costly as his own; while on more than one occasion the jewelled decorations of his rank—his very sword—were the pledges of the play-table. At last, so decidedly had been the run against him, that the Prince was forced to accept of loans from my father, to enable him to continue the contest. Even this alternative, however, availed nothing. Loss followed upon loss, till at length, one night, when fortune had seemed to have utterly forsaken him, the Prince suddenly rose from the table, and saying—“Wait a moment, I'll make one coup more,” disappeared from the room. When he returned, his altered looks almost startled my father. The colour had entirely deserted his cheeks; his very lips were bloodless; his eyes were streaked with red vessels; and when he tried to speak, his first words were inaudible. Pressing my father down again upon the seat from which he had arisen, he leaned over his shoulder, and whispered in a voice low and broken—

“I have told you, Chevalier, that I would make one “coup” more. This sealed note contains the stake I now propose to risk. You are at liberty to set any sum you please against it. I can only say, it is all that now remains to me of value in the world. One condition, however, I must stipulate for; it is this: If you win”—here he paused, and a convulsive shudder rendered him for some seconds unable to continue—“if you win, that you leave France within three days, and that you do not open this paper till within an hour after your departure.”

My father was not only disconcerted by the excessive agitation of his manner, but he was little pleased with a compact, the best issue of which would compel him to quit Paris and all its fascinations at a very hour's notice. He tried to persuade the Prince that there was no necessity for so heavy a venture; that he was perfectly ready to advance any sum his royal highness could name; that Fortune, so persecuting as she seemed, should not be

pushed farther, at least for the present. In fact, he did everything which ingenuity could prompt to decline the wager; but the more eagerly he argued the more resolute and determined became the Duke; till at last, excited by his losses, and irritated by an opposition to which he was but little accustomed, the Prince cut short the discussion by the insolent taunt, "that the Chevalier was probably right, and deemed it safer to retain what he had won, than risque it by another venture."

"Enough, Sir; I am quite ready," replied my father, and reseated himself at the table.

"There's my stake," then, said the Prince, throwing a sealed envelope on the cloth.

"Your royal highness must correct me, if I am in error," said my father, "and make mine beneath what it ought to be." At the same moment he pushed all the gold before him—several thousand louis—into the middle of the table.

The Prince never spoke nor moved; and my father, after in vain waiting for some remark, said—

"I perceive, Sir, that I have miscalculated. These are all that I have about me," and he drew from his pocket a mass of bank notes of considerable amount. The Prince still maintained silence.

"If your royal highness will not vouchsafe to aid me, I must only trust to my unguided reason, and however conscious of the inferiority of the venture, I can but stake all that I possess. Yes, Sir, such is my stake."

The Prince bowed formally and coldly, and pushed the cards towards my father. The fashionable game of the day was called *Barocco*, in which, after certain combinations, the hand to whom fell the Queen of Spades became the winner. So evenly had gone the fortune of the game, that all now depended on this card. My father was the dealer, and turned up each card slowly, and with a hand in which not the slightest tremor could be detected. The Prince, habitually the very ideal of a gambler's cold impassiveness, was agitated beyond all his efforts to controul, and sat with his eyes rivetted on the game; and when the fatal card fell at length from my father's hand, his arms dropped powerless at either side of him, and with a low groan he sank fainting on the floor.

He was quickly removed by his attendants, and my father never saw him after! All his efforts to obtain an audience were in vain; and when his entreaties became more urgent, he was given significantly to understand that the Prince was personally indisposed to receive him. Another and stronger hint was also supplied, in the shape of a letter from the Minister of Police, enclosing my father's passport, and requiring his departure, by way of Calais, within a given time.

Whatever share curiosity, as to the contents of the paper, might have had in my father's first thoughts, a sense of offended dignity for the manner of his treatment speedily mastered; and as he journeyed along towards the coast, his mind was solely occupied with one impression. To be suddenly excluded from the society in which he had so long mixed, and banished from the country where he had lived with such distinction, were indeed deep personal affronts, and not without severe reflection on his conduct and character.

His impatience to quit a land where he had been so grossly outraged, grew greater with every mile he travelled; and although the snow lay heavily on the road, he passed on regardless of everything but his insulted honour. It was midnight when he reached Calais. The packet, which had sailed in the afternoon, had just re-entered the port, driven back by a hurricane, that had almost wrecked her. The passengers, overcome with terror, fatigue and exhaustion, were crowding into the hotel, at the very moment of my father's arrival. The gale increased in violence at every instant, and the noise of the sea breaking over the old piles of the harbour, was now heard like thunder. Indifferent to such warning, my father sent for the Captain, and asked him, what sum would induce him to put to sea? A positive refusal to accept of any sum was the first reply, but by dint of persuasion, persistence, and the temptation of a large reward, he at last induced him to comply.

To my father's extreme surprise, he learned that two ladies who had just arrived at the hotel, were no less resolutely bent on departure, and, in defiance of the gale, which was now terrific, sent to beg that they might be permitted to take their passage in the

vessel. To the landlord, who conveyed this request, my father strongly represented the danger of such an undertaking: that nothing short of an extreme necessity, would have induced him to embark in such a hurricane; that the Captain, who had undertaken the voyage at his especial entreaty, might, most naturally, object to the responsibility. In a word, he pleaded everything against this request, but was met by the steady, unvarying reply, "That their necessity was not less urgent than his own, and that nothing less than the impossibility should prevent their departure."

"Be it so, then," said my father; whose mind was too much occupied with his own cares to bestow much attention on strangers. Indeed, so little of either interest or curiosity did his fellow-travellers excite in him, that although he assisted them to ascend the ship's side, he made no effort to see their faces; nor did he address to them a single word. They who cross the narrow strait now-a-days, with all the speed of a modern mail-steamer, can scarcely credit how much of actual danger the passage once involved. The communication with the Continent was frequently suspended for several days together; and it was no unusual occurrence to hear of three, or even four mails being due from France. So great was the storm on the occasion I refer to, that it was full two hours before the vessel could get clear of the port; and even then, with a mainsail closely reefed, and a mere fragment of a foresail, the utmost she could do was to keep the sea: An old and worthless craft, she was ill-suited to such a service; and now, at each stroke of the waves, some bulwark would be washed away, some spar broken, or part of the rigging torn in shreds. The frail timbers creaked and groaned with the working, and already, from the strain, leaks had burst open in many places, and half the crew were at the pumps. My father, who kept the deck without quitting it, saw that the danger was great, and, not improbably, now condemned his own rashness, when it was too late. Too proud, however, to confess his shame, he walked hurriedly up and down the poop, only stopping to hold on at those moments when some tremendous lurch almost laid the craft under. In one of these it was, that he chanced to look down through the

cabin grating, and there beheld an old lady, at prayer, on her knees; her hands held a crucifix before her, and her upturned eyes were full of deep devotion. The lamp which swung to and fro above her head threw a passing light upon her features, and showed that she must once have been strikingly handsome, while even yet the traces were those that bespoke birth and condition. My father in vain sought for her companion, and while he bent down over the grating to look, the Captain came up to his side.

"The poor Duchess is terribly frightened," said he, with an attempt at a smile, which only half succeeded.

"How do you call her?" asked my father.

"La Duchesse de Sargance; a celebrated court beauty some forty years ago. She has been always attached to the Duchess of Orleans; or some say, to the Duke. At least, she enjoys the repute of knowing all his secret intrigues and adventures."

"The Duke!" said my father, musing; and suddenly calling to mind his pledge, he drew nigh to the binnacle lamp, and, opening his letter, bent down to read it. A small gold locket fell into his hand, unclasping which, he beheld the portrait of a beautiful girl of eighteen or nineteen. She was represented in the act of binding up her hair; and in the features, the colouring, and the attitude, she seemed the very ideal of a Grecian statue. In the corner of the paper was written the words, "Ma Fille," "Philippe d'Orleans."

"Is this possible? can this be real?" cried my father, whose quick intelligence at once seemed to divine all. The next instant he was at the door of the cabin, knocking impatiently to get in.

"Do you know this, madam?" cried he, holding out the miniature towards the Duchess. "Can you tell me aught of this?"

"Is the danger over—are we safe?" was her exclamation, as she arose from her knees.

"The wind is abating, madam—the worst is over; and now to my question."

"She is yours, sir," said the Duchess, with a deep obeisance. "His Royal Highness's orders were, not to leave her till she reached England. Heaven grant that we are to see that hour."

This is Mademoiselle de Courtois," continued she, as at the same instant the young lady entered the cabin.

The graceful ease and unaffected demeanour with which she received my father at once convinced him that she at least knew nothing of the terrible compact in which she was involved. Habituated as he was to all the fascinations of beauty, and all the blandishments of manner, there was something to him irresistibly charming in the artless tone with which she spoke of her voyage, and all the pleasure she anticipated from a tour through England.

"You see, sir," said the Duchess, when they were once more alone together, "Mademoiselle Palerie is a stranger to the position in which she stands. None could have undertaken the task of breaking it to her. Let us trust that she is never to know it."

"How so, madam. Do you mean that I am to relinquish my right?" cried my father.

"Nothing could persuade me that you would insist upon it, sir."

"You are wrong, then, madam," said he sternly. "To the letter I will maintain it. Mademoiselle de Courtois is mine; and within twenty-four hours the law shall confirm my title, for I will make her my wife."

I have heard that however honourably my father's intentions thus pro-

claimed themselves, the Duchess only could see a very lamentable "*mésalliance*" in such a union; nor did she altogether disguise from my father that his Royal Highness was very likely to take the same view of the matter. Mademoiselle's mother was of the best blood of France, and illegitimacy signified little if Royalty but bore its share of the shame. Fortunately the young lady's scruples were more easily disposed of: perhaps my father understood better how to deal with them; at all events, one thing is certain, Madame de Sargance left Dover for Calais on the same day that my father and his young bride started for London—perhaps it might be exaggeration to say the happiest, but it is no extravagance to call them as handsome a pair as ever journeyed the same road on the same errand. I have told some things in this episode, which, perhaps, second thoughts would expunge, and I have omitted others that as probably the reader might naturally have looked for. But the truth is, the narrative has not been without its difficulties. I have had to speak of a tone of manners and habits, now happily bygone, of which I dare not mark my reprehension with all the freedom I could wish, since one of the chief actors was my father—its victim, my mother.

CHAPTER II.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF AN ADAGE.

"MARRY in haste," says the adage, and we all know what occupation leisure will bring with it; unhappily my father was not to prove the exception to the maxim. It was not that his wife was wanting in any quality which can render married life happy; she was, on the contrary, most rarely gifted with them all. She was young, beautiful, endowed with excellent health, and the very best of tempers. The charm of her manner won every class with whom she came into contact. But, alas, that there should be a but. She had been brought up in habits of the most expensive kind. Living in royal palaces, waited on by troops of menials, with costly equipages, and splendid retinues ever at her command, only mingling with those whose lives were devoted to pleasure and amuse-

ment, conversant with no other themes than those which bore upon gaiety and dissipation, she was peculiarly unsuited to the wear and tear of a social system which demanded fully as much of self-sacrifice as of enjoyment. The long lessons my father would read to her of deference to this one, patient endurance of that—how she was to submit to the tiresome prosings of certain notorieties in respect of their political or social eminence, she certainly heard with most exemplary resignation; but by no effort of her reason nor, indeed, of imagination, could she attain to the fact, why any one should associate with those distasteful to them, nor ever persuade herself that any worldly distinction could possibly be worth having at such a price.

She was quite sure—indeed, her own

experience proved it "that the world was full of pleasant people." Beauty to gaze on and wit to listen to, were certainly not difficult to be found; why, then, any one should persist in denying themselves the enjoyment derivable from such sources was as great a seeming absurdity as that of him, who, turning his back on the rare flowers of a conservatory, would go forth to make his bouquet of the wild flowers and weeds on the road side. Besides this, in the world wherein she had lived her own gifts were precisely those which attracted most admiration and exerted most sway; and it was somewhat hard to descend to a system where such a coinage was not accepted as currency, but rather regarded as gilded counters, pretty to look at, but, after all, a mere counterfeit money, unrecognised by the mint.

My father saw all this when it was too late; but he lost no time in vain repinings. On the contrary, having taken a cottage in a secluded part of North Wales, by way of passing the honeymoon in all the conventional isolation that season is condemned to, he devoted himself to that educational process at which I have hinted, and began to instil those principles, to the difficulty of whose acquirement I have just alluded.

I believe that his life, at this period, was one of as much happiness as ever is permitted to poor mortality in this world: so, at least, his letters to his friends bespeak it. It may be even doubted if the little diversities of taste and disposition between himself and my mother did not heighten the sense of his enjoyment; they assuredly averted that lassitude and *ennui* which are too often the results of a connubial duet unreasonably prolonged. I know, too, that my poor mother often looked back to that place as to the very paradise of her existence. My father had encouraged such magnificent impressions of his ancestral house and demesne, that he was obliged to make great efforts to sustain the description. An entire wing had to be built to complete the symmetry of the mansion. The roof had also to be replaced by another, of more costly construction. In the place of a stucco colonnade, one of polished granite was to be erected. The whole of the furniture was to be exchanged. Massive old cabinets and oaken chairs, handsome enough in their

way, were but ill-suited to ceilings of fretted gold and walls hung in the rich draperies of Lyons. The very mirrors, which had been objects of intense admiration for their size and splendour, were now to be discarded for others of more modern pretensions. The china bowls and cups, which for centuries had been regarded as very gems of *vertu*, were thrown indignantly aside, to make place for Sevres vases and rich groupings of pure Saxon. In fact, all the ordinary comforts and characteristics of a country gentleman's house were abandoned for the sumptuous and splendid furniture of a Palace. To meet such expenses, large sums were raised on loan, and two of the richest mines on the estate were heavily mortgaged. Of course it is needless to say, that preparations on such a scale of magnificence attracted a large share of public attention. The newspapers duly chronicled the increasing splendour of "Castle Carew." Scarcely a ship arrived without some precious consignment, either of pictures, marbles, or tapestries; and these announcements were usually accompanied by some semi-mysterious paragraph about the vast wealth of the owner, and the great accession of fortune he had acquired by his marriage. On this latter point nothing was known beyond the fact, that the lady was of an ancient ducal family of France, of immense fortune, and eminently beautiful. Even my father's most intimate friends knew nothing beyond this; for, however strange it may sound to our present day notions, my father was ashamed of her illegitimacy, and rightly judged what would be the general opinion of her acquaintances, should the fact become public. At last came the eventful day of the landing in Ireland, and, certainly, nothing could be more enthusiastic nor affectionate than the welcome that met them.

Personally my father's popularity was very great—politically he had already secured many admirers, since, even in the few months of his parliamentary life, he had distinguished himself on two or three occasions. His tone was manly and independent; his appearance was singularly prepossessing; and then, as he owned a large estate, and spent his money freely, it would have been hard if such qualities had not made him a favourite in Ireland.

It was almost a procession that accompanied him from the quay, to the great hotel of the Drogheda Arms, where they stopped to breakfast.

"I am glad to see you back amongst us, Carew!" said Joe Parsons, one of my father's political advisers, a county member, of great weight with the Opposition. "We want every good and true man in his place just now."

"Faith we missed you sorely at the Curragh meetings, Watty!" cried a sporting-looking young fellow, in "tops and leathers." "No such thing as a good handicap, nor a hurdle race for a finish, without you."

"Harry deplores those pleasant evenings you used to spend at three-handed whist, with himself and Dick Morgan," said another, laughing.

"And where's Dick?" asked my father, looking around him on every side.

"Poor Dick!" said the last speaker. "It's no fault of his that he's not here to shake your hand to-day. He was arrested about six weeks ago, on some bills he passed to Fagan."

"Old Tony alive still," said my father, laughing; "and what was the amount?" added he, in a whisper.

"A heavy figure—above two thousand, I believe; but Tony would be right glad to take five hundred."

"And couldn't Dick's friends do that much for him?" asked my father, half indignantly. "Why, when I left this, Dick was the very life of your city. A dinner without him was a failure. Men would rather have met him at the cover than seen the fox. His hearty face, and his warm shake-hands, were enough to inspire jollity into a Quaker meeting."

"All true, Watty; but there's been a general shipwreck of us all, somehow. Where the money has gone, nobody knows; but every one seems out at elbows. You are the only fellow the sun shines upon."

"Make hay, then, when it does so," said my father, laughing; and, taking out his pocket-book, he scribbled a few lines on a leaf which he tore out. "Give that to Dick, and tell him to come down and dine with us on Friday. You'll join him. Quin and Parsons won't refuse me. And what do you say, Gervy Power?—can you spare a day from the tennis-court, or an evening from picquet?" Jack Gore, I count upon you. Harry Hepton will

drive you down, for I know you never can pay the post-boys."

"Egad, they're too well trained to expect it. The rascals always look to me for a hint about the young horses at the Curragh, and, now and then, I do throw a stray five-pound in their way."

"We have not seen Madam yet. Are we not to have that honour to-day?" said Parsons.

"I believe not; she's somewhat tired. We had a stormy time of it," said my father, who rather hesitated about introducing his bachelor friends to my mother without some little preparation. Nor was the caution quite unreasonable. Their style and breeding were totally unlike anything she had ever seen before. The tone of familiarity they used towards each other was the very opposite to that school of courtly distance which even the very nearest in blood or kindred observed in her own country; and, lastly, very few of those then present understood anything of French; and my mother's English, at the time I speak of, did not range beyond a few monosyllables, pronounced with an accent that made them all but unintelligible.

"You'll have Kitty Dwyer to call upon you the moment she hears you're come," said Quin.

"Charmed to see her, if she'll do us that honour," said my father, laughing.

"You must have no common impudence, then, Watty," said another; "you certainly jilted her."

"Nothing of the kind," replied my father; "she it was who refused me."

"Bother!" broke in an old squire, a certain Bob French, of Frenchmount; "Kitty refuse ten thousand a-year, and a good-looking fellow into the bargain. Kitty's no fool; and she knows mankind just as well as she knows horse-flesh; and faix that's not saying a trifle."

"How is she looking?" asked my father, rather anxious to change the topic.

"Just as you saw her last. She hurt her back at an ugly fence in Kennedy's park, last winter; but she's all right again, and riding the little black mare that killed Morrissy, as neatly as ever!"

"She's a fine dashing girl!" said my father.

"No, but she's a good girl," said the old Squire, who evidently admired

her greatly. "She rode eight miles, of a dark night, three weeks ago, to bring the doctor to old Hackett's wife, and it raining like a waterfall; and she gave him two guineas for the job. Ay, faith, and maybe, at the same time, two guineas was two guineas."

"Why, Mat Dwyer is not so hard-up as that comes to?" exclaimed my father.

"Isn't he, faith? I don't believe he knows where to lay his hand on a fifty-pound note this morning. The truth is, Walter, Mat ran himself out for you."

"For me! How do you mean for me?"

"Just because he thought you'd marry Kitty. Oh! you needn't laugh. There's many more thought the same thing. You remember yourself that you were never out of the house. You used to pretend that Bishop's-Lough was a better cover than your own—that it was more of a grass country to ride over. Then, when summer came, you took to fishing, as if your bread depended on it; and the devil a salmon you ever hooked."

A roar of laughter from the surroundings showed how they relished the confusion of my father's manner.

"Even all that will scarcely amount to an offer of marriage," said he, in half pique.

"Nobody said it would," retorted the other; "but when you teach a girl to risk her life, four days in the week, over the highest fences in a hunting country—when she gives up stitching and embroidery, to tying flies and making brown hackles—when she'd rather drive a tandem than sit quiet in a coach and four—why, she's as good as spoiled for any one else. 'Tis the same with women as with young horses—every one likes to break them in for himself. Some like a puller; others prefer a light mouth; and there's more that would rather go along without having to think at all, sure, that, no matter how rough the road, there would be neither a false step nor stumble in it."

"And what's become of MacNaghten?" asked my father, anxious to change the topic.

"Scheming—scheming, just the same as ever. I'm sure I wonder he's not here to-day. May I never! if that's not his voice I hear on the stairs. Talk of the devil—"

"And you're sure to see Dan Mac-

Naghten," cried my father; and the next moment he was heartily shaking hands with a tall, handsome man, who, though barely thirty, was yet slightly bald on the top of the head. His eyes were blue and large: their expression full of the joyous merriment of a happy schoolboy—a temperament that his voice and laugh fully confirmed.

"Watty, boy, it's as good as a day rule to have a look at you again," cried he. "There's not a man can fill your place when you're away—devil a one."

"There he goes—there he goes!" muttered old French, with a sly wink at the others.

"Ireland wasn't herself without you, my boy," continued MacNaghten. "We were obliged to put up with Tom Burke's harriers and old French's claret; and the one has no more scent than the other has bouquet."

French's face at this moment elicited such a roar of laughing as drowned the remainder of the speech.

"'Twas little time you had either to run with the one or drink the other, Dan," said he; "for you were snug in Kilmainham the whole of the winter."

"*Otium cum dignitate*," said Dan. "I spent my evenings in drawing up a bill for the better recovery of small debts."

"How so, Dan?"

"Lending enough more, to bring the debtor into the superior courts—trying him for murder instead of manslaughter."

"Faith, you'd do either if you were put to it," said French, who merely heard the words, without understanding the context.

Dan MacNaghten was now included in my father's invitation to Castle Carew; and, after a few other allusions to past events and absent friends, they all took their leave, and my father hastened to join his bride.

"You thought them very noisy, my dear," said my father, in reply to a remark of hers. "They, I have no doubt, were perfectly astonished at their excessive quietness—an air of decorum only assumed, because they heard you were in the next room."

"They were not afraid of me, I trust," said she, smiling.

"Not exactly afraid," said my father, with a very peculiar smile.

CHAPTER III.

A FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE celebrated money-lender and bill-discounter of Dublin in the times we speak of, was a certain Mr. Fagan, popularly called "The Grinder," from certain peculiarities in his dealings with those who stood in need of his aid. He had been, and indeed so had his father before him, a fruit-seller, in a quarter of the city called Mary's-abbey—a trade which he still affected to carry on, although it was well known that the little transactions of the front shop bore no imaginable proportion to the important events which were conducted in the small and gloomy back-parlour behind it.

It was a period of unbounded extravagance. Few even of the wealthiest lived within their incomes. Many maintained a style and pretension far beyond their fortunes, the first seeds of that crop of ruin whose harvest we are now witnessing. By large advances on mortgage, and great loans at moments of extreme pressure, the Grinder had amassed an immense fortune, at the same time that he possessed a very considerable influence in many counties, in whose elections he took a deep, although secret interest.

If money-getting and money-hoarding was the great passion of his existence, it was in reality so in furtherance of two objects, on which he seemed to have set his whole heart. One of these was the emancipation of the Catholics; the other, the elevation of his only child, a daughter, to rank and station, by means of a high marriage.

On these two themes his every thought was fixed; and however closely the miser's nature had twined itself around his own, all the thirst for gain, all the greed of usury, gave way before these master-passions. So much was he under their guidance, that no prospect of advantage ever withdrew him from their prosecution; and he who looked for the Grinder's aid, must at least have appeared to him as likely to contribute towards one or other of these objects.

Strange as it may seem to our modern notions, the political ambition seemed easier of success than the so-

cial. With all their monied embarrassments, the higher classes of Ireland refused to stoop to an alliance with the families of the rich plebeians, and were much more ready to tamper with their conscience on questions of state, than to abate a particle of their pride on a matter of family connexion. In this way Mr. Fagan could command many votes in the House from those who would have indignantly refused his invitation to a dinner.

In pursuit of his plan, he had given his daughter the best education that money could command. She had masters in every modern language, and in every fashionable accomplishment. She was naturally clever and quick of apprehension, and possessed considerable advantages in person and deportment. Perhaps an overweening sense of her own importance, in comparison with those about her, imparted a degree of assumption to her manner, or perhaps this was instilled into her as a suitable lesson for some future position; but so was it, that much of the gracefulness of her youth was impaired by this fault, which gradually settled down into an almost stern and defiant hardness of deportment—a quality little likely to be popular in high society.

A false position invariably engenders a false manner, and hers was eminently so. Immeasurably above those with whom she associated, she saw a great gulf between her and that set with whose habits and instincts she had been trained to assimilate. To condescend to intimacy with her father's guests, was to undo all the teachings of her life; and yet how barren seemed every hope of ascending to anything higher! No young proprietor had attained his majority for some years back, without being canvassed by the Grinder as a possible match for his daughter. He well knew the pecuniary circumstances of them all. To some he had lent largely, and yet, somehow, although his emissaries were active in spreading the intelligence that Bob Fagan's daughter would have upwards of three hundred thousand pounds, it seemed a point of honour amongst this class that none

should descend to such a union, nor stoop to an alliance with the usurer. If, in the wild orgies of after-dinner—in the mad debauchery of the mess-table, some reckless spendthrift would talk of marrying Polly Fagan, a burst of mockery and laughter was certain to hail the proposition. In fact, any alternative of doubtful honesty—any stratagem to defeat a creditor, seemed a more honourable course than such a project.

There were kind friends—mayhap amongst them were some disappointed suitors—ready to tell Polly how she was regarded by this set; and this consciousness on her part did not assuredly add to the softness of a manner that each day was rendering her more cold and severe; and, from despising those of her own rank, she now grew to hate that above her.

It so chanced that my father was one of those on whom Fagan had long speculated for a son-in-law. There was something in the careless ease of his character that suggested the hope that he might not be very difficult of persuasion; and as his habits of expense required large and prompt supplies, the Grinder made these advances with a degree of liberality that could not fail to be flattering to a young heir.

On more than one occasion, the money was paid down before the lawyers had completed the documents; and this confidence in my father's honour had greatly predisposed him in Fagan's favour. The presumptuous idea of an alliance with him, would have, of course, routed such impressions, but this never occurred to my father. It is very doubtful that he could have brought himself to believe the thing possible. So secret had been my father's marriage that none, even of his most intimate friends, knew of it, till within a short time before he arrived in Ireland. The great outlay at Castle Carew of course attracted its share of gossip, but all seemed to think that these were the preparations for an event not yet decided on. This also was Fagan's reading of it; and he watched with anxious intensity every step and detail of that costly expenditure in which his now last hope was centred.

"He must come to *me* for all this; I, alone, can be the paymaster here," was his constant reflection, as he surveyed plans which required a princely

fortune to execute, and which no private income could possibly have supported by a suitable style of living. "A hundred thousand pounds will pay for all," was the consolatory thought with which he solaced himself for this extravagance.

The frequent calls for money, the astounding sums demanded from time to time, did indeed alarm Fagan. The golden limit of a hundred thousand had long been passed, and yet came no sign of retrenchment; on the contrary, the plans for the completion of the castle were on a scale of even greater magnificence.

It was to assure himself as to the truth of these miraculous narratives, to see with his own eyes the splendours of which he had heard so much, that Fagan once undertook a journey down to Castle Carew. For reasons, the motives of which may be as well guessed as described, he was accompanied by his daughter. Seeming to be engaged on a little tour of the county, they arrived at the village inn at nightfall, and the following morning readily obtained the permission to visit the grounds and the mansion.

Perhaps there is no higher appreciation of landscape beauty than that of him who emerges from the dark and narrow street of some busy city—from its noise, and smoke, and din—from its vexatious cares and harassing duties, and strolls out, of a bright spring morning, through the grassy fields and leafy lanes of a rural country; there is a repose, a sense of tranquil calm in the scene, so refreshing to those whose habitual rest comes of weariness and exhaustion. No need is there of the painter's eye nor the poet's fancy to enjoy to the utmost that rich combination of sky, and wood, and glassy lake.

There may be nothing of artistic excellence in the appreciation, but the sense of pleasure, of happiness even, is to the full as great.

It was in such a mood that Fagan found himself that morning, slowly stealing along a woodland-path, his daughter at his side; halting wherever a chance opening afforded a view of the landscape, they walked leisurely on, each, as it were, respecting the other's silence. Not that their secret thoughts were indeed alike—far from it! The daughter had marked the

tranquil look, the unembarrassed expression of those features so habitually agitated and care-worn: she saw the sense of relief even one day—one single day of rest, had brought with it. Why should it not be always thus? thought she. He needs no longer to toil and strive. His might be a life of quietude and peace. Our fortune is far above our wants, beyond even our wishes. We might at last make friendships, real friendships, amongst those who would look on us as equals and neighbours, not as usurers and oppressors.

While such was passing in the daughter's mind, the father's thoughts ran thus:—Can she see these old woods, these waving lawns, these battlemented towers, topping the great oaks of centuries, and yet not wish to be their mistress? Does no ambition stir her heart to think, these might be mine? He scanned her features closely, but in her drooping eyelids and pensive look he could read no signs of the spirit he sought for.

"Polly," said he, at length, "this is finer, far finer than I expected; the timber is better grown, the demesne itself more spacious. I hardly looked for such a princely place."

"It is very beautiful," said she, pensively.

"A proud thing to be the owner of, Polly—a proud thing! This is not the home of some wealthy citizen; these trees are like blazons of nobility, girl."

"One might be very happy here, father," said she, in the same low voice.

"The very thought of my own mind, Polly," cried he, eagerly. "The highest in the land could ask for nothing better. The estate has been in his family for four or five generations. The owner of such a place has but to choose what he would become. If he be talented, and with capacity for public life, think of him in Parliament, taking up some great question, assailing some time-worn abuse—some remnant of that barbarous code that once enslaved us, and standing forward as the leader of an Irish party. How gracefully patriotism would sit on one who could call this his own? Not the sham patriotism of your envious plebeian, nor the mock independence of the needy lawyer, but the sturdy determination to make his country se-

cond to none. There's the Castle itself," cried he suddenly, as they emerged into an open space in front of the building; and, amazed at the spacious and splendid edifice before them, they both stood several minutes in silent admiration.

"I scarcely thought any Irish gentleman had a fortune to suit this," said she, at length.

"You are right, Polly; nor has Carew himself. The debts he will have incurred to build that castle will hamper his estate, and cripple him and those that are to come after him. Nothing short of a large sum of ready money, enough to clear off every mortgage and incumbrance at once, could enable this young fellow to save them. Even then, his style should not be the spendthrift waste they say he is fond of. A princely household he might have, nobly maintained, and perfect in all its details, but with good management, girl. You must remember that, Polly."

She started at this direct appeal to herself; and, as her cheeks grew crimson with conscious shame, she turned away to avoid his glance—not that the precaution was needed, for he was far too much immersed in his own thoughts to observe her. Polly had on more than one occasion seen through the ambitious schemes of her father. She had detected many a deep-laid plot he had devised to secure for her that eminence and station he longed for. Deep and painful were the wounds of her offended pride at the slights, the insults of these defeated plans. Resentments that were to last her lifetime had grown of them, and in her heart a secret grudge towards that class from which they sprung. Over and over had she endeavoured to summon up courage to tell him that, to her, these schemes were become hateful; that all dignity, all self-respect, were sacrificed in this unworthy struggle. At last came the moment of hardness; and in a few words, at first broken and indistinct, but more assured and distinct as she went on, she said that, she, at least, could never partake in his ambitious views.

"I have seen you yourself, father, after a meeting with one of these—these high and titled personages, come home, pale, care-worn, and ill. The contumely of their manner had so offended you, that you sat down to

your meal without appetite. You could not speak to me ; or, in the few words you dropped, I could read the bitter chagrin that was corroding your heart. You owned to me, that in the very moment of receiving favours from you, they never forgot the wide difference of rank that separated you : nay more, that they accepted your services as a rightful homage to their high estate, and made you feel a kind of serfdom in your very generosity."

"Why all this? To what end do you tell me these things, girl?" cried he, angrily, while his cheek trembled with passion.

"Because if I conceal them longer—if I do not speak them—they will break my heart," said she, in an accent of deepest emotion ; "because the grief they give me has worn me to very wretchedness. Is it not clear to you, father, that they wish none of us—that our blood is not their blood, nor our traditions their traditions?"

"Hold—stop—be silent, I say, or you will drive me distracted," said he, grasping her wrist in a paroxysm of rage.

"I will speak out," said she, resolutely. "The courage I now feel may, perhaps, never return to me. There is nothing humiliating in our position, save what we owe to ourselves—there is no meanness in our rank in life, save when we are ashamed of it! Our efforts to be what we were not born to be—what we ought not to be—what we cannot be: these may, indeed, make us despicable and ridiculous, for there are things in this world, father, that not even gold can buy."

"By heaven, that is not true!" said he, fiercely. "There never yet was that in rank, honour, and distinction, that was not ticketed with its own price! Our haughtiest nobility—the proudest duke in the land—knows well what his alliance with a plebeian order has done for him. Look about you, girl. Who are these marchionesses—these countesses—who sweep past us in their pride? The daughters of men of my own station—the wealthy traders of the country.

"And what is their position, father?—a living lie. What is their haughty carriage?—the assumption of a state they were not born to—the insolent pretension to despise all amidst

which they passed their youth, their earliest friendships, their purest, best days. Let them, on the other hand, cling to these—let them love what has grown into their natures from infancy—the home, the companions of their happy childhood, and see how the world will scoff at their vulgarity, their innate degeneracy, their low-born habits—vulgar if generous, vulgar when saving; their costly tastes a reproach, their parsimony a sneer."

There was a passionate energy in her tone and manner, which, heightening the expression of her handsome features, made her actually beautiful; and her father half forgot the opposition to his opinions, in his admiration of her. As he still gazed at her, the sharp sound of a horse's canter was heard behind them; and, on turning round, they saw advancing towards them a young man, mounted on a blood horse, which he rode with all the careless ease of one accustomed to the saddle; his feet dangling loosely out of the stirrups, and one hand thrust into the pocket of his shooting-jacket.

"Stand where you are?" he cried, as the father and daughter were about to move aside, and give him room to pass; and immediately after he rushed his horse at the huge trunk of a fallen beech tree, and cleared it with a spring.

"He'll be perfect at timber, when he gets a little cooler in temper," said he, turning on his saddle; and then recognising Fagan, he reined short in, and called out, "Halloo, Tony! who ever expected to see you here? Miss Polly, your servant. A most unexpected pleasure this," added he, springing from his saddle, and advancing towards them with his hat off.

"It is not often I indulge myself with a holiday, Mr. MacNaghten," said Fagan, as though half ashamed of the confession.

"So much the worse for you, Fagan, and for your handsome daughter here; not to speak of the poor thriftless devils, like myself, who are the objects of your industrious hours. Eh! Tony, isn't that true?" and he laughed heartily at his impudent joke.

"And if it were not for such industry, sir," said the daughter, sternly, "how many like you would be abroad to-day?"

"By Jove, you are quite right, Miss

Polly. It is exactly as you say. Your excellent father is the providence of us, younger sons; and I, for one, will never prove ungrateful to him. But pray let us turn to another theme. Shall I show you the grounds and the gardens? The house is in such a mess of confusion, that it is scarcely worth seeing. The conservatory, however, and the dairy are nearly finished; and if you can breakfast on grapes and a pine-

apple, with fresh cream to wash them down, I'll promise to entertain you."

"We ask for nothing better, Mr. MacNaghten," said Fagan, who was not sorry to prolong an interview that might afford him the information he sought for.

"Now for breakfast, and then for sight-seeing," said Dan, politely offering his arm to the young lady, and leading the way towards the house.

BETOND THE VEIL.

"So life is loss and death felicitie."—SPENSER.

A glorious angel to its heavenly home,
Bore the freed spirit of a Child of Earth :
Swift sped they, swift, o'er lofty tower and dome,
Where dwelleth splendour, and whence ringeth mirth ;
Passed they the crowded mart, the busy street.
There was a sudden brightness in the air,
And splendours fell like dew-drops from their feet ;
And men had angels near them unaware.

Sudden they paused above a suburb mean,
A ruined court, flung open to the day,
With dripping thatch, and mouldering beams between,
And many a sign of desolate decay ;
And lo ! above a flower the Angel stooped,
A little weed amid the ruins left,
Springing as though wind-planted ; but it drooped,
Crushed and neglected—of all care bereft.

And with a cry, the angel bending low,
Plucked the poor flower, and marvelled much the child
To see the heavenly smile so joyous grow
At aught so lowly, and so earth-defiled ;
Then spake the angel, reading clear his thought,
"Hearken, freed spirit ! to this tale of mine ;
Heretofore dwelt an inmate in yon court,
A child like thou, when mortal years were thine.

"A little child, with naught of childhood's gifts,
Except its feebleness, long nights of pain,
Long days, when poverty and woe uplifts
Only new weight of sorrow on the brain.
A little feeble child, deformed and lame,
Unable to attain the outer air,
Knowing sweet nature, only by the name,
Dreaming alone, how dear she is—how fair !

"Yet the bright sunshine sometimes lit his bed
At intervals, and a blue strip of sky
Narrow, the hovels met so close o'er head,
Still showed him snowy clouds sail stately by.
His little comrades, those who might have been
Playmates, could he have played, would sometimes bring,
Fresh cowslips gathered from the meadows green,
Thick lime-boughs breathing fragrance of the Spring—

"And he would glad him with the whispering boughs,
 And joyful twine them with his feeble hand,
 And dose beneath them, dreaming that his brows
 By the sweet breezes of the wood were fanned ;
 He was so fettered, that he would not hold
 As captive any living thing they brought—
 The lark flew free released, and uncontrolled,
 And, singing, spurned that dim imprisoning court.

"One day they brought some moss, and 'mid it grew
 A tiny flower with roots uninjured kept ;
 And this he planted, keeping it in view,
 His care by day, his thought while others slept.
 One of God's angels hovered o'er the place,
 And bore this nameless martyr to his rest—
 And when the death-smile settled on his face,
 There was no grief in any loving breast.

"His parents left the spot, and it became
 The sordid ruin that to-day you see ;
 Rude hands flung forth the flower, the very same
 Whose frail life gilded his, transcendently."
 "How know'st thou this, my guide?" the Child's soul asked ;
 "Wert thou the angel who the flower upreared ?
 Was thine the smile within whose light it basked,
 Though it a sunbeam to the boy appeared ?"

"No!" said the Angel, and the while his brow
 Seemed with a brighter light than wont to shine,
 "This abject state of pain, disease, and woe,
 Once, and but lately, little one, was mine!
 'Mid all the stars that circle round the Throne,
 'Mid all the flowers immortal that may smile,
 Not one would I exchange for this—the one
 So loved on Earth, so more than dear erewhile!"

M. J. T.

FLOWERS IN SICKNESS.

BY A DREAMER.

Sweet Flowers! what do ye here? Ye bring gay dyes
 To mock my pallid cheek. Of Life ye tell,
 Wild, lustrous, lightsome; while Invisible
 Decay is spreading mists o'er these weak eyes.
 Ye speak of sunny fields, of radiant skies,
 Of fragrance floating over lawn and dell:
 Ah me! with grief my pent-up heart doth swell,
 Pining for Nature and her sympathies.
 But, blessings on your heads! for His dear Sake
 That wove your gleaming robes—the Good, the Just—
 Whose thrilling Voice the icy fetters brake
 Of your earth-prisons. He will take in trust
 Our worn-out bodies, and will one day make
 A Resurrection of the Silent Dust.

HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—NO. I.

EPAMINONDAS OF THEBES AND GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

"Great men have always scorn'd great recompenses;
Epaminondas sav'd his Thebes and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses."—BYRON.

IF we search the records of the past for an example of disinterested patriotism, of public purity joined to private virtue, with scarcely a perceptible speck or blemish on either, we shall pause over the pages which detail the life of the illustrious statesman, scholar, and soldier, whose name we have placed at the head of this article. He stands in the front rank among those heroes of antiquity, of whom it was happily observed by Monsieur de la Bruyere, that it is difficult to determine whether they are more indebted to history, or history to them. If she has embellished their actions with her most splendid ornaments, they have furnished her with grounds for those embellishments. But for history, their names would have been buried in their tombs, and without these patterns of virtue, often as inimitable as they are admirable, of what would history consist? In remote ages, Cincinnatus and Epaminondas may claim pre-eminence in the list of exalted spirits who have served their country from true veneration, without personal ambition or selfish objects, uninfluenced by the inducements of fee, reward, or promotion. In more recent times, this noble example has been emulated by George Washington and William Pitt.* It remained for the O'Connells and Cobdens of our own days, to blend the advantages of pay and popularity, to convert patriotism into a commercial speculation, and balance public services with solid specie, even as Xerxes counted out his army by tens of thousands.

At a culminating period of Grecian power and civilisation, Epaminondas, by the force of his individual genius, personal character, and unrivalled superiority of military endowments, ele-

vated his country (until then taking rank but as a secondary state), to a leading position at the head of the Hellenic republics. He beat the hitherto invincible Spartans in a pitched field of battle with inferior numbers; twice displayed his army on the banks of the Eurotas, in the centre of their unfortified capital; exhibited to their women and children, a sight they boasted of never having before beheld, the watch-fires of an enemy's camp; and compelled them, as he himself said, to abandon their contemptuous laconism, and lengthen their sentences.

The domineering supremacy which Sparta had long exercised, was thus broken down, and the controlling influence transferred to Thebes. This influence she continued to exercise with unflinching grasp, until Epaminondas, at the same time her spear and shield, fell in the critical moment of his greatest victory, on the plain of Mantinea. With him expired the short-lived power and glory of Thebes, never to be revived again. When told that his wound was mortal, but the Thebans victorious—"It is well," replied he, "I have lived long enough." He ordered Daiphantus and Iollidas, generals whom he thought capable of filling his place, to be sent for. He was informed that both were dead. "Advise the Thebans, then," said he, "to conclude a peace." The physician had declared that he would die from effusion of blood, the instant the iron should be extracted from his wound. He now directed the point of the javelin to be drawn out, and one of his officers exclaiming, in the distraction of his grief—"You die, Epaminondas! Had you but left any children!" "I leave," answered he,

* "Mr. Pitt, who was no gambler, no prodigal, and too much a man of business to have expensive habits of any kind, died in debt; and the nation discharged his debts, less as a mark of respect than as an act of justice."—*Southey*.

expiring, "two immortal daughters—Leuctra and Mantinea."* His devoted friend and colleague Pelopidas, did not live to participate in the glories of the latter battle. Had it been otherwise ordered, his energetic promptitude might have completed the triumph. But he had fallen, in the preceding year, in an imprudent combat against Alexander of Phæræ, at Cynocephalæ—a spot rendered even more famous in after-times, by the great victory of the Consul Flaminius over the last Philip of Macedon, and in which the superiority of the Roman legion when opposed to the Grecian phalanx was decisively established. There is something singularly beautiful in the uninterrupted friendship of the two great Theban leaders. Both were noble by birth, but Pelopidas was the richest, while Epaminondas was almost the poorest citizen in the state. This inequality of worldly condition had no effect on the harmony of their minds. They served together, without a feeling of personal jealousy, as Marlborough and Eugene did in the eighteenth century. Plutarch in commemorating this noble amity, says—"Among the many things reflecting glory upon both, there was nothing which men of sense so much admired, as the strict and inviolable friendship that subsisted between them from first to last in all their high stations, military and civil. For if we consider the administration of Aristides and Themistocles, of Cimon and Pericles, of Nicias and Alcibiades, how much the common interest was injured by their private dissensions, their envy and jealousy of each other; and then cast our eyes upon the mutual kindness and esteem which Pelopidas and Epaminondas inviolably preserved, we may fairly call these, colleagues in civil government and military command—not those, whose study it was to get the better of each other, rather than of the enemy. The true cause of the difference was the virtue of these Thebans,

which led them not to seek in any of their measures their own honour and wealth—pursuits always attended with envy and strife: but being both inspired from the first with a divine ardour to raise their country to the summit of glory, for this purpose they availed themselves of the achievements of each other, as if they had been their own."†

Pelopidas married into a family of rank, and had several children, including a dissolute son, who caused him much uneasiness. Epaminondas remained single. On this point all historians are agreed, with the exception of Polyænus, an inaccurate and obscure writer, who is known to few, and his weary lucubrations seldom disinterested. He assigns to Epaminondas a son, whom he calls Stesibrotus; describes as an extravagant rake, and says he fought a battle in his father's absence, contrary to orders, for which he was condemned to death by parental severity,‡ All this, unsupported by testimony, must be looked upon as mere assertion and whimsical fable, which, instead of illustrating history, disfigures it by falsehood. It sounds very like a confused application of the legend of Manlius Torquatus. As seven cities claimed the distinction of Homer's nativity (recorded in a well-known distich§), so have three disputed the trifling honour of having given birth to the soldier from whom Epaminondas received his mortal wound. The Athenians assert that he fell by the hand of Gryllus, the son of Xenophon, and called upon the painter Euphranor to perpetuate this opinion in his celebrated picture of the battle of Mantinea. The Mantineans assume that he was killed by Machæarion, a countryman of theirs; while the Lacedæmonians claim the achievement for the Spartan Anticrates, to whose posterity they granted exemptions and marks of dignity; palpable evidences of the dread with which the name of Epaminondas had inspired them.||

The reproach of blunted intellects,

* The Emperor Julian, who may be suspected of being an actor that studied effect, had probably the death of Epaminondas in his memory, when he fell, under somewhat similar circumstances, in battle against the Persians, on his retreat from Ctesiphon. Compare his demeanour and dying speech, as recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus and Gibbon.

† Plutarch in Vit. Pelop.

‡ Polyæni Strategemata, Gr. et Lat. Lugd. Bat. 8vo., 1691, cum notis variorum.

§ "Smyrna, Chius, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodus, Argos, Athenæ, Orbis de patriâ certat Homere tuâ."

|| Aristot. Pausan. Plut. in Ages.

and constitutional heaviness, originally cast on the inhabitants of Bœotia, by the sarcastic Athenians, in the complimentary epithet of "Theban pigs," is admitted by one of their own most celebrated writers (Plutarch), and has been perpetuated to modern times; so that the term, "a learned Theban," is even now considered synonymous with an ignorant dullard.* But they can plead in mitigation of this sweeping sentence, many imaginative associations of high poetical pretence, and authentic annals adorned with distinguished names. When we call to mind that Cadmus, the founder of their capital, was the first who introduced letters into Greece; that Amphion, the inventor of music, built the walls of Thebes to the sound of his lyre; that Hercules was born there; that the classic mountains of Helicon and Cithæron, with the fountains of Hippocrene and Aganippe, were dedicated to Apollo and the Muses, and selected as their most favourite resorts; that the oracular cave of Trophonius stands within their territory; that Bœotia, the dull, has produced such poets as Hesiod, Pindar, and the beautiful Corinna, two such generals as Epaminondas and Pelopidas, with Plutarch, the unrivalled biographer—we think they have been unjustly stigmatised; are entitled to fling back these facts as rebutting evidence in the face of their traducers; and to claim exemption from the charge of national stupidity. The Bœotians, like many other people, have, by voluntary depreciation, furnished arms against themselves. Envy, according to their own report, fixed its chosen abode at Tanagra, the thirst of illicit gain at Oropus, the spirit of contradiction at Thespiz, violence at Thebes, covetousness at Anthedon, false politeness at Coronea, ostentation at Platæa, and stupidity at Haliartus.† These peculiar characteristics of the eight Bœotian cities, remind us of the similarly flattering distinction which, according to general tradition, Shakespeare attached, in rather common-place doggerel, to eight villages in his own immediate neighbourhood:—

"Piping Peabworth, dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hilborough, hungry Grafton,
 Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
 Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford."

Polybius, one of the profoundest of ancient historians, says, of the leading Grecian republics, particularly Athens and Thebes, that they acquired important rank, but knew not how to maintain their position. They were not intrinsically great, either by natural gifts or political institutions, but became so by fortuitous circumstances, and the superior abilities of a few eminent men: constant in nothing but in unquiet and turbulent temper, which bred continual revolutions among themselves. These remarks sound at first paradoxical and prejudiced, but reflection shows that they are based on true justice and the nicest equity; it is not, according to this judicious writer, a few brilliant actions which constitute the real grandeur of a nation; it is the consistent wisdom with which they know how to support the high degree of glory to which they have attained. The Athenians became famous under Miltiades, Themistocles, and Pericles; the Thebans under Epaminondas and Pelopidas: but the glory they then acquired was due rather to the exclusive talent of their leaders, than to their own virtue. It was the offspring of men born to command, and it died with them. When those misnamed republics submitted to be governed by the superiority of individual intellect, they were happy, powerful, and respected at home and abroad; but when they broke through the trammels of obedient discipline, and indulged their inborn tendencies to turbulence and sedition—when the lower orders, the uneducated people, occupied the supreme authority, and the spirit of ignorant democracy prevailed, they became, as states always will become, despite the flimsy sophistries of selfish demagogues—like ships without sails, rudder, compass, or pilot, certain of ultimate shipwreck, equally disgraceful and deplorable.

Every important particular connected with the personal history of Epaminondas, both as regards his private character and public services, may be collected most fully from the works of Xenophon, Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Cornelius Nepos, Pausanias, Ælian, and Justin. There are few eminent men of antiquity of whom

* "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."—SHAKESPEARE—*King Lear*.

† See *Travels of Anacharsis*, vol. iii., 1817, quoted from Dichearchus.

we know so much, and with equal accuracy. Plutarch wrote his life, but it perished with a great portion of his works, and has not reached posterity. A continuator of Amyot, the French translator of Plutarch, endeavoured to supply this loss in the sixteenth century, by a voluntary contribution of his own, but so unlike the prototype he proposed to imitate, and bearing such little resemblance to the true features of history, that it might have called up the stern shade of the Chæronean, to disturb his slumbers, and reproach him with the unprovoked travesty. The reflections of Xenophon on the career of Epaminondas are unjust and deteriorating, from a palpable tendency to aggrandise his favourite hero, Agesilaus, pronounced by him a model of perfection, both as a military commander and a legislative sovereign. That Agesilaus was a leader of mark and pretension, and a man struck from the common roll, we are not disposed to deny: but he originated no new system either in peace or war, and never stood, as did Epaminondas, in the leading section of the *greatest* men. Among more recent authors, much valuable information on our subject may be collected from the Chevalier Folard's "*Commentaires sur Polybe*," 1729, and *Two Lives with a parallel*, of the illustrious Theban, and the first Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, written in French by the Abbé Seran de la Tour, 1739, and translated into English, many years after, by the Rev. R. Parry.

Epaminondas traced his descent from the ancient Kings of Thebes, but he was poor, and almost without patrimony. His father Polymnis,* although destitute of fortune or estate, possessed so highly the esteem of his fellow-citizens, that when Philip (the sire of Alexander the Great), then a youth, who had been surrendered to the Illyrians as a pledge of fidelity, by King Amyntas, was sent to Thebes for safer custody, the Theban authorities entrusted him to the sole guardianship of Polymnis. He thus became acquainted with Epaminondas, and they were brought up together under Lysis, a celebrated Pythagorean philoso-

pher. This Lysis is supposed by Cicero, Cornelius Nepos, and others, to have been the author of the golden verses attributed to Pythagoras.† The verses, which comprise a summary of the Samian philosophy, or articles of faith, are still extant, and consist of seventy-one lines. They are mentioned by Hierocles, as also by Porphyry and Iamblichus, "*De Vitâ Pythagoræ*," and are separately detailed in a treatise entitled "*Pythagoræ Aurea Carmina*," printed in Greek and Latin, at Cambridge, A.D. 1684, in a collection designated "*Poetas Minores Græcos*."

Under the able preceptorship of Lysis, the young Theban acquired habits of deep thought, regularity, studious application, and unassuming reserve—ingredients very applicable to the formation of an accomplished philosopher, but not likely to compound an executive commander. We are at a loss to imagine whence his deep mastery of military science could have been derived. He became, at an early age, the most learned man in Bœotia, the ornament and luminary of all Greece. Modesty of deportment was among his most remarkable characteristics. Spintarus, a Tarentine, said of him, while yet a stripling, "I never knew a man who understood so much, and spoke so little." His mind, too, was deeply imbued with the peculiar superstitions of his sect. This feeling he adroitly turned to account on more than one occasion, as the Roman Sertorius did long after, by seeking to raise the hopes and courage of his army, through omens, favourable prodigies, and asserted communications from the gods. On the day of the great victory of Leuctra, he burst through his habitual self-command, and for the moment gave vent to immoderate joy. But, on the following morning, he checked his swelling spirits, and appeared absorbed in grief. His dress was neglected and his air desponding. "Nothing has happened," said he in reply to the anxious inquiries of his friends, "to cloud the public triumph. It is to bring myself down to my proper level that I thus mortify and check my personal vanity." He then declared that his chief satisfaction lay in the fact that this great

* Plutarch calls him Pammenes, but this is evidently a mistake.

† Nearly all the works ascribed to Pythagoras are believed to have been written by his disciples, who introduced many additions and innovations into the original doctrines of their founder.

success was achieved during the lifetime of his parents. A similar sentiment of filial piety is finely expressed by Lord Nelson, in a letter to his father after the victory of the Nile.

Philip of Macedon, the future conqueror and enslaver of Greece, was believed to have proposed to himself Epaminondas for his pattern. He, perhaps, studied closely that great man's activity and consummate generalship at the head of an army, which formed, in truth, the most inconsiderable portion of his character; but as for the temperance, justice, high-mindedness, mildness, and equanimity of temper, which constituted his true grandeur, the Macedonian autocrat had no share of them, either natural or acquired.*

Every reader of history knows that Epaminondas invented a system of tactics peculiarly his own, equally original and irresistible, in which skill predominated over physical courage, and by which he accomplished unprecedented successes. All have a general idea of the effect, but a very indistinct perception of the immediate process through which that effect was produced. It has been universally received that a new scheme of military science was brought into practice, but very few have troubled themselves to investigate the particulars, or inquire in what this wonderful discovery was comprised. Before his age, battles consisted chiefly in straight-forward, hand-to-hand fighting, in which the strongest and most daring prevailed. One body of combatants was drawn up opposite to another, in lines of parallel formation, and advanced to close combat under the eye and leading of the general, who, after the battle had once commenced, thought of little more than how to discharge the duties of a hardy soldier. Miltiades, it is true, had evinced some strategic skill at Marathon, and posted his inferior forces in a manner which helped to cover their weakness, and materially assisted their inherent valour. But this was an isolated instance, simple in its details, and depending much on the nature of the ground. The new system was equally simple in principle, but rather

more complicated and elaborate in execution. It all lay in bringing a heavy mass to bear on a weaker portion of the opposing enemy, the weight of a condensed column against an attenuated line—a mode of action, incalculably favourable to a general, commanding an inferior army, who takes the initiative, and thereby selects his own point of attack. The column was introduced into modern warfare with great effect, by Gustavus Adolphus, at Leipzig and Lutzen. The experience of Tilly, and the sagacious judgment of Wallenstein, proved alike unequal to resist its power.† Vegetius, a Latin writer of the fourth century, in a well-known treatise—"De re Militari"—lays great stress on the oblique order of Epaminondas, which he denominates, "*In similitudinem veri*." It forms the sixth of his series, and is more commended by him than any of the other seven enumerated in his book. Frederic the Great, and Napoleon, constantly carried it into operation, and gained many of their most important battles by a skilful appliance of the advantages it presents. Rosbach and Leuthen, or Lissa, two of Frederic's greatest triumphs, with very inferior numbers, may be quoted especially as brilliant modern examples of the efficacy of this system. At Lissa, the manœuvre by which he brought an overpowering force upon the Austrian left, and crushed their army in detail, was almost a *fac simile* of the attack of Epaminondas at Leuctra.

The intention of the present essay, is less to give a life of the Theban general, to which little can be added, than to explain the masterly movements which distinguished his two celebrated victories. These can scarcely be made clear to the unmilitary reader without the aid of accompanying plans. A very able and ingenious dissertation on the subject, will be found in the "Commentaries" of Folard; but that voluminous work has never been translated into English, and is not easily accessible, as being chiefly confined to a few public libraries. The Chevalier de Folard was an enthusiast in the study of military tactics, and a soldier of much

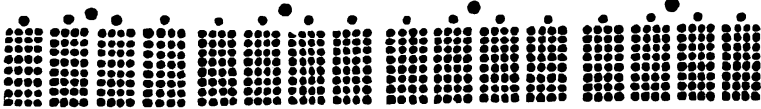
* See Plutarch in Vit. Pelop.

† See the first volume of Folard's Commentaries, for a very minute description of the Caput Porcinum, Cuneus, or wedge of the Ancients, as contrasted and compared with the "Coin," or close column of Gustavus.

practical experience. He served with distinguished credit under the Duke de Vendôme in Italy, during the War of Succession; assisted as a volunteer in the defence of Malta against the Turks, in 1714; and fought under Charles XII. of Sweden, until the death of that prince, before Fredericks-hall, in 1718; when he returned to France, and obtained the rank of colonel, with the command of a regi-

ment. He died in 1752, leaving behind him the name of a skilful tactician, and the reputation of a judicious writer.

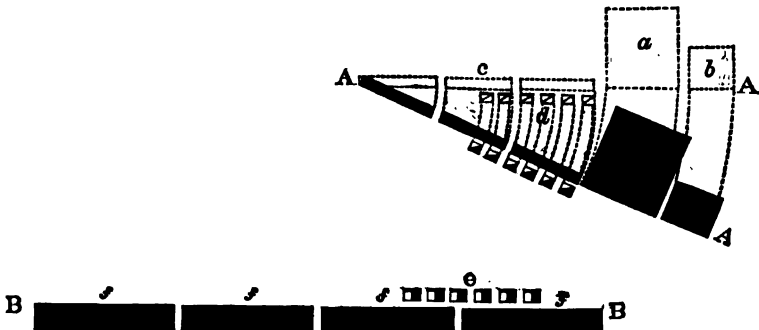
In order to convey thoroughly the manner in which the Grecian infantry were disposed when arranged for battle, we subjoin a delineation of a Lacedæmonian Lochus, or ordinary battalion, 512 strong, drawn up according to the description of Thucydides:—



Xenophon says, Lycurgus distributed the Lacedæmonian forces into six divisions of foot, and the same number of horse. Each of these divisions, in either branch of service, received the title of Mora. The officers of every Mora of infantry, were a Polemarch, four Lochages, eight Pentecosters, and sixteen Enomotarchs. The number of soldiers he leaves unmentioned. Thucydides, without noticing the Mora, describes the Lacedæmonian infantry thus—"Each Lochus consisted of four Pentecosties, and each Pentecosty, of four Enomaties. Four men fought in the front of each Enomaty." The number of files was varied according

to circumstances, at the discretion of the Lochage, but the usual depth was eight men. At Leuctra and Mantinea, the heavy armed infantry were drawn up, twelve deep. The far-famed Macedonian phalanx of Philip and Alexander, consisted of sixteen files, the spears of the rear-rank, when levelled, protruding beyond the front. This formation entailed the necessity of a weapon for the closing files, at least twenty feet in length—a most unmanageable and ineffective incumbrance, as it proved, when brought into close contact with the open order, and more active legionaries of Rome.

FIRST DISPOSITION OF THE TWO ARMIES ON THE FIELD OF LEUCTRA.



- (AA) Theban Army. (a) Solid column of 2,000 infantry, 50 deep. (b) Sacred band of 300, commanded by Pelopidas. (c) Remainder of the Theban infantry in a thin line, not more than three or four deep. (d) Theban cavalry. (ee) Spartan army. (e) Spartan cavalry. (ffff) Spartan phalanx, twelve deep.

Epaminondas, at Leuctra, was in his fortieth year, in the fullest vigour of mind and manhood. On that day, the mild disciple of Pythagoras, the retiring philosopher, the accomplished musician,

whose domestic taste preferred the lute to the sword, burst upon the world as a consummate master in the art of war. It was far from being his first essay in arms; he had borne an honourable

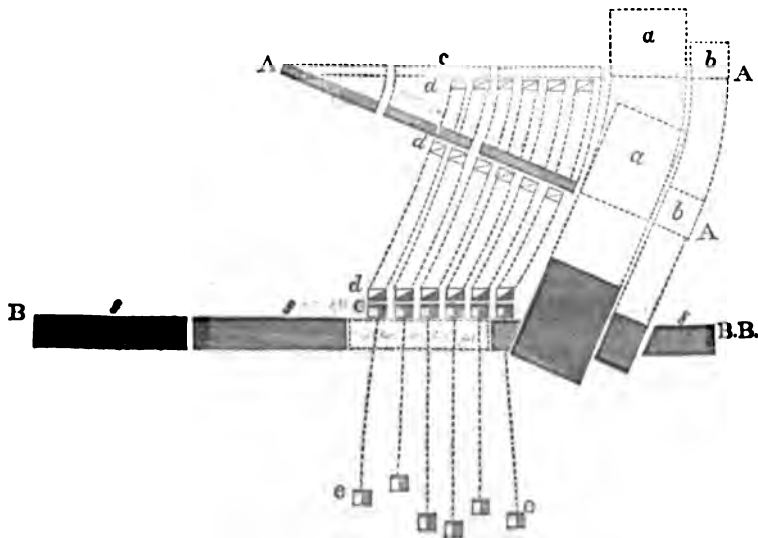
share in many hard-fought combats, in one of which he rescued his friend and comrade, Pelopidas, when stricken down and dangerously wounded. In those ages, every Grecian citizen was called upon, when the exigencies of the state required, to serve in the ranks as a private soldier. Epaminondas and Pelopidas had frequently set this noble example.

On coming into the field of battle at Leuctra, the Theban general found his right enormously outflanked by the army of Cleombrotus. According to the most reliable computation his force amounted to not more than 6,000 men, while that of the Spartan king, including allies, reckoned at least 18,000—a fearful disparity, when the comparative reputation of the troops engaged on both sides is taken into the account. Epaminondas, before reaching the ground on which he intended to fight, had formed a solid column of three thousand infantry, about half his army, drawn up fifty deep (*a*), on his left, with which he purposed to penetrate the enemy's line, and then, facing to the right, to bear down opposition by superior weight and concentrated force. The sacred band of three hundred (*b*), commanded by Pelopidas, closed the flank of his column. He purposed to refuse his right, which was extended in thin files of three or four, merely as a demonstration, and kept completely

out of action, by throwing forward his left obliquely, and moving on an angle or arc, of which (*A*) formed the pivot. The weak portion of his army was by this arrangement entirely held back from contact with the enemy, who, having a much greater distance to traverse, could not reach or bring them to close conflict until long after their own right would be swept away by the hostile column, against the force of which the ordinary phalanx had no physical capability of opposing effectual resistance. The sacred band consisted of noble young Thebans, the pride and glory of the state, devoted to each other by ties of indissoluble friendship, and sworn with solemn rites never to quit a field of battle unless victorious. The charge of such a gallant body was impetuous and overwhelming, bearing before them every thing that opposed their progress with irresistible fury; as did, in after times, Cromwell's Ironsides and Rupert's Cavaliers. Thirty-three years subsequent to the date of Leuctra, this matchless cohort perished to a man on the sanguinary field of Chæronea.

When Philip of Macedon, after the fight, examined the slain, he paused on the spot where the three hundred warriors, who, with their light equipments, had encountered his ponderous phalanx, lay heaped together. On being told it was the band of Theban friends, his

SECOND DISPOSITION AND ATTACK OF EPAMINONDAS.



rugged nature melted into sympathy for the fallen brave, and he burst into tears in the moment of his signal triumph. As Marshal Beresford said of the British infantry, in his despatch of Albuera, "They fell in ranks as they stood, and every wound was in the front."

We have shown in our first plan the position of the opposing armies at Leuctra, before they joined battle. Let us now describe the attack of Epaminondas, and the manner in which he separated, and beat his enemy in detail. (*See opposite page.*)

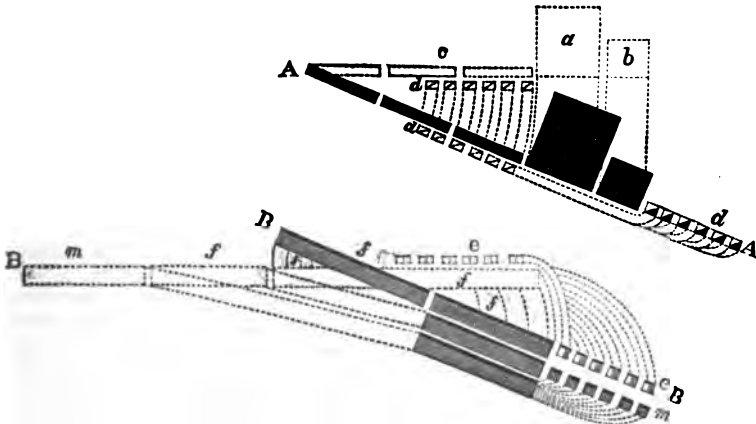
Plutarch, in his account of the battle of Leuctra, omits many important particulars. He makes no mention of cavalry. His description is merely that of the general historian, unacquainted with military manœuvres. Xenophon, on the other hand, writes like a soldier well versed in tactical evolutions. He especially names the cavalry of both armies, and states that the Theban horse contributed much to their victory. The Spartans were indifferent riders, badly mounted. The Thebans were practised horsemen, on far superior animals. Cleombrotus formed a first line of his cavalry, which he posted on the right, in front of his phalanx of infantry, a compact body, without intervals or divisions. This mistake operated materially on his defeat. Had he placed his horse on the extreme flank, supported by separate platoons of light-armed foot, Epaminondas would have been compelled to have adopted a corresponding formation; and the Spartan cavalry, if driven from their ground by the charge of the Thebans, might have recovered from their disorder in the rear of the infantry. This plan of intermixing the two arms for mutual support was invariably adopted by Gustavus Adolphus, and always with success. Epaminondas having thrown his army in an oblique line across the right of the enemy, which he considerably outflanked on that side, poured down like an avalanche with the irresistible weight of his solid column and the sacred band, penetrated the Spartan lines, and threw them into hopeless confusion; at the same time his cavalry charged, and drove their opponents from the field. Cleombrotus, astonished at the rapidity and novel nature of this attack, which he was far from comprehending, moved a great portion of his phalanx

to the right, as far as (as), to keep opposite to his adversary, but made no farther dispositions. He thus divided his army in two, insulated his left wing, and left a large opening in his centre. By this injudicious arrangement, he totally threw away the advantage of his superior numbers. The battle was lost beyond recovery almost as soon as it commenced. Desperate valour might retard, but could not alter the result, which became a simple question of time and unavailing resistance. A *flank* movement in the presence of an active enemy is one of the most dangerous evolutions in war, universally condemned by all experienced masters. Seneffe, Kollin, and Rosbach, may be quoted as good illustrations. Marmont ventured this at Salamanca, in an evil hour, for his own reputation, and paid dearly for the temerity. Massena had previously encountered the same risk after Busaco; but, being favoured by accidental circumstances, he escaped unpunished. The Spartans at Leuctra were sacrificed by the incapacity of their commander. Cleombrotus expiated his errors as a general by a soldier's death. The broken remains of his army retired to their camp, carrying off the body of their king, while the Thebans exultingly erected a trophy on the field of battle. With the ancient Greek warriors, the erection of a trophy was held as the foremost symbol, and most decisive evidence of victory. The origin of this custom dates back to the barbarous ages, when it was usual for the victor in a combat to fix the head of the principal person of the vanquished on a post. As civilisation advanced, a suit of armour was suspended instead of the mortal exuviae, and this they designated a trophy. The loss of the Thebans at Leuctra was trifling. That of the Lacedæmonians amounted to four thousand men; and of seven hundred Spartan citizens present in the action, four hundred were left dead on the field. Never before had those haughty democrats received such a severe check, such a humiliating lesson; but they endured both with stoicism worthy the disciples of Lycurgus, and mourned less for the dead who had fallen with honour, than for the survivors who returned home with diminished glory.

There can be no doubt that the only effectual method of repelling such a

column as that of Epaminondas would have been by opposing a similar one, with a corresponding alignment of the whole army; but to carry this into execution on the instant, would argue a general of quick, intuitive genius, equal in abilities to his opponent, and capable of at once penetrating the nature of an attack as novel as it was dangerous. The leading error of Cleombrotus consisted in losing the few moments allowed him by the rapidity of his adversary, in moving to the right, diminishing his depth to extend his front, and leaving a gap in the centre of his army, which, in spite of superior numbers, was thus exposed to be beaten in detail, and could in no one quarter oppose an equal resistance.

By a quick operation, requiring no more time than that of the Theban commander, he might have wheeled on his centre as a pivot, throwing forward his left and refusing his right simultaneously; taking advantage of his numerical preponderance to increase the depth of his phalanx, and to withdraw his cavalry to the extreme right, supported by small platoons of infantry, supplied from the division (*m*), which could have been well spared for the purpose. The subjoined plan will show the nature of this movement, leaving the reader to speculate on its probable result, as compared with the fatal mistake which Cleombrotus was betrayed into in the confusion of a sudden surprise.



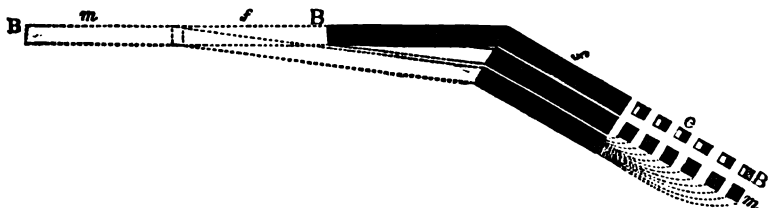
Supposing there was not time sufficient, as it probably would have turned out, to execute the double movement of both flanks on the centre, Cleombrotus might still have saved his battle by a less complicated change of front. The right wing of the Theban army was too weak to be dreaded, or to risk close combat. It was not absolutely requisite to leave a large opposing body of infantry in that quarter, or to advance his own left wing. The mischief to be apprehended arose entirely from the attack of the solid column and the cavalry on the right. He could have thrown back his own right, *en potence*, according to modern military phraseology, leaving his centre in its original position, reinforcing his phalanx, and sustaining his cavalry by divisions drawn from his extreme left (*m*), for which purpose they were perfectly

available, as shown in the following diagram. The Duke of Wellington made a movement very much resembling this at Fuentes D'Onore, changing his front, and holding firm by his left centre in the heat of the action. He gained the battle, at the conclusion of which, a considerable part of his army occupied ground at right angles with his original position. Had Napoleon, covered by his cavalry, tried this operation towards the close of Waterloo, when outflanked by the march of the Prussians on Planchenoit, instead of venturing his last desperate charge with the Imperial guards against the British, he might have kept his army together without total discomfiture, and tried the hazard of another conflict on the following day. His ultimate defeat might still have been a matter of calculation, but time would

have been gained—and in a very little space of time, as history has repeatedly taught, some unforeseen incident has often changed the issue of a battle.

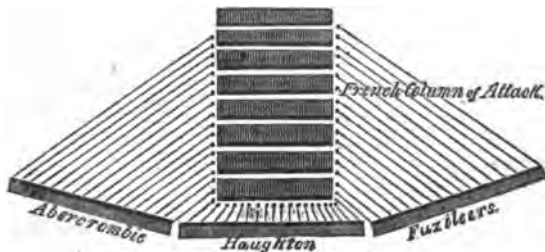
Changing front during combat is a very delicate operation, requiring great steadiness and discipline on the part of

the troops, and the utmost nicety of calculation in the commander. The slightest wavering would render the whole abortive, as the smallest mismeasurement in the first angle of a trigonometrical survey reduces the entire plan to a mass of error.



It must be remembered that in ancient warfare, before the introduction of artillery and fire-arms, the generals on either side could distinctly perceive every movement of their adversaries, undisturbed by noise, and unobscured by smoke—two very important advantages. The Chevalier Folard, in his ingenious and instructive commentary on the battle of Leuctra, observes, that he sees no method of resisting with success an attack in column, but to engage in the same order. This principle has been borne out by uniform success, in all ages, until the great Peninsular War of our own days, when the Duke of Wellington invariably sustained, and as infallibly foiled, the impetuous advance of the French heavy columns by brigades of infantry in extended line, drawn up according to the British sys-

tem, only two deep. The close fire of such a line, enveloping front and flank, poured in with the steady aim and determined resolution, which British troops alone can evince under such circumstances, was never withstood by the bravest veterans who had triumphed at Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram.* Of this a memorable instance occurred at the decisive climax of Albuera, when the battle was almost lost to the arms of England, and retrieved by the advance of the fourth division under Sir Lowry Cole. The French, in their well-replenished annals of glory, can produce no parallel instance of a massive column scattered and driven headlong before the charge of an unsupported line. The description of Sir William Napier is so apposite and eloquent that no apology is required for subjoining an extract:—



British Brigades of Infantry in Line, at the crisis of Albuera.

"In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon

friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns

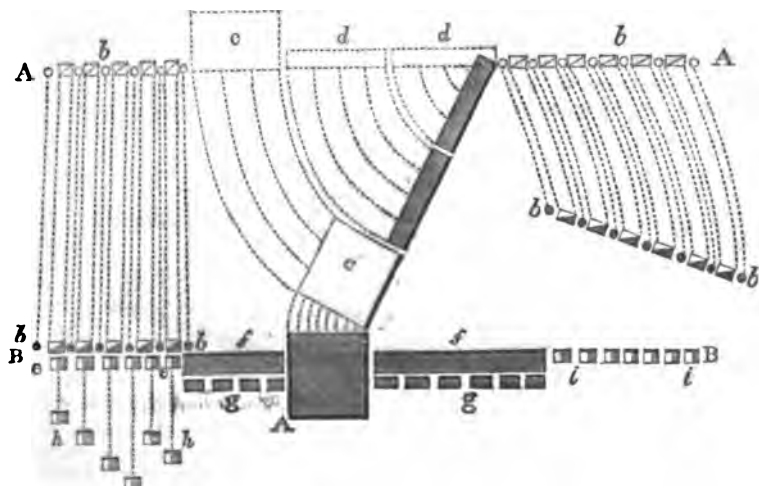
* A great proportion of the English soldiers who fought at Talavera, Albuera, and Waterloo, were inexperienced recruits, or drafts from the militia, and had never before drawn a trigger in actual fight.

in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly, and with a horrid carnage, it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack, to the farthest edge of the height. Then the French reserve mixed with the struggling multitude, and endeavoured to sustain the fight, but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion. The mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff bent headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on that fatal hill.*

We pass now to the consideration of the battle of Mantinea, the last incident and closing triumph in the life of Epaminondas, who had then only reached his forty-eighth year. On this occasion, the advantage of numbers was on the side of the Theban confederacy, in the proportion of 33,000 to 24,000. The troops of many nations were mixed together in that motley army. The Spartans were now under the leading of their aged king, Agesilaus, a general of great experience and reputation, and even exaggerated

by the partiality of Xenophon on an equality with Epaminondas. He well remembered Leuctra, had twice successfully defended the city of Sparta, and was thoroughly acquainted with the skill and inexhaustible resources of his active antagonist. He might, therefore, have been expected to be better prepared than he was to meet at Mantinea an improved repetition of the manœuvres of Leuctra. But the frost of eighty years, which silvered his head, may be supposed in some measure to have chilled the energies of his mind. Folard, writing of Mantinea, says:—"The order and distribution of the Theban troops in this battle are worthy the admiration of the ablest judges. I know nothing more excellent and singular; since Epaminondas we have no example of the like order. This is unquestionably the masterpiece of that great captain. No commentator has hitherto paid the least attention to so beautiful and able a disposition; a circumstance the more surprising, Xenophon having written such a full and clear account, that it is impossible not to perceive the strength of his reasoning without having much experience or knowledge in war."

ORDER OF BATTLE AT MANTINEA.



(AA) Theban army in order of battle as they first appeared on the ground. (bb) Theban cavalry, interspersed with, and supported by, platoons of light-armed infantry. (c) Solid column of infantry, formed on the right, and which broke through the Spartan centre. (dd) Remainder of the Theban infantry, in line. (ee) Spartan army, drawn up in line, with cavalry on each flank. (gg) Spartan cavalry on the left flank. (ff) Phalanx of heavy-armed infantry. (xx) Light-armed infantry, formed in rear of the phalanx. (AA) Spartan cavalry, scattered by the charge of the Thebans. (ii) Athenian cavalry, in alliance with the Spartans, posted on the right flank.

Epaminondas, at Mantinea, followed up, by a brilliant variation, the same plan of attack which had been attended with such signal success at Leuctra. According to the description of Xenophon, which is very minute and intelligible, he marched in the order in which he intended to engage, that no time might be thrown away when he came in sight of the enemy. Time lost or well employed is the crowning test of merit or insufficiency in a general. The great point is to know when and how to seize the critical moment. The Theban army appeared on an eminence opposite to the Spartans, and halted. Epaminondas did not display his whole force at once, or move directly in a line parallel to the enemy, but showed the front of his heavy column on the right, with the cavalry on each flank. His momentary pause induced the Spartans to conceive that he had no intention of engaging that day, but was preparing to encamp and take up his ground for the night. They consequently abandoned their ranks, and were breaking into confusion, when Epaminondas, having brought up the remainder of his heavy armed infantry in line, on the left of his column, suddenly wheeled on his extreme left as a pivot, and threw his whole army in an oblique direction across the Spartan phalanx, so that his right approached almost to immediate contact with their centre, keeping, at the same time, his own centre and left wing far removed from the possibility of attack. A glance at the plan will show the skill and power of this formation. The Spartans were unable to penetrate his object, but bewildered by his rapidity, and held in awe by his well known abilities, they stood immovable, and watched, in breathless anxiety, the issue of the moment. But they were not kept long in suspense. Epaminondas suddenly faced his column (c) to the right, bearing with irresistible weight through the Spartan ranks, and separating their phalanx, so that it became impossible for the wings to act in concert, or afford mutual support to each other. At the same moment, his cavalry on the right (b), supported by platoons of light infantry, charged home the Spartan horse, and routed them after a sharp contest. While this was executing, he moved forward the remainder of his cavalry on the left (b), also supported by and intermixed with infantry, to an emi-

nence, from whence they held the Athenian horse (i) in check, preventing any advance against the flank of his massive column, so that nothing of any importance was done on that side. It will be observed that the Spartan light troops were drawn up in rear of their phalanx, where they were paralyzed, and totally ineffective. Had they been interspersed with the cavalry, they might have done good service. The Spartan leaders committed another important mistake in doubling their squadrons, which must have consisted of 128 horse each, in direct violation of the military practice of that age. Epaminondas divided his into small troops, which moved as briskly as the others were heavy and unmanageable, and, in addition to the advantage of more rapid movement, they were covered and supported by the light infantry.

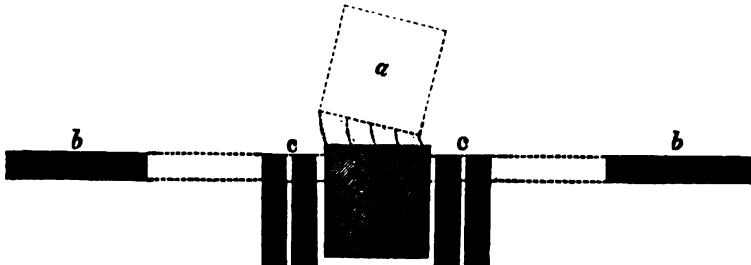
It was the intention of the Theban general, that as soon as the centre was pierced, his column should divide, facing to the right and left, and bear down the disjointed wings of the enemy in opposite directions. Everything turned out exactly as he had anticipated. The Spartans were broken and confounded, and a victory, complete as that of Leuctra, appeared to be within his reach. But at that decisive moment, while animating his men with voice and example; fighting in the hottest of the meleé, with the unguarded valour of a common soldier, he received a mortal wound from the thrust of a javelin. At the mournful sight, the Thebans, struck with dismay, wavered in their career of triumph, and a despairing cry arose in their ranks, similar to that which burst from the Highland clans at Killiecrankie, when Dundee fell from his saddle while impetuously urging on the pursuit. The Spartans gained time to reunite their scattered forces, and recover from the confusion into which they had been thrown. They prevailed in several partial encounters; while the Thebans, after desperate fighting, rescued their dying general, and bore him to his tent. The issue of the conflict was dubious. Both armies retired to their respective camps, each erecting a trophy on the field of battle. The ashes of Epaminondas were entombed on the spot where he fell, and a monument erected to his memory, consisting of a single column, on which his own shield was suspended. Pausanias, who lived and wrote in the second century, under

the reign of Hadrian and the Antonines, mentions that the monument was still remaining in his time. The loss at Mantinea was nearly equal on both sides, but the Spartans were the first to ask permission to bury their dead. Xenophon concludes his remarks by observing, "Each party claimed the victory, and neither gained any advantage; indecision, trouble, and confusion, more than ever before that battle, pervaded Greece." The description and reflections of Xenophon are clouded by unjust partiality. The honours of victory undoubtedly remained with the Thebans, but the death of Epaminondas rendered them shadowy and ineffectual. "Oh, the wonderful man!" exclaimed Agesilaus, when he heard of his decease. To which may be added the most thoroughly honest heart, and the most consummate general Greece ever produced. To him may be applied the same compliment which Montecuculi paid to his adversary, Turenne, when the fall of that renowned general was reported to him. "What a pity to lose such a man, who did honour to human nature!" Except as a subject for philosophic reflection, it is useless now to speculate on what changes might have occurred in the destinies of Greece, had Epaminondas survived his last great battle, and continued to direct by his genius, the energies of the Theban confederacy. The aspect of the civilised world might have altered its features, the Macedonian confederacy might never have been established, and the progress of events entirely thrown into a different channel.

Mantinea affords a brilliant example of the superior advantage of breaking the centre rather than attacking the wings. The former plan has been almost universally successful. An army has many resources if defeated on

either flank, but when penetrated in the centre, cut in two, and separated, the remedies are doubtful, and not easily applied. Lord Nelson's two great battles of the Nile and Trafalgar are beautiful illustrative instances of the Theban tactics, as applied to naval warfare. In the first, with no numerical superiority, either in ships or weight of metal, he doubled on the vessels of the enemy, and brought two of his own to bear against each of theirs. At Trafalgar, with an inferior fleet, he broke the line of the combined squadron, separated the centre, van, and rear; and had the action been fought at a distance from the land, the probability is, that not a single French or Spanish ship would have escaped. But one mode suggests itself by which such an attack as that of Epaminondas, at Mantinea, might be successfully resisted. The Spartans were well aware of their inferiority as horsemen. This had been too often tested to be a subject of doubt. They should, therefore, in the first instance, have withdrawn their light troops from the rear of the phalanx, where they were worse than useless, and posted them in support of their cavalry. When the heavy column of the Thebans came on obliquely, and threatened their centre, the experience of Leuctra might have told them that it was not to be resisted by the ordinary formation. They could, with equal rapidity, have wheeled back on the right and left, leaving an open space in the centre, into which the ponderous wedge of the enemy would have plunged, while the files of their own phalanx, thus doubled and trebled in depth and weight, might have retorted the attack on each flank, with corresponding vehemence. The following sketch demonstrates the nature of this movement:—

(a) Theban column, moving obliquely against the Spartan centre. (b) Spartan wings. (c) Spartan phalanx thrown back on right and left, to receive the attack, with increased depth of files.



Such an operation as we have here shown, carried into effect at the moment of engaging, or in the heat of contest, would demand great promptitude in the commander, with quick perceptive discipline in his troops. But it is not without successful illustration. Something very like it occurred at Talavera, on the second day. The Guards, by a gallant and most impetuous charge, had swept before them a French column, but pushing on too far beyond their own supporting line, were taken in flank by the enemy's artillery and cavalry, and while disorganised in the ardour of pursuit, assailed a second time by a fresh reserve. An opening was left in the British centre by this rash advance; and at the same time, the German Legion being hardly pressed, fell into confusion. At this crisis, the battle looked more than doubtful, but the Duke of Wellington, ever ready at the important point and moment, saw, with an eagle glance, the position of affairs, and brought up the forty-eighth regiment, exactly when and where they were wanted. "Colonel Donnellan was seen advancing with his battalion, through the midst of the disordered masses. At first, it seemed as if this regiment must be carried away by the retiring crowd, but wheeling back by companies, it let them pass through the intervals, and then resuming its proud and beautiful line, marched against the right of the pursuing columns, plied them with such a destructive musketry, and closed upon them with such a firm and regular pace, that their forward movement was checked, the French wavered, and the battle was restored."^{*}

On studying the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea, as important events in military history, one leading conclusion suggests itself, namely, that any new system is certain of success, when first introduced. Like many discoveries or inventions in other sciences, it may not stand the test of time and repetition, but carries all before it at the outset, by the force of novelty and surprise. There is nothing more worthy of remark, and at the same time more highly honorable in the character of Epa-

minondas, than his constant poverty, which was carried to such an extent, that as in the case of the Master of Ravenswood, it almost threw a cloud over his personal dignity and importance. It is neither easy nor agreeable to associate exalted rank with extreme privation. Once, when preparing to set out on one of his most important expeditions, he was obliged to borrow fifty drachms (about £1 17s. 6d. of our present currency), to purchase the necessary outfit—a slender fund to supply the camp equipage of a commander-in-chief, and scarcely sufficient to furnish a knapsack as economically restricted as that allowed by Sir Charles Napier, for a British regimental officer when summoned to the field in India. On another occasion he remained at home in seclusion for several days, and received no visitors, because his only mantle had been sent to be cleaned.† At this very time he rejected, with contempt, a large present in gold, with which a Thessalian prince had ventured to propitiate his favorable intercession, and dismissed, with indignation, a messenger from the King of Persia, whose credentials were announced by the overture of unlimited bribery. More pithy sentences are preserved as uttered by Epaminondas, than by any of the ancient sages, founders of sects, and teachers of philosophy, with whose immediate province and avowed calling it fell to instruct succeeding generations by recorded wisdom, and bequeath aphoristic lore for the benefit of posterity. One of his most remarkable sayings bears a striking resemblance to a passage in Shakespeare. On the evening before Leuctra, while absorbed in his dispositions, and full of the great event which was to decide the fate of his country, he was informed that an officer of distinction had just expired quietly in his tent. "Ye gods!" exclaimed he, "how is it possible to die in such a crisis!" Hotspur, when informed of his father's illness, just before the battle of Shrewsbury, utters nearly the same sentiment:—

"How has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time?"‡

When arraigned with Pelopidas for ro-

^{*} See Napier, "Peninsular War," vol. ii.

† See Ælian and Plutarch.

‡ First part of *Henry IV.*, Act. IV. Sc. 1.

taining his command beyond the term prescribed by law, and called on for his defence, he answered, "The law condemns me—I merit death. I demand only that this inscription be engraven on my tomb. 'The Thebans sentenced Epaminondas to death, because he forced them to attack and vanquish the Lacedæmonians, whom they did not before dare to look in the face.'" Of intestine commotions, he said—"The victory in civil war is at best an unhappy prize." Having heard that his shield-bearer had sold a captive his liberty—"Give me back by buckler," said he to him; "since your hands are soiled with money, you are no longer worthy to follow me in dangers." One of the lowest of the people, a man of infamous habits, had been detained in prison—"Why?" said Pelopidas "did you refuse me his pardon?" "Because," replied his friend, "it ill becomes a man like you to interest yourself for a man like him." Whilst he was encamped, in winter, in Arcadia, the deputies of one of the adjacent cities proposed to him to enter and take up his quarters in it. "No," said Epaminondas to his officers; "if they saw us seated by the fire, they would take us for ordinary men." On another occasion, whilst reconnoitering the enemy's position previous to an attack, a violent peal of thunder caused a great alarm amongst his soldiers, and the augur ordered the march to be suspended. The general was asked, what could be the meaning of such a pre-sage? "That the enemy has chosen a bad camp," cried he, with confidence. The courage of the troops revived, and the position was carried on the following day. We take leave of Epaminondas, with the eloquent summary of his character by the Abbé Barthelemy,* as handed down by all the eminent writers of antiquity, without one qualifying exception, and in which their condensed opinion is ably expressed. "He was, perhaps, the greatest man that Greece ever has produced; for why should we not grant this title to the general who perfected the art of war, who eclipsed the glory of the most renowned commanders, and was never vanquished but by fortune; to the statesman who gave to Thebes a superiority that she had

never before possessed, and which she lost immediately on his death; to the negotiator, who, in the general assemblies of Greece, always maintained a superiority over the other deputies, and found means to retain in the alliance of Thebes, his country, even the states who were jealous of the growth of this new power; to the man who equalled in eloquence the foremost of the Athenian orators, was no less devoted to his country than Leonidas, and, perhaps, more just than even the inflexible Aristides." While we contemplate this portrait, drawn by so many able hands, nothing seems wanting to its general gracefulness and perfect symmetry of proportion. Among the gifted few who have fulfilled high destinies, as heralded down to us by history, whether Christian or Pagan, it would be difficult to select one on whom the verdict of all ages has been so unanimously eulogistic; whose epitaph is so just a commentary on his life, and whose memory has survived the purifying ordeal of time, with reputation unstained by frailty, and character unblemished by deforming passions.

"—The Swede of victory."—BYRON.

After a long lapse of years, with all the changes and improvements which progressive knowledge, civilisation, and refinement, and above all, the Christian revolution has wrought in the feelings and prospects of human nature, there appears a very striking resemblance and identity in the career of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and that of Epaminondas; not only in general integrity of character and cultivated genius, but in many parallel incidents of their active lives. Both were amiable and affectionate in their private relations, ardent lovers of truth, unswerving in honesty of purpose, eminent in unselfish devotion to the public interest, accomplished scholars, and generals of original invention; and both yielded up their existence far from being full of years, although overflowing with renown, on battle-fields rendered for ever memorable by association with their names. Each was an ardent worshipper of true glory, sensitive and impatient of personal dishonour. The Theban in the agonies of death, demanded the production of

* *Travels of Anarcharsis*, vol. ii.

his shield, as a proof that the enemy had gained no trophy to commemorate his fall. The Swedish monarch died literally, as it was said of him, with the sword in his hand, the word of command on his tongue, and victory in his imagination. Each has been compared, by eminent historians, with the elder Scipio Africanus,* but we confess we cannot trace the peculiar points of similarity. The Theban and the Swede present a much more striking parallel. Scipio and Epaminondas, it is true, were of the same age, forty-eight, when death overtook them; they defended themselves when unjustly arraigned, by the same appeal to their victories; but the former expatriated himself in disgust, to avoid factious prosecution, and died with an anathema against his countrymen on his lips, and an injunction that his bones should not be conveyed to Rome; while the latter never wavered in his true devotion to his native land, repelled ingratitude with conscious dignity, and fell gloriously in arms, struggling to uphold the supremacy which he himself had conferred on Thebes. Scipio and Gustavus had this in common, that each adopted the plan of carrying the war into the enemy's country; but the advantage of comparison lies with Gustavus. The power of Carthage was already debilitated, and on the decline, when attacked at home by Scipio; while that of Austria and the empire, when assailed by the arms of Sweden, was full of resources, and had never before received any check.

Gustavus Adolphus inherited his first name, and a most illustrious descent from the celebrated hero Gustavus Vasa, his grandfather, who founded the dynasty, and liberated his country from the oppressive tyranny of Denmark. His second name, Adolphus, he received from his grandmother Adolpha. He was born at Stockholm, in 1594, and ascended the throne at the early age of fifteen, while yet a minor by the statutes of the realm, but even then permitted to assume the personal exercise of government. The choice he made of ministers and coun-

sellors proved him fully adequate to sway the destinies of a kingdom.

His education had been carefully attended to, and seems in all respects to have resembled that bestowed on Henry IV. of France. He was gifted by nature with great genius, a prodigious memory, and a desire of learning almost beyond example. He enriched the University of Upsal, founded a royal academy at Abo, in Finland, and a college at Dorp, in Livonia. He dedicated much time to the study of the art of war, and successfully tried his valour and abilities in the field, against the Danes, the hereditary enemies of his crown, Muscovy, and Poland. He made an advantageous peace with the two first, and compelled the last to evacuate Livonia. His life has been very elaborately written in English by the Rev. Walter Harte.† This work, published in 1759, combines knowledge, research, and scrupulous accuracy, but so disfigured by a crude, pedantic style, that it is always unpleasant, and sometimes difficult to understand. Nevertheless, it may be considered a safe authority to be quoted from without danger. Some curious anecdotes are connected with this production, which the reader may amuse himself with, by looking at the memoir of the author, in Chalmers's "Biographical Dictionary." It seems strange that a writer should take such pains to render himself unreadable, but the eccentricities of the human mind are not easily fathomed.

When the King of Sweden entered on the German War, and risked his life, with the resources of his country, on the issue of what appeared at first a very unequal contest, his own kingdom was safe from invasion, and his personal interests were in no way involved in the quarrel. The motives which chiefly induced him to take arms against the head of the empire, were the love of glory, and zeal for the Protestant religion. But his enterprise, however chivalrous, was at the same time combined with prudence. He fortified himself by alliances with France, England, and Holland, before he commenced his march. His prepa-

* Plutarch, to his lost life of Epaminondas, associated that of Scipio, with a comparison.

† Translated into German, by John Gottlieb Bohme, Professor of History, in the University of Leipsic. Another very good Life is to be found in the "Family Library," published in 1839.

rations were well matured. Until his reign, Sweden possessed no regular army. He formed and executed the project of having 80,000 men constantly well armed, disciplined, and clothed in uniform. He accomplished this without difficulty, from the personal attachment and confidence, which, without reserve, his subjects reposed in their sovereign. His infantry, trained under a new system of tactics, invented by himself, became the terror of Europe, and were generally irresistible. Like Epaminondas, he elevated his country from a second, to the rank of a first-rate power. The generals trained in his school, maintained the national glory long after his premature death. The fame and influence of Sweden continued for more than eighty years, and sunk only under the ruinous and exhausting enterprises of Charles XII. Her sun went down for ever on the fatal field of Pultowa. From that moment, her Muscovite neighbour and rival rose to ascendancy, gradually expanding into the enormous, the unwholesome preponderance which that gigantic empire appears destined to exercise over the nations of the earth.

Gustavus, with inferior forces, advanced into the heart of Germany, and at Leipzig, on the 7th September, 1631, encountered Tilly, the far-famed Austrian commander, who had triumphed in thirty pitched battles, and never, until that moment, sustained a defeat. By superior generalship, the energy of a new system, the irresistible power of an attack in column, and the bravery of his troops, directed with unequalled skill, he obtained a complete and overwhelming victory, the effect of which was felt through the European world. On this decisive success, had he marched immediately to Vienna, such was the consternation of the empire, that it was thought he might have made himself master of that capital, and dictated the terms of peace, as Napoleon afterwards did more than once, in the palace of the Emperor.

But Gustavus remembered how Hannibal, after Cannæ, was unable to possess himself of Rome, and that Epaminondas twice led his conquering troops within the precincts of Sparta, but on neither occasion could retain a permanent hold of the city, or compel his enemies to a pacification. On the 15th April, 1632, the Swedish monarch

gained immortal honour by the passage of the Lech, where Count Tilly was killed. He then marched into Bavaria, and found the gates of all the principal cities thrown open on his approach. When pressed to revenge on Munich the cruelties perpetrated by Tilly and the Imperialists at Magdeburgh (which memory shudders to retrace); to give up that capital to pillage, and burn down the palace of the Elector; "No!" replied he, "let us not imitate the savage barbarity of the Goths, our ancestors, but strive rather to alleviate than increase the inevitable miseries of war."

On the defeat and death of Tilly, the renowned Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland (a subject almost as great as the Emperor his master), who had been for some time in disgrace, was again called to the chief command, and invested with unlimited powers. His profound sagacity and long experience in war, with a superstitious reliance on his good fortune, generally impressed, pointed him out as the only general capable of arresting the progress of Gustavus, or equal to an encounter with his genius and activity. The King of Sweden, anxious to come to issue with his new antagonist, offered him battle near Nuremberg; but the wily Bohemian declined the challenge, and succeeded in repulsing an incautious attempt to force his intrenchments. The action lasted for ten hours, during which every regiment in the Swedish army, including the reserve, was led on to the attack. The King was exposed to the most imminent danger, and nothing saved him from a total overthrow but the masterly manœuvres by which he covered his retreat. This was the only check he ever received in all his complicated operations; and this, it must be confessed, he provoked by his own impetuosity. He exposed his brave soldiers to a difficulty, which even they were unable to surmount. This mistake was shortly after retrieved on the plains of Lutzen, but his own life was the price at which victory over Wallenstein was dearly purchased. Although contrary to the advice of his best generals, he determined to risk a great battle, with an army far superior to his own in numerical strength. He advanced for that purpose, and found the Imperial forces posted with every advantage that skill could suggest, and supported again by formidable intrenchments. Many of his of-

ficers counselled him to fall back, but he silenced all arguments with a decisive answer. "I cannot endure," said he, "to see Wallenstein under my very beard without making some animadversions upon him. There he lies before us, intrenched up to his teeth, but by God's blessing I will unearth him to-morrow, and behold, with my own eyes, how he can acquit himself in the open field." The Swedes prepared for battle with joyful alacrity, and with early dawn, on the 16th of November, 1632, the king drew up his army, and prepared to attack the enemy's centre with a ponderous column, exactly as Epaminondas broke the Spartan phalanx at Mantinea. But the darkness of the morning, increased by a thick fog, and a deep ditch dug across the Austrian front, directly on the line by which he proposed to advance, disorganised his plan, and forced him to make a general movement to the right, so as to occupy firm ground which lay between the ditch and the hostile camp. All this was not effected without some trouble and considerable loss of time, during which Wallenstein remained immovable, and stirred not from his well-defended lines. The Swedish army then sang "Luther's Hymn," the King leading off in a deep, sonorous bass. The effect of forty thousand voices, thus pealing out in unison, may be easily conceived, and is described by contemporary authorities as having been awfully impressive. It startled the free companions and dissolute levies of the Imperial army, who were as little accustomed to religious observances, as Goring's ranting Cavaliers or Kirke's Lambs.

The battle commenced, each side fighting with desperate valour, inspired by mutual animosity, the spirit of national rivalry, and an implicit confidence in the skill and resources of their respective leaders. Gustavus led his indomitable infantry into the thickest of the fight, evincing the same imprudent disregard of personal safety, which cost Epaminondas his life at Mantinea. He was rendered doubly conspicuous by his large, majestic stature, and by being mounted on a horse of unusual colour. No fault but this could be discovered in his conduct, no single error detected in his masterly dispositions; whilst Wallenstein scarcely acted up to his reputation, and has been condemned by military critics in more than one important mistake. His methodical

science was no match for the rapid evolutions of the Swedish system. The Saxon allies of Gustavus gave way and fled; while nearly at the same moment, Pappenheim, one of the ablest generals in the Imperial service, arrived upon the field with seven thousand fresh combatants, to reinforce the Austrian ranks, already far outnumbering the army of the King. But the Swedes bore down all before them; and were in the full career of victory, when Gustavus, who had outstripped the brigades composing his main body, and was fighting sword in hand at the head of the Smaland regiment of cavalry, received first a ball in the left arm, and shortly after a pistol shot through the body. On that important day, he had laid aside his ordinary cuirass, and wore nothing but a doublet of grey cloth, with the distinguishing military scarf. His horse being also wounded, plunged furiously and flung him to the earth. His two attendant grooms, though mortally stricken, threw themselves across his body, and a gentleman of the bedchamber having cried out, in order to save his sovereign's life, that he was the King, was instantly stabbed to the heart by an Imperial cuirassier. Gustavus, faint with loss of blood, and nearly dying, being asked who he was, replied with heroic firmness, "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany!" He received five more wounds, and was finally dispatched by a bullet through the head. He had still strength left to exclaim, "My God! my God!—alas, my poor queen!" as his noble spirit passed for ever from the scene of its mortal glory. His body was recovered by Colonel Stalhaus, in spite of the most vigorous efforts of Piccolomini, who strove to carry it off. The reader will at once perceive the close resemblance, in many circumstances, between the death of Gustavus and that of Epaminondas, with the similar result which each catastrophe produced on the immediate event of the two battles. The last words of these illustrious warriors were equally memorable. Lutzen, too, like Mantinea, was rendered decisive by the death of the successful commander. The Swedes fought for nine hours with unflinching pertinacity, notwithstanding the loss of their beloved monarch, and remained masters of the field of battle. Wallenstein retired,

and abandoned his position, so carefully fortified; but he sent off despatches to the Emperor, claiming the victory, and announcing the death of his formidable enemy. "Te Deum" was sung in all the churches of Vienna, a very doubtful evidence of assumed success.

The fall of Gustavus was considered equal to the most unquestionable triumph. With Epaminondas, the power of Thebes was withered. He left no successor capable of upholding her military prowess or political importance. It was not so with the interests of Sweden on the death of her great king. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Torstenson and Knipphausen, Horn and Banier, are names inscribed on the page of history with undying reputation. During a long series of years, in many arduous campaigns, and by more than one brilliant victory, they maintained the honour of the Swedish arms, and vindicated the superiority of the school in which they had been trained. No surmise has ever reached posterity that Epaminondas fell otherwise than in fair combat, by the hand of an open enemy. The death of Gustavus has been attributed to treachery. Many attempts have been made to fix this crime on the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who was in close attendance on his person throughout the day, and was supposed to have been bought over by the gold of the Emperor, or the intrigues of Cardinal Richelieu. The charge rests on no evidence, while there are many collateral circumstances to prove the contrary. As in the case of his successor, Charles XII., at Fredericshall, the subject ought to be investigated with caution, lest the memory of an innocent man should be unjustly stigmatized. Epaminondas, as we have seen, was never married, and with him his race concluded. His only progeny was the fame of his achievements. Gustavus, less happy in this respect, left, by his consort, Maria Eleonora, of Brandenburg, one infant daughter, the wayward Christina, who with every advantage of careful education and natural talents, was controlled by an evil disposition, and her

life furnishes a melancholy chapter in the book of human depravity. Yet this abandoned woman, who abdicated her throne in a fit of caprice, and then desired to resume it; who changed her religion, less from conviction than for convenience; and who terminated a disgraceful amour by an atrocious murder, has been admired by maudlin sympathisers, and is not without apologists even among the learned and respectable. The celebrated philosopher and mathematician, Leibnitz, dishonoured his name by this infatuated sophistry. It is some consolation to know, that when Christina received notice to quit Fontainebleau, after the assassination of the Marquess Monaldeschi, and even the scruples of the Vatican hesitated to receive her for a time, she applied to Cromwell, through the Swedish envoy, for permission to reside in England. "No!" answered the stern Protector; "tell the Popish harlot that I revere the memory of that great man, her father, as much as she has disgraced it; but while I live she sets no foot within this land of Britain."

Leuctra and Mantinea, with their modern parallels, Leipzig and Lutzen, are not surpassed in interest or importance by any of the most famous battles recorded in history. They afford abundant materials for instruction to the military neophyte, and may be studied with profit by experienced officers.

Gustavus Adolphus had only reached his thirty-eighth year when his career was so prematurely closed. Placing his portrait side by side with that of the illustrious hero of antiquity, with whom we have proposed to associate him, each stands forward, almost without flaw or blemish, noble examples of the man, the warrior, and the legislator—excellent alike in all the relations of life, either social or political: combining that intuitive genius which conceives, that tempered wisdom which plans, and that happy combination of courage and of conduct which ensures success to the most exalted enterprises.

J. W. C.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTUGUESE OLIVE.—NO. III.

THE CANCIONEROS.

WE have now reached (in chronological order) the era of Garcia de Resende,* to whom Portugal is so much indebted as the compiler and editor of the "*Cancionero Geral*," or general song book; in which is preserved a collection of interesting specimens of early Portuguese poetry, which would otherwise have long since utterly perished.

Before the time of Resende, some old *Cancioneros* had existed in manuscript; but they have either been wholly lost, or have become inaccessible to the researches of the zealous student. Even Bouterwck and Sismondi acknowledge that their anxious researches failed to discover any of the older "*Cancioneros*," or song books. A few relics of their contents only have reached posterity, like fragments which, disengaged from a submerged wreck, float obscurely along upon the troubled waves of the ocean of Time. From the little now known of the elder *Cancioneros*, it appears that the subjects of the ancient Muse of the Peninsula were—first, Love, the all-absorbing passion, held by the warm and tender Southerners as at once spiritually a religion, and temporarily the business of life; secondly, Adventures in the Wars with the Moors; thirdly, Devotional Poems; fourthly (and less in proportion to the others), *Louvres*, or Panegyrics on Friends, or on Heroes and celebrated Characters.

The oldest specimen with which we are acquainted is a kind of rude ballad, which Bernardo de Brito, the Cistercian monk and chronicler (he died, 1617), has given in his history of the Lusitanian monarchy, and which he extracted from an ancient MS. *Cancionero* no longer extant. The ballad commemorates, in monotonous rhymes and bald language, an obscure and romantic adventure that occurred during the dominion of the Moors in the Peninsula, and in the reign of Abdurrahman, the Moorish King of Cor-

dova (in the latter part of the eighth century). Abdurrahman, a brave soldier and skilful politician, had frequently vanquished the Christians, the only portion of whose soil that remained free from the domination of the Crescent was the little kingdom in the mountains of the Asturias; and the victorious Moor had gained such ascendancy, as to extort from the cotemporary Christian kings the most abject treaties, and among them one which the Christian writers of those times have been ashamed to mention, though it is related by the Arabic historians, and is often alluded to in the old *Spanish* *Cancioneros* of a subsequent date. It is the disgraceful tribute of a hundred young maidens of noble birth and a hundred others of inferior rank, to be chosen annually from amongst the handsomest of the Christian females, and carried to Cordova, and distributed among the Mahometan harems. True, Aurelio (he died, 775) strove to avoid this degrading and unmanly impost. He was compelled by force of arms to submit, as were also his successors, Silo and Mauregato. Mauregato, the natural son of Alfonso I., King of Leon, having deposed the rightful heir, Alfonso, his half-brother, was fain to sustain his usurped throne by the aid of the powerful Moors, and to court the friendship of Abdurrahman, to whom he promised to pay the maiden tribute unresistingly and punctually. The subjects of Mauregato were incensed at an odious tax, which was not only degrading to them as men, but which brought, every year, disgrace and mourning into so many families, and rent asunder the tenderest ties. But they had neither political nor military strength to battle for its abolition in the field. All their demonstrations were necessarily confined to the gallant exertions of isolated parties. The young men of different districts occasionally formed themselves into little bands, and watched in

* See No. II. in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CCXXXII., for April, 1852.

ambush the passage of some Moorish detachment, returning from a town or village with the extorted quota of maidens. On perceiving a favourable opportunity, they would attack the Moslems at disadvantage, and often succeeded in rescuing the captives, and restoring them to the embraces of their agonised parents. These encounters kept alive the chivalrous spirit of the young men, and gave rise to many romantic incidents, of which some reminiscences are preserved in old Spanish Cancioneros and Romanceros (or ballad books). Many a warm and lasting love sprang up, at first sight, between deliverer and delivered—many a young victor surrendered his own freedom on the spot into the fair hands whose chains he had just unbound—many a sensitive girl gazed admiringly on her champion's face, embellished by the glow of action, and dignified by the pride of victory, and quickly exchanged gratitude for love.

During the reign of the detested Mauregato (who died, 783), a Moorish escort was returning to Cordova with six young girls, taken from some part of the north of Portugal. A party of young men, headed by one Goestor Ansur and his brother, watched them till they entered a thick wood of fig-trees to rest and refresh themselves. Then the Christians attacked them unawares, and a battle ensued. Goestor Ansur had his sword broken in the combat; but he tore off the branch of a fig-tree, and fought valiantly with it, till he and his comrades obtained a complete victory, and liberated the lovely prisoners. The eventual issue of the encounter was marriage between the maidens and their benefactors. The scene of the exploit is still pointed out by the name of "*Figueira das Donas*,"* i. e., the Figwood of the Women (from Figo, a fig). It is not far from Viseu, in the province of Beira, to the north of the Mondego. Goestor Ansur, in memory of his achievement, assumed on his shield, for arms, five fig-leaves proper, on a field Or; and took the name of "*Figueredo* (from *Figueral*, a figwood); his

brother taking the appellation of "*Figueroa*;" and they became the founders of the families of Figueiredo and Figueroa;—names which, in aftertimes, have been inscribed by their bearers on the pages of Spanish and Portuguese history and literature. The Spanish branch of Figueroa was ennobled in the person of Don Gomez Soarez Figueroa, by Henry IV. of Castile (1468), with the title of Count of Feria,† and his descendant was afterwards advanced to the rank of Duke of Feria by Philip II., in 1577.

The ballad celebrating the above exploit, which is preserved by the Monk Brito, and which was sung for two or three centuries in the province of Beira, seems to have been composed by Figueroa, the brother and zealous imitator of Goestor Ansur, who was himself captivated by a fair captive. It is written in long stanzas of short lines, which echo each other, with one monotonous unvarying rhyme, and in language so meagre, that we find it difficult to make our translation duly correspond with the skeleton-like original:—

THE FIGHT OF THE FIGWOOD.

FROM THE GALLICIAN, OR OLD PORTUGUESE.

Into the Figwood came Figueiredo;‡

Into the Figwood too came I;

Six fair maids he there discover'd,

Six fair maids I did descry.

Weeping, sighing, he perceiv'd them;

I, too, saw them weep and sigh.

"Who maltreats ye? Wherefore must ye

Bear this lot of cruelty?"

Into the Figwood came Figueiredo,

Into the Figwood, too, came I.

Thus to me a maiden answered:

"Sir, I cannot tell you why;

Woe to realm where wicked monarch

Works his people misery.

Had I weapons, I mistake me

If their use I would not try;

No man then should captive drag me—

This foul law I would defy.

Now, farewell, good youth! I know not

If again beneath the sky,

Yet to meet and speak together

E'er shall be our destiny."

Into the Figwood came Figueiredo,

Into the Figwood, too, came I.

* There are various places in Portugal called *Figueira*; as *Figueira*, at the mouth of the Mondego, a flourishing market town; *Figueira*, between Coimbra and Thomor, &c. But the affix "of the women" marks the scene of the adventure.

† Feria, a small town in Spanish Estramadura, four leagues from the frontiers of Portugal, on a hill, having a strong castle, and a fertile territory.

‡ Pronounced in four syllables, as Fi-ga-re-do.

Thus spake I to her : " O, never
 Think from thee my feet shall fly :
 I at goodly price will purchase
 Charms that thus delight mine eye.
 Still, through regions strange and distant,
 I thy steps will 'company ;
 Long, long ways, though rough and weary,
 Shall seem short when thou art by.
 Well I know the Arab language,
 I can speak it skilfully :
 Any Moor who dares oppose us,
 I will smite him, he shall die."
 Into the Figwood came Figueiredo,
 Into the Figwood, too, came I.

To the Moor those captives guarding
 I with stealthy step drew nigh ;
 Fiercely did he threat my maiden—
 Then my wrath blaz'd fierce and high.
 Figueiredo broke a Fig branch :
 Then a Fig branch, too, broke I.
 Fast he plied his club around him,
 I as fast my club did ply ;
 We the Moor robb'd of the maidens
 He had seiz'd in robbery,
 Then to her with whom I'd spoken,
 Did I bind a tender sigh,
 Out of the Figwood went Figueiredo,
 Out of the Figwood, too, went I.

Brito has preserved, in his history of the Cistercian Order, another old lay, also founded on the issue of a skirmish between the Moors and Christians, and written by the hero of the adventure himself, Gonzalo Hermiguez.* He was the son of Hermigo Gonzales, a warrior under Alfonso Henriquez, Count of Portugal, (as he was styled), who struggled for the independence of his country against the Mahometan intruders ; and who gave them so signal a defeat at Ourique (in Alentejo), that he was crowned king on the field by his victorious troops (1139), and founded and maintained the kingdom of Portugal. At Ourique, Hermigo Gonzales overthrew so many of the Moors, chiefly by his agility, that he obtained the cognomen of *O Luctador*, the Wrestler. His son, Gonzalo Hermiguez, inherited his father's prowess ; of which he gave so many proofs in the continual strife between the Moors and the Christians, that he became celebrated by the appellation of *Traga Mouros*, or "the Moor Eater." Towards the close of the reign of King Alfonso Henriquez (about 1189), Gonzalo Hermiguez determined to make reprisals on the Moors for the

captives they had taken from among the natives of his country. With a band of intrepid followers he embarked in boats on the River Saldao, or Sado, and pursued his course to the Town of Alcacer do Sal (in Alentejo), then in the hands of the Moors. It was midsummer ; the Mahometans were celebrating their Feast of Bairam, and, with the females of their families, were sporting and dancing on the grass, near the open gates of the town. The Lusitanians lay sometime in ambush, watching their movements ; and Gonzalo was particularly attracted by a beautiful Moorish girl whom he saw sporting with her female companions, full of graceful gaiety, and he resolved to appropriate *her* as his prize. He and his followers rushed from their lurking place upon the dancers ; but, though the Mussulmans were taken by surprise, they fought bravely and obstinately, and frequently snatched from Hermiguez the lovely prize he had seized. But Fatima (such was her name), had, on her side, remarked the young Portuguese at his first appearance, admired his valour and his fine person, and was not a little flattered by the value he set upon herself, as testified by the desperate efforts to obtain her, which made him the centre of the fight, and the object of general attack from her countrymen ; and it would seem, that instead of being alarmed, or offering any resistance, she threw herself in the way of recapture by Gonzalo as often as she was snatched from him ; but his courage and determination prevailed, and he bore off his captive in triumph. Subsequently, his eloquence converted her to Christianity—love, no doubt, sharpening *his* controversial acumen, and softening down *her* prejudices ; at her baptism she exchanged the name of Fatima for that of Oriana, and, passing from the font to the altar, she was wedded to her victorious lover—victorious alike in battle and in controversy, and he composed a short romance as a memorial of his exploit, and of his hallowed love. This little poem is more rude and less intelligible in language, and less regular in structure than that of the preceding ballad, which, however, is older by three cen-

* Hermiguez, is "the son of Hermigo;" the termination "ez" being equivalent to the Norman "Fitz"—so Henriquez is "the son of Henry."

turies ; it has but faint traces of rhyme, or of the *assonance* of vowels, so usual in the Peninsular poetry.

Why a poem of the twelfth century should be more barbarous than one of the eighth, must be explained by the circumstance, that Brito copied the more recent poem from an old MS. of its own era ; and that he gave the earlier romance as sung in his own time (the end of the sixteenth century, and beginning of the seventeenth), by the people of Beira ; where, being orally preserved, it became gradually and naturally modernised, in its descent from the lips of one generation to those of the succeeding. The poem of Gonzalo Hermiguez presents so many*

difficulties, that we are unable, in our version, to offer an exact likeness of the original. We give the sense (as well as we can collect it), but in the length of the lines, and the recurrence of the rhymes, we have ventured to fill up its irregularities and deficiencies. This old poem, unlike the ancient prolix romances, that begin at the beginning, plunges at once "in medias res." The first stanza at once relates the frequent captures and rescues of Fatima, in the thick of the fight ; the second describes Gonzalo's reflections on his first seeing her from his ambush ; the third tells us of his affection for the wife he had doubly won :—

TO ORIANA.

Here, awhile I held thee ; there the shock repell'd thee,
Still, still, as waver'd the fortunes of the fight,
Here did'st thou grasp me ; there again unclasp me ;
Thence would'st thou fly to me ; hence did'st draw nigh to me,
As here the champions parted, or there combin'd their might.

Mem'ry shew'd thee brightly ; sporting, free and lightly,
As when first I saw thee, with thy smiling face.
Then, my fancy warming, thought—"O maid, so charming !
In this land around me, happy fate has found me
Prize like thee to follow in the eager chase."

Oriana, dearest ! trust the lay thou hearest ;
Life to me is only life since blest with thee :
Life no value knowing, save of thy bestowing—
Thou prize, that battle gave me, dost, in turn enslave me,
For nothing fairer, dearer, thro' all the world I see !

In the Library of the College of Nobles, in Lisbon, an old MS. Cancionero is extant. The writing is, apparently, that of the fourteenth century, and it comprises about 260 poems, which, from the internal evidence, cannot be older than the middle of the thirteenth century. The manuscript also contains a *Nobiliario*, or Noble Book ; i.e., a Register of Noblemen's titles and privileges. A selection from this old Cancionero was made by Sir Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay), when British Ambassador at Lisbon, and printed under his own inspection, and at his own expense. But the number of copies was very limited ; and the book is so rare as to

be a literary curiosity, and is not to be met with among booksellers. It is entitled, "*Fragments de hum Cancionero, inedito que se acha na libraria do Real Collegio dos Nobres de Lisboa. Impresso a custo de Carlos Stuart, Soc. de Acad. R. de Lisboa. 1823.*"† The language of the poems is like the Gallician used in the thirteenth century, and the versification is similar to that of the Provençals. Nearly the whole of the pieces are the work of one and the same author. They form a kind of *Cycclus* ; and intimate to the reader the tale of one of those tender and faithful passions which the Portuguese, influenced by the romantic genius of their country, loved to envelop in a

* Bouterwek has given the commencement of the original ; but sadly corrupted, and miswritten.

† Fragments of an in-edited Cancionero, found in the Library of the Royal College of Nobles at Lisbon. Printed at the expense of Charles Stuart, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Lisbon. 1823.

veil of mystery, through whose fold the transient and uncertain glimpses that peeped forth, warmed the imagination, and stimulated interest; like the glimpses of half-hidden charms, glancing through the mantilla of the modest and lovely senora.

From one of the poems of this *Cyclus* we learn, that the poet was a certain John Coelho. From others, in which he speaks of the towns of Barcellos, Faria, and Nogueira, we gather that he lived chiefly in the northern provinces of Portugal; that he first saw the lady of his heart at Santarem (on the north bank of the Tagus), where the Portuguese kings of the legitimate descent from Alfonso Henriquez often resided; that the lady was his relative; and that there were reasons that forced him to conceal his love; and that, though formerly renowned as a troubadour, he discontinued the public exercise of his talent, lest, haply, he might reveal too much. At another time, he permits his friends to guess among three names which is that of his beloved, whether Sancha, Joanna, or Maria. From the following *Cantiga* we find that, during absence, he resolved to plead his passion to its object, yet in their interviews he suffered the opportunity to pass unimproved, either through timidity or prudence—

ABSENCE AND PRESENCE.

While absent from my lady fair,
A thousand times I ponder o'er
Deep words to tell her all my care,
When we too haply meet once more.
But in her presence blest, then nought
Of all I ponder'd can I say;
Her beauty banishes each thought
Of pain and absence far away.

I mourn when I behold her not,
And frame sad plaints for meeting hour;
I see her—sorrow's theme forgot—
Far different is the strain I pour!
A lamp within my soul is dead,
Absent or present, which I be,
I see her not—then joy is fled—
I see her—lost is memory.

In the following, Coelho intimates the displeasure of his beloved, if he should reveal his secret to the world; and he promises, if any one should guess her aright, he will falsely name another lady, in order to disguise the truth:—

THE SECRET.

In vain they urge, they ask me
Whom serve I? who my fair?
'Tis treason thus to ask me
Our secret to declare.
Thou wilt at my heart's allegiance,
The world shall never know:
Fear not!—my disobedience
Shall never bring thee woe.

For should they guess, and truly
Term *THEE* my only love,
With firm denial duly
Suspicion I'll remove.
Another sovereign, feigning
To fill my bosom's throne,
I'll name—while *thou* art reigning
In secret there alone.

E'en thus, with false revealing,
Traitor to truth I'll be;
So, constant in concealing,
I prove my truth to thee.
One word to cause thy grieving
No man shall win from me:
My *lips* all else deceiving,
My *heart* is true to thee.

To follow out this declaration, he names a Donna Leonora, in order to mislead those who were guessing too closely; but the strain of this little poem, so much lighter than his serious *Cantigas* to his nameless lady, shows that here he is but sporting with love:—

DONNA LEONORE.

I swear by my faith, Donna Leonore,
Nature has gifted thee well from her store:
None in the world can with thee compare,
Thou'rt best of the good, and fairest of fair;
I flatter thee not, 'tis the truth, I swear.

I swear by my faith, Donna Leonore,
Nature has gifted thee well from her store:
Beauty has moulded and tinted thy cheek;
Stately thou movest, and wisely dost speak;
'Tis a joy and a pride thy love to seek.

I swear by my faith, Donna Leonore,
Nature has gifted thee well from her store:
As glows among pearls the ruby's red light,
So shines among ladies thy beauty bright,
Gladd'ning the eyes of thy constant knight.

I swear by my faith, Donna Leonore,
Nature has gifted thee well from her store:
And I thank kind heaven, that in forming
thee,
Destin'd such happiness mine to be,
Since thy heart's dear love has been giv'n
to me.

Nature could lavish on *thee* no more,
Lovely, and loving, and lov'd Leonore.

Then it appears that some one, who was his enemy, informed his lady-love that Coelho's secret was known, and, perhaps, also, accused the lover of indiscretion, for she banished him from her presence:—

THE SECRET REVEALED.

The while she knew not that I lov'd,
I liv'd my life so blest, so blindly;
I hover'd round her unprov'd,
Nor did she fear to greet me kindly.
But ill betide the busy foe
Who told her all so long I'd hidden;
Far from her sight she bade me go,
Nor heard me plead one word unhidden.

Would that my foe at once had slain
Me, ere such pang his malice wrought me!
Heart ne'er hath felt a keener pain
Than exile from my love hath brought me.
Death, once so fear'd, I sigh for now—
Banished from her my soul doth honour;
I long—words cannot utter how
I long to look once more upon her.

I see the home where dwells my fair,
But dare approach its threshold never.
My eyes, my heart, have fix'd them there,
With gaze and love unchanging ever.
Oh! rather let me die than see
That roof so near, nor venture thither;
Far from this spot I fain would flee,
But how can I depart?—and whither?

Next we find him obliged to quit the kingdom and go to sea:—

THE LOVER AT SEA.

They who in ships attempt the main,
Esteem the evils of the sea
The worst of fears, the worst of pain—
In other guise they seem to me,
Who, all-absorb'd in love's regret,
The terrors of the deep forget.

The heaviest care man ever knew
Is love, in hearts ordained its slave;
And fear of death its darkest hue
Assumes upon the angry wave.
But never can the ocean's rage
One thought from love's fond cares engage.

There was not, is not, ne'er shall be,
A deeper, sadder care than love:
Let those whose vacant hearts are free,
Deny it; I its truth will prove—
I, who absorb'd in love's regret,
The terrors of the sea forget.

'Tis love alone that haunts my pillow:
I fear not death on wildest billow.

It would seem that Coelho travelled into Spain, and found in the King of Castile and Leon a liberal patron; and, struck with the monarch's greatness, he draws a comparison between him and the sea.

SIMILE.

I've seen in this world but one thing that can
e'er
With the monarch of Castile and Leon com-
pare;
'Tis the sea—the glorious and wonderful
sea—
A king he resembles right royally.

He rules with a mastery all must obey:
Tho' oft he gives largely, yet stern is his
sway;
No power can withstand him, no art can con-
troul;
And with reverence and dread he impresses
the soul.

All things the sea needs in himself he con-
tains,
And many a one by his bounty sustains;
Some men he enriches with lavish supply,
And some he makes poor, and dooms others
to die.

And thus in his favour mild, generous, and
good,
But wrath and severe when arous'd in his
mood;
And, ruling all others, resistless and free—
So reigneth a king, and so reigneth the sea.

As Castile and Leon were not united into one kingdom till 1230, it is clear that the above song must have been written at a later date. Coelho probably alludes to Alfonso, as the King of Castile and Leon—the learned and philosophical monarch to whom Spain was indebted for the astronomical tables, called after him, the Alphonsine Tables.

Coelho bewails his exile from his country and the object of his love, in the following Cantiga:—

THE LOVER IN EXILE.*

Ah, lady mine! from thee I went,
Heav'n knows, without my will;
And thro' my land of banishment
I wander joyless still.
For never gladness can I see
Where my fond eyes look not on thee.

* Two Cantigas on the same subject, and nearly identical in expression as in ideas, are fused together in the above translation.

Here, where I'm doom'd so long to dwell,
 Afar from thee and home,
 Unceasing tears my sorrow tell,
 Alone and sad I roam ;
 And nought of gladness can I see
 Where my fond eyes look not on thee.

I felt too well it was thy pleasure
 That from thee I should go :
 But ne'er hath man endur'd such measure
 As I of exile's woe.
 For, while forbid thy face to see,
 No gleam of joy can shine on me.

Of heaven, that did my heart ordain
 To love thee, warm and true,
 I ask, to lead me home again
 Where I thy charms may view.
 For nought of gladness can I see
 While thus depriv'd, dear love, of thee.

At length we trace Coelho to Segovia, where he expresses himself as expecting the termination of his mortal career; and the following Cantiga we may consider his

DEATH SONG.

I'm dying—Heaven forgive the gladness
 That now to part from life I feel!
 Death comes to free me from the sadness
 That on my heart hath set its seal.
 Yet hear, my friends! the minstrel's measure
 That breathes his sole regretting sigh :
 Alas! my light, my bosom's treasure,
 I may not see ere yet I die.

I'm dying!—once I lov'd life dearly,
 And look'd with shrinking dread on death ;
 But now I go, so calm, so cheerly,
 And ask no more of vital breath.
 My friends! I feel your hands' kind pressure—
 Ask ye what means my latest sigh ?
 'Tis that my light, my bosom's treasure
 I may not see before I die.

I'm dying!—Heaven, in expiation
 Of my death-joy, my life receive ;
 And grant my hopes their consummation,
 No more to fear, no more to grieve.
 Dear friends! remember me with pleasure ;
 I would not breathe e'en this one sigh
 If my soul's light, my bosom's treasure,
 I might but see before I die.

The above translations present specimens of a very small portion of the contents of this old Cancionero, but our limits will not admit of a greater number; and there is among them such a strong family likeness—so great a sameness in expression, subject, thought,

and metre, that the few may serve to exemplify the many, and we may almost say "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

It was a frequent practice in the early days of the Portuguese muse, to collect the works of a prolific poet into a separate Cancionero, like that of Coelho. The poems of Alfonso X. of Castile formed a spiritual Cancionero, devoted wholly to the praises of the Virgin Mary, celebrating her miracles, graces, festivals, &c. In the preface, the royal author dedicates his heart to her, and constitutes himself her troubadour, determining never to be the troubadour of any earthly lady. Alfonso was born in Galicia, and wrote in Gallician, or old Portuguese; but we are not acquainted with any of his effusions which would be suitable to this paper.

King Diniz of Portugal (who reigned from 1279 to 1325), filled two Cancioneros: one contained his spiritual poems, the other his temporal verses; the former is entitled "*Our Lady's Cancionero*" (or song-book). We are not able to offer any specimen to our readers.

The royal family of Portugal was, at various periods, fertile in poets; from amongst them we shall select one, who, from her title and her lineage, has some interest for the English reader—Donna Philippa de Lancaster, who was of English blood, and was descended from the royal family of England. John I., King of Portugal, had married Constance, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (son of King Edward III.), by whom he had many children; among them, Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, father of this Donna Philippa, so called after Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., and surnamed, "*of Lancaster*," after her grandmother, Constance. Pedro was a man of valour and learning, and a votary of the Muses; in bravery he did not yield to our Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, who was his cousin. He accompanied his father, John of Portugal, and his brothers on an expedition into Africa against the Moors; and at Ceutra won the golden spurs of knighthood. He travelled through England, Italy, Germany, Spain, Turkey, and the Holy Land, and penetrated to Babylon. He was received with honour at the court of Amurat II. of Turkey, and was presented with the Marche of Trevisano, by the

Emperor Sigismund, on account of the aid he had afforded to that monarch against the Turks and the Venetians. On the death of his brother, King Edward of Portugal (named after his great-grandfather, Edward the III. of England), Don Pedro was chosen Regent of Portugal, and guardian of the young king, Alfonso V., who subsequently married Don Pedro's daughter, Isabel. Don Pedro governed during his regency with so much wisdom and goodness, that the people of Lisbon wished to erect a statue to him; but he declined to accept a testimonial which might be overthrown the next day, on some easy change of popular opinion. Had he then some dim foreshadowing on his spirit that he would die a violent death near Lisbon, stigmatised as a traitor? Don Pedro was extremely grave in his disposition, and reserved in his manners. After Alfonso, his nephew and son-in-law, attained his majority, the enemies of Don Pedro poisoned the mind of the young king against him, representing the late regent as a man of intolerable pride, and of unbounded ambition, which was leading him to practise against the king and the state; and even going the lengths of accusing him of having poisoned the late king, and some others of the royal family. Among the most malignant of Pedro's enemies, was the Duke of Braganza,* his half-brother, whom he had loaded with benefits; but among his zealour defenders, was that brother's son, Don Fernando. Alfonso issued rigorous decrees against his uncle, even forbidding any persons to hold communication with him; and in this extremity, the unhappy Pedro was advised by his friend, the Count of Abrantes, to go to court to justify himself, to which the duke acceded, taking with him a thousand horse and five hundred foot, as an escort necessary to his safety. At Alfarroubiera, near Lisbon, the king's troops met and attacked the escort, and Don Pedro was killed by an arrow, 20th May, 1449; the Count of Abrantes was also killed, after an obstinate defence. The son of Don Pedro, Pedro Constable of Portugal, was obliged to fly to Castile for refuge; and the younger son, Don Diogo, was cast into prison. In a few years afterwards, the unhappy Queen

Isabella died, after a short illness, and was generally believed to have been poisoned by the enemies of her father.

Amid this blight upon her paternal relatives, the Lady Philippa de Lancaster had found solace in employments and thoughts far different from courtly favours or enmities. She was born at Coimbra in 1437, and was, consequently, twelve years old at her father's unfortunate demise. She early displayed a strong devotional feeling, and a taste for serious and deep literary pursuits. She chose for her residence the great Cistercian Convent, founded by King Diniz at Odivellas, near Lisbon, without, however, taking the monastic vows. The Holy Scriptures, and the Fathers of the Church, were her constant and favourite studies. She wrote a book of pious meditations, and translated a "Treatise on Solitude" from the Latin of Laurentius Justianus; and, from the French, a "Book of Homilies" for the whole ecclesiastical year. In the convent at Odivellas there is still extant a MS. of the above-named "Book of the Homilies" in her writing, illuminated by paintings from her own pencil. She devoted herself to the education of her niece, the Infanta Joanna, daughter of Alfonso V. by her sister, the Queen Isabella; and her success with her royal pupil was such, that the Infanta was considered one of the wisest and most accomplished women of her time; so that, when she was only eighteen years of age, the king, her father, appointed her regent of the kingdom, when he went on an expedition to Africa, in 1471; and her administration was distinguished for prudence and ability, acquiring for her the admiration and love of the people. On the king's return, Joanna retired to the convent of Odivellas, to the society of her aunt Philippa, whom she took for her model, devoting herself to a life of religious celibacy (though without the vows), and refusing all overtures for her hand that were made to her father. She removed to the Convent of Jesus, at Aveiro, where she died in 1490, aged thirty-eight. Donna Philippa de Lancaster continued at Odivellas, and died there in 1493. At the commencement of her manuscript before mentioned, she wrote a hymn, as a dedica-

* Natural son of King John I.; Don Pedro had created him Duke of Braganza.

tion. The following is our translation of it :—

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.*

I serve thee not, nor love thee, Lord,
As fain I would, with love divine ;
But who, save thee, can peace afford ?
Then call me to thee, ever thine,

Thou, the world's treasure infinite,
The great, the gracious Deity—
Thou, who art all my life, my light,
Didst die upon the cross for me.

Unless renouncing self I live,
I cannot serve or love thee well :
Vouchsafe, then, Lord, thine aid to give,
That I may learn in peace to dwell.

At various periods, MS. Cancioneros were written in Portugal, but became lost in the lapse of time. It was in the sixteenth century, that Garcia de Resende formed the collection known as the "General Cancionero," a book which continues to be rare, and is not met with, even in Portugal, in the book trade. He says, that "he compiled it in order to preserve poems, trovas, and romances, which were in danger of being lost, like so many other things in Portugal." Garcia de Resende was page to King John II. (brother of the devout Princess Joanna, of whom we have lately made mention). The page grew up a general favourite at the court, for he was good-humoured and obliging, had pleasant social qualities, sprightly conversational talents, and agreeable accomplishments. He was a graceful versifier himself, and had good elocution ; and the king took pleasure in hearing him recite his own verses and those of others. His Majesty, also, had him taught to play well on the guitar, finding that he had a taste for music. Resende could likewise draw, and he often employed his talent for the amusement of his royal master. He relates, with a pleased simplicity, how, on an occasion when King John was going into Algarve, for his health, being then in the illness that eventually proved fatal, he had breakfasted in the mountains, by the side of a rivulet, under the shade of some trees, and, being desirous of amusement, wished to play chess. The chessmen were

produced, but the chess-board had, by some negligence, been left behind ; and the king fell into a passion, and scolded his attendants. Resende, hearing the matter, took a couple of sheets of paper, pasted them together, and, producing his colour-box, made a chess-board, which he stuck on a table with wax, and presented to the king, who was delighted, and said repeatedly to those around him, "When any one wants to play chess, he need not provide anything, so that he can have Resende at hand."

On the marriage of Alfonso, King John's only son, with the Princess Isabella of Castile, the king transferred Resende to the service of his son, greatly against the page's wish, he being much attached to the king. The young Alfonso was killed by a fall from his horse a few months after his marriage,† and Resende was taken back into John's household, and appointed his secretary. He relates, that one day when King John was writing to the King of Castile, and Resende was holding pens ready dipped in ink for his use, he stood so near his master, that he could scarce avoid seeing what he wrote, and, therefore, kept his head turned aside. The king observed it, and desired him to turn back his head into its proper position, saying, "If I could not trust you fully, you would not be here. Let not this, however, teach you presumption, but rather fidelity." The secretary, by his talents, amused many a languid hour of the royal patient in his lingering illness ; and the frequent marks of approbation he received from the king, caused in him so much affection for the latter, that he determined on writing his "Chronicle of King John II." in order to commemorate the good qualities of his sovereign. After the death of John, Garcia de Resende was retained as secretary by the succeeding monarch, Emanuel, who, in 1514, sent him as ambassador to Rome, to Pope Leo X., to offer him the first fruits of the Portuguese commerce in India. In 1516, Resende compiled his "Cancionero," commencing it at Almeyrim, and finishing it in Lisbon. This book, on its appearance, excited a lively interest in Portugal, and the ships bound for

* This hymn is quoted in the Lusitanian Hagiology, by Cardoso.

† His widow subsequently married King Emanuel.

India were frequently provided with copies of it. De Barros, in his "Asia," relates, that, in 1518, Antonio Correa, an officer under the Governor of Portuguese India, was sent to Pegu, to make a treaty with the king of that country, and when he (Correa) wanted to administer the necessary oath on the subject of the treaty, he judged the breviary of the ship's chaplain too mean-looking, when placed beside the splendid sacred books of the Indians; and, accordingly, thought of substituting the new and handsomely bound "Cancionero," which was on board. The chaplain opened the "Cancionero," and found among the poems a paraphrase, by Luis da Silveira, on the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," which he read aloud with solemnity and emphasis, making such an impression on Correa, that he declared he should consider an oath on that book, as solemn and binding as on the Holy Scriptures: on that book, accordingly, the oath was administered to both Christians and Indians. Resende was living in 1520. We are not acquainted with the period of his death, but it appears to have been shortly after that date. He wrote various poems, and amongst them, "Trovas," on the tragical death of Inez de Castro, which have been much commended, but are too long for insertion here. At the end of his "Chronicle of John II.," there is a sort of rhymed chronicle of the remarkable events of his own time, a composition in which we discover no poetic merit; the tale would have been better told in plain prose. As a more favourable specimen of his poetry, we subjoin a Gloss on the reply of a lady, from whom he had requested some small gift, as a reward for his faithful love: the lady refused him any token of approval, saying to him, "Better (is) faith than recompense," words which he took for the motto to gloss, or comment upon:—

"BETTER FAITH THAN RECOMPENSE."

Gloss.

Thou that griev'st me, ruthless fair!
 Mak'st my love glow more intense;
 Smiling, driv'st me to despair,
 What have I 'mid all my care?
 "Better Faith than Recompense."
 Grief itself 's less sad than I,
 By thy cruelty oppress;
 Plung'd in deepest woe I sigh,
 Still unpitied, still unblest.

'Tis thy bliss my wreck to see;
 Love pervades my every sense;
 Joy and hope forbid by thee,
 What, alas! remains for me?
 "Better Faith than Recompense."

Resende's Cancionero is chiefly confined to poets of the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century; and displays the names of seventy-five principal writers; but if we reckon with them those who have only contributed single pieces, we shall find specimens from 150 pens—the reigns of John II. and Emanuel were fertile in troubadours. The Cancionero comprises some devotional Poems; Elegies on the deaths of illustrious persons; some translations from Ovid's "Heroides;" Love Songs (by far the most numerous); *Louvores* or panegyrics; Social Verses, gay *Jeux d'esprit*, like the French *Vers de Societ *, in which, sometimes, a whole company takes part; Epistles to Friends; Satires; and poetical conflicts, in which a question was put as a challenge; such as, whether love that is silent, or love that complains, is the most earnest; and the poetic answerers express their opinions, each trying to surpass the other in the skill of his reply. It must be owned that in these poems there is no great originality, no sublimity, nor much variety—an uniformity of colouring (so to speak) pervades all. This was not the age for high lyric flights, or profound thought; the characteristics are tenderness, a soft melancholy, and an earnest simplicity in the serious poems, and graceful sprightliness in the lighter pieces, and in both, we might add, sweetness of versification, but that can only be appreciated by reading the originals.

Though the contents of the Cancionero are, as we have said, chiefly limited to the era of Resende himself, we must notice an exception—a royal poet who lived in the fourteenth century, King Pedro I. of Portugal, surnamed the "Severe," and "the Justiciary." The salient points of his life form the part of Portuguese history best known to foreigners,—his two unfortunate marriages with Blanche of Castile, and Constance Manuel; his subsequent passionate love for, and secret marriage with, the beautiful Inez de Castro, daughter of a Spanish noble who had fled to Portugal from the tyranny of his own sovereign—the wickedness

and weakness of the King Alfonso IV., persuaded by evil counsellors of bad consequences to arise from the love of Pedro for Inez, whose romantic retreat near Coimbra, the Quinta das Lagrimas, or Villa of Tears, is still pointed out to the traveller by the sympathising Portuguese. There the wedded lovers lived with their children—there was the scene of their happiness and their misery. Pedro was absent at the chase, and Inez sitting by their favourite "Fountain of Love," under the shadow of the noble cedars, when the king, with the barbarous courtiers, Pacheco, Coelho, and Gonzales, broke in upon her, and, reckless of the young and beautiful victim's tears, murdered her with their poignards, in the presence of her screaming children. When the prince hastened, on his return, to greet his beloved Inez, he found her a bleeding corpse stretched by the fountain;* and that fair shining hair, for whose profusion she was celebrated, drenched in its waters, and her little children crying beside her. No wonder that, stung to the soul, he revolted against his unnatural father, and that the reconciliation produced by the queen's mediation was but cold and hollow—no wonder that the death of Alfonso was accelerated by remorse. On his accession to the throne of Portugal, Pedro got possession of two of the murderers, who had taken refuge in Castile: these miserable but guilty men, Gonzales and Coelho, he put to a lingering death with every refinement of torture—Pacheco had effected his escape. Pedro, on the occasion of his coronation, in the Cathedral of Coimbra, caused the corpse of Inez, in the Convent of Santa Clara, to be taken out, after having lain there from 1355 to 1357, dressed in royal robes, and placed on a throne beside him. He publicly swore to the fact of their marriage at Braganza, by a dispensation from Rome, caused her to be proclaimed queen, and crowned as such; and compelled all the nobles to do her corpse homage, and kiss the cold dead hand, jealously watching for any symptom of repugnance. After this ghastly coronation, the body was conveyed by a right royal funeral pro-

cession to the place of regal interment, at the Monastery of Alcobaca, and laid in a tomb, in which her effigy was placed, crowned and in queenly robes. Pedro was afterwards buried beside her. In Kinsey's "Portugal Illustrated," a portrait of Inez is given. The enormous profusion of fair hair, dressed with scattered knots of ribbon, imparts, at first sight, something of a caricatured appearance; but on gazing upon the face, we are struck with the sweetness and innocence of the expression; and the beauty of the countenance grows upon us. The story of Inez de Castro has been always a favourite with the Peninsular Muse: it forms, perhaps, the most beautiful *morceau* in Camoens. Resende celebrated it in his *Trovas*; Ferreira wrote in Portuguese a tragedy on the subject; and the Dominican Bermudez, two others in Spanish, one called "Inez afflicted" (*Nise lastimosa*); the other, "Inez crowned" (*Nise coronada*). Guevara also wrote a Spanish drama, called, "To reign after death" (*Reynar despues de morir*). De la Motte produced on the French stage a bombastic play on the subject; and Mallet a dull English tragedy, "Elvira."

In Resende's Cancionero are given two or three short Cantigas by the unfortunate Pedro (thus we term him, for his temper was soured, and his life overclouded by the dreadful fate of his beloved wife). Though these little poems are without superscription or date, we are warranted in conjecturing them to have been addressed by Pedro to Inez before their marriage, and during the life time of his second wife, Constance. We offer translations of three of them:—

CANTIGA L

When shall my love be blest?
When shall my grief be o'er?
Where shall my fears find rest,
Ne'er to waken more?

Doubt lets not Grief depart;
Fear is still abiding:
Changeful fate checks my heart
From its warm confiding.

Vainly doth Hope bestow
A sunny smile on me;
Ne'er doth my deep love know
Blissful Certainty.

*Some historians, however, say she was murdered at the Convent of Santa Clara at Coimbra, where she had taken refuge; but the general tradition is as above.

CANTIGA II.

Long sigh'd-for Peace! that all my pain
Canst soothingly end,
Hope would not smile on me in vain,
Wert thou my Friend.

Be but my friend! so wilt thou turn
My pain to pleasure;
And for the trials I have borne
Due guerdon measure.

Firm Faith can conquer grief—e'en now
My griefs shall end;
And grim Despair will die, if thou
Wilt be my friend.

CANTIGA III.

First of Earth's Fair! how duly thine
Is the best homage of the heart:
I speak thy name as word divine,
To me the joy of life thou art.

Won by thy worth, thy charms, I give
Thee all my love, so full, so free,
That, self-unloving, now I live,
Forgetting self, to think on thee.

Faith, in thine eyes, doth far outshine
All that Earth's brightest joys impart:
So, my life's wealth! like one divine
I'll shrine thee in my faithful heart.

Alvar do Brito Pestanha is, after King Pedro, one of the oldest writers in the Cancionero. His mother was the nurse of King Alfonso V.; and he himself fought among the king's troops in the skirmish at Alfarrubeira, 1449, when Don Pedro, Duke of Coimbra (father of Donna Philippa de Lancaster) was killed (*see ante*). He wrote several poems, both pathetic and sprightly. Among the former, a long elegy on the death of the Prince Alfonso (son of John II.), who was killed by a fall from his horse (*see ante*). Pestanha was no abject courtier, but a free-spoken man, as the following little epigram will testify. He had requested a favour (apparently a pecuniary reward for service rendered) from the king, and Alfonso referred him to his almoner. But Pestanha declined accepting as alms a favour he thought he had merited in another light, and he tendered the king his refusal in verse, running thus:—

THE ALMS.

'Tis an evident truth that ill-placed disdain
Awakes in the bosom deep qualms;
The man who deserveth a guerdon to gain,
Ne'er brooks to receive it in alms.

We speak of an alms as a spiritual thing—
A boon appertaining to Heaven:
We designate "guerdons" the grants of a
king,
For temporal services given.

This world is vexation; but blessed is he
Whose troubles his pious faith calms;
The man who deserveth well guerdon'd to be,
Seeks not his rewards in an alms.

In an allegory, Pestanha compares a troubled life to a tempestuous sea voyage:—

ALLEGORY.*

Ye lesser griefs, O leave me now!
Leave me to heed my care profound,
Cheerless from port, with labouring prow,
I go, tho' tempests howl around.
Pity is scant, and woes prevail,
To chill my heart—the wild wind's force
Lets me not hoist a helpful sail;
— But rocks and sands beset my course.

On different track from that I would,
I'm forced by fate, 'mid billows' strife:
In anguish, and forlorn of mood,
I soon must lose, or loathe my life.
My life with mortal perils fraught—
My wearied heart is wounded sore;
Alas! to me what ills hath brought
My parting from the peaceful shore.

Along my gloomy voyage I
From peril find no hour of rest;
The storms within my bosom vie
With those that vex the ocean's breast.
With naked mast I'm driven still
On rocks of discord, shoals of care;
While nought avails my heed or skill,
Nor cry for mercy, breath'd in prayer.

I see no glimpse of hope or cheer;
Amid the angry waves' turmoil,
Against the wind and tide to steer,
Incessant at the helm I toil.
No sheltering harbour can I meet;
No man will aid or pity give—
Lone on the deeps, and tempest-beat,
'Mid thousand deaths I, dying, live.

We are inclined to think that, in writing this allegory, Pestanha had in his mind the similar allegory of Horace (book i., ode 14), when, symbolising Rome as a ship, he dissuades the republic from encountering the storms of civil war:—

"O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? O quid agis?" &c.

Don Guterrez Coutinho, son of Don Fernando Coutinho, Marshal of Portugal, is noted in the history of his

* Abridged from the original.

country for his unhappy fate, the consequence of treason. In 1483, the Duke of Viseu, brother to the queen, wife of John II., was flattered by some evil-minded adherents into the belief, that, if the king were removed, the duke could easily succeed to the throne; and, he accordingly, formed a conspiracy against the crown and life of his sovereign. The court, at this time, often left Lisbon, during the summer heats, or in times of sickness, and resided sometimes at Santarem, on the north side of the Tagus; and sometimes at Almeirim, on the south bank, just opposite to Santarem. The duke, during the progress of his plot, lived chiefly in or near Santarem; his principal accessories were the Bishop of Evora, and Don Fernando de Menezes, his brother; Don Pedro d'Albuquerque, and Don Gutierrez Coutinho, with some others. The brother of Gutierrez, Vasco Coutinho, was about to quit the kingdom, on some displeasure he conceived against the king; and Gutierrez, thinking to enlist him for the duke, revealed to him the conspiracy. Vasco's loyalty was shocked at the idea of murdering his sovereign, and, forgetting his own disgusts, he obtained a secret interview, in which he gave John information that saved the monarch's life on more than one occasion, when he would otherwise have fallen into an ambush of the conspirators. The king being at Palmella,* sent for the Duke of Viseu, whom he received in a private room, in the presence of three nobles. What passed was never clearly revealed; but John, whether in the heat of passion, or by pre-determination, plunged a dagger into the heart of his brother-in-law; thus degrading himself from his kingly dignity to become an executioner, if not a murderer. This transaction is a foul blot on the scutcheon of him whom the Portuguese called "The Perfect King." The chiefs of the conspiracy were at once seized. The bishop was thrown into a dry well in the fortress of Palmella, where he is said to have been poisoned.—(Resende's "Chronicle.") Albuquerque was beheaded; as was Fernando de Menezes, the bishop's brother, though it was known he had done all in his

power to dissuade the confederates from their plot. Gutierrez Coutinho, at the earnest entreaty of his brother, Vasco, was admitted into the king's presence to plead his pardon; but he expressed himself so ill, and spoke in such abject terms, that John was disgusted; and though obliged to spare his life, having pledged his royal word to Vasco, he sent Gutierrez to close prison in the castle of Avis,† where he died a violent death (the particulars are unknown), in a year afterwards, (in 1484). We extract from the "Cancionero," two pretty little songs by Gutierrez Coutinho. The first (somewhat irregular in its structure) commemorates some days of happy love that he had spent in the company of the lady of his heart, while the court was at Santarem and Almeirim. From the language, we conjecture, that this desponding and regretful song was written on his return to Santarem, where he became entangled in the conspiracy that proved so fatal to him:—

THE REMINISCENCE.

Fair Santarem, with field and grove!
Proud Almeirim, with towers beset!
Ah! ye remind me of my love,
Whose charms have made me self forget.
O peaceful hours, how have ye fled!
To plunge me in this anxious strife?
O Death! to lay me with thy dead
Why hath not yet thy arrow sped?
Why leave the mourner still in life?
Would that life's end at length I met;
Nor weal, nor woe again to prove:
No more to Mem'ry's vain regret
Should Almeirim recall the love
That made me long myself forget.

CANTIGA II.

Fortune, thou canst make me
Deepest sorrows prove;
But thou canst not shake me
From my constant love.
I may lose the gladness
Sought, ne'er won, by me:
Live in hopeless sadness—
Left of life may be.
Times and scenes may alter;
Earth from its axis move;
But I can never falter
In my constant love.

Francisco de Silveira was grand master of the horse to John II., and

* In Estramadura, five miles from Setubal (St. Ubes).

† Avis, in Alentejo. Vasco Coutinho was created Count of Borba for his loyalty; and subsequently, distinguished himself in battle against the Moors in Africa.

in his official capacity was present at the decapitation of the Duke of Braganza,* at Evora, 1483, the duke having been convicted of a treasonable correspondence with Castile. Silveira attended, richly clad, with his staff of office in his hand, and surrounded by men-at-arms. The poor duke thought him too carefully splendid, and remarked, with some displeasure, "How fine Francisco de Silveira is to-day!" On the occasion of the marriage of the Infanta Isabella, of Castile, with Alfonso, Prince of Portugal, (shortly afterwards killed by a fall from his horse), John II. gave a number of fêtes, and among them a tournament, at which the courtiers appeared with devices and mottos on their shields and banners. The device of Silveira was a number of moons, some full, some decreasing, and his motto was—

"Like these full moons my great misfortunes grow;
But the decreasing orbs my fortunes show."†

The following are specimens of Silveira's Muse:—

CANTIGA.

Sad, O sad, my heart is beating;
Sad, O sad, our lives will be:
Mine for thee in sorrow fleeing—
Say, will *thine* be griev'd for me?

We may mourn in fruitless sorrow
Days we have not, nor again
We from out the past can borrow,
Life's sweet spring-time, lost in vain.

Thus too truly cause for weeping
Henceforth, thro' long years have we—
But for me is *thy* heart keeping
Mournful faith, as mine for thee?

CANTIGA II.

Be blind, mine eyes! so best I'll brook
Her loss whom I no more may see:
Be blind! since ye may never look
On her, once wont your bliss to be.
Be blind! me needs no more employ
Your powers, ye cannot yield me joy;
For she who thrall'd ye needs ye not—
My love, your homage, scorn'd, forgot.

Then, eyes, be blind! so best I'll bear
The loss of her so lov'd by me;
What need ye sight?—ye may not dare
In her again your bliss to see.

Ayres Telles de Menezes was a faithful servant and especial favourite of John II.; he was one of the persons present at that monarch's death in 1495; on the loss of a master, to whom

he was strongly attached, he renounced not only the court, but also the world, and became a monk. The following is one of his contributions to the "Cancionero":—

CANTIGA.

When to the heart, oft wounded sore,
Fresh sorrow comes, a blight to cast,
It feels as if reviv'd once more
Are all the griefs it deem'd were past.

Calls it to memory back again
Some joy that once too quickly flew?
Remembrance only yields it pain
Exceeding all the bliss it knew.

E'en when its griefs on parting wing
Have fled, no rest that heart can know;
For some new pang again can bring
The past reviv'd in present woe.

Louis Henriquez, of a noble family, distinguished himself as a brave officer in the wars in Africa, during the reigns of John II. and Emanuel. The "Cancionero" contains three long poems of his—an elegy on the death of John II.; another on the fatal accident and sudden death of King John's son, the Prince Alfonso, written in Spanish; and a narrative of the taking of Azamor (a seaport in Morocco) by Diogo (or James), Duke of Braganza, in 1513. There are also several minor poems of Henriquez, both in Spanish and Portuguese. One of the latter we translate:—

OBLIVION.

Lethe, when shall I drink thy stream!
Thenceforth remembering never
Past joy—past like a fleeted dream—
Lost hopes—all lost for ever!

O could it be! my woe to weal
Would change, ere rose the morrow;
It may not be—and I must feel
Past pleasures turned to sorrow.

Had I ne'er known, in better years,
Joys I too fondly cherish'd,
Remembrance would not now, with tears,
Recall how soon they perish'd.

In concluding this paper, we would observe, that we believe none of the poems herein translated have ever before appeared in English. In fact, they are rare, and are not noticed either by Bouterwek or Sismondi, excepting that the commencement of the old lay of "Oriana" is quoted, and much misprinted, in Bouterwek's work on Portuguese literature.

M. E. M.

* Not the duke who was the enemy of his half-brother, Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, but his grandson, Ferdinand, third duke of Braganza.

† See Resende's "Chronicle."

HANNA'S LIFE OF CHALMERS.

IN our Review* of Hanna's "Life of Chalmers," we brought down the narrative to the first appearance of the great Scottish preacher in a London pulpit.

On the 14th of May, 1817, Dr. Chalmers preached in Surrey Chapel the anniversary sermon for the London Missionary Society.

His fame had gone before him. Although the service was not to commence till eleven o'clock, the crowd began to gather from almost day-break. "At seven in the morning the chapel was crowded to excess, and many thousands went off for want of room." The text was 1st Corinthians, xiv. 22-25—"Tongues are for a sign not to them that believe, but to them that believe not: but prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe. If, therefore, the whole church be come together into one place, and all speak with tongues, and there come in those that are unlearned, or unbelievers, will they not say that ye are mad? But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in ye of a truth." The singularity of the text—its length—the difficulty of anticipating from it the proper subject of the coming discourse—the preacher's northern accent—the weakness of his voice in the first few sentences, and its apparent unmanageableness, fixed the attention as fully as if all this had been but some device of the skill of an accomplished artist directed to that especial purpose. It is not too much to say that the general feeling was a fear of disappointment. Expectation, it was apprehended, had been strained too high. It was remembered by those who came to admire, that great allowance after all must be made for provincial exaggeration, and that all which had hitherto been heard of Chalmers's great

powers was but the echo—multiplied and varied it might be—still but the echo of the praises of his own countrymen—a people not slow to believe in each other's merits. The temper of the audience at this moment appears to have been that of doubt; but this was soon overcome, and, before many minutes, that strong, universal, earnest sympathy which Chalmers, above all men, commanded—extorting it as a right from the most reluctant—was everywhere, through that vast assemblage, the one only feeling. In the front of the gallery seats had been reserved for "ministers and students of theology," to the number of two or three hundred. This must have been one of the best positions both for hearing and seeing; and from the notes of a person who occupied one of those seats, Dr. Hanna's account of the scene is drawn. It is this informant who speaks of the first feeling of disappointment—who speaks of the voice "gradually expanding in strength, reaching every part of the house, and commanding universal attention." We are told that, often at "the close of many of his long and well-turned periods there was a visible rustling throughout the audience as if stopping to take breath." A scene not unlike what we may suppose to occur in Continental churches, interrupted and relieved the strained attention which the discourse demanded and received. It was and, we believe, is the practice in Roman Catholic churches, at a particular part of the discourse, to call upon the audience to join in one of the prayers of that church. Some rhetorical skill was required to introduce this gracefully, and with real or seeming reference to the subject of the discourse, so that the introduction of what must have been a great relief to both preacher and hearers might appear not unnatural. The effect which the French preachers labour to produce, here occurred almost accidentally. Towards the middle of his discourse he sank fatigued—exhausted by "the violence

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXXV., p. 634, May, 1850; and Vol. XXXVIII., p. 672, Dec., 1861.

of his action," and he sat down. While he rested, some verses of a hymn were sung, accompanied, as usual, with the organ. He then rose and continued his sermon. It was an hour and a-half in delivery, and, thus relieved, was not too long. "Old Rowland Hill stood the whole time at the foot of the pulpit, gazing on the preacher with great earnestness, and whenever any sentiment was uttered which met his approval, signifying his assent by a gentle nod of the head and an expressive smile." Mr. Smith, whom our readers remember as accompanying Dr. Chalmers on his journey to England, wrote to Glasgow, describing this sermon as surpassing anything that Chalmers had before done. From where he sat he had a full view of the whole place. "The carrying forward of minds was never so visible to me: a constant assent of the head from the whole people accompanied all his paragraphs, and the breathlessness of expectation permitted not the beating of a heart to agitate the stillness." Smith's letter, as is natural, dwells on the honours paid to Chalmers in men of rank and distinction seeking introductions to him. All this is passed away; is now, though it could not be then, a matter of indifference. Even the effect of the sermons which he preached, embodied, as they are, in his printed works, and producing their permanent effect in a different way, pleasant as it is to have it recorded, must not delay us now. We are told that the Rev. Doctor Manuel said, the desire felt by all classes—but particularly the higher classes of society—to hear him was extreme, exceeding almost all precedent. We must be forgiven if we say, that we feel not the slightest curiosity to know who the Rev. Doctor Manuel was or is; and that Chalmers, becoming the fashion in this way, is a matter to us of the purest indifference; that such triumphs have been won by the very meanest order of intellect. "The Doctor has come off with great *eclat*. Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Elgin, and all the *litterati* were at the church on Thursday last. To-morrow will be a day of much expectation." This is Smith's account. Manuel tells us of that next day—"Among his auditors were a number of the most distinguished

clergy of the Church of England, several peers, many members of Parliament, the Lord Mayor of the city, and literary characters of all classes and denominations." A triumph, no doubt; but such triumphs as Newman, and Dodd, and Wiseman, and a hundred others, have obtained, and every day obtain. Still it was something to have Mackintosh present; and on one occasion, at least, Canning was affected to tears. It was when hearing a discourse in which occurred a beautiful passage descriptive of the Irish character. Canning is said to have been repelled by Chalmers's accent; and in some reference to this first prejudice against him was the language of his praise shaped. "The tartan," said he, "beats us all."

When Chalmers, a few years before, had been invited from his peaceful retirement at Kilmany, to undertake the duties of a populous parish in Glasgow, his eldest brother James—"of whom Chalmers always spoke as the cleverest of his family"—strongly dissuaded him from accepting the proposed exchange. "Think better of the business," he said, "before you accept any nonsense that may be offered." The proposed increase of income was, he thought, not unlikely to be deceptive, as being probably accompanied with a still greater increase of expense. Time, hitherto allotted to study or domestic society, would probably be encroached on by engagements and interruptions alien from all his tastes and habits. "Take into account," he added, "the effect that a sudden change from a quiet country life to the din and bustle of a great city is likely to have upon you; and how far you think you can relish the formal and empty ceremonious *fa la la* of refinement, when compared to the honest but humble society to which you have been accustomed at Kilmany. . . . If you accept this offer, you sacrifice your comfort and happiness for ever—you will have no time for study—you will be deprived of all the comforts of a home, for you will be continually carried down a current of formal visits, and complimentary calls and invitations, and *botherations* of all kinds." We like this honest and wise man far better than any one else with whom

Dr. Hanna's book brings us acquainted. There can be no doubt that every word we have quoted found a response in Chalmers' heart of hearts; still, that he was urged on by an imperious sense of duty, to avail himself of what seemed to him increased means of usefulness, is a fact of which we entertain no doubt whatever—and by his own estimate of his duties must each man be judged, if we exercise just judgment, although we cannot but feel that his brother's was the truer view of the case. Brilliant as, almost beyond example, was the course which his biographer has now to record, there is no one of the more valuable truths which he succeeded in impressing on society, that was not elaborated in his study at St. Andrews or his walks at Kilmany. Great, wonderfully great, as he was as a preacher, there is no one of these truths calculated to produce any permanent effect, which, after all, has not been communicated rather through its after circulation, by means of the press, than through his own impassioned recitation. Whether, however, James was right or wrong in his fears of the result of his brother being drawn from his quiet home to the glare and bustle of public life, we have a curious proof of how perfectly in earnest he was in his advice—

"Amid all this excitement, which, of course, would be greatest among Dr. Chalmers's own countrymen, there was at least one Scotchman in London who continued quite unmoved. His own brother James never once went to hear him preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him; for the stir created had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house. 'Well,' said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of his relationship, 'have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?' 'Yes,' said James, somewhat drily, 'I have heard him.' 'And what did you think of him?' 'Very little, indeed,' was the reply. 'Dear me!' said the astonished inquirer, '*when* did you hear him?' 'About half-an-hour after he was born.'"—*Vol. ii. p. 101.*

Chalmers was himself disgusted and overwheated by London—its excitement and its crowds; before coming up he had written to James—"I pronounce London to be intolerable; I have had to issue a whole swarm of refusals to your London applications; and though I mean to be there in May,

yet I believe that the insufferable urgency of the place will drive me away from it so soon as I have liquidated my engagements to two societies." And away from it he was driven. He came to town only on the eve of the day on which he was to preach his first sermon, and left it on the day following that on which his last was delivered. On their return, they visited Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Ryde, East and West Town, Gosport, Southampton, Salisbury, Warminster, Bath, and Bristol. They got into South Wales; and, from Brecon, a letter of Smith's tells of how they had been received by Sir George Grey, Commissioner of the Admiralty—"Lady Grey, in point of Christian excellence, is deemed in this country to be second only to Mr. Wilberforce." At Bath and Bristol they passed through, not without distinctions which people are delighted to give to notabilities of whatever kind. They saw Hannah More, and heard Foster preach. "Foster was, beyond all expectation, marvellous." In Wales, they saw all that other people see; but the journal has, we are not sorry for it, been lost. They then went to the lakes.

At Liverpool swarms of Scotch clustered round Chalmers—"Kindnesses were overwhelming." There was breakfasting and dining with Mr. Gladstone, seeing lions, &c. At last the Doctor got tired and sick—sent Smith and Mrs. Chalmers home, and took his ease in his inn, at Douglas Mill. "Taking his ease," does not express the thought, for he had to write his next Sunday's sermon, and it was now Thursday. On his return to Glasgow, he received a letter from Robert Hall, proving, had we no other record of it, the great impression his preaching had produced in England.

We have Chalmers now in Glasgow; and we feel him more himself here than among the English saints and sinners. We have him now in the work-day world, in scenes which there are no countesses to witness—among duties which he has none of his fashionable auditors disposed to share. The domestic visitation of his parishioners is one of the most important duties of the Scottish clergyman; in addition to frequent occasional visits, there is a solemn annual circuit, in which each house is entered by the parish minister, and the condition of the family as to education,

and the habits of each member of it as to church attendance, are ascertained. This was a duty that at all times, from his earliest time of service as a clergyman, Chalmers carefully performed. In a country parish it would have presented no very serious difficulty; but in towns where so many duties of so many kinds are thrown on the clergyman, it seemed impossible that it could be effectually accomplished, and so it became altogether disused. To this disuse Chalmers ascribed much of the degradation and vice in which vast masses of the city population lived; and to the clergyman's domestic visitation of the parish, he ascribed the fact, that through the country districts of Scotland, the education of every young person was secured; and to this also he ascribed the regularity with which church was attended by all. He saw no reason why in cities something of the same kind might not be accomplished through the same or similar means: and, strong in faith and hope, undeterred by the repulsive nature of the duty and its forbidding aspect, he determined to make the visitation of his parish. In the country districts, we believe that there is a religious exercise in each house; that the minister prays with the family. It would have been plainly impossible to execute his proposed task of visiting each house within any reasonable time, had Chalmers attempted this in a parish where the population was probably 12,000. His plan was to ask a few questions as to education and church attendance, to note down the circumstances of each case, and pass to the next house. An attending elder announced the school-house, or other apartment in the neighbourhood, where a discourse would, in some few days after, be preached for the inhabitants of the district.

The result of his investigation was what might have been anticipated. Numbers had no seats in any places of worship, and, on religious subjects, the ignorance was "deep and universal." In his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, many years after, he mentioned, that when first appointed to the Tron Church, in Glasgow, he felt it necessary to withdraw altogether from any share in the management of its pauperism. The clergy are made trustees of a number of charities left by benevolent individuals, and when Chalmers first came to Glasgow, he

was surprised at the unexpected welcome he met wherever he went. He was unacquainted with the fact that he had any influence in the distribution of these charities, and, at first, thought that the kindly welcome proceeded from the same feelings which delighted him in the cordiality of his Kilmany parishioners, where—we are, we own, surprised at the fact—"the subject of their temporal necessities was scarcely ever mentioned." We suppose Dr. Chalmers must have meant never mentioned, as what he could be expected directly or indirectly to relieve; for we think that the mention of their actual circumstances, whether prosperous or the reverse, could not but have been a subject of communication between the people and their minister. In Glasgow, when Chalmers gave the people to understand that he had nothing whatever to do with the distribution of their charity funds, and that his visits were purely for the purpose of Christian instruction, the cordiality between them became greater, and "refined in its principle. Of the ten thousand entries I have made into the houses of the poor in Glasgow, I cannot recollect half-a-dozen instances in which I was not received with welcome."

He thus swept away, at once and for ever, all this most troublesome class of business. He relieved his path from mendicancy in its most annoying form, when it has not alone the pretence but the reality of right; when, had he incumbered himself with the trust of distributing those alms of others, he must have entered into discussions of relative claims, which would have, most injuriously for himself, and the better class of his parishioners, and even for the recipients of those alms, frittered away his whole time. One vigorous effort enabled him to get rid of this class of business, which, so strangely and differently is the human mind constituted, has its attractions for many benevolent persons. It was not, however, in his power, by any private remonstrance, or by anything within his single power, to get rid of the numberless applications, distracting his whole time, which the habits of the place created, throwing every duty, which was no one else's, on the clergyman. The fact is, that in Scotland, and, perhaps, too much everywhere, the importance of an educated clergy is not sufficiently

felt, or the clergy could not anywhere be made so much the mere machinery by which purposes of the State, or of individuals—and purposes often wholly unconnected with any seeming relation to their proper duties—are thrust on them. Chalmers did the bold thing of bringing the matter before the public in a very eloquent sermon; when the evil was felt—we wish we could say fully felt—he was assisted by the appointment of a body of elders, to whom these duties were, in a great measure, transferred.

By a system of Sunday schools—"Sabbath Evening Schools"—he sought to break down the dense ignorance with which he was everywhere surrounded. The task was a difficult one. The several masters—good-natured and active, and cordial fellow-workers with Chalmers, as they were—had each of them his theory, and his crotchet, and his nostrum. One man knew human nature, and he—we almost think the man was born to be Premier of England, and was dealing with men as prime ministers have pretty often dealt—found one boy, so idle, restless, and mischievous, that he was afraid he would have to put him away, when the thought occurred to him to give him an office. He put, accordingly, all the candles of the school under his care. From that hour, he was an altered boy, and became a diligent scholar. "Another of the masters had his way of dealing with rebellious natures." He went to the school; told them he would punish all idlers and disturbers, and he opened the evening's work with prayer. He watched, as well as prayed, and soon saw one young rascal give another a dig in the side. "I instantly," he tells us, "stepped forward, and gave him a sound cuff on the side of his head. I never spoke a word, but stepped back, concluded the prayer, taught for a month, and never had a more orderly school."

Some experience of the working of the schools led Chalmers to unite the children of several families of the same locality in one school, and it was made the duty of the master to go to the children, to get them to attend the particular school. Under the old system, which did not confine the children to the schools of their own locality, Chalmers had to preach to about one hundred children—under the new, to

not less than twelve hundred. Much of his after plans of Church extension was derived from what was now suggested in his arrangements for these schools.

In the year 1817, Chalmers threw into something of distinct form his thoughts on pauperism, in a paper for the *Edinburgh Review*. While he was engaged with this subject, he left Glasgow to visit his father, who was unwell, and at his age any illness was serious. The visit was interrupted by a letter—received on Saturday, the 16th of November—which announced the death of the Princess Charlotte, and that it was resolved by the magistrates of Glasgow that services should be in all the churches of the city on the day fixed for the burial at Windsor—the following Wednesday. "On Monday he posted from Kirkaldy to Queensferry, got an outside seat on the Edinburgh Mail, arrived in Glasgow between five and six o'clock on Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday forenoon preached one of his most brilliant discourses, composed during the intervals and after the exhaustion of this rapid and fatiguing journey." An accidental circumstance compelled the immediate publication of this sermon, against Chalmers's wish, who found that the publication of single sermons, or pamphlets of any kind, was ineffective for almost any purpose, unless pains are taken for the circulation—which no author can take, and no publisher will. One of the newspapers of the day asserted that a passage in the sermon was written with some party purpose. The imputation was one that Chalmers thought might safely be disregarded, but friends, who at first had believed the newspaper interpretation, and who, on reading the sermon in manuscript, saw how wholly without foundation it was, insisted on the publication of the sermon. Chalmers took occasion, in the discourse, to dwell on the connection between "the political interests and the religious character of a country." He went into details, showing how the population had in great cities wholly outgrown the means provided for their instruction, and illustrated this by the case of Glasgow, where, though the population had been quadrupled, only two new churches had been built during a period of a hundred years; and where, in many districts, two-thirds of the adult popu-

lation had cast off the "very form and profession of Christianity." Chalmers's remedy for the evil was the building of more churches and the appointment of more ministers. When he published the sermon he added an appendix, going into more precise statements than would have been possible from the pulpit, and he answered such objections as had been advanced against his plan. Among these, the authority of Adam Smith had given formidable weight to that which rested on the proposition, that religious instruction should be left, like any article of merchandise, to be regulated by the demand and supply. When answers to an unwelcome proposition are wanted rather than reasons, these semi-scientific phrases become popular watch-words. Solicitation from without is conveniently silenced, and any misgivings from within appeased. Chalmers showed the inapplicability of the maxim to the particular case to which it was sought to be applied. This was a case where, instead of a demand being created by the want, the very contrary was the fact—here the demand lessened as the necessity increased. Dr. Hanna states that this argument was first advanced by Chalmers, and that it was first brought forward by him in the appendix to this sermon. He complains that, when the same line of reasoning was afterwards used by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, Chalmers was not referred to as originating it. The thought seems so obvious, that we do not think it very unlikely it should have occurred to each of these great men without either being indebted to the other, as Dr. Hanna supposes.

At this period of which we speak, Chalmers's popularity as a preacher was at the highest. Dr. Hanna thinks it probable that now, when Chalmers was in the full vigour of his life—his thirty-seventh year, and in the Tron Church at Glasgow, were witnessed far the most wonderful exhibitions of his power as a pulpit orator:—

"The Tron Church contains, if I mistake not," says the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, who, as frequently as he could, was a hearer in it, 'about 1,400 hearers, according to the ordinary allowance of seat-room; when crowded, of course, proportionally more. And, though I cannot attempt any pictorial sketch of the place, I may, in a sentence or two, present you with a few touches of the scene which I

have, more than once or twice, witnessed within its walls. Not that it was at all peculiar; for it resembled every other scene where the Doctor, in those days, when his eloquence was in the prime of its vehemence and splendour, was called to preach. There was one particular, indeed, which rendered such a scene, in a city like Glasgow, peculiarly striking. I refer to the *time* of it. To see a place of worship, of the size mentioned, crammed above and below, on a *Thursday forenoon*, during the busiest hours of the day, with fifteen or sixteen hundred hearers, and these of all descriptions of persons, in all descriptions of professional occupation—the busiest, as well as those who had most leisure on their hands—those who had least to spare taking care so to arrange their business engagements previously as to *make time* for the purpose—all pouring in through the wide entrance at the side of the Tron steeple, half-an-hour before the time of service, to secure a seat; or content, if too late for this, to occupy, as many did, standing-room. This was, indeed, a novel and strange sight. Nor was it once merely, or twice; but, month after month, the day was calculated when his turn to preach again was to come round, and anticipated, with even impatient longing, by multitudes.

"Suppose the congregation thus assembled—pews filled with sitters, and aisles, to a great extent, with standers. They wait in eager expectation. The preacher appears. The devotional exercises of praise and prayer having been gone through, with unaffected simplicity and earnestness, the entire assembly set themselves for the *treat*, with feelings very diverse in kind, but all eager and intent. There is a hush of dead silence. The text is announced, and he begins. Every countenance is up—every eye bent, with fixed intentness, on the speaker. As he kindles the interest grows. Every breath is held—every cough is suppressed—every fidgetty movement is settled—every one, rivetted himself by the spell of the impassioned entrancing eloquence, knows how sensitively his neighbour will resent the very slightest disturbance. Then, by-and-bye, there is a pause. The speaker stops—to gather breath—to wipe his forehead—to adjust his gown, and purposely too, and wisely, to give the audience, as well as himself, a moment or two of relaxation. The moment is embraced—there is free breathing—suppressed coughs get vent—postures are changed—there is a universal stir, as of persons who could not have endured the constraint much longer—the preacher bends forward—his hand is raised—all is again hushed. The same stillness and strain of unrelaxed attention is repeated, more intent still, it may be, than before, as the interest of the subject and of the speaker advance. And so, for perhaps four or five times, in the course of a sermon, there is the *relaxation*, and the "*at it again*," till the final winding up.

"And *then*, the moment the last word was uttered, and followed by the—"let us pray," there was a scene for which no excuse or palliation can be pleaded, but the fact of its having been to many a matter of difficulty, in the morning of a week-day, to accomplish the abstraction of even so much of their time from business—the closing prayer completely drowned by the hurried rush of large numbers from the aisles and pews to the door; an unseemly scene, without doubt, as if so many had come to the house of God, not to worship, but simply to enjoy the fascination of human eloquence. Even this much it was a great thing for eloquence to accomplish. And how diversified soever the motives which drew so many together, and the emotions awakened and impressions produced by what was heard—though, in the terms of the text of one of his most overpoweringly-stirring and faithful appeals, he was to not a few "as one that had a pleasant voice, and could play well on an instrument"—yet there is abundant proof that, in the highest sense, "his labour was not in vain in the Lord:" that the truths which, with so much fearless fidelity and impassioned earnestness, he delivered, went, in many instances, farther than the ear, or even the intellect—that they reached the heart, and, by the power of the Spirit, turned it to God."—Vol. ii. pp. 148-51.

Chalmers's father died this year; the event occasioned several letters among the members of the family, among which those of Chalmers to James are the most interesting. James seems to have been an exceedingly honest fellow, not very prosperous; loving Scotland, yet a little—rather not a little—impatient of the visits of any particular Scotchman; a religious man, yet avoiding all professors of saintship—wrong, no doubt, but not far wrong. James was, as we have said, the eldest of the family; he had left his father's house early. Losses and disappointments in mercantile life made him resolve never again to enter business on his own account, and he left Liverpool, where he had first sought to plant himself, and settled in London, as clerk in an extensive firm. His changed circumstances at first made him avoid his Scotch friends, and he employed his acute mind in finding reasons to justify this. When his relatives, however, found him out, his reception of them was hospitable.

In 1815, a son of James's—his only son—died, and this led to a correspondence between him and Thomas, that appears to have been continued at uncertain intervals. From these letters

we give a few sentences. In no other way can James's character be exhibited. In one, dated 1818, James complains of a print of Chalmers, affixed to some of his works:—

"I believe I mentioned to you, some time since, that some of the printsellers had executed a figure intended to represent you, which they had, in fact, bound up with some of your works, which is a most disgraceful thing; and I would really beg of you to get a correct, and rather flattering miniature taken of yourself, so as to give the lie to these catch-penny things, who have so completely bungled you in this kind of way; for by binding up, and selling with your works, this ugly thing, you are handed down to posterity as one of the most frightful looking figures that ever existed."—Vol. ii. p. 425.

In another letter, replying to Chalmers, who spoke of his unwillingness to obtrude on him what he says, "You may feel to be my offensive peculiarities;" James denies that he feels them offensive, and adds—"You are much mistaken if you think that I am at all indifferent to the subject" of religion:—

"You seem to have misunderstood my hit, as you term it, at the sainthood. I do assure you, I mean no disrespect whatever to that most useful and respectable set of men; on the contrary, I am fully sensible of their value and importance to society, though, at the same time, I do confess there may be some of their opinions and ways that I do not approve. You seem, also, to have a notion that I do not hold with the sentiments and precepts of the Bible; but in this you are also much mistaken. It is my wish to make the Bible the rule of my faith and conduct. I know no other religion than that of believing in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and endeavouring to frame my life according to their precepts. I do not hold with what is called religious intercourse; it is a matter entirely between God and my own heart. I hold no communication whatever with man upon the subject, except that of hearing the Word preached; for I have often found that religion has been made a cloak for the worst of crimes: and I firmly believe that there is more wickedness practised under its mask than in any other way. And I do confess that, when I observe a man take any out-of-the-way pains to convince the world that he is a religionist, I view him with a most suspicious eye. Their notions of sin I cannot say I altogether hold with. It appears to be a great sin for a man to pull a weed or two out of his garden on a Sunday, but it is

not a sin to break in upon a family on the Sabbath evening, and then sit two or three hours scandalising the whole neighbourhood. It is a heinous and crying sin for a man to express his indignation at wickedness or injustice by an oath. I do not mean to justify the crime of profane swearing, but I mean to say that swearing is an open, and, if I may use the expression, an honest sin. It tells at once for itself. It exposes fully to the world its own deformity by its own act. But a man may be guilty, and in the daily practice of all the other sins, to the very latest hour of his existence, and not be found out; and he retains to his last breath the character of an upright, religious, and honest man. Now, we often find it to be men of this very description who are the strictest religionists, whose very light is darkness who are the tithe-payers of mint, &c., and neglect the weightier matters, and who go about hawking it from house to house, leading astray silly women, &c. You never will hear me speak disrespectfully of religion, but you may of those who profess and practise it, *though I am far from entertaining opinions of this kind of the generality of professors.* I am a member of no sect: I am only an occasional hearer. I commune with none but God and my own heart.

“JAMES CHALMERS.”

—Vol. ii. pp. 426-8.

In a letter of April, 1819, we see some reason to fear that his apprehension of Scottish bores was becoming a sort of disease. We begin to tremble for the intellect “of the most sensible of the family”:

“I have been most cruelly hampered and annoyed by Scotch borements, and it really begins to assume the appearance of a sort of systematic persecution. . . . It is the tremendous train that is always at their rear, and the set they are sure either to bring with them, or send after them, that frightens me at Scotch visits. What, for instance, could be more pleasant to us than to have either Charles or Alexander up for a week or so, during the summer, to look about them, were it not for that vile system of introductions, that incurable Scotch disease, of making you acquainted with all their acquaintances. It is really carried to such an unreasonable pitch, that I am afraid to approach even so near as to write a letter; and I dare say Sandy has thought it strange that I never answered the letter he wrote me when Jane was married. It would give me great pleasure to see some little reform in the manners customs, and propensities of my countrymen. You take a deal of pains with the savages abroad, but you never think of those at home; the one, I do assure you, want civilizing as much as the other.

“JAMES CHALMERS.”

—Vol. ii. pp. 429-30.

Chalmers answers him with good sense and good feeling:—

“In your complaints about Scottish obtrusiveness, you go completely beyond the sympathy and understanding of all your friends in this quarter. I am convinced that if you subjected the matter to a calculation of the real time that it has taken away from you, you would be astonished to find how perfect a bagatelle you had made a bugbear of, and allowed to disturb you. At all events, it is easy, I apprehend, to protect yourself from people whose society you do not like, without such a tremendous expense of discomfort and uneasiness to yourself. The brooding over it, I am thoroughly convinced, creates ten times more of real suffering than the whole matter of the annoyance itself would, and that without practically helping on your deliverance. It really appears to me, that you have a morbid excess of feeling about the whole of this matter—insomuch, that the very appearance of a Scotchman in your street is enough to light up a war of apprehension within you.”—Vol. ii. p. 430.

There is a very amusing letter, dated so late as March, 1836, in which James's character is very favourably exhibited. He now felt more calmly as to his countrymen, and even thought of visiting Scotland. He wrote to his sister Jane. He tells her, he is always thinking of receiving a letter from Anster; that it is now nine years since he had a letter. “I am always fond of hearing Anster news, either about the people or the improvements of the place.” He complains, however, of the Scottish habit of invitations—“impressment,” he calls it:—

“An invitation, according to my notion of the thing, ought only to occur once in a man's whole life, and it should run thus:—“Whenever you come my way, I shall always be glad to see you.” What a comfort it would be if they would only confine themselves to that, and if my good sister Jane, for instance, when she first came to live in England, had just told me that, leaving the rest to me, and suffering me to be the judge of my own convenience and time, I really think I should have visited her long before this and often; but the incessant whipping, and spurring, and driving, and you must, and you shall, and I'll take it very ill if you don't, and I insist upon it, and I'll take no denial, and I can see nothing to hinder you—why, it is enough to frighten a poor creature like me almost out of his wits. Invitation, invitation, rattling and reeling, and ringing in one's ears everlastingly, as if a man could have no enjoyment beyond that

of guzzling and drinking; and the worst of all is, that they won't believe what you say; for surely, if I tell a man that I like a bowl of kirk milk better than a bowl of punch, he ought to believe me—but no; he likes the punch best himself, and I must like it too, and *ne'er a drop* of kirk milk will be given me. It is, indeed, a great failing in the Scotch, that they cannot, or will not, admit it possible that a person can have likes or dislikes, or feelings different from their own, and they even go so far as to think they have a right to sport with the feelings of another, merely because they have not the same themselves, which shows either a great cruelty, or a great want of knowledge of the world; but things, I now hope, are in a fair train of amendment, and that nothing now exists to impede the glorious work of reformation in the manners of the people, or to obstruct the impressment, and asking-twice system, from being rooted out and annihilated; and then, I hope, a good downright and straightforward “no” to an invitation will cease to be considered an insult or breach of manners, and that I can enjoy the luxury of a visit to Scotland in safety and comfort, and be suffered to look about me, in my own way, when and where I please, without being laid hold of, and dragged away against my will to the beastly guzzlement. Now, in all this I do not mean to say anything against, or in the smallest degree to find fault with, real hospitality. Far from it. Hospitality is highly commendable and praiseworthy, when properly exercised. All I mean to say is, that the Scotch overdo it, and carry it beyond its proper bounds, by their system of impressment; for surely they ought to allow the object of it to have a say in the matter, without cramming it down his throat whether he will or not. Now, you see what a grand sermon I have written to you, and I hope you will seriously consider it, and come in to it, and profit by it, for sure I am that the great Dr. Chalmers never wrote such a sermon in his days; but, after all, I begin to think I am getting too old now to go to any distance from home, and it is many years since I had a journey of any kind, for as people get into years, their tastes and enjoyments undergo great changes.

“I was just thinking, the other day, of some few curious particulars relating to myself, which may not be unamusing to you were I to state them. It is very near forty-seven years since I first left Scotland, and nearly thirty-five since I was in it at all. I have not been in a Mason's Lodge since the present century commenced. It is upwards of thirty-two years since I was on horseback. It is thirty-two years since I heard a minister of the Established Church of Scotland preach. It is twenty-three years since I saw the sea. It is sixteen years since I was at a greater distance from London than eight miles. And I have not now a single relation living upon the face of the earth whose house I ever was in in my life. Now, I am

sure, you cannot complain, for I have written you a long letter of highly important intelligence.”—Vol. ii. pp. 434-6.

James had been bred up to good habits of business, and strong feelings of Toryism. He kept regular accounts of his expenses, and a story is told of his finding, at the end of a year, that his expenses exceeded by a penny the statement in his book. To set this right, and ascertain where the error in the accounts was, cost him weeks of calculation. At last, crossing one of the London bridges, he was reminded that he had crossed it some twelve months before—and paid the toll of a penny which he forgot entering into his book. The inroad made on the Constitution by the Reform Bill was one deeply felt by James. In his despair for the country, he renounced public life, and gave notice to the collector of assessed taxes that he would not pay his taxes till after a certain day, adding, that his sole object in the refusal was to render himself ineligible to be registered as a voter—“for I happen to be one of those who do not consider the privilege (if it may be so called), to be worth the shilling you charge for it; neither do I feel myself competent to judge of the fitness of a person to serve in Parliament, and, therefore, leave my share of it to the more enlightened.”

One of the important advantages of travel is, that we thus learn the value of home; and one of the great uses of reading the biography of men, whom the public has a right to regard as its own, is, that when we see them apart from their public ministrations, we find the highest powers often—most often—united with the utmost simplicity of manners—the most perfect and entire enjoyment of what would seem the humblest sources of pleasure. We have Chalmers, after some of his brilliant discourses, and on the same day, perhaps, that he has written down one of those short, devotional utterances, so many of which are given us by Dr. Hanna, in which he prays to be saved from the sin of attaching too much value to personal distinction, we have him writing, in characters like print, to be more easily read, and in words, few of which are of more than two syllables, a letter to a child of six years old. Read the letter—we have not room for it—it is in Dr. Hanna's second volume, and you will see that every word, every thought of it, passed through his heart;

that it speaks a genuine nature—not a man playing make-believe with a child, but a man himself—

“Docile, child-like, full of faith and love.”

We must give a sentence from one of these letters:

“I came to Kirkcaldy yesternight, and slept in uncle Sandy's new house; and this day, before dinner, I married Sandy to Aunt Helen, and her name is no longer Miss Pratt, but Mistress Chalmers. We had nobody at the marriage but Grandpapa Pratt and Grandmama Pratt, and Miss Willis, and the servant. Grandpapa Pratt was dressed in a red coat and gold buttons, like a soldier. There is a very curious custom here, that when people are married the boys get money for buying a foot-ball to play with. After dinner there came one set of boys and got three shillings; then there came other boys, rapping at the door, and they got three shillings; then, after that, there came more boys still, and they also got three shillings. However, when other boys came, making a great noise, and calling out through the key-hole, “Oh, Doctor, if you please, give us a foot-ball,” we thought that we had given away enough of money, and would give no more; so they ran off, and huzzad upon the street. And I will write mamma afterwards how we got home from Grandpapa Pratt's house to the new house of Uncle Sandy.

“Be a good girl. Papa loves you; God loves you. Papa sends you a letter, and tells you a number of things, but the great use of a letter from papa is to tell you to be good. God has also sent you a letter, and that letter is the Bible; and the Bible tells you many things about kings and prophets, and wars, and families; but the great use of the Bible is to make you good.”—Vol. ii. p. 411.

Of Dr. Hanna's book some of the interesting passages are those that describe Chalmers with his father's family, before the old people had been removed; but for any of these passages we have not space, nor are they susceptible of abridgment.

A new sphere of duty now offered to Chalmers. He had been solicited to undertake the charge of a church in Edinburgh, which he declined. The Professorship of Moral Philosophy became vacant in St. Andrews, and this he accepted. This was in 1822.

Dr. Hanna institutes a comparison between the lectures of Dr. Chalmers during his first session in St. Andrews, and Dr. Brown's first session in Edinburgh. There is little resemblance further than this—that both were diffuse and rapid writers, and both were thrown on the same kind of duty with

little antecedent preparation. Chalmers, who had to lecture every day for months, was often but a day or two in advance of his class; still he did write so as to have the matter which he was to deliver prepared a day or two before its delivery. Chalmers's, however, was day-work. His evenings were given to his family, and his nights to restorative sleep. Brown's was, like Chalmers's, the pen of a ready writer; but he worked at night, and often sat up through the night to prepare the lecture of the following day. We do not think that either will be found to have added very much to science, or even to the popular literature of the subject; neither, certainly, can be placed as high as Stewart or Reid. Neither can be said to approach Sir William Hamilton; though we believe higher claims have been and are made for both. But the best lecturers are not those who make additions to existing knowledge. The best test of a good lecturer in such an institution as a Scottish University, is his exciting his class to feel an interest in the subject on which he treats; and in this Chalmers was eminently successful. In his first lecture he warned off the class of idlers whom every novelty attracts. He spoke of his own previous want of preparation for the duties he was undertaking, as having something compensative in the influence it might exert in “giving zest and animation to the labours of the class-room.” This might aid scholarship, he said—and he said what is very doubtful—“but was the worst condition for spectatorship.” Teaching moral philosophy to a class was, he said, pretty much like teaching music. The lovers of that divine art would, of all persons in the world, be the least likely to endure the dissonances of a room where pupils were learning.

In spite of such warnings crowds came; and when crowds come to be delighted, they contrive to be delighted, or say they are. Their rapture expressed itself in noisy demonstrations, fitter for a theatre, which he with difficulty repressed. Then came proposals to present him with a piece of plate, which he felt to be unacademic and improper. We must, however, hasten from his class-room where, if possible, we could wish to linger, and move onward with him to his contests and his triumphs in the General Assembly.

The governing power of the Church of Scotland is in the General Assembly, in which its different presbyteries are represented. Its constitution makes it a sort of parliament, which enacts laws binding on the Church; and also a court of law, in which are heard and determined all of the class of questions which concern the conduct of the clergy. Such questions most often come before the Assembly as a court of appeal, from the decisions of the inferior Church tribunals. The Assembly consists of about two hundred clergymen and one hundred and fifty laymen. A commissioner represents the Crown; and the president of the Assembly, who presides over its disputations and pronounces its sentences, bears the scholastic title of Moderator. In this court counsel are heard; and, judging by such reports of the cases brought before the court as the newspapers supply, quite as much dexterity is used in these courts as in any other to exclude such evidence as the parties feel pressing them inconveniently. The power, however, of the Assembly is confined to Church censures. It cannot call to its aid the secular arm.

Cases may be easily imagined in which the decisions of the Church tribunals and the Law courts clash with each other, but, till of late years, the studious anxiety of both to avoid any actual collision was successful, or nearly so. From the very first institution of Presbyterianism, the fear of this collision could not but have been presented to the mind. The claim of a power to exist within the State not subject to the law, which governed all beside, was one made for Churchmen long before the days of Knox and Melville; and by none would such claim for that former fraternity of Churchmen have been resisted with more overpowering eloquence than by Knox. Such claim, whatever be its value as a theory, has never been conceded in practice, or even allowed to be discussed by any State save in moments of such weakness as rendered it certain that, the instant strength returned, the right of sovereignty, which the claim by implication denies to the State, would be asserted. The claim made for Presbyterianism was one distinct altogether from that of which, till our day, the law of England retained some remains in what was called the benefit of clergy. Within its own sphere it insisted that its power was uncon-

trolled; and it added to this the proposition that its sphere extended to all persons within the realm. We do not wish to judge of the system by its early excesses, or by the efforts made in its name, whether for the liberty of the subject or against the government of the prince; but we think that at the root of the system is a claim of power extending over those who do not acknowledge either its doctrine or its discipline. Propositions, only metaphorically true of a society united together by some tie, which is supposed to bind into one the separate members of a congregation—and the congregations of a presbytery—and the presbyteries of a synod—as conscience does the scattered faculties of an individual;—propositions, which have not a moment's real or even seeming truth—when extended beyond a society voluntarily united, are treated as if they were elementary truths, to be enforced at all times, by church censures and denunciations at least, if no other means be within command. Rules which a society may make for its own government, and which, we think, should not be interfered with by the State, except in cases of actual crime, it is sought to extend beyond that society. Throughout all its early documents such seems to be the demand of Scottish Presbyterianism. There is everywhere the implication that the nation is Presbyterian—everywhere the assumption, that the nation is bound by laws of Presbyterian synods and assemblies. The claim of in any way seeking to coerce those who do not yield a willing obedience to what, in the argument on which Presbyterians rely to support their claim of being independent of the State, is assumed to be a voluntary society, is, we think, an abandonment of the whole argument. As yet, however, we have not to dwell on these entangled theories. In 1824, the Assembly had, no doubt, to anticipate such discussions as likely to arise from the increasing power of those who were called the Evangelical party, of whom it was plain that Chalmers must, in time, become the leader. Some inconvenience will arise if, in thinking of these Scotch matters, we allow ourselves to be embarrassed by tacitly annexing to such words as describe a Scottish minister's position, the same associations of thought as the words would be likely to suggest to an English ear. A Scottish minister's liv-

ing is scarcely property in the same sense as an English clergyman's. The right is not in Scotland to the tithes, but to a stipend; pluralities are wholly unknown; non-residence all but impossible; the benefice is not, as is often the case in England, served by a curate. There is, we think, everywhere the fixed thought of an equivalent given for the sum received, by every minister of a Presbyterian church. Acting with his congregation and with the presbytery, to which his kirk belongs, his power is, no doubt, very great, but it is a power not separable from that of his congregation and its presbytery. "It moveth altogether if it move at all." He is the voice of their thoughts. His very words must be theirs; at least shall be none that they do not, from day to day, and from week to week, confirm by their approbation or by their assent. At the last General Assembly of the Free Church, a clergyman had to defend himself against a libel which charged him, among other things, with preaching sermons not his own; and the offence was regarded as a serious one. It is probable that in England it would be felt by others as well as Sir Roger Do Coverly, that it might be sometimes wise of the parson to preach better sermons than he could write. But it is plain, that in a system where preaching and exhortation is regarded as of more importance than anything else—where it has almost driven out anything of ritual or ceremonial service, there is the strongest reason for insisting that the minister shall himself be the author of the sermons. The only cases of what is properly non-residence, if even that can be called so, was, where professors, in their universities, obtained a presentation to a living. The Church struggled to render it illegal to hold both; and cases of this kind were now what called Chalmers forth. He failed, but under such circumstances as proved that, at a future day, he must be the ruler of the Assembly.

We have a sentence from Mrs. Grant of Laggan, describing Chalmers at this period:—

"You ask me to tell you about Dr. Chalmers. I must tell you first, then, that of all men he is the most modest, and speaks with undissembled gentleness and liberality of those who differ from him in opinion. Every word he says has the stamp of

genius; yet the calmness, ease, and simplicity of his conversation is such that to ordinary minds he might appear an ordinary man. I had a great intellectual feast about three weeks since; I breakfasted with him at a friend's house, and enjoyed his society for two hours with great delight. Conversation wandered into various channels, but he was always powerful, always gentle, and always seemed quite unconscious of his own superiority. I had not been an hour at home when a guest arrived, who had become a stranger to me for some time past. It was Walter Scott, who sat a long time with me, and was, as he always is, delightful; his good nature, good humour, and simplicity are truly charming: you never once think of his superiority, because it is evident he does not think of it himself. He, too, confirmed the maxim, that true genius is ever modest and careless; after his greatest literary triumphs he is like Hardyknute's son after a victory, when we are told,—

"With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rode he o'wre the plain."

Mary and I could not help observing certain similarities between these two extraordinary persons (Chalmers and Scott): the same quiet unobtrusive humour; the same flow of rich original conversation—easy, careless, and visibly unpremeditated; the same indulgence for others, and readiness to give attention and interest to any subject started by others. There was a more chastened dignity and occasional elevation in the divine than in the poet; but many resembling features in their modes of thinking and manner of expression."—Vol. iii. pp. 87, 88.

In the Assembly of the next year Chalmers's party had a triumph. The case certainly exhibits, in a remarkable way, cases of the kind of abuses possible. "The Highland parish of Little Dunkeld had from time immemorial enjoyed the benefit of a Gaelic ministry," and now the Crown presented to it a person wholly unacquainted with Gaelic. The Presbytery refused to sanction the presentation, and the matter was brought before the Assembly. The Assembly decided against the presentation by a majority of 107 to 89. Another case was brought forward by Chalmers, where it was sought to unite a professorship with a city parochial charge. Dugald Stewart and Professor Playfair had some years before contended against uniting the two. They thought it right to guard the interests of science, considering it impossible for a man rightly to perform either duty if undertaking both. Chalmers pressed the same arguments now which had been formerly urged by Stewart and Play-

fair, and the arguments were again defeated. In the course of the discussion a pamphlet was quoted, in which the author asserted, from the evidence of his own experience, that "after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." The pamphlet was Chalmers's, as our readers have probably anticipated. Chalmers told the house that it was written five-and-twenty years before, when he thought that it was a slight to the Church to say that the study of mathematics was dissonant from the proper duties of his profession. He now admitted that he was grievously wrong. "I had forgotten *two magnitudes*. I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity."

In 1827, Chalmers had a letter tantamount to offering him the chair of Moral Philosophy in the London University. He was at the same time asked to preach for Irving, and he also had some business connected with the Commission of Inquiry on Scottish Colleges, which he had strong hopes would so vary the position of professors in the Scottish Universities as to make it little likely that anything could offer elsewhere of such value as to tempt him away from Scotland.

To London he went, and soon made his way to his brother James's. We transcribe a sentence from his journal:—

"Studied about two hours, and proceeded to take a walk with James. We had just gone out when we met Mr. Irving. He begged of James the privilege of two or three hours in his house to study a sermon. I was vastly tickled with this new instance of the inroads of Scotchmen; however, James could not help himself, and was obliged to consent. We were going back to a family dinner, and I could see the alarm that was felt on the return of the great Mr. Irving, who was very easily persuaded to join us at dinner, and the study was all put to flight. There was not a single sentence of study all the time; and notwithstanding Mrs. C.'s alarm about the shabbiness of her dinner, everything went on

most delightfully. Irving intermingled the serious and the gay, took a good hearty repast, and really charmed even James himself, so that I was very glad of the inroad that had been made upon him.

"Irving and I went to Bedford-square. Mr. and Mrs. Montague took us out in their carriage to Highgate, where we spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon* says it is all unintelligible nonsense, and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle 'Tammaa' had been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life."†—Vol. iii. pp. 159-60.

On his return he visited the North of Ireland. He saw the Giant's Causeway and Belfast. His stay was short, but he appears to have been pleased with the country and the people. On getting back to St. Andrews, he began writing his book on "Endowments." The book is too well known to render it of moment that we should refer to it particularly. In the comparison between the English and Scottish Universities he admits that the Scotch cannot compete in classics and pure science with the English, but thinks that Scotland has, owing to its professorial system, added more to the general literature of the country. "More than half," he says, "of the distinguished authorship of our land is professional."

The success of Dr. Chalmers's teaching at St. Andrews was very great. In 1827, the parish of St. Cuthberts, in Edinburgh, was offered him, and declined. In the course of the same year, Dr. Ritchie resigned the chair of Professor of Divinity in that Uni-

* The Rev. Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh.

† "Returning from this interview, Dr. Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said, that for his part he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking it up. 'Ha!' said Mr. Irving in reply, 'you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist.'"

versity. Chalmers was immediately thought of for the situation, and his name was no sooner mentioned than all manner of flying reports were put in circulation, and echoed by that class of persons who, so they are but talking, seem to feel it indifferent whether they are speaking truth or falsehood. These men are not, perhaps, the fathers of lies, but the fosterers. They invented a phrase, and said that Chalmers was opposed to systematic Divinity. Chalmers held that whatever is to be taught must be taught systematically, so that what was said of him was, in his notion, even a contradiction in terms. It was urged on him to put forward his claims; and mean-minded men—who measured his feelings by their own—wished to subject him to the humiliation of a canvass. This Chalmers flung from him as a thing impossible. "It makes all the difference between an office being brought to me, and me going forth to an office. . . . The difference in point of comfort is the greatest possible. It reconciled me to all the fatigues of Glasgow—it reconciles me to all the sufferings of St. Andrews—that I did not seek in either of these cases, but was sought after."

It is a comfort to know that the people of Edinburgh behaved like gentlemen—that they were not deprived, by pettifogging manœuvres, of the honour of doing a proper thing gracefully. "On the 31st of October, 1827, the Town Council and Magistrates of Edinburgh unanimously elected Dr. Chalmers to fill the vacant chair." They appointed the fittest man in Scotland to the office, in the manner most gratifying to him and most creditable to themselves. A year was given him to prepare for the duties of his new professorship. He heard of the appointment on Thursday, the 1st of November, and on the 6th we find entries in his journals of his commencing a course of preparatory studies. Chalmers's journals now exhibit entries of his impatience of any demands on his time. Still he would show the lions of St. Andrews. This was his favourite occupation. The ruins of castle and cathedral were shown by him to many a party of every different grade in society, from the peer of the realm, who had come into the district, led, perhaps, by admiration of Chalmers himself, to the burgher of his pa-

ternal village of Anstruther, or the cottager from his old parish of Kilmany. With St. Andrews was linked the memory of Scotland's earliest Christianity. The Tower of Regulus, as it is called, is still there—"a tall square solid column, on which the storms of ten centuries have spent themselves in vain. In Roman Catholic days, its cathedral was the stateliest architectural building in Scotland. The university itself was "the cradle of the Reformation." Every spot there spoke of Hamilton, and Wishart, and Knox, and of the later glories of "Henderson and Melville, Rutherford and Halyburton." Chalmers was impatient till he had taken whoever might come to St. Andrews to all the spots which were consecrated to him by their recollections. In the latter part of his residence at St. Andrews, Chalmers lived in a roof which covered the study of Buchanan; this he delighted to tell his guests; and he delighted to add, that they were now in the dwelling where Johnson, being asked by one of the professors how he liked the dinner which had been provided for him, replied, "Sir, I came to Scotland, not to eat good dinners, but to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed." We do not know where Chalmers got this story of Johnson. Johnson seems to have been in very good humour with himself and the professors at St. Andrews, and there and everywhere he liked a good dinner. Boswell tells us of his wanting to mount one of the steeples, but found it impossible. Another "he was told was in danger, but wished it not to be taken down, 'for,' said he, 'it may kill a score of the posterity of John Knox, and no great matter.' Dinner was mentioned,—Johnson—"Ay, ay, amidst all these sorrowful scenes I have no objection to dinner." While Johnson and Boswell were rambling about among the ruins, Boswell happened to ask "where Knox was buried?" Johnson burst out, "I hope in the highway. I have been looking at his reformations." Chalmers does not tell this story, nor, perhaps, should we. These jests do not speak truly of Johnson's permanent feeling. He thought with the utmost kindness of St. Andrews, and his reception there. "We found," he says, "that by the interposition of some invisible friend, lodgings had been pro-

vided for us at the house of one of the professors, whose easy civility quickly made us forget that we were strangers; and in the whole time of our stay, we were gratified by every mode of kindness, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hospitality." The whole passage about St. Andrews, in Johnson's journey to the Western Islands, is well worth looking at. We cannot help thinking that Chalmers's story, though not altogether unlike Johnson's manner, is likely to have been a growl invented for him, and perpetuated by tradition.

On Monday, the 10th of November, 1828, Chalmers delivered his introductory lecture, at eleven in the forenoon. "It was a day singularly unpropitious; showers of snow and rain sweeping through the college courts," yet long before the hour the class-room was crowded, and police were obliged to be stationed to prevent the rush for admittance. The expectation was high, but the admiration which the discourse excited was beyond all expectation; and this was evidenced in a very remarkable manner. We do not know precisely how the professorship was paid, whether exclusively, or whether but in part, by fees from the divinity students attending the course. However, the income, from whatever source arising, was, at the time of Chalmers's appointment to the chair, but £200 a year. Before his first session closed, the persons (other than divinity students) who attended his lectures, saw the fitness of paying for their tickets, and a letter from the Rev. Robert Morehead, an Episcopal clergyman, in Edinburgh, was received, enclosing him £202; class fees, from such persons. These attendants were, in many cases, clergymen of the Scottish establishment and members of the Church of England. Among Chalmers's class-books, were several of the works of standard divinity, which the Church of England supplied.

In the beginning of the next year came the King's speech, heralding Catholic Emancipation. Chalmers had been at all times an advocate for the measure, thinking that the disabilities under which the Catholics laboured operated injuriously to Protestantism, by enlisting against it every feeling of human pride, and "converting a nation of heretics into a nation of heroes." Dr. Hanna has given us an admirable

letter of Chalmers's to Sir James Mackintosh on the subject. In his public speech on the occasion, the following striking passage occurs:—

"It is not because I hold Popery to be innocent that I want the removal of these disabilities; but because I hold, that if these were taken out of the way she would be tenfold more assailable. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she has on the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible, and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her Churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and the understandings of men; it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the Statute-Book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on a system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her suffering, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence; for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. "Give," says that great orator, "give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the Treasury and the patronage of the Crown; and give me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people." In like manner, give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the Parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins."—Vol. iii. pp. 238-9.

While Chalmers was engaged in predicting the future triumphs of Protestantism in Ireland, his attention was called to strange scenes enacted in his own Church.

Names then familiar, but which are now almost forgotten, were in the mouths of every one—Irving, and Ers-

kine, and Campbell were sounds heard throughout every remotest village in the three kingdoms. Irving read in the Prophecies every minutest incident of passing and coming times; Erskine wrote books, in which Chalmers could find nothing to differ from, and regretted that there should be any controversy between them. This would not do; Chalmers should agree with Erskine's words, as well as his thoughts. Campbell also made statements with respect to faith, which were said to be at variance with the standards of the Church. We cannot, in a paper such as we write, discuss, or even state the propositions which were said to be erroneous; but they were of a kind in which it is not improbable that the threatened discord might have altogether passed away. That a man may mistake in fixing the incidents to which he would confine the words of a prophecy—that even the incidents on which he would dwell as actually in the mind of the inspired writer of any particular passage, may not even be exemplifications of the general meaning of the prophet, is very possible, and yet the interpreter be not guilty of anything worse than rash judgment; and this we think was Irving's case. On another topic, in which his views have been conclusively answered by the Bishop of Ossory, we think there was not the extent of error that was imputed to him, strange and offensive as was the language in which he chose to express himself on a subject on which most men would tremble to write. Erskine's views were those which are stated in a singularly pleasing essay, entitled the "Freeness of the Gospel;" and Campbell's were, we believe, in substance the same. Speaking of Erskine, Chalmers said, "I don't like narrowing the basis of the Gospel to fine-point speculations of an individual brain. One thing," he added, and his countenance assumed a look of deep feeling, "I fear, I do fear that the train of his thoughts might ultimately lead Mr. Erskine to doubt the eternity of future punishments. Now that would be sadly going against Scripture." In one thing Irving, and Erskine, and Campbell agreed. They believed that the miraculous gifts of the first age of Christianity were promised to the universal Church—that it was our want of faith alone that prevented their being now manifested, and they

prayed for their return. That which was thus ardently desired, thus made the subject of perpetual thought, was a thing which the mind had, in some degree, the power to realise for itself. To utter words which the speaker does not himself understand, is not, after all, a feat much greater than we see accomplished every day, when words, to which the hearers can give no distinct meaning, are made instrumental to exciting very strong feeling. In Ireland, a few years before the period of which we speak, miracles were said to be wrought by a German prince, and the silent were heard to speak, and those who doubted were silenced. In one of Coleridge's books, he tells of some servant maid who threw out volumes of some unknown tongue, or tongues, which were, by the bystanders said to be Greek or Hebrew; and the fact is referred to the circumstance of her having been, at some earlier period of her life, in the service of a professor, whom she used to hear reading aloud; and it would appear that, by some latent power of memory, she had stored up sounds that, at the moment they were uttered, made no impression on her. In these cases it is not easy to come at evidence of precise facts; "one ray the more, one shade the less, will half impair the nameless grace;" cunning, or credulity on the part of any of the persons through whom the story comes to us may create all that is marvellous, and annex it to a basis of disputable or indisputable fact. Our disposition is rather to believe that the narratives in all these cases had a great deal of truth, and that there was little of absolute imposture, however much of self-deception. While the fervour of prayer for the manifestation of miraculous gifts was at its height, Mary Campbell, who was lying on a bed of sickness, rose up suddenly, and, in a loud voice, "poured forth in some unknown tongue 'a volume of majestic sound.' Occasionally, in moments of inspiration, seizing pen or pencil, and writing with lightning speed, she covered scraps of paper with strange characters, said to be of an unknown tongue." Erskine went on a pilgrimage, to see her and hear the utterances. He went to hear and to believe, and he heard and he believed. "The languages," said he, "are distinct, well inflected, well compacted languages."

Irving heard something more exquisite still, when men and maidens began to prophesy in his own church in Regent-street. "It was not unlike the sublimest moods of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neile." "It is the most majestic and divine utterance which I ever heard; some parts I have never heard equalled, and no part surpassed by the finest execution of genius and art exhibited at the Oratorios in the concerts of Ancient Music." It reminds him of the chants in the cathedral services, and as some of these chants are traced up to very early times, he thinks they may be "recollections and transmissions of the divine utterances in the Primitive Church." Poor Irving! and was it even come to that with him? Chalmers took some of Mary Campbell's letters to London—had them examined by competent linguists—they were wholly meaningless. It is not necessary for us to state the proceedings in the Scottish Church with respect to Irving and Campbell. Irving died some years after in Glasgow, in the fixed belief of the return of miraculous gifts, as in the Primitive Church. He had been recommended to winter in Madeira, but some of the oracular voices in his Church had intimated that it was God's will "that he should go to Scotland and do a great work there." He first took an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health became improved; then broke down his health again by preaching. In Liverpool he was taken ill, on his way to the north, and unable to rise for some days; the moment he could quit his room he embarked for Glasgow. Having reached it, he wished to be carried in a litter to Edinburgh, and till the very last day of his life believed fully in his being to perform this unexplained work. Some phrases, used a little before death, showed that he thought it possible he was dying: "If I live," he said, "I live unto the Lord—if I die, I die unto the Lord. Living or dying, I am the Lord's." His confidence of restoration to health and strength had so communicated itself to his wife, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of his danger.

The earnestness of Chalmers's mind in seeking that all possible good should be done through whatever channel, made him actively sympathise with

every preacher of Christian doctrine of whatever denomination. At Bristol he consented to open an Independent chapel; he startled and, in all probability, displeased his hearers by a strong eulogy of the Church of England, expressing his conviction that were its ministrations done away, they would never be replaced "by all the zeal, talent, and energy of private adventurers." Cities might have their meeting-houses, but the country districts would fall into Paganism. The chief use of Dissenters, he seemed to say, was by their activity to keep the Establishment on the watch.

In July, 1830, we have Chalmers in Edinburgh, returned from an English tour. Gurney—the good and intelligent Gurney—was there. Gurney was recovering from an illness, and he and Chalmers met every day. He kept notes of their conversations. The three days of Paris suggested fear to Chalmers's mind. "The revolution had been," he said, "effected by the growth of merely human intelligence," and "without a particle of Christian principle." "I am not one of those who underrate the value of civil and political liberty," but he added that "it was only the principles of Christianity that could impart true security, prosperity, and happiness, either to individuals or to nations." "I am prepared to expect that, on the efforts which are now making to regenerate our species without religion, God will impress the stamp of a solemn and impressive mockery." Chalmers apprehended some popular frenzy sweeping away all our institutions—civil, literary, and religious. This danger he ascribed "to the wide dissemination of *superficial knowledge*."

In arguing for religious establishments, he dwelt on the hopelessness of expecting people to build churches for themselves—they are more than content to do without them. Looking eastward from the top of St. Paul's, he said he saw church spires everywhere—to the west, where you see a new town erected for a new population, "scarcely a spire is to be seen."

Irving, he said, had a sort of magnetic attraction for minds of a particular class, he, however, preferred broad, intelligible qualities—"Gravitation is much better than magnetism."

Chalmers was well received at Oxford, and popular among her distinguished men. He attributes this to

...ed to speak
...ing them their

...be published his
...and Economy"—in
...est work; and in the
...pared his "Bridgewater

We must provisionally reserve for a future
...any account of his efforts
...General Assembly; but in the
...of this year commenced the
...on the subject of Presenta-
...It would be impossible for us,
...in this paper, even to enter upon the
...subject—one of the deepest and most
...important interest.

We have already occupied more
...space than can easily be given, to this
...paper; but we must find room for a
...sentence or two from Mr. Gurney's
...account of a visit of Chalmers to
...Earlham, in the year 1833. Gurney
...asked Chalmers, who, of all men that
...he had met, had highest powers of
...conversation? He answered, Robert
...Hall; but he thought Foster a man of
...an higher order of intellect. They
...visited Bathurst, the old bishop of
...Norwich. The bishop spoke of Chal-
...mers's "Bridgewater Treatise," which
...he had been just reading. The talk
...passed on to Adam Smith, and then
...to Warburton, with whom the bishop
...had been familiarly acquainted. Chal-
...mers's own journal mentions the delight
...with which he met Mrs. Opie, "whose
...works, thirty years ago, I read with
...great delight." He was for some time
...without knowing who she was, for
...John Joseph—our friend Gurney, who
...was too much and too little of a
...Quaker—had only asked him to lead
...out *Amelia* from the drawing-room
...to the dining-room. He admired the
...Quakerly simplicity of dress, but was
...dissatisfied at this use of Christian
...names.

But his holidays were soon over, and
...he returned to Edinburgh, where he
...had to speak in Presbytery, and work on
...in his mission of good. Some arrange-
...ments connected with the provision for
...the Edinburgh clergy, of which we
...cannot enter into the details, occupied
...him with great anxiety. A speech of
...his concluded with these words:—

"I have already professed myself, and
...will profess myself again, an unflinching, an
...out-and-out—and I maintain it, the only con-

sistent radical. The dearest object of my
...earthly existence is the elevation of the com-
...mon people—humanised by Christianity,
...and raised by the strength of their moral
...habits to a higher platform of human nature,
...and by which they may attain and enjoy the
...rank and consideration due to enlightened
...and companionable men. I trust the day is
...coming when the people will find out who
...are their best friends, and when the mock
...patriotism of the present day shall be un-
...masked by an act of robbery and spoliation
...on the part of those who would deprive the
...poor of their best and highest patrimony.
...The imperishable soul of the poor man is of
...as much price in the sight of heaven as the
...soul of the rich; and I will resist to the ut-
...termost—I will resist even to the death—
...that alienation which goes but to swell the
...luxury of the higher ranks at the expense of
...the Christianity of the lower orders."—Vol.
...iii. pp. 433.

After he sat down, there was a burst
...of applause from the auditors, but his
...friends saw something to alarm them,
...and their fears were realised. As he
...walked home, he beckoned a friend
...from the opposite side of the street,
...and was giving him an account of what
...passed in the Presbytery, when he sud-
...denly stopped short, and complained
...of a numbness in the side, and a ten-
...dency to fall in that direction. His
...friend endeavoured to persuade him
...that it was mere sickness arising from
...over exertion, and impaired digestion.
...Chalmers argued mildly against this
...view of the matter. He was at first
...agitated, but soon recovered his com-
...posure, and continued to talk on
...mildly indeed, and gently, but cheer-
...fully and winningly as usual.

His friend went for a carriage,
...leaving Chalmers in a shop. When
...he returned, he found him conversing
...with the people in the shop; "nor do
...I suppose," he says, "that they could
...have suspected from his manner, that
...anything was the matter with him."

The mind did not suffer through the
...disease. "His speech was affected,
...and the muscles of the right side of
...the face partially paralysed, those of
...the arm and the leg decidedly so."

After a few weeks' confinement, he
...was enabled to resume his duties and
...his studies. The remainder of the
...year was passed in seeking to interest
...the Government in his plans for Church
...extension.

But this subject we must reserve for
...another paper.

GREAT BRITAIN AND ITALY.

HAVING in a late paper in this journal (No. 231, March 1852), endeavoured to show the pre-eminent position the Mediterranean and its shores must ever occupy in our foreign policy, and how inconsiderable must all questions of European interest be to us in comparison with this one, it may not be unadvisable to devote a brief attention to the actual condition and future prospects of Italy. The Prince Metternich was something more than a prophet when, about three years back, he called that land a "Geographical fiction." Such, in point of fact, has it already become: Lombardy and Tuscany are Austrian. Rome in the hands of France, Piedmont alone has pretension to a nationality; and, even in Piedmont, the struggle is maintained against all the dark influences of priestcraft, and all the craft and subtlety of Austrian emissaries. Whatever influences, however, prevail, from the Alps to the sea, the name of England is unheard; and that country to which once every eye turned with hope or expectancy is now never alluded to in the discussion of her future. If it might not be impossible to defend the policy of Lord Palmerston's administration regarding the Peninsula, it would be utterly hopeless to expect that any Italian could understand or reconcile to himself that series of apparent contradictions which, alternately encouraging and damping the ardour of patriotism, abandoned Sicily, at the very same time that it authorised the propaganda of Lord Minto. With our notions of state polity there is little difficulty in comprehending that species of intervention which is limited to diplomatic councils and the well-wishes of a cabinet. The tone of our public meetings, the language of our journals, alike evidence the gratification felt by our population at any tidings of popular privileges legally acquired and used with moderation and good sense; but to the warm temperaments and glowing imaginations of the south, such testimonies of good-will seem cold, fruitless, and unprofitable. They look for active interference—prompt, energetic, and decisive; and in default of

this, they deem themselves outraged and betrayed. Probably in the whole history of similar struggles there never was any national attempt at independence more thoroughly misunderstood than the Italian revolution of 1848. Of this broad fact no stronger evidence need be produced than the number of those whose sympathies at first were opposed to the patriotic cause—who saw in the Liberal party nothing above a discontented, unregulated rabble, but, who have, with fuller evidence before them, revoked their opinions, and boldly proclaimed their deep regret at the failure of this attempt. It is ever a most difficult task to discriminate between the great objects of a national rising and the agencies by which it operates—between the principles of liberty and the character of its asserters. Now, nothing could possibly be more justifiable, in every sense, than the late revolt of the Peninsula; and yet never was any cause more sullied by the faults and follies of its supporters. The year 1847 opened as hopefully as ever dawned an era of liberty. The wise reforms in the administrations of Rome and Tuscany, the moderate demands of the people, the gracious concessions of the rulers, were alike honourable to all. Great as was the popular enthusiasm, it was carried to no excesses; happy in their newly acquired privileges, the people were satisfied to begin that course of political knowledge which should ultimately fit them for the enjoyment of a perfect constitutional government. The greatest names of modern Italy were associated in this movement: Rossi, Gioberti, Gualterio, Farini, and Manmiani, took their several parts in it. Taking England as the standard, they framed their institutions with more regard to the doctrines of personal independence than of equality, and ever bore in mind the great superiority of individual freedom to the fashionable fallacy of a democratic level. If great concessions were never more gratefully received, never were they conferred with more dignity or grace. Spontaneously, and without either the advice or consent of

foreign governments, the Italian Princes endowed their subjects with popular privileges—called them into counsel on the questions of their country, and invested them with that authority which alike elevates men to responsibility and to the esteem of their fellow-citizens. To have witnessed the torrent of the public discussions at this period—to have been present at their popular demonstrations—to have read the articles of their journals, would have profoundly impressed any stranger with the aptitude of this people for self-government, and with their singular moderation and forbearance in circumstances of most trying prosperity. Too much stress can scarcely be laid on this latter quality; for already were the agencies of temptation at work, and all the duplicity of Austrian diplomacy in full operation to betray them into those excesses which should prejudice the cause of liberty.

The Jesuits took a leading part in these intrigues; and it is rare to find any man in Italy discrediting the belief that the assassin of Rossi was their agent. That the murderer is alive at this hour, well known in Rome, and free to walk its streets, is a fact which cannot be gainsaid. And is there any credulous enough to suppose that such could be the case, did he belong to that sect and party on whose utter annihilation the present Government relies for its stability? That the revolutionary pamphlets of the time were the work of paid emissaries of Austria is beyond a doubt or a discussion. The very receipt in acknowledgment of his price, written by one of those agents, was in the possession of the late King Carlo Alberto; and that, too, for a work in which the assassination of the King of Sardinia was openly recommended, as the sole means in the hands of the Liberal party to disencumber themselves of a traitor.

There was no trick too mean, no subterfuge too low for Austrian diplomacy at that time, in its efforts to damage the character, and asperse the honour of Italian Liberalism. The most frivolous complaints were preferred to the authorities, of popular excesses, and grave remonstrances made against acts, which, without any political significance whatever, were exaggerated into serious demonstrations of insult.

It must be owned, that for the

maintenance of her peculiar system, no country of Europe is better served diplomatically than Austria. Rarely, if ever, gifted with any men of great or commanding intellect—almost destitute, as her history shows, of those names which shine like the beacon-lights of human progress, she has an abundance of third and fourth-rate capacities, who unite immense zeal to inordinate cunning; and, who, with a consummate disbelief in the existence of honourable motives, or high principled actions, are never betrayed into any false security, or lulled into any delusive calm. Amongst such men, the spy system has attained its very highest point of development; and, never embarrassed by the difficulty of discovery, they understand how to suborn the acts it is their object to stigmatise. Italy, at the time we speak of, was traversed by such men in every direction: at one moment exaggerating the terrors of the priest-ridden aristocracy; at another, fomenting the passions of the Ultra-Liberals, and secretly whispering to them a distrust in the honour of the constitutional party. The policy of our own Cabinet at the period offered a wide field for these treacherous misrepresentations:—"If England really wished well to your cause, would she limit herself to the vague civilities of an official note? Was it thus that she established constitutional government in Portugal, or aided it in Spain?" Such were the insinuations constantly thrown out.

"Is not her object, rather, that state of political uncertainty which exaggerates the importance of her own position, gives greater preponderance to her influence, and extends the spread of her commerce, by removing all the restrictions established governments know how to apply? How often has she been seen to forward a political change abroad, with no other motive than some extension of her own trading relations?" These, and similar suggestions, were of daily practice, and not without their effect, especially when, at a later period, the public professions of Lord Minto were contrasted with the cold reserve of his Cabinet, and the indiscreet aspirations of his lordship placed side by side with the almost caustic admonitions of Lord Palmerston.

An inordinate estimate of the power of Britain is entertained by every

Italian. That she could wish for any state of things, and not hasten to accomplish it, is a mystery beyond all solution; nor is the supposition so unreasonable as may appear at first sight. We are only known to Italy through the medium of our navy. It is through the immense preponderance of our power at sea that she judges us; and naturally enough, she attributes an overwhelming rule to the nation whose flag is seen from every head-land of Calabria, and in every nook and bay of the Mediterranean.

She has seen us in all the pride and panoply of our glorious three-deckers, she knows us not in our Manchester mood of truckling and subserviency: she has heard our thundering notes of welcome, uttered in all the accents of warning; but she has not listened to the petty whisperings of our expediency. If then, in Italian estimation, the power of England be supreme, how shall we hope to reconcile with that estimate her backwardness and indifference in the hour of peril? It is true, we hailed with joyous satisfaction the first generous impulses of the Pope: we saw, or hoped we saw, the germs of a new and glorious era for the Peninsula; and if there were some tardy believers who refused to recognise in the Papacy either the power or the will to institute a system of political liberty, the great number of Englishmen were better pleased to think that they had been unfair in their judgment of Romanism, and that the time had at length arrived when she could recognise the requirements of the age. Hence arose the want of faith on either side; and to these deceptions are owing that first breach, which every day and every hour is widening.

Whatever hopes might have been conceived by the Constitutional party in England of Italian regeneration, were speedily dissipated in the spring of '48. No sooner were the terrible events of the French Revolution made known in the Peninsula, than the whole course of political circumstances changed. The Moderates—the party of intelligence and reflection—the only party in Italy who either possessed leisure or capacity to study questions of State government—were immediately overthrown, to make way for the violence of mob oratory, and the wild and impracticable apostles of French democracy. The well-matured reforms, based alike on

the wishes and the wants of the populace, were thrown aside as miserable and unworthy concessions; and, in their stead, we saw the insane theories of France—those wretched sophisms of self-government, the utter failure of which in their own country it is needless to revert to. Now, not only were these innovations unneeded, but they were actually unsuited to the genius of the Italian people. M. Mazzini and his followers have impressed Englishmen with the notion, that Democracy, of the kind he professes, is a popular code in Italy. Nothing can possibly be more erroneous. The mind of Italy is essentially opposed to these doctrines. The gross abuses of Government, the shameful wrongs of misrule, have, indeed, arrayed a large party in opposition to the Italian princes; but to their credit be it spoken, in no spirit of recrimination or of vengeance. Directed solely in their views to the advantages of a better administration, they have patiently investigated the evils that oppressed them, and sought their remedy by such changes as, while strengthening the State, should never sap the foundations of a Dynasty. An honest administration of the revenue—an equitable scale of taxation—the equality of all men, whether lay or clerical, before the law—the abolition of all ecclesiastical privileges inconsistent with this—a moderate liberty of the press;—these and similar demands assuredly neither bespeak aggression against their rulers, nor a desire to shake their authority. It is, indeed, a most remarkable fact, that in a land proverbially excitable, and amongst a people whose traditions are those of violent convulsion, should be found, at this day, some of the calmest reasoners and profoundest thinkers Europe has produced on questions of constitutional government. Not alone is this the case; but the influence of such men is daily extending, and the immense circulation of M. Gualterio's work on the Italian revolutions, is a striking illustration to what source the intelligence of Italy is now directed. It is perfectly true, there is nothing more difficult than to excite an interest in England for a country and a people so circumstanced. The great and heroic efforts of a nation for liberty, have an epic grandeur about them that suits the character of our popular demon-

strations. We have always either in "actual commission," or as "advanced ships," some members of either House glad of an occasion for platform display, and delighted to make the wrongs of Hungary the election-cry of Marylebone. We have, besides, a most artistic appreciation of all the stage properties of patriotism, accessories unhappily wanting to the actual condition of Italy. It would be, however, a most short-sighted policy to suppose that such questions are not much nearer to us than either a Schleswig-Holstein war, or the succession to the rule of Monte-Negro. It may be a very unpleasant and unpalatable truth to enunciate, but truth it is—England is heartily disliked on the Continent of Europe. The fears of some, the antipathies of others, the jealousies of all, are directed against her; and if a lingering spark of attachment towards Great Britain survives in any country of the Continent, it is in Italy, and perhaps we owe this, as much, or more, to the conduct of other States towards the Peninsula, than to any high deservings of our own.

France has always betrayed her. There is not a tradition of the land that does not point to the same conclusion, and assuredly the late acts of the Austrian Government have not been calculated to erase the memory of past tyranny. To Britain alone can Italy look for either guidance or counsel. Not all the dark conjurations of Jesuit intrigue, not all the secret wiles of Romanism, not all the rebel machinations of our Ultramontaniam, have been able to eradicate the hope, which nothing but our own apathy can annihilate. It is certainly true, that this confidence in England was never at a lower ebb than at present; and what may be called the English party in Italy is daily, hourly, diminishing in number. We may attribute much of this to the exaggerated expectations conceived by the Liberal party during the late revolutionary struggle: to that confident hope that England was only biding her time for intervention, and that her influence was one day or other to decide the independence of Lombardy and Sicily. Let us confess, too, that these expectations were not altogether unreasonable, and that the friendly messages of our diplomacy, and the presence of our fleets, were well calculated to suggest trustful hope to even less sanguine

minds than those of the ardent south. Though it might be very difficult to say what course our Government should have pursued in asserting the claims of Italian freedom, and how far an English Minister would either be justified or supported in hazarding an European war for such an object, it is far easier to say what errors might have been avoided by a more guarded policy than that observed by our Government during the last few years. What a mistake was the roving commission of Lord Minto! What a more than mistake our whole conduct in Sicily, and our concurrence in the offer of the throne of that kingdom to a prince of Sardinia! We are far from attributing these errors to Lord Palmerston. Late events have shown us the meddling interference practised by the head of the Cabinet with matters pertaining to foreign policy. A memorable state minute has shown us the unconstitutional trickery by which he actually interposed the power of the Crown between himself and one of his own colleagues. We also know that no English Minister was ever worse served by his subordinates than the late Foreign Secretary. A mistaken impression of the noble viscount's political leaning—a notion, most probably imbibed from residence abroad, where such ideas prevail, that Lord Palmerston was the sworn enemy of all established governments, and the fomentor of every civil discord—these ideas, absurd enough in foreigners, but doubly so with Englishmen, we know to have been entertained by many of our legations abroad, who thought that when forwarding such principles, and encouraging such ideas, they were serving the cause, and earning the favour of their chief. It is easy to conceive how many acts, trivial and insignificant in themselves, may have been done under this delusive impression—what accidental expressions—what chance words dropped inadvertently and at random. We say, we know this to have been the case; and more, we firmly believe that Lord Palmerston's character has been more prejudiced and misconstrued by foreigners from such accidental causes, than from anything that can be authoritatively quoted against him, and proved from the pages of a blue book.

As the Foreign Secretary, in a Cabinet of assumed liberal principles, Lord Palmerston might have done

much more for the cause of Liberal institutions abroad—he could scarcely have done less. With a salutary dread of Parliamentary reprehension, he limited himself to the task of advising and counselling: professing at all times an unalterable respect for vested rights, he yet insinuated that their permanence must mainly depend on the benefits of good government, and the wise concession of those privileges sanctioned by the spirit of the age we live in. It cannot be supposed, that advice, however prudently tendered, or warning, however forcibly conveyed, could always prevail in opposition to plans deeply matured, and objects supported by all the weight of formidable armaments; but, unquestionably, unless a case arose where British interests were directly at stake, no more decisive nor active policy would have been possible. That when such an emergency did arise, the noble Secretary knew how to assert the dignity, and defend the interests of his country, the siege of Acre is sufficient evidence.

But was such a part open to him in Italy? Assuredly not. There was no one movement, no contingency in the late Italian struggle, in which one decisive blow, however heavily administered, could have determined the question at issue. It is true, we might have sent a fleet to the Adriatic, or we might have landed troops in Sicily; but who could see, in either course, but the beginning of a struggle of which no man living may witness the end? Take the most favourable view, imagine us perfectly successful, and then comes the question, to whom are the spoils to be appropriated? The Constitutionalists, who almost monopolise the intelligence of Italy, are few in number, and deficient in that influence that is acquired by agitation and popular appeal. The Democratic party, strong in such support, are infected with the wildest doctrines of Red Republicanism. To have given a preponderance to any one State of the Peninsula, would have been to outrage the pride and alarm the jealousy of all the rest. Of all the impossible fancies of dreamers, we can conceive nothing to compete with the idea of "Italian Unity." What part was, then, open to us? None, we affirm, but to impress upon the actual Governments of Italy the necessity of those reforms which justice and prudence alike concur in—to counsel those

concessions which should stifle complaint, by arraying on the side of the rulers the intelligence, the influence, and the moderation of Italy. This part was unfortunately denied to us, by the precipitancy with which the late revolution was carried on. The deluge which flowed over Europe in '48, submerged in it all the wise reforms and just concessions which had taken years to mature and to accomplish. Another phase has now passed over the land, and to that fever of change and revolution has succeeded the even more terrible calm: that resembles death. Occupied by foreign troops, garrisoned by the stranger, Italy sees herself stripped of every privilege for which she contended, and those liberties wrested from her which not even her enemies can allege she had abused. Can it be believed—is it even known in England, that Leghorn, a city where our commerce has flourished for the last century, and where Englishmen have risen to wealth and influence, is still in a state of seige, as the consequence of the revolution of '48? Will it be credited, that martial-law is still deemed indispensable in a town, three years after all commotion has ceased, and where not a passing tumult has occurred in the interval?

Nay, more. What will be thought in England of the fact, that Austrian courts-martial have, within the last year, tried and sentenced political offenders, two of whom were countrymen of our own, openly disclaiming the competency of the tribunals of the country, and submitting the finding, not to the seat of the government, not to the cabinet of the Grand Duke, or to the ministers of Tuscany, but to Field Marshal Radetzky, the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces in Lombardy? Does such a state of things presuppose the existence of Tuscany as an independent country; or is it anything but a fief of Austria? It would be worse than a needless—it would be a most ungracious and unpleasant task—to recapitulate the occurrences which have marked the last six months, and in which British subjects were the aggrieved parties. We say the task would be far from agreeable; for, with shame we avow it, the conduct of the present administration has not been what might have been hoped for, in the circumstances. However praiseworthy the forgiveness of

injury may be in an individual, that virtue has its limits when practised by a nation; and there are few stains which more reflect on a people than an easy submission and a facile satisfaction, in cases of insulted honour. A very passing, and, for the most part, incorrect notice, was taken in the House of the insult offered to a corporal of English marines by the authorities of Leghorn. The case was spoken of, and so far justly, as a gross and wanton outrage—a manifest insult to our flag; but it was answered by the ministerial assurance that ample reparation had been afforded, that the offending parties had been suitably punished, and that the British Government had felt themselves perfectly satisfied with the *amende* of the Tuscan authorities. Now, the simple fact is, that, far from there being anything like redress afforded, the demand for it was met by the Tuscan cabinet by a most insulting proposal—no less than that the captain of her Majesty's ship the *Firebrand* should be reprimanded by the Admiralty for having preferred the charges he did against the gendarmes, and sought for the reparation he deemed due for an insult to one under his command. It is needless to say, that a demand alike insulting and ignorant was totally disregarded. But we regret that our Foreign-Office should have been satisfied with simply rejecting this impertinent appeal.

Such things may appear trifles in the great questions of national intercourse, but they are by no means insignificant in their consequences; and our character has grievously suffered in Italian estimation, from the submissive tone adopted by our Government in a number of circumstances of this kind.

That English influence should decline in the Peninsula—that Italians should more readily listen to those representations which decry our power and deny our ascendancy is, then, not surprising nor strange. Austria has availed herself to the utmost of such accidental slights to our national pride, and her journalists have turned them to the best advantage. Over and over is it asked, "By what pretence do we seek for an influence on the Continent? or under what pretext do we mix ourselves up with the politics of the European States?" And it really is time that we should put forward our pre-

tensions as a continental power, or abdicate the position for ever.

We are well aware that a very large party in England is diametrically opposed to such interference on our part. That starting from the war of the great French revolution of '93, they ascribe to our intervention all the debt and taxation which at present oppress us. It is no part of our object here to enter upon any defence of Mr. Pitt's policy in that memorable struggle. The fallacy of ascribing our part in the war to the mere desire of restoring a fallen dynasty, has been too often refuted to need any comment from us. It is sufficient for our purpose to show that, so far from seeking to assume a foreground, or obtrusive position, on questions of continental politics, our great mistake has been a backwardness in asserting our just rights and our real influence in Europe. To this apathy on our part may be traced the decline of our power abroad—to this may we refer the loss of that "prestige" which once accompanied the name of Britain. Nothing is more common than to hear the argument of a certain class of politicians, who assert, "That we have nothing, directly or indirectly, to do with the continent"—that Europe has never been to us but an occasion for war, and a source of increased taxation. Politicians of this order would probably reject an appeal to them, on the score of the character of our peculiar constitution; they would recognise no duty on us to forward the spread of those liberties we ourselves enjoy, or to encourage other nations in the path which has conducted us to freedom. They would tell us to erect a shade between the beacon-light of our liberty and the Continent. They would be deaf to the great fact—and fact it is—that similarity of institutions is the best guarantee for European peace; and that the longest and most disastrous wars have always had their origin in the inevitable collisions between opposing systems of government.

We do not mean to assert that treaties of amity cannot co-exist between constitutional and despotic states. We know, on the contrary, how, in the presence of danger, such friendly alliances have been ratified. But, unhappily, these ties are generally the links of union against common peril, and not like those bonds of affection which unite countries animated by the

same spirit—teaching the same lessons—and walking the same road. Between nations so circumstanced, peace and war are no longer at the will of Governments. The people themselves are the arbiters, nor can they be hurried into collision with those they have learned to esteem as friends, and to love as neighbours. Similarity of institutions suggest similarity in modes of judgment; in thought, action, and opinion. Looking at objects from the same point of view, they arrive at the same conclusions, and national peculiarities fade away before the stronger influence of those higher and greater qualities which are the common property of humanity.

Take the map of Europe as we find it, and with what States are our alliances most securely formed. From what quarters could we anticipate a possible rupture? Not with Belgium, assuredly, administered as she is, with all the advantages of an enlightened constitutionalism. Not with Piedmont, which, though young to the forms, is already rapidly advancing to the exercise of free institutions. How different our relations with such countries, to those despotic States, for the permanence of whose intentions we have no guarantee—for whose possible line of policy, no security whatever.

The struggle between Despotism and Liberty is the old warfare that has reigned since the world began—between darkness and enlightenment—and it well behoves us to range on our side every ally that we can. We do not argue in favour of any propaganda of our opinions. We do not seek to perpetuate peace by the dangerous policy of aggressive intervention; but this we say, that were the States which comprise continental Europe constitutionally governed, War would be almost impossible. The very parliamentary discussions of a war-budget open so many secret avenues of peaceful relation—so many strong reasons for good understanding—that a rupture is impracticable; and, like good tempered litigants, we would seek to arrange our differences by arbitration, rather than submit them to the costly process of a contest. There is another argument, too, in favour of well-regulated intervention, which it is not impossible the class of politicians we allude to will hear with more attention. We mean its effect upon our commerce. Now

the decline of our influence in Italy has been the signal for the decline of our trade. The British shipping in the port of Leghorn has already fallen off to less than one-fourth of its standard before the year '47, and is, at this moment, inferior in tonnage to that of America in the same port.

The arbitrary regulations of the Government—its complete subjection to Austrian dictation—the maintenance of a state of siege, subversive of all confidence—the vexatious imposition of passport laws, and the oppressive exercise of a new taxation, have so crushed the commercial enterprise of that once-thriving port, that some of the great English houses have already closed, and others have limited their negotiations to the very narrowest bounds. While British influence is on the wane, that of Austria is daily advancing, and the project of uniting Leghorn with Ancona, by railroad—a plan now fully matured, will put the key-stone upon the ruin of the former, by directing the whole of her trade at once to the Adriatic.

If we be indifferent to the progress of that despotism by which Austria is already absorbing the whole of Tuscany, shall we be equally careless of the consequences to our trade? Shall we relinquish the advantages of the Free Port of Leghorn, and one of the greatest markets we possessed in the Mediterranean? Our political power is most intimately associated with our commercial prosperity—weaken the one, and you will quickly perceive its damaging influence on the other. The great aim of Austria, at this moment, is to destroy English influence in the Italian Peninsula; and should she be but suffered to continue in her plans, there is little doubt that a few years more will find the Grand Duchy enclosed within the charmed circle of her Zollverein, and British manufactures as rigidly excluded as they now are from the markets of the Empire.

The last standard of national liberty—the Constitution, so solemnly sworn to and inaugurated in 1848—has just been overthrown. A Grand Ducal Edict has just proclaimed that the Tuscan people—whatever expectations they may found upon the clemency of their Prince, his generosity or his paternal rule—possess nothing whatever as a matter of right. Every gift so graciously bestowed on them is

now revoked, and they who, at a time of European anarchy and convulsion, neither assailed the foundations of property, nor were carried away to one solitary excess of outrage or pillage, are declared to be unfit for the exercise of any popular privileges, and unequal to the task of aiding in their own government. This has been the work of the last few days; and more and greater things, we are told, are to follow! The Leopoldine Laws, the great Magna Charta of Central Italy, are to be abrogated, and Tuscany to be given up to the whole rule of Priestcraft, and all the tyranny of the Inquisition. Meanwhile, what is England doing?—nothing, absolutely nothing! It is more than doubtful whether the Grand Ducal Cabinet deigned any intimation of these intended changes to the British minister there. It is certain that he had no instructions from his Government either to oppose or remonstrate against

them. We may display a most high-minded indifference to the death of Italian Liberty, but shall we be equally magnanimous with regard to the consequences of our ruined trade and annihilated commerce? These are questions that may yet have to be answered.

The reproach has gone out against us that, in our dealings with petty States, we are tyrannical and exacting, but that we are prudently reserved in presence of more formidable antagonists, and know how to restrain our valour within the precincts of moderation. A little more of our present policy in Italy, and this sarcasm will have become a maxim! Let us but continue to submit to the domination of Austria, in a country beyond her frontier, and we may abdicate our position in this part of Europe, and content ourselves with the display of a Mediterranean fleet without a Mediterranean influence.

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INHERITANCE DESPISED.

HUBERT departed at the bidding of his mother's husband, to walk the world a beggar, as he believed; but Lilius Randolph followed him.

There is a beautiful likeness between the office which is assigned to the guardian angel in the spiritual existence, and that which human love performs; in the mortal life, when sin and evil threaten, swift comes the white-winged seraph to stand between the soul and its destroyers; and so, when sorrow or danger are at hand, the watchful love steals calmly near, to ward it off, if it may be, or to share at least its fullest trial. Unseen, like the angel, Lilius followed the stricken man; she watched him as he glided on before her through the long passages, his head bent over his clasped hands, and she knew that he was trying to stifle the gnawing anguish that was writhing like a serpent in his desolate breast; for he feared that he had looked his last, not only on the dead face of his mother, but on the living countenance of her who was more to him than all the ties of earth together—and now, since the

last of these was rent—the only being whom he loved—the one on whom was concentrated the entire wealth of his affections.

But Lilius exulted as she watched him, for she knew that to her it was given, with one single word, to change his bitter mourning into purest joy; and the power so to do seemed to her the very sweetest blessing this mortal life could have. She saw him enter his room, leaving the door open; and as she stood in the recess of the window, where Gabriel had spoken to her on the day of her first interview with Hubert, she heard him ask his servant, in a calm, mournful tone, how long it would take to make all preparations for his immediate departure from the Abbey. He told him he would not, and could not sleep beneath its roof another night; and the man, greatly astonished, said, at length, he thought he could make ready in an hour.

"It is well," she heard Hubert answer; "in an hour, then, I shall depart—in one little, brief, inexorable hour."

He came out, with a fixed, solemn

expression on his face, and walked slowly down the corridor. She could not tell whether his object were to seek herself, or to strive once more, without encountering Sir Michael, to give a last farewell to his mother's cold remains; but, as he drew near, she softly said his name, "Hubert." He turned instantly, and came into the deep recess where she stood; the stern solemnity of his countenance melting into a look of the most intense, but mournful tenderness, as he gazed upon her. He took both her hands in his, and fixed his deep, grey eyes wistfully upon her face.

"Lilias," he said—"my Lilias, this was what I most desired, to see you but once again, to set the seal and final consummation of my bright dream of joy with you, in one brief farewell interview—to look my last on your sweet face—my one beloved, my only dearest, till I shall see it once again in the Light of the Resurrection morning."

These were the first words of endearment he ever had addressed to her—the first, from which she could certainly gather the truth of his devoted love for her, yet he spoke them with a quiet dignity of manner, in which there was not a shadow of embarrassment or constraint. It seemed as though he felt that for himself and for her who, even now, had been standing in the presence of that mighty Death, who is so emphatically True—the only living, palpable Truth in all this world of bewildering deceptions—all conventional concealments and unreal forms were wholly impossible; face to face, as they stood in actual presence, so must their souls appear one before another in that hour; and those expressions of tenderness came as naturally to his lips, as they had been wont to do into his silent heart. In fact, Hubert nothing doubted that she was fully aware how inexpressibly dear she was to him, and when he felt her hands tremble, and saw her bend her glowing face down over them, he thought she was stirred with pity for the deep love that was about to reveal itself in this, the last hour of its brief enjoyment—the first of its long agony of separation: so he went on with the same mournful calm—

"My own beloved, you will guess why I have desired most ardently to see you before I depart. The last wish, I think, which this living heart of mine shall ever form—I long but to

tell you, ere I turn away for ever from your dear presence, all that you have been to me, and all that you shall be—unchanging—while consciousness remains to me. Dearest, it must, indeed, be a most sacred love which can find its way to utterance on the lips that so lately received a mother's dying breath in her last kiss—yet, not only do I feel that she herself could understand me now, since by her disembodied spirit all things are seen in their unveiled reality—but to myself it is as though this last farewell to you were but a part of that which I uttered at her couch of death; for I feel exactly as though you too were about to die, my Lilias, and be as utterly hidden from my longing eyes and heart, as a corpse in its grave. And, indeed, it is certain, that my mother's dead remains will not be more perfectly buried out of my sight in her dark tomb, than your sweet living form in the life of joy—the wedded life—in which I never can have a part. Let me speak, then, and hear me patiently, as that dead mother would, if now I went to tell her of the long affection I have borne her; for it will be my one thought of earthly comfort in my future years of desolation, to think that you have known, at least, the intensity of boundless love which I have given to you, and you alone, in all this world; and which shall follow you wherever you may go, filling the very air around you with undying prayers and wishes for your happiness."

She made no answer; but the fair concealed face sunk lower down upon the trembling hands he held, and laying one of his own upon that drooping head, he suddenly spoke out from the very depth of his devoted, yearning heart, the impassioned words which conveyed to her the knowledge of a love yet deeper and more entire than she had dreamt of. Her very soul shivered within her at thought of all the suffering he would have had to endure, if, indeed, this had been a parting interview, as he supposed; and when, as his voice died away in the concluding words, he said—"and, Lilias, one proof, at least, I can give you, that this love is not wholly unworthy of you, which is, that through every moment of its existence, from the first night when I saw you till this supreme hour, which closes our intercourse, I have known that it was utterly

and entirely without hope; that the consecration of my whole earthly affections to you was an offering made in vain."

"And why in vain?" said a sweet tremulous voice, through the veil of the golden hair.

"Oh! my child—my gentle guileless child, can you ask me such a question? Surely, it was utterly in vain, since I may never be anything in your glad life—since you will soon, no doubt, be wedded to some loving heart, and must never look upon my face again, from this sad hour, when I go forth for ever more alone."

"And, why alone?" still said the soft and trembling tones.

"Oh, darling of my heart," he answered, with a sort of mournful wonder, "you torture me with words like these, for they bring before me wildest and hopeless visions of an impossible joy, unattainable for me as to find the long-lost Eden on the earth. Beloved, do you not know that I, indeed, must go alone, unless you, the priceless treasure—the brightest possession which any could obtain in this world—were doomed to go forth with me, the wife of a deformed beggar?"

To Liliás, these last words of bitter humility were, as an insult which some other had offered to him. She started up, and, flinging back the long hair from her glowing face, she turned to him the full gaze of her pure truthful eyes, and said—

"Then know, and understand me once for all, that except I become the wife of him, whom it has pleased you to call a deformed beggar, I never will be the wife of mortal man. To you my life and heart have long been given; and, if you reject the gift, none other shall possess it."

Hubert started with the most violent emotion; his face became pale as ashes, his shaking hands relaxed their hold, and twice he essayed to speak and could not. At last he said, gasping heavily—

"In the name of mercy, Liliás, do not deceive me. Are you speaking truth? It were a kinder thing to kill me now at once, than to let me for a single instant hope so inconceivable a joy, and then take it back, and tell me you were mocking me."

"Oh, Hubert, why should you doubt me?" she said, twining her hands round his arm, and hiding her face upon

them: "believe me, for I cannot lie. Not truer—not more entire has been your love for me, than mine for you—so true and so entire, that I will never love or wed another; and had I not been all I know full well I am to you—had some other won your heart, still would I have died a maiden for your sake."

"She speaks truth—she cannot lie," he said, faintly. "She is mine—my own—my Liliás—joy, and light, and treasure of my life. Oh, it is too much—I can scarce bear this weight of happiness." And, as he spoke, he staggered, the colour fled from his lips, and he fell heavily on the floor in a fit of insensibility, which is often the consequence, even on a strong man, of such an overpowering revulsion of feeling.

Liliás was terrified beyond all words: he looked so like his dead mother as he lay there; and it seemed to her as if she had only just obtained him, to be the beloved protector of her life, when he went from her in that death-like swoon, which might be the forerunner of the dread reality itself. Forgetting all, save that he lay there unconscious and so pale, whom alone she loved with all her heart's devotion, she flung herself down beside him, and raised his head upon her knees, bending over him with such a look of love and agony as none could mistake.

"Oh! my Hubert—my husband—my only love—awake, awake! Oh! dearest, do not die; or take me with you. I cannot live without you, my own love. Oh! wake, and speak to me; it is your own poor Liliás."

These were the words she uttered aloud in her bewilderment of terror; and these were the words which Walter Randolph heard, as he stood, unnoticed, by her side. He had been walking along the passage when he heard the voices of Hubert and Liliás talking in agitated tones. Suddenly there was a fall, a shriek from Liliás, and he rushed into the recess, in time to hear the announcement so involuntarily made by her, of her attachment to the deformed man, and the utter hopelessness of his own for her. He stood silent and stunned for a few minutes, although it was scarcely an unexpected discovery. He had felt for some time past, that he was making no progress in Liliás's affection, and he had strongly suspected that some other had won the heart he

sought, although he never imagined it could have been Hubert Lyle. The truth, however, was now clear beyond a doubt, and those few moments sufficed to decide his course of action.

Walter was both a proud and a generous man, although not one capable of any such clinging tenacity of affection as could render his present disappointment either very keen or very lasting. His pride made him speedily resolve, that since Lilius did not care for him, he certainly would not break his heart for her; and his generosity prompted him, at the same time, to determine, that he would not withhold his friendship from her, when he withdrew his love, and that he would act by her as a brother in the approaching struggle with her uncle, when, he foresaw, she would require a powerful friend to assist in accomplishing her marriage. These thoughts passed rapidly, but decisively through his mind, whilst he stood watching Lilius as she hung in terror over Hubert, and uttered his name with every term of endearment; then at last he stooped down, and asked what was the cause of this? Lilius looked up hastily, and, thinking nothing of reserve or concealment, exclaimed—

"Oh! Walter, help me to lift him up: look, tell me—is he dying? It is so terrible. He fell down here just when I knew him to be most my own; for he is mine, Walter—my own—my husband; and if he die, I will die with him."

"He will not die," said Walter. "Be comforted, poor child; look, now I have raised his head—he is coming to himself again. There, I will place him on this chair, and he will soon be better."

"Oh! thank you; yes, that is right; now his lips are moving—he has opened his eyes; look, he sees me. Hubert, Hubert, my own, my love; I do beseech you speak to me."

"Lilius, is it true?" said the feeble voice, as life and memory returned. "Have I been dreaming, or is it, indeed, true, as your own dear word can make it?—are you mine, in very truth?"

"Yours only, and for ever, Hubert; you must never ask or doubt again."

She was kneeling by his side at the window, supporting his head, and as she spoke, she looked up into the bright sky.

"I am yours," she continued, "by

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many a vow which that pure heaven has heard repeated day and night."

"And now the world must hear it, too," said Walter, almost overdoing the task he had assigned to himself in his anxiety to act a generous part by her. Hubert will not be content till those vows are registered on earth as well; is it not so?" he continued, addressing Lyle.

Hubert's answer was a look more eloquent than words. He turned to Walter—

"Is it not wonderful that it should indeed be so—that she should have given herself to me, from whom one might have expected she would have turned rather with loathing and contempt? But I am thankful you are here, both in order that you may bear witness to the truth that it is by no foul means I have won her to myself—this peerless treasure, this precious lily; but also I am glad that you have heard from her own lips that her happiness as well as mine are in our union, for thus I can, with the more confidence, entreat of you to befriend me now, when you alone, perhaps, can fitly protect her against her uncle. We may not doubt the persecution she will meet with, when her choice is known; and till I have a husband's right to cherish and defend her, I may trust you, may I not, to be as a brother to her?"

"You may, indeed," said Walter, turning away, with a half-repressed sigh, from the beautiful eyes that were raised to him with a look of gratitude, as Lilius silently placed her hand in his. "But I fear," he continued, "that the struggle which, as you rightly say, we must anticipate, is even now at hand. I hear Sir Michael's step in the passage; if he finds you thus, all will be known to him at once."

"And so let it be," said Lilius, drawing nearer to Hubert. "I would not abide one hour in his house on false pretences, as I must do if he considers me as his favoured heiress, when, in reality, I am the promised wife of Hubert Lyle. It is far better that he and all the world should know at once that no power on this earth shall ever part us more."

"My Lily!" said Hubert, almost breathless in his gratitude, "but you must prepare this noble courage for the very worst. I verily believe he

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will not let you remain a single moment beneath his roof when he learns the truth."

"Then, together let us go," said Liliás, calmly; "it will be sweet, indeed, to feel that we are divested of all save our trust in one another."

"Liliás, he is here," said Walter hastily, as he saw Sir Michael suddenly stop, like one petrified, when he beheld the group at the window. She was still kneeling, supporting the drooping head of Hubert, who was yet overwhelmed with the weight of his great happiness, and, without changing her position, she took his hand more firmly in her own, and quietly turned her sweet calm face towards her uncle.

Sir Michael Randolph had left the deathbed of his wife almost insane. The uncontrolled license of passions so violent as his, does actually produce a species of insanity; and now to these was added a bitter stinging remorse which had come to be his wedded companion, in place of her whom it seemed to him he had persecuted, even unto the death. For now that she was gone, and had become invested with that sanctity which envelopes the dead no less surely than their pure white shroud—he remembered only her virtues, and abhorred himself when he recollected that the last words he ever had spoken to her had been words of fiercest anger and defiance—that their final parting in this world had been in that scene of strife wherein he had closed the long series of violent quarrels that had made their married life so insupportable. Oh, to have had her once again living and breathing by his side, how gladly would he have given her his whole possessions, unshackled by any condition that her son should not inherit them from her hands, when she resigned them with her life! but simply because this could not be—because not the world's wealth could have recalled the breath to those cold lips of hers one single moment—his whole embittered and despairing heart and soul seemed to have concentrated themselves in one deep deadly animosity and hate, to the son of his dead wife, who had been the cause of all the dissension that now so pierced him with unendurable remorse.

He had come along that passage for no other purpose but to ascertain that Hubert Lyle had quitted Randolph Abbey, as he had com-

manded. The very feeling that now he would have been thankful to let him remain if his Catherine would have asked it of him with her living lips, made him wholly unable to endure his presence, when no concessions could have won a single smile from her whose tears he had so often caused to flow. Hubert Lyle was the living witness of that cruelty for which now he endured such tortures of unavailing regret, and in his present half frantic state, it seemed as if the only relief he could know, would be the certainty that he should never again behold this hated enemy, whom he dreaded to look upon, as men dread the executioner that is to scourge them for their evil deeds.

And he did look upon him again, not departing from his house as he hoped, but supported in the arms of his favourite niece, whose whole attitude, no less than the eloquence of her deep, loving eyes, told him but too plainly that she had given herself to this deformed man, to be his faithful wife for ever.

The old man literally staggered as he saw this sight; he grew livid, choking with rage, and he felt as if he must, indeed, go mad under this accumulation of trials which had come upon him one after another, since the hour when the fierce black horses bore away the living wife, in her queen-like beauty, who now lay a stark and silent corpse, in all the stern senselessness of death. He made a desperate effort to disbelieve the real meaning of the scene before his eyes; and, rushing frantically to Liliás, he seized her by the arm, and attempted to drag her away from Hubert.

"Liliás, what are you doing here? Have you lost your senses? How dare you so much as touch that vile intruder, whom I will drive with the very blood-hounds from my door, if he leaves it not within ten minutes?"

This unmanly violence, and these cruel words concerning him whom Liliás honoured, not less than she loved, roused all the woman's generous daring in her soul; for Hubert thus trampled on and persecuted, she rose up bold and dauntless.

"Uncle," she said, with sparkling eyes, "if you treat him, who deserves the world's respect and honours, with such unheard-of ignominy, know that your own niece shares the violence and

the disgrace. Henceforward, whatever he may have to suffer on this earth, I suffer with him, for he is my own—my promised husband; and not for all this world contains, will I ever quit him more."

"Child, you are mad; confess that you are mad, and know not what you do, and I will yet forget it all. Walter, help me—let us drag her from this wretch, who has driven her wild by some unheard of means, and brought her to this pass. Look how he holds her, as though he defied us. Help me, I say, to tear her from his grasp, and she will thank us, when her mad delusion is over, for having saved her from the hands of a wretched cripple."

"No," said Walter, whose generous spirit revolted against this insane violence towards a woman, and the cruel taunt on Hubert's personal infirmities; "I will take no part in any such injustice. Lilius has made her choice of her own free will, and she has a right to abide by it. She has given the precious gift of her affections to a good and honourable man, and I see no right that any one can have to interfere."

"How!—are you, too, in league to madden me? Is it thus you speak of your own future wife? Do you not love her, as I believed you did, when I looked forward to your union, as the consummation of my wishes, for my heirs?"

Walter crimsoned to the forehead at this speech, and turned away his head, unable to answer; but the perfect guilelessness of Lilius soon relieved him of his embarrassment. She looked up with a glance of astonishment in her candid eyes.

"Oh no, uncle, you are quite mistaken; Walter never had any such idea. He never said a single word which could bring such a thought into my mind; he has always been to me the kind cousin and brother, which it is such a blessing to feel he is, in this hour of my great necessity."

"And you fancy, then, that he will aid and abet you in your disgraceful folly, and brave me to the very uttermost, by thwarting thus my known desires. I tell you if he does he shall share your fate, and quit my house this very night, cast off and disinherited! For you must understand your sentence, Lilius; and I will try to master my just indignation that I may tell it to you more calmly. You have said that

you will never part from Hubert Lyle; and you know that his presence to me is torture; and that I have sworn that he shall not abide another night beneath this roof, with me and my dead wife, whose bane and torment he has been. If you will be with him, then—if you design to bear his name and share his fate, go hence! and never hope to cross this threshold more. I loved you as much as I could love anything, save her who lies a corpse below; and you should have had these lands bestowed on you alone, and Randolph Abbey had been your splendid home, from this day forth. But forasmuch as he shall never set a foot within these doors, you now must choose between that miserable cripple and the fair inheritance, and many a noble heart that would, no doubt, be offered to you, as well for your own sweet sake as for your great possessions."

"Oh, Lilius, surely it becomes me more than any other, to bid you pause, and think one moment on the dreadful sacrifice which you are making," said Hubert, in a tone of anguish which pierced her heart. "If one moment you repent your unparalleled generosity, you are free—most free. I can but die."

"My choice is made," said Lilius, clasping his hand more tightly; "and it pains me to the heart that any one should urge me further—it is quite in vain. Take back your inheritance, uncle, I seek it not; I am rich, beyond the world's utmost wealth, in his dear love."

"Walter, can you see this madness, and stand idly there?" said Sir Michael, his countenance darkening with rising passion. "I think it were but justice to compel this weak, deluded child to quit her beggared lover. Help me but to drive him from her side, and you shall have the noble lands she dares despise—yes, and her own self also, for I know you love her, though you will not say so. Come, let us separate them by force, if need be, and she will soon forget her miserable folly, as your bride."

"Uncle, do you think so meanly of me as to suppose, that I would seek to make her break her promised word to one, who is all worthy to be dealt with in rectitude and honour? Do you think, moreover, that I would do this for the sake of all the riches you could give me? No; if you persist in this

cruel treatment of two unoffending persons, I will myself protect her, and assist her in accomplishing the union she desires; but I entreat you, uncle, to think better of it, and to give yourself a sweeter peace than you have ever known, perhaps—in making this dear Liliass happy, along with him whom you have persecuted for no cause, and who now may well demand this tardy reparation at your hands. Hubert has never injured you in actual truth, or done wrong, as I believe, to any on this earth; let him reap the benefit, then, of Liliass's affection to the full; let her be your heiress still; and if he, whom you falsely called your enemy does truly share it with her, I believe that such a blessing would come to this inheritance as has not rested on it for this many a day."

As Walter spoke the old man's withered frame literally shivered in the strong blast of passion that swept over him—his eye kindled, his nostrils dilated, and his teeth were set in the effort to restrain the bursting, furious words that rose from his heart into his lips. Scarce had his nephew concluded, when he seized his arm with a grasp of iron, and said, in a voice of concentrated rage—

"Do you know what it is you are asking me to do? You are demanding for that hateful son of a hateful rival the very favour which she asked for him—the only boon she ever craved from me, and which I refused—*refused*, do you hear? to her, who now can never ask it more; and do you think that I will grant it unto you? Do you think that I will so insult her in her very grave, that the request which she has made in vain shall ever be conceded to a living mortal on this earth? I tell you no—no, a thousand times; but rather the sight of him, who alone has caused me to speak those bitter words to her, which I would now efface with my best heart's blood if I could, becomes each moment more unendurable. I am wearied and sickened of this strife, and I will be master here while life is left me. Let him go,—now—this instant, and relieve me of his hateful presence, which haunts me like a spectre: and if she, that wretched girl, is resolved to link her fate to such a miserable being, and you, worst traitor of them all, no less determined to assist her, then I say, begone one and all of you—begone from this, my house,

for ever!—let me never see your faces more, nor hear your voices; I detest them all, for every look and word gives sharpness to the agony of my regret. Go—traitors—enemies—begone, and leave me, unmolested, with these cold remains that now, at least, can never spurn me more."

"I am ready," said Hubert, starting up. "Too long have I endured to be a very curse to this man; my presence drives him into evil—it is time, indeed, that I were gone. But you, beloved, surely he will not drive you out to-night. Walter, should she not stay till you can take her to her Irish home?—and there I shall come to claim her as my own."

"No," shrieked Sir Michael, whose senses seemed almost wandering in the wild fury of his passion—"if she is to be yours, she shall go with you even now. What! would you have me harbour your wife here, to remind me every moment of the deadly injury you did me, when, for your sake, I was cruel to that cold, silent corpse! I know your motive, miserable beggar as you are; you hope that she will wile the old man, with her crafty fondness, to admit you here again, that you may steal from me by such vile arts, the bread I never gave you with a willing hand."

"This is too much," said Hubert; "let me pass. Sir Michael, fear not but that you have looked your last on me. I go never to cross your path again."

"And I go with him, to strive, by my life-long reverence and honour as his loving wife, to efface from his noble heart the very memory of these cruel insults."

"Liliass, you are right," said Walter, drawing her hand within his arm. "Come, my sister; and none shall dare to say you left your uncle's house without a fitting escort and protection. I will deliver you safely to your grandfather, and there shall Hubert find and claim you."

"Go, go," said the old man, with a wildness in his eye that seemed to denote a species of delirium, "traitors that you are, let me never see the face of one of you again. You thought that I was in my dotage, did you? and that you might hatch your vile plots with security, to win the lands of Randolph Abbey for the man I hate the most on earth. But I have a little life

left in me yet, though *she* has not the faintest breath within her cold white lips! and if I die this very night, I shall rejoice that my last act, was to drive the son of Henry Lyle, from the house that owns my name." And he stood back with folded arms, and ghastly look of hatred and defiance; whilst his step-son slowly passed him, followed by Liliás and Walter; for even at that supreme moment, Hubert left her, as it were, a free agent, and sought not, either by word or look, to draw her from that stately dwelling to the only home he had to offer her within his own true heart. But she never faltered for one moment in her devotion to him. One look of sorrow and tenderness she cast on the wretched old man, whose dark frown in return showed, that he already included her in the hatred he bore her future husband, and then turning meekly, she followed in the footsteps of the deformed man, with an expression in her serene eyes, which was eloquent of her one desire, to walk devoted and loving in his shadow, through life and death itself. Walter walked by her side with a hurried, impatient step, as though he longed to quit a house where he had seen and heard so much to shock his upright mind; and his bearing grew yet more haughty, when he heard Sir Michael loudly call for Gabriel, now, of course, his heir, with the evident wish to mortify those whom he had disinherited. Even Hubert and Liliás, deeply as they appreciated the generosity which had made Walter a sharer in their disgrace, could scarce regret that he had lost an inheritance which they verily believed would have come to him with a curse, since his appointment as the heir, could only have been the fruit of vindictive hatred and unholy passions. Young and vigorous as

he was, with the world all before him, and a certain independence already secured to him, they had a deep faith that he would shape out a healthier and nobler course of life for himself, than if he had been already fixed as the wealthy lord of Randolph Abbey.

And so those three, rich in their own fair qualities—their love, their truth, and their devotion—went out from the house that had been their home, into the calm twilight; for already, this day, so momentous to all parties, was drawing to a close. Once fairly beyond the bounds of Randolph Abbey, Hubert flung his arms round Liliás, and pressed her to his heart with such a look of gratitude and love, as would have repaid her for a sacrifice a thousand-fold more great; and Walter looked on their mutual happiness without a pang, for he possessed at that moment a bliss deeper and sweeter, than could be produced, by the most fortunate love or the brightest of earthly joys, even the peace unutterable in human words, which follows the exercise of self-denial and generosity such as his had been.

Then the two young men held a brief consultation what was to be done, whilst Liliás leant on Hubert's arm, and looked up with her quiet, confiding glance into Walter's face. Finally, they decided on taking her to the house of the rector, whose wife, a kind and worthy woman, loved her dearly, and gladly received her to her care, being shocked beyond measure at all she had gone through on that eventful day. Hubert and Walter spent the night at the inn; and, next morning, all three proceeded to Ireland, where their welcome from her good old grandfather, was such as to make them almost forget at once, the dreary scenes through which they had so lately passed.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNSHINE AFTER STORMS.

SOME six months had passed away, and the sweet spring-time had come to the rejoicing earth again. But great and momentous changes had passed on well-nigh all the actors of the strange drama we have been recounting.

In the house of Liliás's grandfather, the good old Pastor of Kenmare, there dwelt a fair and gentle bride, not many

weeks the wife of one who almost feared to love her more intensely than any mortal creature on this earth should be beloved. There was little of change upon her bright young face; the pure eyes looked out with all the candour and sweetness of expression which had won so many hearts in her days of maidenhood; and only, it may be,

there was something of matronly quiet visible in her graceful movements. And through the old church of Kenmare now, at morning and at evening prayer, there swells such thrilling and lovely strains of music as never were heard within these humble walls before, drawn by a skilful hand from the old organ that had stood so long, mute and unnoticed in its dusky corner, and which, since the day when a glad-some bridal train knelt around that altar, has given forth unceasingly this glorious harmony, to lead the songs of praise, which the humble Irish peasant loves to sing amid all his poverty and wretchedness. When the worship is concluded, and the white-haired pastor returns to his home through the dewy fields with his sweet grand-daughter, the musician walks beside them, holding most often her small hand in his own, and smiling with a glad look of perfect joy within his deep grey eyes, when she says, with her ringing laugh, that they must not fail to call her "the organist's wife," for that is her own proper title, and it is an honest calling by which to earn their humble living. Then mingling with her merry voice another scarce less sweet will answer with some stinging jest, and Lilius's bright-eyed cousin, Ellen Forster, who had supplied her place to the old pastor in her absence, will dart away from Walter's side to gather flowers in the fields, knowing full well the witchery of her gay presence will draw him after her wherever she may please to lead. Sometimes Ellen will ask him, with a demure look, when his affairs in England are likely to require his presence; because when he came for Lilius's wedding, he declared that business would require his immediate return, and now behold ever so many weeks have elapsed, and he still lingers there! And to this Walter generally replies, with a glance as malicious as her own, "that he finds his affairs so very intricate he fears no single judgment could arrange them; and he believes it will be quite necessary that he should take a quick-witted counsellor from Ireland with him, to help him in this and other important matters."

They were a happy group, and we fain would linger among them, but we must turn to scenes of a very different nature, and look on faces where there is no token of the sweet and blessed face that seems to smile on every

countenance, in that lowly Irish home.

There are sounds of joy and revelry at Randolph Abbey, though but a short time has elapsed since its master was borne from the doors he never more should pass, following the same road which his haughty wife had taken, when in her first humility she was brought down at once to the very dust; as though even to the grave he could not choose but hasten after her, in whose shadow he had crept his whole life through. Sir Michael Randolph lay in the dark vault side by side with Hubert's mother; but there was feasting in the house that called him lord so long, and from the gleaming windows the light shone far out on the terrace, whence Lilius had watched the mournful return of Lady Randolph, and where a dark figure paces to and fro heedless of the chill air of that night in early spring.

The hall, once wont to be most desolate at that late hour, deserted by all save the sad musician whose wailing music floated so softly through it, is thronged with guests to-night, assembled at the goodly feast which has been spread for them by some unsparing hand. At the head of the table sits the low-born mother of their host, exulting with all the arrogance of a grovelling worldly mind in the wealth and station which she and her only child have gained by such unhallowed means. The most costly treasures are lavished on her person; her face, handsome in feature and hateful in expression, is alone unchanged from the days when we knew her in her cottage on the Sydney lands; and ever and anon, in the midst of her loud mirth and self-complacency, she looks down with a dark and troubled glance to the vacant seat opposite to her which Gabriel has been vainly expected to fill since the banquet began. And where is he, then, this son for whose earthly aggrandisement she has been content to peril her own soul and his?

It is he who paces the terrace there in the cold and darkness, with quick, irregular step, as though he sought to fly from the sense of his own misery; for he is miserably tortured with that worst pang, an unavailing self-reproach. He has gained his desire, his rivals are defeated, and Randolph Abbey is his own. He alone stood by the death-bed of his uncle, and there was no other

heir but himself to receive the unwilling gift from his cold hands; and now it would seem as though the possession of this inheritance were sure to be accompanied by the bitter curse of a gnawing, deep remorse. For this it was which drove Sir Michael to the grave that scarce had closed upon his wife, and this it is which now makes life intolerable to his young successor.

His mother fills the house with guests, and queens it over his obsequious retainers. His mother dashes along the road in his lordly equipages, and visits, as an honoured friend, at the houses where formerly she would have been sent to mingle with the servants. But he, the owner of all this wealth, turns with loathing from the honours and pleasures it would purchase for him, and night and day paces that terrace, with dark thoughts eating at his heart, which cause him for ever to wring his hands in bitter anguish, and look up with appealing, piteous glances to heaven. *Aletheia! Aletheia!* where was she? Where had he driven her by the unholy arts wherewith he sought to win her to himself, but which, in the course of heaven's retributive justice, had only served to separate her utterly from him, and send her out a wanderer on earth, the most desolate of living creatures. He knew that Sydney had returned from his unavailing search, without having discovered the slightest trace of her, and that he now lingered at Sydney Court in the forlorn hope that she would herself communicate with some of the inhabitants of Randolph Abbey, but of herself he had no tidings whatsoever.

The one terror which possessed Gabriel Randolph, night and day, was the fear that he had killed her with that hideous lie, wherein he caused her to doubt the truth, or rather the mercy, of him to whom she had given herself so nobly. He was for ever shuddering at the thought that he had slain both body and spirit, and that she had perished by her own deed, when the weight of the anguish which had been laid upon her by his cruel hands became too heavy for her strength. An image, maddening to look upon, was visible to his haunted eyes wherever he went—*Aletheia's* lifeless form, delivered up as a prey to the impetuous waters, of the rapid river, that rushed so fiercely past the Abbey in its wild haste to attain the deep still sea beyond; *Aletheia*, borne

onward by the current at a furious pace, dashed among the rocks and stones, whirled from side to side, the helpless plaything of that mighty stream, and at length flung out into the unfathomable seas to lie in its hidden depths, a corpse unburied, with the wet hair clinging around her as her only shroud! And, darker still, more horrible to think on even than that corpse unburied, was the vision—the suicidal soul gone down, it might be, into depths more drear than all that lie concealed within the depths of ocean.

Thus the idea of death was never, for a single instant, absent from the mind of Gabriel Randolph—that dread and awful change which, before this period, he never once had contemplated; but thinking only of the present life, and its allurements, went recklessly from crime to crime, in the attainment of his desires. And now, this one deep thought had worked a marvellous change upon him. He had understood what life and death both were; life, the brief irrevocable span wherein each living and immortal soul is to decide the question of its own eternity, for weal or woe; death, the portal of unending joy, or of everlasting sorrow and regret. Had he not driven her to wrench the fastenings from that awful gate with guilty hand, when no celestial power had drawn the bolts to let her pass; and if she were lost, was he not doubly so—as the murderer of her soul and his own? Oh, that by years of penance he could call her back to life, and give her time not only to make her peace with heaven, but to ask his pardon too, with lips purer than his own! And ever, as he names the longing wish, and pauses to mould it into an imploring prayer, he hears the mocking voice of that great river roaring past, as though it would remind him in its wild derision, that his repentance is all too late.

In a darkened room at Sydney Court, there sits another penitent—a man so broken down with sorrow, that many years seem to have been added to a life yet in its prime, for already the hands so often uplifted in earnest supplication, are shaking as with age, and the dark hair is whitening round his temples. He, too, has been taught a lesson from the anguish which *Aletheia's* disappearance cost him, and he is penitent, as we said, yet without the vividness of that remorse which corrodes the very soul of Gabriel. He has learned that

their love was idolatrous, and, therefore, it has met its punishment ; and, bowing his head, he acknowledges not only the justice of the sentence, which commanded their entire separation, but the mercy which assigns to them so bitter a portion in this life, haply in order to ensure them a blissful meeting on the eternal shore. He does not believe that Aletheia has destroyed herself; he thinks that, forasmuch as her generous love grew to idolatry,

insensibly to herself, and from no wilful sin, she cannot have been thus left to herself, but rather he thinks she has been withdrawn into some solitude where she may give the remnant of her life to repentance and to prayer. He has resolved that his own shall be thus spent; and so when the period of their imprisonment in this world (criminals as they are is over), he trusts they shall go forth into the glorious liberty of the redeemed and pardoned souls.

CHAPTER XXII.

JUSTICE AND RETRIBUTION.—CONCLUSION.

It is evening, and the family are assembled in the little parlour at Kenmare. Hubert is writing for the old grandfather, whose eyes are growing dim, and who rejoices to have the assistance of his dear son whenever he requires it. Lillias sits on a low stool at her husband's feet, reading, and every now and then she lays her head upon his knees, and looks up into his face with her soft, loving eyes. Ellen and Walter are seated at the open window, ostensibly beholding the beauty of the sunset, and conversing together in low tones that are full of happiness; suddenly, however, they are disturbed by the arrival of a letter for Walter: it was in a handwriting unknown to him, and re-directed from Randolph Abbey, where it had originally been sent. It was signed by a Mr. Brook, rector of a parish not above forty miles distant from their own, and stated that it was written at the request of a relation of Walter's, who was, the writer grieved to say, at the point of death, and who was desirous of obtaining from him certain information concerning a friend, which would render the close of life more peaceful, and the last moments free from agitation. The letter concluded by saying, that the dying person earnestly implored of Walter not to communicate its contents to any one, but to come instantly, and relieve the anxiety that alone seemed to hold a wearied soul in life.

This request, however, Walter failed not to infringe at once; for scarce had he read the note, when he started up, and flying to Lillias, thrust it into her hands, exclaiming—

"Is it not Aletheia?—it must be."

"Undoubtedly; there cannot be a question. Oh, how thankful I am that she is found at last; but dying!—dear, dear Aletheia! and so near to us, when we never dreamt of it. Oh, let us go, Hubert, Walter; let us hasten there without delay, lest we be too late."

"You are right, Lily," said Hubert, "you must go as well as Walter, for you can best explain the miserable delusion which has killed her; but I go too—assuredly, I will not quit you. But let us, indeed, proceed at once, for too much time has been lost already by this letter having gone to England."

All parties were agreed that this was the inevitable course to be pursued; and a conveyance having been procured, the cousins set out with Hubert for the village indicated by Mr. Brook.

Notwithstanding their utmost haste, it was morning before they reached the Rectory; and when they found themselves ushered into the room where they were to wait for the master of the house, Lillias's face was blanched with terror, lest they had come too late. He came in at once—a tall, fine-looking man, advanced in years, and with a grave and thoughtful countenance; one spontaneous cry burst from the lips of all three—

"Is Aletheia still alive?"

"Just living, and no more," he answered; then glancing with surprise and considerable displeasure on the group, he said, "she requested Walter Randolph to come alone."

"And so I should, had the circumstances been as she supposes," said Walter; "but she is labouring under a fatal mistake."

"I can explain it in one word," said Lilius, coming forward. "Aletheia has, no doubt, confessed to you her whole history on her death-bed, if not before?"

"She has done so," replied the Rector.

"Then, certainly, she has spoken to you of Lilius Randolph?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You will understand it all then, when I tell you that I bore that name, and that it is mine no longer, for this is my husband, Hubert Lyle."

"Hubert Lyle!" exclaimed Mr. Brook, in the utmost astonishment; "and Sydney——"

"Never loved or thought of any but herself; it was a wretched plot against her—poor, unhappy Aletheia!"

And Lilius proceeded to explain the whole circumstances to him, known as they are to our readers, for the mystery had all been made clear to herself long since, by Sydney. He had discovered the share which Gabriel's mother had, in the wretched deception practised on Aletheia, at the period of her removal from her cottage to be the lady of Randolph Abbey; and this, of course, gave a clue to the whole affair. Mr. Brook listened with the most intense interest, and then folding his hands, said—

"How mysterious is the Wisdom that guides our lives; wonderfully, indeed, has hers been ordered. Her agony was all built upon a false foundation, and yet how salutary it has been; she would not herself have asked to be spared one drop of all that bitter cup."

"Oh, tell us of her state of mind before we see her; is she, then, resigned, and how did she come here?" said Lilius.

"I will gladly tell you all, but I must be very brief, for, remember, her moments are numbered."

He then stated that some six months previously, he had been sitting in his study one evening, when some children burst into the room almost paralysed with terror, and declared that a dead woman had come out of her grave, and was lying beside it in the churchyard. He had gone at once to ascertain the truth of this incredible story, and had found Aletheia looking, indeed, strangely like a corpse, stretched among the tombs; he at once had her removed to his own house, where his mother, who lived with him, had tended her with the utmost care, assisted, of course, by a physician.

It was some days before she fully regained her consciousness, and when she did awake to a renewed existence, the only words she uttered were such as to indicate a state of deep and rebellious sorrow. Casting a look of bitter reproach upon him as he stood by her bed-side, she exclaimed, "who has been so cruel as to bring me back to life?" and then turning her face to the wall, she refused to speak again or move. It was with difficulty she could even be induced to take nourishment; but it was soon evident, as the weeks passed on, that her sufferings, joined, no doubt, to the fatigue of her terrible journey, had sown the seeds of a disease which was hurrying her rapidly to the tomb she so much desired. Mr. Brook, who was a man of uncompromising piety, felt that he could not let her sink into her grave in the perilous state of rebellion and deadness to religion in which she evidently was. He had very deep and true convictions on the awful responsibility of each individual soul, and believed that it was a far more difficult thing to pass through the strait and narrow gate than many good people in this world imagine.

It was, then, with an extreme severity and a sternness of aspect which well-nigh terrified Aletheia, that he one day took her trembling hands in his, and, compelling her to turn round and meet his eyes, he told her that she was about to die—the end she so much desired was at hand; but so surely as she lay before him a dying woman, he believed that if she went to her judgment the indifferent, impenitent, rebellious sinner he now beheld her, the long-sought death would be to her only the harbinger of eternal punishment. Life had been given her to prepare for eternity—a difficult, an all-absorbing task; and she had dared to fling it away, with all its powers and its wasted opportunities, on some human passion that held her, as he could easily perceive, a blind and willing captive; and now, because the chastisement of her sorrow was in mercy sent ere quite the day of grace was over, she drove back the mercy from her perishing soul, and spent the brief time bestowed for penitence, in adding sin to sin by her rebellion.

Much more he said, in words too sacred to be recorded here; and Aletheia woke from her long spiritual lethargy in horror and trembling. She had believed herself unfortunate. She never before

had known herself guilty; because her love was pure, she thought it must be sinless, even in its maddest extent; and now, like Sydney, she saw it was idolatry. Yes, she had placed an idol in the temple of her soul, and, falling down to worship it, had offered up in holocaust to it the life, the divine treasure, which was not hers to give.

We may not pause to detail the progress of the blessed change that each day wrought in her from that hour. Now, in this her dying hour, it was complete, and the merciful discipline was over; she lay on the brink of the grave, the most humble of penitents, weeping for her wasted life, and scarcely daring to hope, that in the dread hereafter, pity could be shown to one so sinful—yet doing what she could while the fading life endured, in reparation of the past; dispensing her worldly possessions to the poor; making ample confession of all her evil deeds to the good pastor who watched so anxiously for her soul; and, in perfect charity with all men, sending for Walter, as the one least likely to be pained at seeing her die, to convey, through him, her entire forgiveness and blessing to Sydney and Lilius.

Mr. Brook rose when he had finished his account, which drew tears even from the two young men, though tears of joy rather than those of sorrow; he said he thought it would be best that he should himself communicate to her the truth concerning Richard Sydney, lest so unexpected a revelation should disturb the peace of the departing soul, with a desire of renewed life; afterwards, if she were equal to the interview, they should see her.

In about half an hour he returned, and told them, with a smile of pleasure, that Aletheia had met this last test of her entire submission to the will of Heaven, with something far more beautiful than common resignation. She had said, this alone could have been added to Heaven's mercy, and her ample cause for gratitude, that she should learn how truly Sydney was without reproach, innocent even of a wavering affection, and that his cruel treatment had been but the fulfilment, torturing to himself, of a rigorous vow once taken by her father's bed of death. And for herself, she said, that since these blessed tidings had been brought her, she was more than ever thankful she was dying; for had she lived,

knowing Sydney to be unchanged in that deep love which was her earthly treasure, haply she would have returned to her idolatry, and found no place for penitence again.

One petition only she had made. Mr. Brook said she had asked, if he did not think it too much indulgence for her, that Sydney might be sent for, and that she might see him once again. It seemed to her that she would die, and he would live more calmly, if they met, for the last time, here below; she desired to tell him he must not grieve, but be very grateful for her departure, and still more, she longed to make him comprehend in what a new and awful light this present world, and that which is to come, appeared unto her dying eyes, that saw so clearly. She would fain win from him a promise, that his life, if prolonged, should be no longer misused, and absorbed in an earthly passion, as theirs had been, but devoted to the one solemn purpose for which it was given. Further, Aletheia said, that she greatly desired to see Gabriel, in order that she might assure him that he had her complete forgiveness for the deadly plot he had conceived against her. Mr. Brook requested, therefore, that Walter would write at once to summon both, and he would send a special messenger with the letter, that they might arrive as soon as possible. This being done, Lilius exclaimed anxiously, "And now let us see her."

"You shall," said Mr. Brook; "she expressed a wish to see you all, but she likewise desired I would explain to you that it will be best for you to speak very little to her, if at all. She received this morning the last rites of the Church, and she is naturally desirous to be as little concerned now in the things of this world as may be. She will, necessarily, be disturbed when Mr. Sydney comes, and, meantime, she wishes to keep her thoughts fixed on the awful scenes to which she is hastening—and, indeed, words are not required amongst you. She knows your kindly feelings well, and you will not doubt hers."

They acquiesced at once in this view, and followed him silently into her room. Was it, indeed, a chamber of death, that cheerful apartment, with its lattice window thrown wide open, through which the sunlight beamed full on the snow-white draperies of the lowly couch? And was this

Aletheia lying there?—Aletheia, whom they remembered, with the fixed despairing countenance, and the mournful eyes. How bright are they now, with the radiance of a hope divine—how beautiful that face in its pure serenity. Glad was the smile that beamed upon her pale lips when she saw them, and, but for her emaciated form, and excessive feebleness, they must have believed she was a being returning to life and health, rather than passing rapidly away. She lifted her wasted arms so far as her weakness permitted, to embrace Lilius, and then giving her hand to Hubert and Walter, she murmured to each one the same low-whispered words, "Pray for me, that I may be forgiven." This done, she gently closed her eyes, and, at a sign from Mr. Brook, the two young men left the room; but Lilius, by an imploring glance, obtained leave to remain beside her, quiet and silent.

Three days and nights they watched over her, while she seemed hovering between life and death. Often it seemed to Mr. Brook impossible that she could survive till Sydney came, and he would gently tell her so; but her only answer was to bow her head in meek submission, and give one upward glance as though she commended her beloved, and all his necessities, to better care than hers.

On the morning of the fourth day they expected him; but it was evident to all that she was sinking fast; and when, at length, a carriage, driving with furious speed to the door, announced his arrival, they feared to see her breathe her last in the sudden excitement. She seemed, however, on the contrary, to gather the little life that yet remained in her powerless frame, into those few supreme moments; and all present, including Mr. Brook, left the room that she might see him alone. It had been so arranged, by general consent—for all felt that the interview was too sacred to be seen by any human being. One glance Lilius had of Sydney's countenance, as he hurried past her, with his haggard, anxious eyes and white compressed lips; but when, about an hour afterwards, they were called, somewhat hastily, to come and take their leave of Aletheia, she was astonished at the change which had taken place in him: he was kneeling beside Aletheia, supporting her head on his arm, and his look was serene and

hopeful as her own. It was evident that in the solemn words of that last interview, Aletheia had inspired him with the same holy trust and resignation which gladdened herself; but, in fact, her task had been easy, for the lesson had been already learned by Sydney in his solitude, and he had soon mastered the sudden agony of finding her thus literally dying before him. Once only the human feelings seemed to re-assert their sway; and, as he felt that the heart which had beat for him alone on earth was throbbing fainter and fainter, and soon would be still for ever, he suddenly bent down over her, and said, in a voice of anguish—

"Oh, Aletheia! who will love me as you have done?" Gently she opened her eyes, and whispered—

"On earth, none—but I myself, if I may, in eternity, with a purer, holier love."

Then he answered, "It is enough"—and was no more troubled.

Gabriel had by this time arrived, and Aletheia disengaged herself even from Sydney, that she might give him her hand, and tell him, in her faint failing voice, how entirely she forgave him. His entreaties for pardon and exclamations of remorse were piteous to hear; and when she had done all she could to comfort him, he retired into a corner of the room: there, on his knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, to watch the death of her he had killed.

He had not long to suffer in that fearful vigil—the closing scene was soon over; nor shall we linger on the parting moments. It suddenly seemed to Sydney that Aletheia pressed his hand; he stooped down close to her, and heard her give a feeble sigh; a faint breath passed from her lips to his, and when he raised his head to look on her, he saw that her face was sublime with that expression of solemn rest which no living mortal can ever know.

It was about a month after the death of Aletheia, that a letter was again brought into the little parlour at Kenmare, where the same party were assembled; but this time it was addressed to Lilius. It came from Gabriel, and stated, that he was, as she well knew, a changed and repentant man; and that he was resolved to spend the remainder of his life in some active work in the cause of religion, as the only

means whereby he might redeem the time ere it was yet too late. He then continued to say, he felt sure they would all understand that it was impossible for him to retain the Abbey, gained by such unlawful means. To Liliás it would have belonged by Sir Michael's own will, had *he* not interfered with the hateful arts whereby he had succeeded in driving his three cousins from their home. Now, therefore, she would find, by certain deeds placed at his lawyer's, that he had made it over to her, and to her heirs, irrevocably and for ever—nor would it be possible for her to oppose his intention, as this letter would only reach her when he had crossed the seas to another hemisphere, where no clue to his assumed name or residence would ever be given to her. The Lyles and Walter found, upon investigation, that it was even as Gabriel said. He had reserved a small independence for his mother, who was gone to the Continent; but all the rest was legally and undeniably secured to Liliás, and there remained no alternative, but that she should take possession of the broad lands and of the noble Abbey.

Then ensued a combat of generosity between herself and Walter, for she declared she would only accept the inheritance if he shared it with her; and he as positively affirmed that it was hers, and hers alone, and he would have nothing to do with it. The controversy might have lasted long enough, had not Hubert found an expedient whereby to settle it completely. He gravely informed Walter, that he had obtained a promise from Ellen Forster (as, indeed, he had) to reside always with Liliás; and, therefore, if Walter

desired to enjoy her society, he must, of necessity, make his home at Randolph Abbey.

And so it came to pass, on a fair summer's evening, Walter and Ellen being absent on their wedding tour, that Hubert and Liliás Lyle were received, on their arrival at the Abbey, in the old hall where first they met, by the numerous retainers over whom they were to rule. It was Liliás whom they hailed as their lady; but she, with a meek and gentle grace, took her husband by the hand, and, leading him forward, said—

"Dear friends, this is my lord and master; and, therefore, so far as you depend on me, he is yours also;" and at these words they all bowed themselves to Hubert, and welcomed him as their lord. And thus it proved, in the mysterious Decrees whereby the evil purposes of men are turned to good, that the very victim whom Sir Michael persecuted with such unrelenting hate, in order that he might never have so much as a home at the Abbey, became the actual possessor of it, and abode there for the remainder of his life.

But no one grudged the inheritance to him and his sweet wife, for none could have borne their honours with greater meekness, or dispensed their wealth for the good of others, with more unsparing hand. They lived a long and happy life altogether, blest in one another, and they never grieved that no other ties came to wile them away from their one absorbing affection for each other; for they did especially love to look on Walter's happy children, and to feel that in them they beheld the future

HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

THE LADY AND THE BARD.

BY THE LATE J. J. CALLANAN OF CORK, AUTHOR OF "THE RECLUSE OF INCHIDONY,"
"GOUGANE BARRA," ETC.

[An accomplished lady, with poetical talents (a member of the ancient family of O'Donovan of Carbery, in the West Riding of the County of Cork), once told Callanan that she had ceased to study poetry, and would not in future aspire to build the lofty rhyme, but make common sense her guiding-star through life. Callanan endeavoured to dissuade her from that prosaic resolution, and sent her the following poem, which has much of the fire and sweetness of the author's compositions.]

LADY.

"Plain sense shall guide me evermore,
The sweet delusive dream is o'er;
And Fancy's bright and meteor ray
Is but a light that leads astray;
No more the wreaths of song I'll twine—
Calm reason, common sense, be mine!"

BARD.

As well command the troubled sky,
When winds are loud and waves are high;
As well arrest the spirit's flight,
Or hush the tuneful bird of night:
False to the rose he loved so long,
As turn the poet's heart from song!

If all be true that minstrel deems
Of sister spirits in his dreams,
The calm pale brow's expression high,
The silent eloquence of eye—
The fitful flashes, bright and wild—
Thou art and wilt be Fancy's child.

But reason, sense, are they confined?
To the austere and dark of mind,
Must thoughtless folly still belong
To those who haunt the paths of song?
And o'er this life of woes and tears
Pour the sweet strains of happier years.

No! Lady! Still let fancy spring
On her own wild and wayward wing;
Still let the fire of genius glow,
And the full tide of feeling flow;
The high imaginings of youth
Are but the Titian tints of truth.

When bleak November sweeps along,
With his own deep and sullen song,
And fallen is all the Autumn's pride,
And every flower you nursed hath died;
When every summer song is still,
And the thick haze hath veiled the hill—
When other hearts in languor pine,
The poet's rapture shall be thine.

Then gaze upon the lightning's flash,
Or listen to the hoarse wave's dash ;
Others may tremble at their tone,
Not thou—their language is thine own.
See how the storm hath tumbled wide
The mist-wreaths on the mountain's side—
Or mark the seagull cleave his way
Mid tempest's shriek and billow's spray ;
While battling wing and joyous cry,
Proclaim his ocean liberty !

Poet and friend, if I may claim,
For lonely bard so dear a name,
Still let thy heart revere the lyre,
Still let thy hand awake its fire ;
Walk in the light which God hath given,
And make thy native wilds a heaven !

THE CRUSADER OF BIGORRE.—A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

" Lèche mes yeux mouillés, mets ton cœur près du mien,
Et seuls à nous aimer, aimons nous, pauvre chien !"—JOCKLYN.

DURING our stay at Bagnères we made an excursion to the Chateau de Bénac, once the property of that doughty crusader, Sire Bos de Bénac, whose marvellous return from the Holy Land, through the aid of the devil, is still the favourite history of the neighbouring peasantry. The chateau stands well, looking down upon a straggling village of the same name, and on the pretty, tumbling river Etchez, and was originally a very respectable place of defence, with its ramparts, its three huge towers, and its walls full eight feet thick. Nor does time appear to have had much power over it; but, alas! the peasant who purchased it after the first revolution, has worked so vigorously at its destruction, that he has razed to the ground the tower, once used as a prison, reduced that towards the east to nearly his own level, while the southern tower is split, from its roof to its foundation.

The chapel has been suffered to remain intact, that it may serve as a stable! The present mistress of the castle and her companion, a bright, lively montagnarde, related to us Sire Bos de Bénac's wonderful history with charming vivacity, pointing out, as they proceeded, the famous breach made by the demon in the southern

tower, which nobody has ever been able to repair, and which the crowbar and hammer of the peasant have respected. In part of the original building still existing we were shown a vaulted room, said to have been that of the crusader, in the wall of which was formerly to be seen a tablet of marble, on which was engraven in letters of gold the knight's marvellous adventure. An Englishman is said to have bought and carried off this odd addition to his travelling baggage; but the memory of the peasants supplies the void, and I give the lines as I heard them, in the original :—

" Ayant resté sept ans au Terre-Sainte,
Le démon en trois jours m'a porté ;
Mais, déclarant mon nom on me taxe de feinte
Pour courir à l'Hymen ; quelle deloyauté !
Je fais voir mon anneau, mon vieux levrier j'appelle,
Et c'est le seul témoin que je trouve fidèle.
Démon ! ce plat de noix palera ton transport,
Et je va's dans la solitude
Me guérir, songeant à la mort,
De ce que ton emploi me fait inquiétude."

" I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Now, you must know, that at the time when Philip I. was King of France, there was in the country of Bigorre, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a brave and powerful knight, called Messire Bos de Bénac. This knight was one day leaning dreamily against

the parapet of his castle, his eyes fixed on the Pic du Midi, though he saw it not, and yawning from very idleness. There was no passing guest to play at chess with him; he had given his armour its highest polish; he had visited his stables, his kennels, and his hawks; and Roland, his beautiful white greyhound, tired with the morning's course, only replied to the capricious calls of his master by lazily raising his sharp nose. At this moment the chaplain appeared at the further end of the meadows, whipping on his pony to unwonted speed. The Lord of B  nac hastened down to meet him; more, in truth, from want of occupation than from true courtesy.

"What news, Sir Priest?"

"Great and surprising news!" answered he.

"What! is there war with B  arn, Foix, or Comenenges?—with the King of Arragon or Count of Toulouse?"

"Heaven defend us from all such! War between princes! war among Christians!—mere sacrilege! But hearken and I will tell you of a holy war—a war ordained of heaven."

The priest then commenced a recital of the sufferings and humiliations of the pilgrims in the Holy Land, the insolence of the infidels, and the ruin of Christianity. Sire Bos's eyes flashed as he listened.

"And wherefore delay to punish the miscreants?" he exclaimed.

"Such, in fact, is the intention," replied the chaplain. "A brave and holy gentleman of Picardy is returned from beyond the seas, his heart bursting with virtuous indignation; he goes from city to city, from town to town, from chateau to chateau, telling of the profanation of the sacred tomb and the oppression of the Christians. At his voice all are moved; he draws after him knights and lords, ladies, monks, bishops, clerks, and serfs; his voice is like that of an angel, which none can resist. With a cross sewed on the left shoulder, they set forth, shouting, 'God wills it.'"

"God wills it—yes, God wills it," answered Sire Bos, in a voice interrupted by sobs. "And where are these valiant men?"

"Some are gone towards Hungary, others sweep on towards Marseilles. Peter the Hermit, clad as a penitent, a cord round his waist, his feet bare and beard unshorn, weak in body, but

inexhaustible in spirit, leads one party of the mighty host; the other is headed by the valiant Captain Geoffrey de Bouillon."

"And I rest idly here!" cried the young knight, striking his spurs against the pavement, "while others are already on their way. Bernard, Gaudens, Privat!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. "Sire Rupert, my Squire! Let my household be armed—assemble my vassals; I must have twenty lances under my banner; let my slingers refit their bicoles—put on your coats of mail! Go, call Raymond the Sluggish, who ought to be ever at my side, to receive my orders." And the fiery chevalier swore at his major-domo, and at every unfortunate serving-man who did not appear at his call.

When, at last, they were all assembled, from Rupert, his Squire, who was of the house of Montgaillard, down to the goat and swine-herds, and to the lowest drudge who fed the dogs and the hawks, he made known to them the words of the chaplain, with such vehemence of language and of gesture, that they became, one and all, inflamed with hatred towards the Saracens. The knight, then taking off his cap, and kneeling down, said—

"Mon P  re, give me the cross, and let all those present have the good fortune to receive it with me."

A piece of scarlet cloth was brought by Gilberta, the knight's nurse, whose office of housekeeper was indicated by the jingling bunch of keys that hung from her girdle; Michele, the young girl who aided her in the care of the castle, stood, with downcast eyes and heightened colour, before her Seigneur, cutting out the crosses with a huge pair of scissors, and presenting them to the chaplain, who, having first blessed them, fastened them on the breasts of the knight's followers. Scarcely was the ceremony over, when Bos shouted—

"Forward to the work! Maitre Raymond, look in the iron chest and see what remains of the Tourn  is livres and Morlan sous, which my father bequeathed to me at his death; and since 'God wills it,' call in the rents, mortgage the fiefs, borrow from the Abbey of St. Savin—from the monks of St. Sever de Kostang—from the Chapter of Tarbes. . . . Ah! if we had but a Jew! but alas! there is not one of the accursed race in all Bigorre. Money, nevertheless, must be had—begone!"

Then turning to the chaplain, he inquired how he had heard all that he had related.

"At the bishop's palace at Tarbes, where it was told with shouts and praise. Lord Gaston, of Béarn is already marching to join Raymond Count of Toulouse."

"And I shall arrive the last," groaned the knight; "nothing will be left for me to do!"

"Heaven, Seigneur, will consider your good intentions."

"Should heaven make up its accounts with me," said Sire Bos, rather sharply, "it will not be so easily satisfied."

In a few hours, when Sire Bos's great heart beat more quietly in his bosom—when he had examined one by one and affectionately kissed every piece of his armour—when he had put his war-horse through all his paces, he passed his hand thoughtfully over his forehead, and called for his mountain pony, agile as a goat.

"My cousins of Baudéan are further in the mountains, and, by our Lady of Puy, it would be ungracious to depart without inviting them to the enterprise."

Springing on the pony, he struck his spurs into it, and galloped off. He passed Bagnères-les-bains, entered the valley of Campan, and the clock of Baudéan struck eleven as he knocked at the gate.

"Ho! who comes at this hour?"

"Sire Bos de Bénac."

At this name, the drawbridge was lowered, and the Châtelain and his son hastened to meet Bos.

"Fair cousin," they all exclaimed at the same moment, "God wills it."

"You have heard of the crusade?" inquired Bos, breathlessly.

"We are just returned from Tarbes."

By the light of the torches they showed the cross, and embraced each other. The Lady of Baudéan, and her young daughter Mathe, stood on the threshold, silent and sorrowful. Bos kissed the hands of his aunt and cousin, saying joyously—

"Fair aunt, are our scarfs ready?"

But Mathe's hand, retained in his, trembled violently.

"Dear nephew," said the Châtelaine, in a voice which faltered in spite of her efforts, "you have taken us by surprise; but I will divide between my husband,

Sancho, and yourself a piece of the true cross, to be your help in time of need."

"Iolande," said the Sire de Baudéan, "the women of France have more courage than you."

"They have not resolution to remain behind," murmured Mathe, restraining her tears with difficulty.

When Sire Bos joined the Lords of Baudéan at their repast, he remembered that he had had no time for eating since noon. A quarter of izard, a shoulder of mutton, a roast goose, were buried in huge, deep dishes, with broad edges, on which serpents, birds, and lizards were prettily designed. The table was covered with butter from Campan, cheese from Ossun, apples and walnuts from the plain, and the wines of Spain and Roussillon sparkled in silver drinking-cups, rivalling the tints of the ruby and amber. The knights drank to Peter the Hermit, to the first engagement, the honour of the ladies, and the taking of Jerusalem. The Lady Iolande herself superintended the buffet, and on this evening waited on her relatives with a demeanour full of care, dignity and sorrow. Notwithstanding the goodness of the wine, however, Sire Bos became occasionally *distracted*, when turning his eyes towards the darkest corner of the room, where sat Mathe, in a high chair, nearly hidden from view. As soon as he could leave the table, he approached her, saying, as he passed his large hand over her silky hair—

"Cousin, are you sleeping already?"

"Think you I would sleep to shorten even the few hours that remain?"

The gentle girl's feet rested on a stool of black cloth, worked in coloured wool. Bos knelt on the stool, and, placing his hands on the two arms of the chair, he looked in Mathe's face. The tears were slowly rolling down her fair cheeks; she bent her head over the knight's hand. Bos's manly heart was moved; he had never called her aught but "Mathe," or "cousin," but now he murmured—

"My own beloved."

"Rather say, 'poor forsaken one,'" answered Mathe; "I lose father, brother, and you, Bos; and where shall I turn for comfort or support?"

"Here, dearest;" and Bos drew her to his heart, and as her fair head leant on his breast, she looked up sorrowfully at him, and said—

"Here, for one hour?"

"For thy life."

"Oh, cousin Bos," she replied despondingly, "and if the Saracens should come here?"

"Fear nothing—*God wills it*, and thou wilt pray for me—Mathe, wilt thou be my ladye and my châtelaine?—wilt thou that I ask thy hand of thy parents? The Pope will grant us the dispensation."

"I will, said Mathe," putting her hand in his, "for if without thee, I would have become a nun—no other should ever be my husband."

The lord of Bénac arose, leading his cousin; she—pale, slender, overcome by her emotions; he—tall, high in courage, and strong of will. They approached the Sire of Baudéan, who was busily instructing his wife as to the management of his affairs during his absence, recommending prudence and a retired life for her and his daughter.

"Noble Sire," said Bos, "and you, my fair aunt, will you accept me for your son?"

"What would you have, my nephew? do we not love you even as our son Sancho?"

"That does not content me; you must give me my cousin Mathe to wife."

"By the holy St. Savin! that is impossible—you are relations in the fourth degree."

"It is a difficulty that can be overcome—obviated at Rome. I will give as many livres Tournois as are required, and pasture-ground to the Abbey of St. Sever de Kostang, and a serf to the church of Ibos."

"Do so," said the Sire de Baudéan; if you succeed, she is yours."

"How long have you loved your cousin?" asked Iolande of her child.

"How can I say? my love has grown with me."

"Behold," cried Bos, with a loud voice, "my betrothed before God and man. While I am absent from her, my heart will be a stranger to joy; naught can equal her in my eyes but fame of arms, my faith as a Christian, and the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre."

"Add, my nephew, if the Church consents."

"She will consent."

Mathe gave her troth in a voice full of tenderness and grief—

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"Bos, I am thine, here, or in the blessed Paradise."

"And may we all meet there," responded those present.

Sancho loosened the blue and silver ribbon from his sister's head, saying—"Sister Mathe, give him a love token."

"Knight," said the trembling girl, "may this gift from your ladye, cause you neither coil nor death."

The two Lords of Baudéan laughed at her emotion, while she hid her face in her mother's bosom; and Bos smiled, as at the speech of a child.

"Nevertheless," said he, "some blood must be shed for this gift—either mine or the accursed Saracen's."

At these words Iolande felt Mathe's head sink heavily on her shoulder—she had fainted.

"Bos, my son," said the Châtelaine, angrily, "you cannot love this silly coward—this wren that has been placed in an eagle's nest?"

The Lord of Bénac carried the fainting girl, light and fair as the down of the swan, to catch the breeze from the mountain at the open casement, watching with tender solicitude till she should open her eyes.

"She is not formed to live without support," said he. "Poor gentle dove! Sweet may-flower! rest on my bosom."

* * * * *

Seven years later where were these cavaliers—these men at arms—those archers that followed the three Lords of Bigorre, carrying lances and halberds, pikes and slings, after their banners and pennons? Of that bold troop which left the Castles of Baudéan and Bénac with such proud step, raising clouds of dust, and making the air ring with the clang of trumpets and clarions—of all those, but thirty ever set foot on the shores of Palestine. Some were floating on the waves of the Mediterranean, amid the shattered timbers of wrecks; others met death in Cyprus, or under the walls of Constantinople; and of these thirty, there soon remained only the two Lords of Baudéan, lying naked, side by side, on the plain of Joppa, their faces scarred with wounds—vultures darting their beaks against their unprotected skulls, and jackalls prowling around them. The Lord of Bénac, that impetuous lord, lay bound in the bed of an old cistern, at the bottom of a tower, a captive to the Saracens, and scarcely half recovered from twenty

wounds;—swearing, stamping, striking his head and his fists against the massive walls; praying to God and all the saints; calling on Jerusalem, and kissing a blue and silver ribbon, spotted with large dark stains. It was Mathe's love-gift—Mathe's, who before his departure had become his wife. The good knight plucked up fresh courage every morning, as a pious knight should do; but the evening found him crouched on the pavement, sad and despairing, his hands clasped convulsively together, and his eyes unnaturally strained on the damp-stained walls. Inaction was killing him; the cold damp of the prison chilled his heart, and a longing to see his wife consumed him. Suddenly, he exclaimed—

"I would rather give myself to the Evil One than remain here longer!"

The Devil, always at hand and on the watch, appeared. It was not Lucifer, that great archangel, with proud front, blackened with the thunderbolts of heaven, yet beautiful still, even in his guilt; it was one of those wicked inferior spirits, encased in a form, half man half goat, with shrill malicious laugh—with horns and hoofs—that vulgar devil, one of Lucifer's satellites, who traffics in souls and makes bargains with misers, usurers, unjust judges, usurpers and other thieves—a demon who has the same offer for the poor wretch who covets a well-filled purse, as for the great man who is tempted by a throne.

"Take your wish, and give me your soul. Command me," said the Devil to the knight.

"Oh, ho!" said Sire Bos, "I should not have suspected that you were my companion here!"

"I am always ready to render a service."

"At what price?"

"Nothing in this life. You may, if you wish it, live to be a hundred years old; afterwards you will belong to me. That is but fair."

"Avaunt!—it is an evil compact."

"Think over it, however," returned the demon. "At this very hour Godfrey de Bouillon flaunts through Jerusalem, and you are absent!"

Bos made a gesture of despair.

"The crusaders are embarking for their own country; you will never again see your Castle of Bénac per-

fumed by the southern breeze from the mountains."

The knight's head sunk on his breast.

"You will rot in the sepulchre which you entered alive."

The hands of the knight were clenched.

"Your lands are ravaged by your old enemy and rival, the Baron des Angles. You cannot chastise him; he will laugh at your misfortunes in your own house."

The knight started to his feet—

"He loves your wife, Mathe; she is beset by his attentions; her heart fails."

"Hast thou yet more to tell me, thou more than devil?"

"If you desire it, I will generously show you Mathe, as a pledge of our bargain."

"Show me Mathe."

Immediately the Castle of Baudean, where Mathe had remained with her mother, appeared on the damp wall, like a fine picture. There was the room of the afflicted Châtelaine of Bénac—her large bed of green sammete, whose hangings represented the history of Sainte Quettérie, a young Spanish maiden, martyred at Aire, in Gascony, who carried her head, bright with glory, in her hands. The carpets were of the black bear and red fox of the mountains, into whose thick fur the feet of the attendant maidens sunk without a sound; the coffer of black wood, inlaid with box, containing her wools and needles; the Prie-Dieu in front of a finely carved ivory crucifix; on the right, a bénitier of silver-gilt and enamel; on the left, a reliquary embroidered with the Agnus of Rome; beneath, the presentation to the temple and St. James. Mathe, kneeling on the cushion of the Prie-Dieu, appeared to hold to life but by a thread; her thin, white hands, on which the blue veins might be counted, were raised to heaven, and she prayed:—"My Saviour! and you, Blessed Mary! and you, my lord St. James, patron of my house, deliver my father from all evil!—deliver my brother from all evil!—deliver me from all danger!—and may Bos, my beloved husband, rest in peace!" The false Baron des Angles raised the hangings, and entered the room familiarly, exclaiming—"By our Lady of Bigorre, if you continue to despise my love, and still refuse to become my wife, you shall no longer be Châtelaine of your possessions, for

I will give them up to the fire and the sword, and you shall become my concubine in a dungeon."

Mathe replied, with tears—"My lord, give me yet fifteen days; if, in that time, I receive no news of him after seven years' absence, I shall consider him dead, and will become your lawful wife."

Gradually the picture faded from the wall, and there remained but the damp streaming down.

"To-day is the fifteenth day," said the Devil; "the Baron des Angles is resolved, from mockery and ostentation, to marry your wife, in your castle, in your chapel."

"Make thy bargain!" exclaimed Bos.

"So be it," said the demon; "for you, long life and happiness; for me, your soul!"

"My soul is not mine, it belongs to God."

"Well, then, your heart?"

"My heart is my king's; let us, however, agree that victory shall remain with him who can outwit the other."

"So be it," again said the demon, feeling sufficiently secure of his prey.

"Thou must convey me this very evening to my Castle of Bénac."

"In a moment, if you desire it; but I prefer passing a few hours on the way for the pleasure of the journey."

"I invite thee to supper."

"You may spare yourself that demonstration of hospitality."

"Thou art invited to supper after vespers; it is a condition of the treaty; thou must sup after me."

"Before or after," answered the demon; "I am not proud after the manner of men."

"Thou shalt have what I leave; if thou findest anything that thou canst bite, I give myself to thee."

"Knight, my teeth are good."

"Demon, I will incur the risk."

The wicked spirit laughed fearfully like the hissing of a serpent, or the creaking of rusty bolts.

"Laugh," said the knight, gravely, "and, by the holy mass, I shall not be the one to weep."

"You shall have all my pleasures," said the demon, adding—"Take off your cross."

"I do not quarrel with thy feet or horns," replied the knight; "let each have his device and his mark."

"Yours embarrasses me," said the Devil, gruffly.

"Then break the bargain."

"No; so many are thus marked, and yet are mine. Let us go."

The walls opened; they passed out, and the evil spirit, taking Bos's hand, which he burnt to the very marrow, placed him on a cloud. Those who on sea or land saw the black vapour floating towards the west, crossed themselves, and pointed to it as the precursor of a horrible tempest, or some fearful calamity. Sire Bos, with a tranquil heart, floated on without uneasiness.

"I never desire a better steed," said he.

"You are not easily put out, I see," replied the demon.

As they passed over the Island of Rhodes, he observed—

"Many of the knights of that sect will become mine, bartering their poverty and vow of chastity for my works and pomps."

"They will leave thee the Saracans whom they have killed, in payment," answered Bos.

They saw Nîmes, that famed city of the Romans, sacked by Normans and Saracens, in ruins, and almost depopulated.

"Oh! the stupidity of mankind!" exclaimed the Devil, "who, having so few years to live, shorten those few by war."

"Hold thy tongue, varlet of hell," replied the knight, disdainfully; "thou knowest not the value of fame, nor the smile of beauty, nor the praise of minstrels—things far above life."

"Oh!" said the demon, "excuse me; war is one of our inspirations—it is we who implant that passion in your hearts."

"Poor devil, I pity thee! thou hast no good sword, which thou lovest as a mistress, with which thou canst practise for hours how to wound or slay thine enemies in front or rear."

When skirting Roussillon, they observed its warm and voluptuous manners; its dances, where the female, shot up from the ground, falls back gently on the firm encircling arm of her skilful partner. Both knight and demon smiled at the sight of this pastime.

"Hurrah for the crusades," said the latter; "while you are discomforted out there, your wives and daughters dance in the flowery meadows."

"The faithless ones!" murmured the knight.

"Every woman has three things light belonging to her," said the demon, "her heart, her tongue, and her feet. If you had remained in Palestine a little longer, your Mathe would have loved the Baron des Angles. She would have confessed it to him; and, if he had become tired of her, she would have run after him."

"Thou liest in thy throat."

"You are captious, Sir Knight."

"Retract thy words!"

"Men alone retract them."

The demon, desiring a little diversion, caused the vapour to become so light, that Messire Bos found nothing whereon to rest his material body; but, nothing daunted, he shouted—

"I will pursue thee even to thy caldrons—I will reach thee either by valour, miracle, or magic."

"Shift for yourself as you can," said the demon, quietly.

"Avaunt thou Evil One! Thou leavest me in the hands of God."

"A truce," said the Devil, whose whole being was troubled at that word—"a truce, and keep your lips from uttering that word."

"I will keep it in my *heart*," thought the knight.

They were now above Toulouse—which had been called the Rome of the Garonne—then proud of its basilicas raised on its ancient temples. The bells of its four-and-twenty towers sounded the knell for the dead.

"It is for Raymond of St. Gilles, the bold crusader," said the Devil, "who died in Palestine, in his Castle of Pilgrimage, and whose son has been driven hence by Guillaume de Poitiers."

The knight, still incensed against the demon, answered not, but bent in honour of the illustrious Comte de Toulouse. Rubbing his hands, the devil continued—

"In two or three centuries the Pope will make a crusade against this fine country of Languedoc. For our benefit he will exterminate whole armies of heretics, without, however, obtaining for that deed a quittance for the condemned crusaders."

"Wicked juggler! of what boastest thou? Have heretics a soul? Is not every crusader absolved from his sins?"

In a short time they floated over the rich lands of Bigorre—over its rounded

mountains, looking, in the distance, like a camp assemblage of giants' tents. They saw the impetuous Etchez rolling its foaming waves along, and the three lofty towers of Bénac standing proudly on the hill which rises above the village, and commands the three valleys. Sire Bos devoutly saluted his native soil and the heritage of his fathers.

"This little spot in the universe, to which your poor heart clings so fondly, will not long be the property of those of your name."

"I hope, however, to have offspring."

"From the Montauts it will pass to the Rohan-Rocheforts, until a great tempest shall uproot the seigneurs, to replace them by the sons of serfs. The descendant of one of those whom you see bending under his labour, shall become the possessor of your castle, and will amuse himself with destroying it bit by bit. The winds and the birds of heaven will do the rest."

"Ere one of these serfs shall pull down the great towers of Bénac, thou, oh, vassal of Satan! must reign on the earth."

"Every one in his turn, Baron—
you first, then your serf."

The knight whistled a hunting air, then said—

"If all that thou hast said should come to pass in a thousand years or so, what would be said of me?"

"Two good women, spinning, shall recount your history, as an old wife's tale, in the midst of the ruins."

"Thus thou seest," said the knight, drawing himself up, "that so much as the name of that serf, if he ever exist, will not be known; but a knight is as immortal as thou art."

The cloud sank down gently on a hill in front of Bénac, on the other side of the Etchez. The demon, where he put foot to the ground, left an ineffaceable mark, which may still be viewed without danger, provided one previously makes the sign of the cross. The evening breeze whistled through the branches of the apple and walnut trees. A small path, scarcely traced on the side of the redcubt, showed how few were those who now frequented the castle. In the entrance court the thistle and nettle grew in luxuriant wildness, the melissa threw out its aromatic tufts from the walls, the houseleek blossomed in the crevices of

the threshold, large cobwebs hung over the stable-doors, and the open kennels were noiseless. The good knight's heart sank at the remembrance of former days, when friends, retainers, coursers and falcons, had assembled so joyously in those courts. A tear, the first since the death of his mother, dimmed his eyes, and he turned aside to hide it from the demon; but that malicious spirit had seen it as it rose from the heart, and, with flattering tone, said—

"Fair sir, joy and life will return here; gay hunters, brave knights, minstrels with their harps, and bright maidens, will come to welcome you, and celebrate your fame. Do you desire pages, esquires, like a prince? or Arab coursers, more docile and accomplished than those of the Soudan, with Moorish slaves prostrate before you to lead them? Will you have Eastern beauties to dance and sing before you when you are weary? or will you be honoured as a bishop or mitred abtê? Would you be content to raise the envy of the Count of Bigorre, your Seigneur? or will you depose him, and take his rank?"

Without reply the knight hastily mounted the steps of the entrance. The heavy knocker, in his angry hand, struck the door with violence, and resounded, echoing, from the towers. A long silence succeeded, and Sire Bos was again raising the knocker, when hasty and heavy footsteps were heard; and the aged face of Nurse Gilberta appeared at the grating, with distended eyes and mouth.

"Ah! mother Gilberta, have you forgotten Sire Bos de Bénac?"

"Unlucky wight!" answered she, "do you dare to joke with the sorrows of this place? Begone! and may you never again have occasion for laughter."

"Alas!" said the knight, "am I, then, but a phantom, with the Devil by my side? Oh! nurse, nurse, has age deprived you of sight, that you cannot recognise your old master—he whom you have nursed in your arms and nourished at your bosom?"

"No, no! How could Sire Bos, my handsome foster-child, be so thin and haggard? Where are his armour and his war-steed? Where are his people? Would he have returned on foot like a penitent, and almost naked, like the basest serf?"

Bos replied with a sigh—"All my companions are slain, mother; all are passed from life unto death! By the will of God, I alone return."

Gilberta raised her hands in horror—"All slain! Thou liest! Certes thou liest, false pilgrim, in the hope of a night's lodging."

"By the bones of the ten thousand virgins, by all the relics of the Theban legion! thou shalt learn who I am."

The Devil, who had taken the appearance of a chorister of a cathedral, now said—

"Dame Gilberta, we come on the part of the Baron des Angles—open the door."

"Ah! where, then, was the use of deceiving me? are you not, at last, masters here? Wherefore stir up the shreds of a poor vassal's heart in order to discover there the cherished remembrance of her lord? Will you impute it to me as a crime that I am faithful to his memory? Ah! I see how it is! My son Bos, my dear son, has been engaged with the accursed infidels, and will never return to take vengeance of his enemies."

The good Bigorraise wiped her aged eyes, drew aside the bolts, turned the key, and removed the iron bars which secured the double doors, murmuring to herself as she did so—

"Oh! many's the time I have thus opened the door when the young Baron came in after curfew, in order that the Châtelaine, his honoured mother, should not suspect anything."

The knight and the devil entered. A boy left in the château, because seven years back he was too young to follow his seigneur, aided Michelette to light a fire in the great hall where the wide chimneypiece rested on two gigantic lions of the yellow marble of Campan, whose frightful claws, teeth, and mane were curiosities much celebrated in the province. The fire burnt brightly, throwing a high and clear flame, which detached the swallows' nests in the chimney, and dislodged the bats suspended therein. It lighted up the large bear-skins hanging from the beams, with stag's horns—the slender heads of the izards surmounted by their pretty black horns—the tusks of the wild boar—eagles and vultures, with outstretched wings;—along the wood-work were also suspended boat-spears and nets, cornets and trumpets, all rusty and covered with dust. Mes-

sire Bos gazed sorrowfully on these noble signs of past sports.

"Gougat," said he to the varlet, "are there still bears in the mountains?"

"More than men."

The wily demon approaching said:—

"Fair sir, by daybreak to-morrow you will possess the finest pointers from Spain, the best greyhounds of England—a pack of hounds with never-erring scent, untiring in pursuit, whose deep baying shall be heard beyond the mountains. Your huntsmen's horns shall waken even the dead lords in their vaults, and you will follow the chase on a steed that shall exceed the stag in speed, or on a strong hackney which fears not the wild boar. Your falcons will present you with milk-white gerfalcons from Italy, and merlins whose eyes defy the sun, and who will strike down an eagle with wings measuring twenty feet across."

The Sire de Bénac listened with open eyes, distended nostrils, and impatient foot to the flattering words of the demon; then said coolly—

"The time for such amusements and luxuries is not yet come."

Continuing the tour of the hall, he came opposite the distaff of his mother, placed with its spindles on a small stand.

"Oh! my mother," said he mentally, "you who lived and died devoutly, aid me now."

Michelette came in. Seven years had only developed, not destroyed her youthful charms; tall, strong, fresh, and plump, she was a good specimen of a Bigorraise.

"Michelette," said the knight, "let us see if your young eyes will be better than those of old Gilberta; do you recognise me?"

"St. Saven help me! Where do you suppose I should have seen such a face as yours, unless it were among the wretched followers of the Baron des Angles, or in a halter in the crossing of Vie?"

"Your pretty little figure has increased, and your fine skin is less fair; nevertheless I remember you well, young one. Have you, then, quite forgotten Sire Bos de Bénac?"

"Sire Bos, the handsome brave knight, praised and beloved by all the young girls of Bigorre. No, truly; the image of my dear lord lives in my heart as a bright star, and bears no resemblance to you."

"Ah! fiend," said Bos to the demon, "this is certainly one of your tricks."

"I never trouble myself to efface. Men have no need of aid there—made to live but a moment, each step is short."

Michelette assisted Gilberta in pouring the Spanish wine from the skins into broad decanters, and placing them on the sideboard. She then put tallow candles into the high silver candelabras.

"Do the bees of Bénac no longer yield honey, mother Gilberta?" inquired the knight.

"They still yield it, grace be to God; but tallow will be good enough for this evening's fête; the wax may be kept for the dead."

She proceeded to open the coffers to select linen and quilts.

"You have but one bed to provide for, nurse," cried Bos.

"May a curse light on it," murmured Gilberta.

"May God bless it," said the knight; nevertheless, only one bed; for my companion here will leave after supper."

"Think you that I am not acquainted with silken curtains and beds of down, and plumed dais?"

"No, no; you know them well; you love to wander around them, and encourage sleep when it is not needed, and too pleasant dreams, treacherous temptations and all that leads to evil."

Then turning to Gilberta, the knight asked whether the Lady Mathe de Bénac were in great affliction.

"She was afflicted beyond measure," answered Gilberta, "but she is now become resigned."

"Heaven has inspired her with hopes of my return."

The demon gave a smile of fearful malice. Near midnight the sound of horses was heard in the court; it was the Baron des Angles conducting Mathe to her espousals in the chapel of Bénac.

"Demon," said the knight, "you belong to me for this evening; mount the belfry, and sound the great bell."

The chapel was lighted up; Mathe, kneeling on cushions, as at her first marriage, bent like a plant stricken by the storm. Her mother, Dame Iolande de Baudéan, supported her, as before—but no longer with joy and pride—rather with the grief of a widow mourning over her last hope. A few ladies and waiting-women stood around

with downcast eyes. Followed by his friends, the Baron entered, with sparkling eyes, and a smile of insolent triumph on his lips, stamping and causing his golden spurs to clank upon the sepulchral stones, in proud defiance of all Lords of Bénac, dead or living. Dressed in a fine coat of mail, with velvet mantle, and cap shaded by feathers, he placed himself on the right of Mathe. At the farther end of the chapel were his paid retainers, a few trembling vassals of the lordship of Bénac, and near the door were the old dog and falcon of Sire Bos, which had been placed there by order of the Baron, to be witnesses, as it were, of his triumph over all that had belonged to the Crusader. A monk of Escaladien, stood at the altar in his surplice and stole.

"Monk," shouted the Baron, arrogantly, "do thy business."

The monk, with fearful and sorrowful mien, advanced, with the ritual in his hand.

"Messire Guillaume, Guillanne, Baron des Angles."

"Add," said the Baron, "Lord of Bénac, Avérac, Aribafreyte, and other places."

At these words the strong hand of Sire Bos seized his enemy by the throat.

"I will make you swallow your words again, traitor," cried he.

The Baron quailed at the sight of Bos, whom he recognised, though not as a living being. The knight, who held him so tightly as to stop his breath, gave him with the other arm a blow on the head, which felled him—set his foot on him—and pressed him to the ground as he would crush a worm.

"Friends or enemies," said he, raising his voice, "do you recognise the Lord of Bénac by this act?"

How recognise the proud noble of Bigorre with that yellow skin, those starting tones, that head almost shorn, that dirty and bristling beard, without casque, or cap, or even the smallest hood on that bare skull; and for all clothing a wretched coat of grey stuff, not reaching to the knees; neither boots nor spurs, and the feet only covered by the tattered remains of Turkish slippers? Who could have known the handsome, dark knight of Bigorre?—so much had fatigue, and captivity, and the cruelty of the Sara-

cens disfigured him! All remained lost in astonishment. He continued—

"Noble or vassal, is there not one among you who, from chivalry or Christian charity, will acknowledge me?"

The old white greyhound, which had risen at the first sounds of his voice, made his way through the crowd, wagging his tail, and, stopping before the knight, gave a long cry, which seemed to express all the sorrows of absence, and the happiness of again seeing him; then rising on his hind legs, he placed his fore-paws on the chest of the knight, whining affectionately.

"Rollo, my brave dog, thou bearest witness to thy master."

The knight and the dog clung to each other. Then the merlin sprang above the falconer, and, flying over the crowd, alighted on his master's wrist, shaking his bells, and greeting him with quivering wings, joy and tenderness beaming from his eye.

"And thou, also, my fine Sylvan—are there but you two faithful?"

A second tear rose to the knight's eye, which he wiped on the bird's wing.

Wonder seized on all, and some cried—"Surely this must be Sire Bos de Bénac;" but others said—"It is a robber, a Sarcen, a sorcerer."

The friends and retainers of the Baron, bethinking themselves at last of defending him, now rushed, all armed, upon the knight; but, raising the Baron, and holding him as a shield before his head and breast, he snatched the shaft of a lance which was lying on the tomb of one of his ancestors, and made such good use of it in overthrowing and breaking the backs of his nearest opponents, that he was well able to defend himself until his vassals in the chapel, and those who had obeyed the infernal summons from the belfry, came to his aid. The enraged aspect of Sire Bos—the strength of his blows—that formidable and unequalled voice—proved to all that it was indeed the *preux* and mighty knight of the mountains, who had strangled a bear in combat, who could carry a cask like a goblet in his arms, and who, adroit as powerful, always unhorsed in the tourney whoever could be induced to risk his fame against him. When the chapel had been cleared of enemies, and the Baron des Angles alone remained, bruised and vanquished, Sire

Bos approached Mathe, who, after fainting, had recovered her consciousness in the midst of the tumult. Bending towards her, he said softly—

"My wife, my beloved, do you know me?"

Now it was that the brave knight trembled.

"I know you not," cried the Châtelaine, confused, frightened, and turning her head away. "Have mercy on me, I know you not."

Sire Bos drew from his bosom the half of a ring.

"I left you," said he, "the other half. Are ring and memory both lost?"

Mathe looked wildly on the ring.

"It is," said she, "the ring of my lord and dearly beloved Bos. Are you Bos?"

"To supper," cried the demon, anxious to change the theme; "to supper—I am wanted elsewhere."

"So be it, that we may make an end of this," said the discouraged knight; and he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed Gilberta.

They passed to the banquetting-hall. Upon the upper table-covering of lace, in the midst of silver dishes, drinking-cups, inlaid with gold, and chased candelabras, in which now burnt brightly the yellow wax of Bénac, Nurse Gilberta, with shame and vexation on her brow, placed one small, wretched dish of walnuts.

"It is a vow," said Sire Bos; "we shall not want a *chef-de-cuisine* to-night."

Seated between the Dame Iolande and the Lady of Bénac, whose eyes rested constantly on him with more of doubt and uncertainty than of happiness, the knight mournfully picked his walnuts. The guests looked on in astonishment. The demon, seated at a corner of the table, opened his flaming eyes, gloating over the knight, as the

gamester covets and watches the piece of gold for which he plays. When the crusader had picked and repicked his nuts, until not a bit remained, he threw the empty shells on the table—

"Try," cried he to the demon, "to sup after me; and if you cannot, begone in God's name!"

Heaven would not permit a knight so full of faith to become a prey to the Evil One, who, with a fiendish yell, sprang at the wall, through which he vanished, leaving an opening which no human workman has ever been able to close, and through which the pure azure of the sky can still be seen across the ruined tower of the once magnificent Castle of Bénac. Hence arose the proverb—"A Bigorraise will cheat the Devil."

Sire Bos left the table, passed the gates of the castle, and took the road to the Valley of Lourdes. Two things weighed heavily on the heart of the good knight—the forgetfulness and coldness of his lady, and the services and companionship of the devil, although he had come off victorious. Distrusting all earthly happiness, he desired only to obtain his portion in Paradise, and sought a hermitage, where he could pass his life in prayer, and obtain peace and resignation. Nevertheless, clinging still to a wish to be loved, he took with him his greyhound and his falcon. His end was unknown. His possessions passed to Loïsse (or Louise) de Bénac, who brought them to the family of Montault; and, in order to preserve the remembrance of this singular and veracious history, his boots and spurs were preserved in the Church of the Cordeliers at Tarbes, until 1793, when the torrent of the Revolution swept away boots, spurs, and treasures; and the church itself is now fast disappearing, having been long disused.

THE CORKONIANS, PAST AND PRESENT.

[As the "National Exhibition" has directed considerable attention to the capital of Munster, we have thought the present a proper occasion for a retrospective glance at Cork and the Corkonians. In our next number we may probably notice the results of the Exhibition itself, which has been so brilliantly inaugurated, and which reflects so much credit on all who undertook its management. So well and harmoniously have all parties toiled together on this occasion for the public benefit, that we desire to see the Committee of Management declare itself *en permanence* as an "Irish Industrial Committee." Such a body of gentlemen, at once practical and patriotic, would have great weight with the Government and the public at large, and might, perhaps, be able in future times to render further social services. We would be sorry to see such a body of gentlemen dissolve their union at the close of the Exhibition without some attempt to perpetuate their friendly intercourse, and guarantee its continuance by some society that would bring their talents and patriotism together, and concentrate their moral power on social progress in Ireland.]

THE Corkonians are a race of people who have never been adequately described, although the topography of their city has been ably treated of, and its antiquities carefully explored, by Smith, Crofton Croker, the Tuckies, and Windele. Of the city itself, its weather-slatted houses, its wide streets and narrow lanes, and its beautiful environs, we shall say little; but fix our attention on the inhabitants, who need not object to being themselves critically inspected. There is much in them to observe, and a vast deal to commend; and, taken altogether, they present an object worthy of our notice.

A glance at the site of Cork will easily account for its want of stirring legends, and famous historical associations. Its position rendered it so vulnerable, that it could never be a place of military strength. Thence its annals have nothing to tell like the sieges of Derry or Limerick, nor have any great battles been fought within its immediate vicinity. In archæological interest and time-honoured memories it falls immeasurably below Cashel and many other places. Of

course it has none of the parliamentary, forensic, and courtly recollections of Dublin—the seat still of our executive and judicature, and once the home of our Irish legislature. Nor did any great historical house, like that of Ormonde at Kilkenny, give Cork, during generations, the lustre of its birth, and the advantages of its audacity and ambition.*

But Cork has something better to show and tell of than bygone memories, or frowning castles, fraught with feudal legends. She has "the Corkonians" themselves, original and peculiar, with a character and mode of thinking native and unborrowed, differing from the rest of the Irish in very many things, though preserving a strong generic resemblance to their countrymen. A stranger would at first be a little puzzled with them. Vivacious and versatile, beyond the average even of Irishmen, the Corkonians mingle railery with their hospitality, and cut up cattle and human nature with a trenchant ease and constant energy, as if they had taken a government contract to victual the State with beef and sa-

* That an Irish "Parliament" sat in 1380, at St. Peter's Church, Cork, and nominated a Governor for Ireland, is a fact little known; and is only superficially glanced at by Smith (vol. i. p. 23), in his "History of Cork." Mortimer, Earl of March, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died in Cork in that year, at the house of the Friars' Preachers, and the King's writs were dispatched to certain Prelates, Peers, and Commoners, ordering them to repair to Cork, and choose a Lord Justice in his place. Monck Mason, in his History of St. Patrick's Cathedral, has a long account of the proceedings at this Council, "or Parliament," as he calls it, which will well repay the curious reader, and deserves a fuller citation than the local Cork historians have given to it.—(Mason, pp. 126–7). Strictly speaking, this Assembly cannot be called a Parliament. It was rather a great Council, indulging in what the lawyers of that time called the "*loquentia parliamentandi*." But it had much similitude to a Parliament, and is, in some respects, a historical testimony to the ancient importance of Cork.

tire, fresh jokes and pickled pork at the same time. The curing season at Cork lasts only during the winter solstice ; but there is a provision trade in lively sarcasm and spicy repartees, carried on for the whole year, and business is always brisk in it. It is very consoling, too, in so humid a climate as that of Cork, that there should be vast stores of dry humour : for it is always raining there ; and after the sky has wetted you to the skin, another shower of Cork jokes will make you shake your sides with laughter, and forget your first soaking over a second one of punch. We once read a sprightly account of the city, written eighty years ago, in which the letter-writer said :—

"There are only two ideas, my dear Jack, in this city, but they are great ones—*eating and joking*." The writer, of course, referred to the two most popular ideas there, and they are treated of in that city quite transcendently—reconciling theory and practice. "The staple trade of the city, as has been further observed, salt butter, symbolises Corkonian life. If you do not like to be buttered—that is, blarneyed—you must be content with being preserved in well-salted sarcasm. They'll clap a 'Cork brand' upon you, cooper up your character neatly, and nail you on the head, in a style that shows all Cork is one vast 'weigh-house,' where every one must have his social rank duly scratched upon him." Enough, then, has been said, to show how pleasant life at Cork must be to folk with joyous temperament, and without tender skin. If, indeed, your epidermis be rather sensitive, keep away, good reader, from latitude 51° 53' N. and longitude 8° 28' W. But there is nothing malevolent in the Corkonian mode of levying toll upon old residents and new comers ; it is the *droit du pays*—a local custom, and peculiar method of applying private judgment to men and things, in which even the victim to railery must laugh at his own martyrdom. Heraclitus, indeed, would have stood no chance at Cork of the next mayoralty ; he would have been told to water some other place, and that their pluvius sky could not spare the hydrometer of the Royal Cork Institution being applied to the eyes of a snivelling system-monger. If Cork is ever to die, it will die game—that is, making game of saucy Fortune, like

that Earl of Desmond borne on the shield of the Butlers, shouting around—"Where is the Desmond now?" "Where he always was, on the necks of the Butlers." Faddy from Cork, will perish *en plaisantant*, like many other great men who went out of the world in that funny fashion, as recorded by Bayle, and Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer's learned sire.

The "eating and joking" at Cork are certainly very good ; you may have either better elsewhere, but both together are served up at Cork with a "hospitalitie" that would astonish Captain Costigan, and make Dominic Sampson shout "prodigious !" until the very salmon on Shandon steeple would confound the Dominie's breath with a south-wester, and, like a stipendiary patriot, turn his tail according to the wind. The social, the *intensely social*, is the spirit of Cork life. The "eating and joking" are only the manifestation of the friendly, fun-loving, pleasure-seeking race, who laugh at themselves and all mankind, and enjoy the world better than any portion of her Majesty's subjects. It puzzled Locke to form an abstract idea of "a pound," and it would be equally puzzling to ourselves to form an abstract idea of a Corkonian without a mouthful of fun, and an umbrella tucked under his arm. A rainy sky, showers of jokes, the political thermometer always at "boiling ;" dirty streets and dirtier dandies, second-hand, shabby, and non-producers of aught save their kind ; pretty girls, in crowds, that would puzzle Professor Hancock to count statistically, with kiss-suggesting lips, chattering away in a high key of voice, and eyes ready to flash with fun and fondness ; shopkeepers walking home to dinner, with new books from the library tucked under their arms, and hats on their heads looking old enough to be worn at the wedding of the Ancient Mariner (for the Corkonians have, perhaps, the best heads and worst hats in Ireland) ; priests with frowning faces, and queer-looking little boys with funny ones, and a miscellaneous lot of noisy patriots always going to shout and hear others shout at "the meeting," are constant and prominent features in Corkonian life.

We may also mention a fact worthy the attention of humanitarians and literary ladies, that no city in Christendom can equal Cork in the num-

ber of its blue stockings and bare legs.

But, besides "the eating and joking," there is another propensity of the Corkonian character, which three days' residence amongst the people will discover. There is a love of the intellectual, a desire of knowledge, and a respect for learning, widely diffused amongst the upper and middle classes of Cork that goes far to correct and elevate the over-funny spirit of the Corkonians. Independence of thinking is a personal and social characteristic of all the Corkonian tribe. They follow, as if instinctively, the equivocal precept so boldly expressed by Lessing—"Think wrongly if you will—but think for yourself" (and we would add, have a special care that on momentous questions you think rightly). It is worth while tracing the causes that developed the intellectual element of Corkonian life.

The merchants of the city, in the last century, were a superior race of men. The exigencies of business—trade with the south of France, Spain, and the West Indies, compelled them to travel, learn languages, and study commerce on a liberal system. They set the fashion of being linguists, and men of general knowledge. The manners of the rich were copied, and the intellectual became a sign of respectability at Cork, and a passport to society. Besides, Cork was a bishop's see, with a staff of scholarly clergy; a large medical faculty practised in the city; a garrison added to the variety of society: and thus, from foreign trade, intercourse with Liverpool and Bristol, an educated clergy, a large professional class—medical, forensic, and military—there were at work several causes to plough up the intellect of the population, stimulate its mental faculties, and prevent them from lying fallow. A body of the Cork merchants formed "The Cork Library," for circulating standard books of travels, belles-lettres, and biography; and, by observation of other places, we can ourselves bear testimony, that a better class of books were circulated in the houses of the Cork middle classes than in most provincial parts of England. Lastly, a "Royal Cork Institution" was formed and endowed, mainly (if not entirely) owing to the energy and truly patriotic spirit of an accomplished Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Dix

Hincks, who now, venerable by years and virtues, can well look back upon a life from which vast good has flowed to many and many a spirit, that first drank knowledge from streams which that estimable person caused to flow. A Forum was founded, where a philosophical society held weekly discussions. A public press, with considerable intelligence, was maintained; and the reader can readily believe that all these various influences told strongly upon the naturally versatile and susceptible population of the city.

It may also be affirmed that the Corkonians are a very mixed race of people. Their maritime position, and the incursions of the Danes, helped originally to modify, in some degree, the prevailing Celtic race. Settlers from England, at various periods, down to the days of Cromwell, carried this mixture further. But of all the grafts upon the population of Cork, none carries stronger marks of its origin than the French Huguenotic breed, which can easily be traced in the olive complexions, dark eyes, and raven hair of several of the best Protestant families. The mental characteristics of that peculiar race—their refined courtesy, their versatility, and French love of the *gentil*—can as easily be discerned as the physical signs. In their love of amusement, the theatre, and music, their hereditary taste is particularly visible.

But with all this undoubted talent, and despite of the uncommon intellectual activity at Cork, the city, we grieve to say, is decidedly retrograde in point of property, even when compared with its own past standard. It is stated by Dr. Lyons, the leading man of the "Liberal" interest at Cork, that the present valuation of the City of Cork is £92,783; and that since 1845 there has been a falling off in the valuation of between £48,000 and £49,000. It is contended that the valuers have assessed the houses too low; but even allowing a margin of twenty-five per cent. on that score, there is still a vast positive decrease in the valuation of Cork, as measured by its own standard. But, take a proportion between the valuations of Cork and Belfast in 1845, and what they are now, and the relatively retrograde character of Cork is very serious to contemplate.

Corkonians will not underrate their

some in a high, and some in a low
Some of them measured out tunes as
singing, but in accents the most unmu-
that ever wounded the human ear.

Not content with what I saw at mass, I
wards went to church, the steeples of
exactly answered Shakspeare's de-
in sloping to the foundation, which
the flimsy bottom on which it stands.
was delighted, however, with the contrast
found there. The service was performed
throughout with the utmost decency and
propriety. They had a good organ, and the
singing was remarkably good. The embel-
ishments of the church were neither rich nor
elaborate, but they were neat and plain, and
the audience had truly as much the air of
elegance and elegance as most of the con-
gregations in the city of London.

After service they generally betake
themselves to a public walk called the Mall,
which is no more than a very ill-paved quay
upon one of their canals, with a row of trees
on one side, and houses on the other. It is
a pleasure, however, to see that they are fill-
ing up this canal and several others, where,
the water having no current, must have be-
come noxious to the air in hot weather.
On a bridge thrown over this canal is an
equestrian statue of his late Majesty, exe-
cuted in bronze, by an artist of Dublin.
Beside it is a pedestrian of Lord Chatham, in
white marble, and one in plaster of paris of
King William the Third, in the Mayoralty-
city.

If the streets were well
paved, and the
ornamental to

their view. The country, it
alludes, gave a most peculi-
the place, making it, in t
resemble the city of Ghent
Perhaps no part of the ci-
bourhood is more altere
very beautiful hill of Gla-
divided between the pictu-
mesnes of Woodhill, Tivoli-
liam, Lota Beg, Lota More,
and Lota House. The v
hill, covered with villas th
external appearance of it
and comfort, is very impe-
also very deceitful as regard
of the community. Such
such palatial buildings, with
park-like lawns and exten-
would suggest to a strang
that the gentry living in s
residences had princely fol-
retinues of servants, equi-
constant entertainments.
have known English travel
astonishment that each of
tors had not an average of
thousand per annum at the
the country seats of Irelan-
dex to the actual wealth
dent proprietors; for the
not how large is the house
style is it kept up? During
tury all that hill of Gla-
paying so large a rental,
the Galweys, an eminent
scholarly family. Some oth

city; but we find Dr. Lyons, in his able statement, recommending a new distribution of the wards at Cork (so as to give property and respectability their legitimate influences), saying—"that Belfast, which, in his younger days, was behind Cork, had now gone a-head of Cork, as far as Cork has of Patagonia!" Even allowing for this *façon de parler*, we find in the same discussion Mr. Jennings, a leading manufacturer, talking of Cork, "the third city in Ireland;" and we have thus Corkonian evidence to testify that Cork has not prospered as much as might have been expected from the great talents of its population—their active minds, and cultivated intellects.

It will be said by the political cant-mongers that Corkonians are deficient in self-reliance, and that the Belfastians are famous for it; and hence the difference. *Non causa pro causa*. The people of Belfast have energy and industry, second to none; but they happen to be placed in the North of Ireland, with its century-and-a-half of civilisation, its linen trade once fostered and encouraged by Imperial power, not crushed and extirpated, like the woollen trade of Munster; its great territorial proprietors, its rich resident gentry, comfortable farmers, and well-fed yeomanry. Belfast is in thriving, manufacturing Ulster, with its bleach-greens, yarn-spinning, its factories of various kinds, and all the mechanical trades that wait upon such a social development. Cork, on the other hand, is the chief town of a pauperised district. It is only half-a-day's journey from the charnel-house of Skibbereen. It is placed in Southern Ireland, with its pauper myriads. Cork has no County Down behind it—no Armagh—no Antrim. In short, to speak in homely phrase, Cork has no "back" to it. There is no great "interest" behind it. On the contrary, for the last few years it has had to support all its pauper relations, or to bear a vast share of the evils that pressed upon the South of Ireland. Consider what "a back" is to a man in any profession or trade; then glance at the connexions and the resources of Belfast and Cork—the advantages of the former, and the disadvantages of the latter—and it must be seen that no disgrace attaches in any degree to the Corkonians, in being passed by Belfast, though we still think that Cork is more backward than it

ought to be. It was well and shrewdly said by an humble man—"That in Cork there is nothing to *indushter* upon but a pig, a firkin of butter, and a bag of corn." It has few manufactures beyond whiskey, porter, soda-water, jokes, speeches, clever men, and lovely girls. It has produced one of the first of modern English dramatists—Sheridan Knowles. It has reared artists like Barry, MacClise, Hogan, Fisher, Grogan; literary men, like Maginn and Mahony; political writers, like Arthur O'Leary and John O'Driscoll; lawyers and advocates, like Willes, Waggett, Gould, Bennett, and Jackson. It contributes to the Fellows of Trinity College such scholars and men of science as Butcher, Salmon, Tolekin, and Malet. It has a literature-loving population, a keen and intellectual middle class, and the professions have numbers of its sons; but these results will not keep thousands at work, like spinning yarn, or bleaching linen. For one witty thing said at Belfast, there are twenty said at Cork, and with the earning of guineas the proportion is *vice versa*.

We repeat that, even allowing for the superior connexion of Belfast, and the Ulster locality, Cork is more socially backward than it ought to be, especially when we recollect the energy and character of its population. Since 1698, the city of Cork has put up not so many families of established and sustained position as it ought to have done. The money realised has been rapidly spent; the grandfather has toiled up the hill, and his grandson has galloped it down. Where are the great estates that can be pointed to as realised since 1688 by Corkonian industry? When we ask what became of the money of such and such families, we are answered, that they "ate it out." The social ambition at Cork, as in other Irish cities, has been to display and disperse the fruits of industry, instead of accumulating, according to the custom of English capitalists. "The English trader *bequeaths*—the Irish *enjoys*. The money sunk in England in enterprise is in Ireland lavished on an equipage."—(*Ireland, Past and Present*, by Right Hon. J. W. Croker.) From such a system results a vast deal more fun and pleasure, and also a vast deal fewer fortunes and great rank. Though Irish peerages sprouted plentifully in the last century, we can trace to the trade of

Cork only three titles—Carleton, Riversdale, and Listowell; and the first of these is due chiefly to forensic success: though, no doubt, the wealth of old Mr. Carleton, "the King of Cork," contributed to his son's rise. There are, however, several families with baronetcies—to wit St. Lawrence, Clerke; Goold, of Oldcourt; Anderson, Kellett, Riggs Falkiner, Roberts, and Warren; but in only two instances are large estates associated with the titles. Looking to the Commoners of the county, we see but few owing their estates to the trade of Cork. One might have supposed that, when the incumbered estates were offered for sale, some large capitalists would start out of Cork; but such has not proved to be the case, and we are sincerely sorry for it.

It has been thought by many that the tone of society at Cork has always been too relaxed, and that pleasure is too keenly thought of there. Upon this point we can only say, that great efforts have been made from time to time at Cork to establish manufactories of various kinds, without success. A vast deal of energy and capital have been lost in the leather and glass manufactures. In the making of cheap woollen stuffs, the eminent house of Lyons and Co. spent much capital. The Besnards and other houses lost fortunes. In the *present* condition of the south of Ireland, we repeat, *Cork has got no back to it*. The double screw of Free-Trade and the Poor-Law have worked, for the time, to squelch the Protestant landed interest, over whose fall the Radicals at Cork exulted, because it was Protestant and Conservative; but whose ruin they have had ample reason to regret, from the state of things for the last five years. For the Protestant gentry of Ireland could not be extinguished, and other orders of the community enriched simultaneously, by any system of political economy we ever heard of. These are, however, sore points to treat of, and we gladly leave them. We believe, however, that the only real help for Cork is in the improvement of the country around it, so as that it should have a home trade, and *a back to it*; and also in the judicious attempt to introduce manufactures, which must be a gradual work, requiring time and

much consideration of resources, and much special aptitude in those who embark in them. It is clear that the manipulation commercially of "a pig, a firkin of butter, and a bag of corn," will not give the Corkonians the means of capitalising; but they have also something in their own power.

"They live beyond their means at Cork, and numbers of them are in false positions there. There is too much display and equipage amongst the traders; too much of splendid dinner-giving. It is not in the livery servants, the expensive wines, the suburban villas, the crowded balls, that the real extravagance consists: a robust purse may stand that for a time. But the real mischief lies deeper. It is in the habits generated by such flimsy and ephemeral extravagance, as it has proved in several Cork families," &c., &c. We cannot undertake to endorse such charges, nor can we wholly overlook the fact that they have been made. We can say only for ourselves, that we take for granted that these faults, common to commercial cities, and so vividly described by Doctor Chalmers, may be presumed to exist at Cork. It is possible that the profuse habits of the country gentry, in former times, may have affected the style of expenditure at Cork. Upon this point we will have something to say hereafter; but we shall now produce some illustrations of past Cork life that will enable us to see the hereditary manners and antecedent social spirit of the place.

In Jesse Foot's *Life of Arthur Murphy*, the dramatist (London, 1811),* there is a long series of letters, glancing at Cork society a hundred years ago. Murphy was a clerk at Cork in the counting-house of Mr. Harrold, and he wrote to his brother James Percival Murphy some letters describing the manners of the place. Prefixed to Foot's *Life* is an autobiographical sketch, in which Murphy, writing at the end of his days, says:—"Nor can I pass by the city of Cork, without acknowledging the civilities I received from the eminent merchants there. A more *hospitable, polite, and generous* people it has never been my lot to have known." The letters are written in a different tone, and savour of the caustic censure of a young Londonised

* We have never met a copy of this work except at the British Museum.

Irishman, making game of provincial habits. There is in them a striking record of the impediments to travelling in those days between London and Cork. Writing from Cork, under date of September 15, 1747, Murphy tells his uncle (Jeffrey French)—“We put to sea from Bristol on August 30, but the winds proved so cross that we did not reach this place till the 10th instant. We were obliged to put into two different harbours, one in Devonshire at a place called Ilfracombe, where we were wind-bound for three days, and the other in Wales at Milford Haven, where we continued five more. There were a great many passengers; and notwithstanding that we had to pay a moidore each for our passage, and half-a-guinea provision-money, we were forced to live on shore at both places at our own cost, which proved so expensive that I had not money enough left to pay the captain.” In a letter to his mother, describing the same journey, he records the fact that the weather all the time was “extremely fair.” The effect of steam upon civilisation can be better apprehended, when we look back upon *eleven days from Bristol to Cork in fine weather a hundred-and-five years ago.** Of Cork manners Murphy writes—“I plainly foresee that unless I die of indigestion, I shall shortly arrive at the constitution of an alderman, for the people here pamper one up with dainties, and never think you eat enough.” After having been for a few weeks in Cork, he writes—“I do not know much of the inhabitants of this place yet, so cannot tell you what they are; but have observed they have one mark of humanity, which is risibility—a power they are fond of exerting, frequently breaking out into an honest, hearty, loud, chuckle, such as Fielding observes shakes the sides of aldermen and squires, and arises rather from a full belly than the provocation of a joke.” After having previously passed a pleasant life in London, Murphy was not well qualified for appreciating a provincial town, and we pass his severe remarks. We find that in a short time he changed his opinion upon the Corkonians, and

in May, 1748, he wrote—“I begin to be now tolerably well reconciled to this town. Besides motives of self-interest, I have a great many motives not to repine at my situation. I have, I know not how, crept into favour with most of the best families here, from whom I receive very extraordinary civilities, and am so frequently invited to their houses, that I really do not dine six times a-month at my lodgings. But notwithstanding all the pleasures I enjoy here, I cannot help giving a languishing glance now and then to Old England,” &c., &c.

The accounts that we have ourselves received, several years ago, from the lips of those who could speak to the tone of society at Cork, from the period of the American war to the Union, lead us to think that Murphy struck the right key when he fixed upon joviality as the chief characteristic of Cork in the last century. Talking of Cork between 1780 and 1790, a worthy baronet, who knew it well, has described it—“It was a very dirty, nasty place in those days, compared with what it has since become. But it was, certainly, a most jolly, jovial place; where at our dinner parties we used all drink claret (for we had the French wines cheap in those days), and where the lady of the house used be hidden behind a large rump of beef, at the top of the table. The wine trade of Cork, in those days, had two first-class schooners constantly trading between Cork and Bordeaux; and we used to take care to keep them going.” Society at Cork was then much more aristocratic in its tone than now. The higher and wealthier class occupied a more assured and more recognised position, and it was difficult to find an *entree* into their social circles. The middle class was greatly inferior to the same portion of the community as it now exists. In those times, commerce was carried on in the export trade on a totally different system from that which now exists. The export merchants were capitalists, trading on their own account; and not as now, merely agents and brokers for houses at London and Liverpool.

Doctor Campbell, author of “A

* But the travelling between Cork and Dublin was even worse in proportion. A Cork gentleman has told us, that on one occasion he left Dublin by coach on a Monday morning, and did not arrive in Cork until the following Sunday at noon, the delays being due to accidents, bad roads, and bad weather.

Philosophic Survey of Ireland," has given us a quaint picture of society at Cork, as it appeared to a stranger's eyes at the period of the American war. After describing a visit to the Roman Catholic chapel, he continues:—

"There were several elegant carriages standing before the door when I entered, and a prodigious body of people in the street; as motley an assembly of human beings as I had ever seen. There was a multitude of beggars imploring alms, in the Irish language, some in a high, and some in a low key. Some of them measured out tunes as if in singing, but in accents the most unmusical that ever wounded the human ear.

"Not content with what I saw at mass, I afterwards went to church, the steeples of which exactly answered Shakspeare's description in sloping to the foundation, which argues the flimsy bottom on which it stands. I was delighted, however, with the contrast I found there. The service was performed throughout with the utmost decency and propriety. They had a good organ, and the singing was remarkably good. The embellishments of the church were neither rich nor studied, but they were neat and plain, and the audience had truly as much the air of opulence and elegance as most of the congregations in the city of London.

"After service they generally betake themselves to a public walk called the Mall, which is no more than a very ill-paved quay upon one of their canals, with a row of trees on one side, and houses on the other. It is a pleasure, however, to see that they are filling up this canal and several others, where, the water having no current, must have become noxious to the air in hot weather. On a bridge thrown over this canal is an equestrian statue of his late Majesty, executed in bronze, by an artist of Dublin. This, with a pedestrian of Lord Chatham, in white marble, and one in plaster of paris of King William the Third, in the Mayoralty-House, are the only statues in this large city.

"If the streets were well paved, and the Mall flagged, it would be as ornamental to the town as agreeable to the ladies. There is another public walk, called the Red House Walk, west of the city, cut through very low grounds, for a mile in length, planted on each side, where the lower sort walk; and on leaving the Mall, I found it crowded with people, in general very decently dressed.

"You may guess that Cork is very considerable, from its having, they tell me, a stand of fifty sedan chairs. They have a neat theatre, built by Mr. Barry, wherein the Dublin company exhibit every summer. The only public amusement at present is a weekly drum, where the company play cards, or chat, or dance, as they choose.

"I was at one of these lately, and though

there was no dancing, I found it very entertaining, as I was not constrained to play at cards. The ladies being perfectly well bred, and therefore accessible to strangers; we had a very unrestrained interchange of sentiments. It was not, I conclude, without good reason that Mr. Derrick says in one of his letters, that 'he had seen a greater number of pretty women in Cork than he had ever seen in any other place.'

Cork has changed very much in its external appearance since Dr. Campbell's visit. The canals, to which he alludes, gave a most peculiar aspect to the place, making it, in that respect, resemble the city of Ghent very much. Perhaps no part of the city or neighbourhood is more altered than the very beautiful hill of Glanmire, now divided between the picturesque demesnes of Woodhill, Tivoli, Fort William, Lota Beg, Lota More, Lota Park, and Lota House. The view of that hill, covered with villas that give the external appearance of magnificence and comfort, is very imposing, and is also very deceitful as regards the wealth of the community. Such residences, such palatial buildings, with large wings, park-like lawns and extensive gardens, would suggest to a stranger the idea that the gentry living in such splendid residences had princely fortunes, with retinues of servants, equipages, and constant entertainments. Indeed we have known English travellers express astonishment that each of the proprietors had not an average of six or seven thousand per annum at the least. But the country seats of Ireland are no index to the actual wealth of the resident proprietors; for the question is, not how large is the house, but in what style is it kept up? During the last century all that hill of Glanmire, now paying so large a rental, belonged to the Galweys, an eminent Roman Catholic family. Some other families of that persuasion having suffered from the penal laws, at a period when they had fallen into comparative desuetude, the Galweys parted with their ownership for a mere trifle, to the families of Rogers and Carleton. The Rogers family at once employed an Italian architect to build Lota House—a most imposing structure—more grand than comfortable, and made to please the eye. Surveyed from the waters of Lough-Mahon it is certainly striking and dignified; but its chambers are small and ill-arranged. Persons now living well recollect when

there was no regular road under the hill of Glanmire, but a beach to the river, from the docks to the Drunkettle causeway; and when parties were often detained for an hour to pass under Woodhill, until the tide receded.

The foregoing description of Dr. Campbell notes the Cork brogue and the "good singing;" and, strange as it may seem, despite of their shrill accent, the Corkonians are a most melodious race, and excel in musical accomplishments. Their musical amateurs are unrivalled. Of the Corkonian "brogue," we do not well know what to say.

We were going to remark that it was a delicate subject, but remembering how strong it is, we correct ourselves. But on the present occasion we are not going to tax it, though perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer might, as it is thick enough to bear any tariff he might impose. The first time it is heard in its native teetotal force, it is as surprising as a railway whistle raised to hurricane power trying to scream down a saw-mill at full work. The main peculiarity is the cross produced between its high key note, jarring suddenly on its broad *basso* intonations. There is a vivacity and squeakily violent rapidity of utterance common to the Corkonians, which enhances the peculiarity of the brogue.

But the brogue can be got rid of. Some naturalists assert that when a stranger marries a Cork girl, before the honeymoon is half over, the brogue is completely kissed off—a fact in "natural magic" which several blue-stockings at Cork are ready to demonstrate to any of the sceptical professors in the (mis-called) "godless." For our part, we think there is much fun and fury in the sound.

Concerning the Cork statue to Lord Chatham, alluded to by Doctor Campbell, there is a curious story worth recording. Though he more particularly excelled in invective, Lord Chatham could at times, as his correspondence abundantly proves, use "blarney," as well as if he had kissed the famous stone. It is certain that Cork and the Corkonians had the honour of being publicly lauded by him, in terms that were very pleasing to the citizens, who immediately resolved that his statue should be erected—and voted several hundred pounds for one to be procured from London. But the Corkonians

could no more count upon Lord Chatham than the Londoners themselves. In one of his moody bursts of spleen, he denounced the city and people whom he had praised a year before, and astonished Paddy from Cork by railing at "that city of Cork, forsooth—that nest of smugglers and privateers." So outrageous were the Corkonians, that very naturally they declined to erect his statue, though they had paid for it, and for a long time it remained mouldering in the Custom-House. But it was put up at last in one of the rooms of the old Mayorality-house, where it met with more mishaps, proving the joke-loving propensity of all ranks at Cork. Some apprentice painters happened by accident to be locked up in the room where the statue was placed, and they thought it a capital joke to add to "the fun of Cork," by painting Lord Chatham's statue, not as Junius was blackening the original, nor as Grattan, in "Baratariana," was beautifying him, but by giving him all the colours of a harlequin—a costume which his detractors would have said was in keeping with "the charlatan—but a great one." Accordingly they gave him all the colours in their power, half destroyed the statue, and compelled the reluctant corporators to send again to London for an artist to repair it.

The leading merchants of Cork, on account of the importance of the provision trade to the army and navy, were occasionally brought into temporary intercourse with the Ministers of the day. Lord North often suffered from the burning words of Burke, Charles Fox, and Colonel Barré; but the most successful opposition he had ever to encounter, was that given him by the tongue of a Cork woman—Mrs.

———. Her husband was a leading provision-merchant, and had unexpectedly taken one season the entire of the Government contract. The other merchants combined against him, raised the market, and his ruin impended. He was in despair, but his wife, connected with the families of Jeffries, Coppinger, and John Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare), resolved not to give up hope, and set off to London, for the purpose of getting Lord North to quash the contract. Lord North never knew the meaning of "opposition," until he heard every morning the high key-note of the dauntless Cork

woman, pouring forth a cataract of voluble entreaties and intensely feminine expostulations. She would even assail the Minister as he was getting into his carriage, and give him a practical illustration of—

—"Femina furens
Quid posset?"

He was glad enough to get rid of the contract and the lady together; and long remembered was her triumph at Cork. But Lord North had no fancy for being taken for a fool by the Cork people. Old Kit Waggett (father of the late eminent counsel, W. Waggett, Q.C.) was a leading merchant at Cork, and on the occasion of a visit to London, was asked by the then Lord Mayor (a friend of his) to a dinner of a half private nature, at which Lord North was to be present, with some other public men. By accident, Waggett was seated next Lord North. Towards the end of the banquet, they got into conversation, and the unsuspecting Waggett was, on that occasion, pumped clean by Lord North, who had a special object at the time in learning "the industrial resources" of Cork. Lord North taught the Corkman a lesson that day in the art of putting a dinner to other account than that of "eating and joking."

The Corkonians are justly proud of their many eminent names in literature and the fine arts. They refer to them with pride as proofs of the native talent of their city. For our part, we are disposed to think that they may honestly pride themselves even more on the number of good and worthy men, real practical philanthropists, honoured when alive, and now with revered memories, that their city has produced. Goodness may be less brilliant than genius, but in the moral scale it must be placed higher; and Cork, in our opinion, derives far more real honour from the many generous hearts of her sons, than from the numerous gifted heads which it is admitted she has produced. Of many of the Cork philanthropists the names have not passed far from their native city, but they will live in its annals, and their examples will quicken succeeding generations. *Non omnis moriar* might have truly been uttered by a Sheares, a Beamish, the two Crawfords (father and son), a Thomas Lyons, a Tim Mahony, a John Lynch,

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a Milner Barry, the late T. Jennings—by more than one of the Murphy family, and by several other noble spirits, whose reward is of a more spiritual and eternal character than can be conferred by the fleeting breath of men. Those "aspiring spirits" shone, not in the convivial union, or in the sparkling exhibition of logic and wit. Their light was seen in the haunts of misery, and in the countless acts of good secretly performed, done from the noblest and purest feelings that can inspire the human heart, and make it akin to the Divine. It is gratifying to know that the example of those worthies has not passed away—more than one of the names cited shine with actual as well as hereditary virtue.

We should be sorry to damp the admiration which the Corkonians feel for their artistic and literary celebrities. But there are other talents also which they should honour with greater homage than they are disposed to pay them. *CREATORS OF CAPITAL*—men who give bread to thousands, and develop industrial resources, and make their names noticed wherever commerce penetrates, surely do most brilliant and eminently useful feats. Cork ought not to forget that in her was born and reared a first-rate specimen of the rare class alluded to.

Daniel Callaghan the Elder was one of the ablest and most accomplished merchants that Ireland has produced. He was a man far beyond the average even of clever men, in his enterprise and quickness of perception. He was a man emphatically of strenuous ability, and even in his boyhood showed the germs of his character. When Dr. Gibbings (father of Lady Combermere) was visiting young Callaghan's father, the gouty patient sighed out, "Ah! Doctor, there's something troubling me worse than the gout: I can get no good of my son there; the fellow will never be any good at business—he's always poring over those d—d books of his." Dr. Gibbings noticed the young lad (who had left school, but was studying still of his own accord), and found him even then of remarkable intelligence. In a few short years the Doctor saw the stripling shoot a-head of all the merchants in Ireland, by his native abilities. He set up in the butter trade, but was refused credit for £400 at Tonson and Warren's bank. We have heard more

K

than once a partner in that eminent bank recount the circumstances of young Callaghan's rise. Though in narrow circumstances, his appearance and manners were very gentlemanly; courteous to all persons, unbending only to his enemies. Sir Riggs Falkiner was interested by Callaghan, and induced, with some difficulty, the bank to advance him a sum of £500 on a bond of Callaghan's, and on the security of his father-in-law, Mr. Barry, of Lyra. Callaghan had in the meantime been carefully studying the trade of Cork, as it never before or since was studied. He mastered it even to its minutest details. A great London house took the whole provision contract, and the Cork merchants combined to engross the market. Now was the moment for Callaghan to reap the reward of his patient study. Alarmed at their position, one of the Londoners came over, and was still more dismayed when he reached Cork. Young Callaghan introduced himself, and what was then thought a most presuming thing on his part, gave a dinner to the Londoner, to which he had some difficulty in getting guests, as one of them has confessed to ourselves. He soon showed the London firm the game it should play, and expounded all the resources in their power with masterly perspicuity and close accuracy of detail. A share of the contract was immediately given to him, and, before the year had expired, we use the relater's words, "I gave Callaghan £10,000 on his own word, after having hesitated, nine months before, to take his bond with security for £500." He then bounded over the heads of all his competitors. He cared nought for politics or public life, his ambition being to cope as a merchant with the men he met on 'Change at Liverpool and London. He had a system of his own, which required rapid perception and retentive memory—with both of which he was endowed. His system was carried upon—1. Pumping for information. 2. Rapid action on information obtained. 3. Secrecy of intention and means. 4. Munificence in remunerating his *employés*. In the first of these he greatly excelled. He read men intuitively, and used his information with great skill, concentrating his intellect in mercantile knowledge and trade in all its branches. He was very bold in his decisions, and

with a frank manner could keep a secret project in his head in a most statesmanlike style. He was lavish in the use of his money to obtain early information. The merchants at Liverpool and London used to be astonished how "D. Callaghan, Cork," used to contrive to cram in his ventures of provisions before they were well advertised of the ports being open. It was supposed that he had got hold of some high official persons, and the late Colonel — got into some scrapes upon this point, and thought proper to leave England. Mr. Callaghan never knew exactly what he was worth, as he had always so many speculations going on. The late Mr. Beamish, of Beaumont, used often to relate, as characteristic of Callaghan's love of speculation, how they both chanced to be in Liverpool, and walked into a great bankruptcy sale. An enormous quantity of cotton was offered for auction, and Mr. Beamish was surprised by Mr. Callaghan bidding for it. It was knocked down to him in the middle of the day, and before dinner time the Corkonian had got £1,000 profit for his storefull of cotton. Mr. Callaghan made the fortunes of several persons connected with him. He died in the prime of life, but was prematurely broken down in health.

There have been several Irishmen who have realised greater fortunes than Mr. Callaghan, who, at his culminating point, was not rated at more than £250,000; but it was the splendid style in which he transacted his affairs, his off-hand dealing, his liberality and contempt for peddling, and his complete mercantile accomplishment, that placed him at the head of the Irish mercantile world. He must not be confounded with haphazard speculators; all his movements were carefully reasoned out on facts acquired by his own apprehensive and retentive mind. Unlike the Tonsons or Hares, he did not gain a peerage, but the sway of the name of "Dan Callaghan" on 'Change at London was far brighter in the eyes of true manly ambition, than the lustre of coronets, like those of Listowel or Riversdale.

As we have already intimated, Cork has little connexion with Irish historical events. The most noted political character that ever represented the city in Parliament, was John Hely Hutchinson, the founder of the

Donoughmore family. His work on "Commercial Restraints" derived additional value from his connexion with Cork; but he was not by birth a Corkonian, his connexion with it having been legal and political. The Revolution of 1782 was warmly supported by all the Corkonians, but the "United Irishmen" found very little support from any of them.*

Cork has always had a number of citizens ready to undertake public life, and to conduct political discussions. It is the misfortune of our age that the division between Protestants and Roman Catholics confines the limits of public exertion, and compels Protestants to abstain from the popular arena; so during the last thirty years at Cork the Roman Catholics have nearly engrossed the conduct of political questions. The city produced, in that time, two public characters, of opposite tempers and different talents, that must be mentioned with honour—the late William Crawford, and Joseph Hayes.

Mr. Crawford was a public character such as is rarely seen now-a-days in the popular politics of Ireland. To a high moral nature he joined considerable mental accomplishments, which were set off and enhanced by stately manners, and distinguished elegance of personal appearance. Intimate with but few, reserved with the crowd, he condescended to play the part of a tribune, and, without at all vulgarising himself, was active and eloquent in rousing the energies, and giving vivid utterance to the feelings of the popular party, from 1820 to 1840. His patrician tone curiously contrasted with the plebeian coarseness of many of his political confederates. Envy—for his merits were so great as to attract the shafts of malice—hinted that he was only "a patriot to a porter-brewery," and, as George Selwyn said of Whitbread, that he was "playing at cart and tierce." But envy lied. He was a splendid specimen of the worth of human nature; a brilliant example of character, talents, and personal endowments united. Those who once saw him cannot easily forget that lofty carriage, that high-toned bearing,

which would have been artificial with any one else, but which were natural to one who seemed to impersonate the dignity of virtue, and realise the sentiment of Burke, "So to be a patriot as not to forget to be a gentleman." Those who knew him will never forget that philanthropic heart, which beat responsively to every true appeal to its sympathies, but had no feeling for the cant of mere humanity-mongers. In the last century, the citizens of Cork, vain of the "Great Commoner's" applause, erected a statue to Lord Chatham. Only to one other character (not royal) have they decreed a similar compliment. Their own self-respect, their honourable pride at having reared him amongst them, their gratitude for a life spent in serving them, induced the citizens to employ the sculptor's art in perpetuating the outward form of that Crawford whose memory will shine in their annals with the unflickering lustre of virtuous fame.

Joseph Hayes was for a great many years *facile princeps* amongst the public speakers of Cork. The nephew of Daniel Callaghan the Elder, and trained under his auspices, he had from his youth the advantage of intercourse with men of mental power, and he received a first-rate commercial education. But his real talents lay in political life; and, if he had entered Parliament, he would have been one of the foremost members in the Commons. He was the very incarnation of a debater. With a memory "wax to receive, and as marble to retain," he joined elocutionary ease, nervous and varied diction, and a never-failing spirit of attack. Ever ready at repartee, he could either gall an adversary with the most blistering sarcasm, or shatter his argument by a rapid and trenchant logic that cut right and left with unsparing force. In the statement of a case he was clear, easy, and artful; and in making up a question, massed together all his facts with the apprehension and generalising power of a reflective intellect. He had high personal spirit, was dauntless and intrepid to adversaries, though their name was legion; no crowd nor clamour could intimidate

* Amongst the traditions of "the fun of Cork" is that of the whimsical Mr. Henry Upington preserving, as a historical relic, the blade bone of a shoulder of mutton that *was to have been* sent to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when that noble lord was "up" hiding in the top of Ballincollig Castle!

him—not even “the Agitator” could coerce the freedom of his tongue. His pen equalled his tongue in pungency and power, and his acquirements were very considerable. His bad health gave his tongue a bitterness far from natural to his character. He had a cynical contempt for the thing called “popularity,” and witnessing too many instances in which it was unworthily obtained, despised it more than a wise man should. He ruled, for many years, the Liberal party at Cork, and was, unquestionably, the ablest public speaker in the south of Ireland. He is one of the very few men, of whom it could with certainty have been predicted, that he would have shone in the English senate. Opposed to his politics and party, we do not fear to render this tribute to talents so bright and versatile—to an eloquence so vigorous and clear, that even they whose party suffered from the mordant satire and coruscating style, will readily join in respecting the name of Hayes. May that day never come when Irishmen, even of opposite parties, would ungenerously refuse to honour the memory of a gifted and a gallant foe!

Thus far have we walked in the past, and glanced at the progenitors of the present Corkonians. We must now turn our attention to the living generation and their deeds. In our “Portrait Gallery,” and under the heads of Literature and Art, we have frequently been called upon to notice the reputations that Cork claims as her own. Some of our ablest contri-

butors have treated at such length of these reputations, that we need not enter upon the same topics here. MacLise, Hogan, and Forde have had copious biographical notices in our pages. We may be excused for dwelling on the fact that the amplest tribute to the talents of Forde has appeared in our pages, and we may now add that the elegant essay in which his genius is criticised, and the history of the Cork School of Art is detailed, was from the pen of the late Mr. Willes, first director of the School of Design at Cork*—(vide *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. xxv., p. 338). Biographical notices have also appeared in our pages, from pens perfectly competent to render them justice, of the late Wm. Maginn, Crofton Croker, and that eminent advocate, Mr. Bennett, Q.C. Father Mathew, whose temperance movement is an important fact in the annals of Cork, has also received our attention at considerable length, as well as the erudite “Varieties of Literature” of “J. R.” Nor have we any doubt that, before many years elapse, we shall be called upon to notice the progress of the many growing reputations in art, science, and literature that the Corkonians can point to, as proofs that they are not degenerating. We hope, before long, that our “Portrait Gallery” will contain graphic likenesses of Sheridan Knowles and “Father Prout,” to whose genius we hope to render due critical appreciation. But our space warns us to close this portion of our subject.

* Mr. Willes was the person who informed the late Lord Ennismore of the important fact of the Royal Academy having resolved to decline the Prince Regent's offers of the casts sent by the Pope. Mr. Willes was then one of the academy students, and was well acquainted with Lord Ennismore, in whose house he was a constant visitor. It was at his urgent instance that Lord Ennismore exerted himself to get the casts to the city of Cork, before English provincial cities would have applied for them.

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A MIDSUMMER DAY-DREAM; OR, A MESMERIC MYTH.

[The action is laid partly on the earth, partly in *nubibus*.]

SCENE I.—*A certain grassy plat near the summit of Killiney Hill. TIME—Afternoon. POPLAR, SLINGSBY, and BISHOP are seated on the grass; near them are a basket, walking-sticks, a telescope, and a variety of nondescript articles.*

SLINGSBY.—The sun is creeping down westward, and the obelisk is throwing its shadow towards the sea. What o'clock is it, Anthony?

POPLAR.—I protest it is just three. We have waited long enough for them, in all conscience; and I'm as hungry as a hawk. Shall we proceed to business?

SLINGSBY.—Ay. Here goes to make a commencement. You know the Italian proverb:—

“Chi ben comunica ha la metà dell'opra.”

(*He is about to open the basket, when BISHOP clutches him by the arm, and then starts to his legs and throws himself into an attitude.*)

BISHOP.—

Lay not thy harpy claws upon the food!—
Clutch not the thousandth part of one small grain
Of salt or pepper: let the delicate breasts
Of chickens and the oleagenous ham
Remain entombed a while:—I see two forms
Slow-winding upwards through the heathery path.
Much do they pant, and pause upon their staffs.
One lank and tall, with surcoat volitant,
And hat thrown backwards airily on's head.—
Sleek, short, and spherical the other wight,
And seems to roll up, rather than to climb,
As if some Sisyphus did toil behind,
Trundling him on by starts.

SLINGSBY.—Ay; that's the way with Wilddrake ever: though he had a smooth grass-path to tread, yet he prefers breasting the hill sheer and straight, to show his friend some favourite *point de vue*.

POPLAR.—Here they come, by Jove! sure enough. Now, Jonathan, I think you may open the basket. What say you, Jack?

BISHOP.—Yes, Sir, he may open it, and disembowel it, and lay all the good things therein upon a fair napkin, so that all shall be ready when our friends arrive. Come, I'll lend a hand. (*They open the basket and take out all manner of things which are included under the comprehensive name of “prog.” Enter WILDDRAKE and another.*)

WILDDRAKE.—Oh, Jupiter! what a hot walk! I'm quite out of breath. A bottle of soda-water, my dear Bishop. Gentlemen, my illustrious friend the Baron Von Gropengöetz, from Vienna. Baron, Messrs. Poplar, Slingsby, and Bishop.

BARON.—“Unter thänigster ihren.” (*They all rise and bow, &c.*) Mein Gott! es ist sehr heiss! Ich vergehe von Durst.

BISHOP.—Come, Baron, you shall not die of thirst with such medicines as this at hand. (*He administers a drench of XX to the BARON, who revives rapidly.*)

BARON.—Ach! das is gut—ver goot.

BISHOP (*offering to perform a second time*).—Come, Baron, *encore*.

BARON.—Nein, nein! genug! Ich danke verbindlichst. Ver mooch oblige.

POPLAR.—Now, then, to business.

SCENE II.—*The same. Grand tableau mangeant. Five gentlemen seated on the grass, pic-nicing sedulously and almost silently. Dialogue, for the most part, elliptical and interjectional, with pauses between.*

THE BARON (*wrestling with a chicken's leg*).—Ugh! ugh! ach!

BISHOP.—Tal-de-ral-lal—(*discovering a flask of brandy.*)

WILDDRAKE.—Hoorah!—(*shying a bone at a sparrow.*)

SLINGSBY.—I'll trouble you to turn your soda-bottle in another direction; you've nearly carried away my nose with the cork.

POPLAR.—Ham, please; that'll do.

BARON.—Geben sie mir Brantwein.

WILDDRAKE.—You've flung the salt into my ale.

BISHOP.—Fiz!—there goes the brown-stout.

POPLAR.—Come, boys, a bumper to our noble selves. Hip, hip, hurrah!

SCENE III.—*The Same—Eating accomplished—Drinking continues—Plates at a discount—Bottles at a premium.*

WILDDRAKE.—Well, Baron, how do you like our Irish scenery? Is not this a glorious view?

BARON.—Ja, ja. Mein freunde. Es ist sehr schön. It is ver lofely, indeed.

WILDDRAKE.—Come, then, empty that glass in your hand, and set it down; now take up *this glass (hands the telescope)*, and take your fill of it. Trust me, your eye may take a long draught of pleasure, and yet shall it not exhaust those everlasting fountains whence Nature floods the visible world with glory.

BISHOP.—Bravo, Will; you are coming Jonathan over us.

POPLAR.—There is no keener eye, or truer heart for all natural loveliness, than our own Wilddrake's; and the sweetest pictures I have ever seen are from his pen.

WILDDRAKE.—Truce with your compliments, my dear friend, and let me introduce “Young Germany” to “Old Ireland.”

BARON.—Ach mein Gott, die alte Ireland. I af hear moosh of die jung Ireland, but I wish to see die ole Ireland.

WILDDRAKE.—Where shall we begin? One is puzzled with the glorious panorama that spreads on every side, to know from what point to start.

SLINGSBY.—It doesn't matter a fig, Will; you can't go astray. As you happen to be turned due north, commence with what now fills the vision.

WILDDRAKE.—I believe you are right, Jonathan. Well, then, mein lieber Baron, before you raise the glass, let your eye traverse that swelling green field just before you, where the sheep are browsing, and the tinkling bell upon the wether rings sweet and clear on the breeze. Do you see those out-lying groups of houses huddled closely together?

BARON.—Ya, Ya! Ich sehe. Ver pretty.

WILDDRAKE.—Well, these are the outskirts of the village of Dalkey; the rest is hidden by yonder hill; that first tower is the chapel, and the next the church; beyond that is the Martello-tower—all seeming close together, and yet grouping picturesquely enough. Now, take up the glass and look across the blue, waveless sea, till your vision finds a pleasant resting-place upon that long hill with its undulating table land. Have you got the glass to the focus?

BARON.—Ess, ess, Ich habe.

WILDDRAKE.—I have the honour to introduce you to the Hill of Howth.

BARON.—(*Puts down the glass, and takes off his hat as if about to salute some one, then looks puzzled.*) Held of Owth! Held of Owth! Wer ist er? Wo ist er?

SLINGSBY.—He! he! he!

BISHOP.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

POPLAR.—Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

BARON (*twisting his mustaches, and looking ten thousand small-swords*).—*Meineherren wollen sie—*

WILDDRAKE (*interposing*).—A thousand pardons, my dear Gropengöetz. The truth is, you have made a slight mistake, natural enough, but, nevertheless, rather ludicrous. Howth is not a hero, but a mountain—that one yonder, of which we Irishmen, and especially of Dublin, are not a little proud. You must excuse my friends.

BARON.—Ach! Von ganzem Herzen, vid all mine heart. I laugh myself now. Ho! ho! ho!

WILDDRAKE.—Well, now, that's all settled; up with your glass again, and look upon that same hill. Mark how the brown rocks rise from the sea; then come the green pastures and the yellow corn fields; and above them all, the dun summit of the hill, clothed in heather. Did you ever see anything more beautiful than the shadows that clothe its side, as the sunlight breaks upon it through the flying clouds?

BARON.—Es ist reizend. It is ver charming, indeed, dat hillock of Owth.

WILDDRAKE.—So it is. Now traverse the hill till you reach its eastern extremity, curving down into the sea. Do you see what looks like a little insulated rock, with a white, tower-like building surmounting it, like a white crest on a knight's helmet?

BARON.—Yes, I see him ver well. Dere is a lantern on his head.

WILDDRAKE.—Exactly; that's the Bailey lighthouse.

BISHOP.—I wot of another Bailey, not far from that either, where brighter lights may be seen to flash and burn through many a summer month. Eh, Jonathan?

SLINGSBY.—Ay, Bishop, of a surety; and fed with wine and not oil, my boy.

BARON.—Mein Gott, ist es möglich; is it possible?—light from wine. Den it mosht be spirits of wine.

SLINGSBY.—And so it is, Baron, real spirits of wine—proof strength, and no other. But I see our friend is anxious to resume his panorama.

WILDDRAKE.—Do you see that hill just before us, where the grey granite breaks up between the green grass and the dark heather, that with the castle on its brow, so tastefully restored? Now follow the shoulder of that hill past those white and glistening villas, to the fine range of houses on the promontory. That is Sorrento; and happily has it been so named by our worthy Provost. Observe the little island beyond it, with the old church and Martello-tower—that is Dalkey.

BISHOP.—Whereof right jolly things are recorded, in the days gone by, as our *Johannes Cambrensis* chronicles.

WILDDRAKE.—No doubt, no doubt. Well now, sweep the horizon with your glass along the sea line; you need not dwell upon the stately-moving ships, or the swift-fleeing, little, white-winged yachts that cross the vision. Such as these you will see at Cowes every day; but sweep on south-eastward, till land once again fills the object glass.

BISHOP.—Ay, Baron, and sing out when you get sight of land.

BARON (*singing out in recitative*).—Der lande—der lande—anoder hillock.

OMNES.—Bravo, bravissimo!

WILDDRAKE.—All right. That promontory, then, that rises dark and bold out of the sea, is Bray Head. Now follow its rugged outline along the sky, inland. Are not these undulations like billows suddenly solidified on a dark-blue sea?—for the sun now shines on the farther side. There is Shankill, and next comes the Sugarloaf; and so the hills go sweeping on round to the westward, sinking lower and lower, till they subside into the rich plain to the extreme west. Now mark —

BARON (*interrupting*).—Ach! Bleihen sie stehen! Ich kann Ihnen nicht nachkommen. I can you not follow so fast.

POPLAR.—Upon my word, you have been going in railway fashion over a score miles of hill-tops in half a minute.

WILDDRAKE.—Your pardon, my dear Baron. Faith, I have run myself off

my wind, and must rest. Come, Jonathan, take my place for a while, and do the honours of Killiney.

SLINGSBY.—Be it so. Well, then, Baron, come back with me to Bray Head again. Is not that as sweet a bay as eye ever rested on, which lies between the Head and Sorrento?

BARON.—Bei meiner Treu es ist schön—es ist köstlich. Ver delectious, 'pon my vord!

SLINGSBY.—See that belt of golden sand winding all along the edge of the bay. How beautiful is the effect of the sunlight falling aslant upon the long, streaky line of foam that forms its seaward margent. One can fancy it a border of silver upon a baldric of gold, while inward it is girdled by the green pasture fields, where you see the herds reposing, and the yellow corn-fields already whitening for the harvest. Now turn full south, and let your eyes feast on that glorious sight that is displayed from east to west. What a beautiful valley, or rather plain, stretches along, and now laughs and dimples in the sunlight. Then, you have every hue of green chequering the dense plantations within which nestle many a pleasant villa. That church whose tower rises among the trees, is Crinken.

BARON.—Ach, dere is a grand haus. Was is dat haus?

SLINGSBY.—Alack! alack! It is an imposing object truly. Yet, well as it looks in the material landscape, it is a dark spot on the brightness of our moral view. That is the poor-house. It was a luckless day for Ireland when first —

BISHOP.—Come, Slingsby, none of your politics, if you please. Mind your own vocation, and proceed.

SLINGSBY.—I believe you are right. Follow that thickening mass of plantations westward till it is lost in the light grey haze that floats almost motionless above the horizon. Beneath its canopy you can descry the spires and towns of churches, and the domes of public buildings. That is *Bally-ath-cleath-Dubh-linne*.

BARON.—Ach! Der Teufel! What a name!

WILDDRAKE.—Don't mystify my friend, Jonathan. 'Tis nothing more than the ancient Irish name for our capital. Come, now, look nearer to us, at that congregation of white houses of every form and size, crowding along the water's margin, as sheep throng the banks of a river before they are washed for the shearing, and there are two vast piers running out like sheep-pens into the sea. That's the town and harbour of Kingstown. Far away in the distance, is the depressed shore of Clontarf, terminating in the low narrow isthmus that runs out to Howth, over which you can see the outlines of the Mourne mountains; and so we have completed our circuit.

BARON (*still gazing*).—Göttlich! Göttlich! Es ist in der That bewundernswürdig. Man bird nie müde es anzusehen! One would never weary of looking at it.

WILDDRAKE.—You say truly. Hollo! (*catching the Baron's arm*) mark yonder flash of light amid the thick white smoke. Bang! there goes the thunder of the cannon from the Pigeon-house. See, see, where the blue sea turns up and flashes white like a seagull's wing: that's the ball dipping to the waters and rebounding from them again.

BISHOP.—They say our bay here is very like the bay of Naples. What say you, Baron?

BARON.—I haf never seen the bay of Naples. But I will send one to see it to-night, and tell you what I think of it to-morrow. There is a jungfrau in the house vid me, who —

BISHOP.—Zounds, Baron, you're not a —? (*BISHOP makes passes with his hands.*)

BARON.—Es, es, exactly. Shall I send you to Naples?

BISHOP.—In heaven's name don't come near me. There's Jonathan will think nothing of a ramble to the north pole or anywhere else, if you can send his soul flying on an odylie broom-stick. What say you, Jonathan?

SLINGSBY.—With all my heart. Let the Baron do his best. I don't believe all I read on the subject.

BARON.—We shall try (*takes an oval piece of glass out of his pocket*). Take this crystal in your left hand, and look into it steadily. (*SLINGSBY complies:*

the BARON, after a time, sits down opposite to him, presses his own thumbs gently against his patient's, and looks fixedly and somewhat fiercely into his eyes, which at length close.)

SCENE IV.—*A thin white mist envelops the landscape, by degrees clearing away. SLINGSBY is discovered solus.*

SLINGSBY.—Where am I? What do I see? A splendid crown or umbel of light in mid-air; pale blue at its northern pole, and reddish blue at the southern. Glittering streams of many-coloured light shoot from either extremity towards the equator, dancing and leaping, lengthening and shortening, like the Aurora. Who singeth from the dun pavilion of yon gold-fringed cloud? From what deep well of spiritual music gushes forth that stream of song? How it swells and sinks in waves of melody as the waters of a fountain ripple over its bed of pebbles. Down, down, it comes, nearer and nearer still, till the tones of sound are like the tones of light, a visible harmony to my spiritualised vision. I hear the voice of an angel—I hear the rushing of his wings; the vibrations of the light that he caught up in heaven, and bears down with him towards earth. 'Tis as the song of the lark, whose tones rest in the disembodied soul even as the sun-rays paint themselves upon the plate of silver. Hark! how he calls to my spirit as he mounts again heavenward. Hush, and I will tell you what he says:—

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

I.

Come with me, and I will bear thee
On my quivering wings,
Far above the earth and ocean,
Circling up in airy motion—
I will show thee wondrous things:
All the glories that the clouds,
From thine earthly vision shrouds—
All the hues that paint the skies,
I will spread before thine eyes.

II.

Come with me, and I will waft thee
Through the seas of air—
Through the ether-billows dashing,
Where the vapoury spray is splashing.
Like a dauntless mariner,
Ever singing cheerily,
While we cleave that gorgeous sea,
All whose surges glitter bright,
With the lustrous rainbow's light.

III.

Thou shalt see the boreal lightning,
Flashing pale and fleet;
Thou shalt hear its rushing motion,
Like the winds that creep o'er ocean,
With their crisping feet;
Thou shalt watch the sun-rays pour
Down thro' heaven a golden shower,
As thwart the clouds they glint and quiver,
Like summer rain upon a river.

IV.

Up with me, and leave beneath thee
Earth and earth-born thought;
Upward still, and as we wander,
Shall thy spirit rise, and ponder
Mysteries thou kenest not.

Harmonies thy soul shall hear,
 Never heard by fleshly ear;
 Climbing up the path that 's given,
 Unto souls from earth to heaven.

v.

Up with me, and thou shalt mingle
 With the cherubs bright,
 Where the thunder-trump is ringing,
 Where the viewless winds are singing,
 In the Empyrean's height;
 On the steepes of heaven we'll linger,
 Till we hear an angel's finger,
 Harping some celestial strain,
 That skylarks bring from heaven to men.

Up with thee ! ay, up with thee will I go through the air-sea. Ah ! what draws me backward with a gentle, yet constraining motion, like to a mother's hand upon a wayward child ? And now I hear the low moan of the sea, and the tinkling of falling waters, and the chirping of the grasshopper in the deep grass, and they have all a language for my spirit—the tongue of the sweet, solemn, peaceful Earth. Let me listen to her pleadings :—

THE SONG OF THE EARTH.

Lay down thy head upon thy mother's breast,
 The green and bountiful Earth,
 From which thou hadst thy birth.
 Here, man, 'tis meet that thou shouldst take thy rest.
 Why would'st thou vainly seek to rise ?
 Thy spirit hath no wings to soar ;
 Let the fond frenzy trouble thee no more ;
 Thou can'st not pierce those dreamy, distant skies.

Here are sweet sounds to woo thee to repose ;
 The crimson-breasted robin's chirping note,
 The mellow blackbird with his song-swoll'n throat,
 And the loud whistling thrush. Here waveless flows
 The peaceful river, with low lullaby :
 Look in its clear, blue deeps, and thou wilt find
 A softer image pictured to the mind
 Than that thou look'st on in the glistening sky.

Why should'st thou seek to rise ? All gentler things,
 With a true instinct, ever downward glide.
 The fountains trickle down the mountain side ;
 Even the grey mist, that in the morning springs
 Upwards, a little while, towards the sun,
 That feeds upon its sweetness, soon returns
 Back to the loving earth, as one that mourns,
 In a soft dew before the day is done.

Why should'st thou rise ? Has not a mother's love
 Cared for thy every want—thy every wish ?
 Fruit in the fields, and in the rivers fish ?
 Jewels and precious ores, rich vestments ? Thou may'st rove
 By the still waters in the eventide ;
 Or mark the ripples of the ocean glide,
 Sobbingly, upon the golden sands,
 Leaving their foamy lines of silver bands.
 In the hot noontide thou can'st seek the grove,
 Where, through the interlacing forest trees,
 With not ungentle hand, some wandering breeze

A moment puts aside their leafy hair,
 So that the fresh and flower-scented air
 Creeps in, and through the rich, umbrageous roof
 The gorgeous sun-rays fall upon the grass,
 Shattered by leaf and branches as they pass,
 Verdure and light inweaved like warp and woof.

Rest while thou may'st, for rest thou must at last
 Upon my bosom. Birds that farthest roam
 Into the upper realms, must still come home
 Unto that peaceful, lowly-lying nest,
 With faint and folded wings, to take their rest,
 And hush their song when light of day is past.
 Why would'st thou toil for more?
 Why should'st thou hoard and store?
 Sufficient for thy day with little toil thou'lt have;
 Sufficient for thy night—a tranquil grave!
 Within my green heart shalt thou take thy sleep,
 Dreamless, and dark, and deep.

Ah! sweet mother, thou sayest truth. Why should our eyes ever wander from
 thy face, or our thoughts seek to soar from all that we know of thee to the far
 unknown above thee? Is not the song of the nightingale sweet as that of the
 lark? yet she never soars high in the heavens, but ever

"In shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note."

How grateful is the repose that reigns around, stirred, not broken by those
 drowsy sounds that deepen its intensity, telling that life is lulled all around
 one, and wooing the heavy eyes to close, and the ears to catch the faint sounds
 dreamily.

"How sweet it were hearing the downward stream
 With half shut eyes, ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half dream."

So, too, let me lie down here and take my rest; rest of body and rest of spirit.
 Soul, fold thy wings: flight is not given thee. Poor bird, thou canst not flutter
 far from thy bodily nest; for an unseen power ever draws thee backward. Haply,
 when death rends asunder the chain that binds thee down, thou, too, shalt, with
 glorified pinion and eye unwinking, take the wings of the morning, and flee
 away beyond the earth, piercing the deep infinitude, bathing in that sunlight,
 whereof yon orb is but the darkened reflex.—(*The lark sings again*):—

"Up with me, and I will bear thee
 On my quivering wings!"

Tempter! how can I join thee—how could I "breathe the difficult air" of
 thy high heaven? Ha! now thou droppest straight down upon me, as thou
 droppest at the decline of day upon thy loved nest, or as a star falls from heaven
 at midnight. Thy song is pouring like a flood around me; and my spirit ex-
 hales upon the tones, and is lost, as a rain-drop melts and mingles with the ocean.
 "Up with thee!" Ay, will I, exultant cleaver of the clouds!

SCENE V.—*Cloudland. First, a dense white mist. By degrees the vapours break
 up, and take shape. Massive "castles in the air" are seen; battlement and
 tower glittering in the golden sunshine; then columns and minarets, as of a
 city; in the foreground green meads and sparkling waters; in the distance
 deep forests and blue mountains.*

SLINGSBY (*rises from beside a fountain, and gazes wonderingly around him*).—
 What wondrous land is this—so silent—so dreamy? No breeze fans the sultry,

sluggish air, that lies heavy with the odour of flowers. (*A female voice is heard singing.*) Hark ! what sweet and plaintive sounds are these ?

“ THIERNA NA OGE.”

A fair world is ours when the sun shines brightly,
And lights up each valley and bower ;
The pale buds ope, and the bird wings lightly
To rest on its own lov'd flower,
Like a dream of Thierna na Oge.

Oh, how soft falls the dew in the cool twilight,
And soothing the hush it bringeth,
As the murmuring breeze thro' the curtain of night
To earth a low lullaby singeth,
Like the hush of Thierna na Oge.

And how sweet is the strain of the plaintive flute,
As it floats on the summer air ;
Thro' the garden trees, bending with golden fruit,
Sending music everywhere,
Like sweet sounds from Thierna na Oge.

But the land of youth is of fairy dreaming,
Its joys ever young and radiant ;
The lake that looks cold to our earthly seeming,
Bears many a joyous pageant
From the happy Thierna na Oge.

And a crystal sky are those azure waters
In that bright unclouded home,
Dropping pearly showers on its sons and daughters,
And o'er many a sparkling dome
Reared high in Thierna na Oge.

A full tide of song from the waves is stealing,
And melting echoes it sendeth
To the man of sorrow and earthly feeling,
As home from his toil he wendeth—
'Tis a song of Thierna na Oge.

Come away, come away—
Leave the corn in the ear and the fruit on the tree ;
Let the tall meadows wave like the wind-ruffled sea—
Oh, come and repose
In our caves of light,
Where no shadows fall,
And no gloomy night,
Nor the whirling blast that, with reckless mirth,
Destroys the bloom of your changing earth,
Descends on Thierna na Oge.

Come away, come away—
Let the lordling forget his once lofty estate,
Ere his towers are ruined and desolate :
A fairer castle,
And wider domain,
A home for his heart,
With no pang of pain.
The loved one he lost in her spring of bloom,
And with heart-wrung drops he dewed her tomb,
Waits him in Thierna na Oge.

Come away, come away ;
 Fond mother, weep not for the babe thou did'st bless
 With a soul overflowing with deep tenderness.
 He pined and died,
 His spirit passed,
 Like a young bird's wing,
 Before Autumn's blast ;
 Thy watching and tears could not keep him there :
 But he lives with us in our own pure sphere,
 He is nursed in Thierna na Oge.

Come away, come away ;
 Tho' his fair young face is more bright and divine,
 And he drinks from gay sea-shells our sparkling wine,
 The water-lily
 Springs up 'neath his feet ;
 But fondly still he
 Remembers you yet ;
 And we bear him oft o'er the moonlit wave
 To the spot where you dwell. Oh ! come and live
 With your boy in Thierna na Oge.

Come away, come away,
 Weary mortals, descend to our deep ocean caves,
 We have mines of red gold 'neath the cold shining waves.
 Oh ! come and behold
 Beings long since fled,
 And mourned by thee,
 As changed and dead.
 Come, join in our dancing and revels here,
 Bid farewell to a world of torturing care—
 You'll be blessed in Thierna na Oge.

Then it is not a fable what our Irish bards have sung. There is a fairy realm ever near us, yet rarely shown to mortal eye. Where nature always blooms and man is again *rejuvenescent*, the youth of the body as perennial as that of the soul—*Thierna na Oge*—The land of Youth.

THE VOICE.—"Come away, come away." (*It passeth on*).

SLINGSBY.—Yes ; I will follow thee through those portals, beneath that arch whose stones are like hewn jewels. (*He enters*.)

SCENE VI.—*A banquetting-room, lit up by the great spherical light already seen. Around a table recline, on couches, figures clothed in white robes, with festive chaplets on their heads. At the upper end is a fair being dressed in a flowing vesture of saffron dye, with a crown of laurel intertwined with shamrocks on her brow ; before her is a lyre, a sword, and a stylus of diamond.*

SLINGSBY.—

"Is it a dream, or do I see it playne ?
 A goodly table of pure ivory
 All spread with juncats fit to entertayne
 The greatest prince with pompous royalty."

MAGA.—Welcome, Jonathan ; we waited but for you. Take your assigned place. (*The spirit points to a vacant seat ; SLINGSBY sinks into it, awe-struck.*) You seem weary ; Hebe, give him a cup of hippocrene, and just mix three drops of oxygenated *eau-de-vie* with it. His trip through the clouds has chilled him. (*He quaffs.*) Now, then, children, what have we got for mortals at the next full of the moon ? Mortimer Collins, let us have a chant from thee first. Thou comest from a sunny climé, and shouldst sing of summer blithely as the birds in sunshine.

COLLINS.—From breezy morn till dewy eve I wandered over the green earth

through the long summer day, and my soul was filled with the visible glory and goodness of God, and so my thoughts took shape, and here is my hymn, O Maga:

A CHANT FOR THE MIDSUMMER.

I.

Earth is lying in Thy summer, O great Sov'reign of the spheres !
Languidly beside the water stand all day the stately steers ;
And the tall green corn is waving, with a wealth of swelling ears.

II.

All day long the mavis joyous his sweet song in shadow weaves,
There the mighty boughs are drooping, heavy with their summer leaves,
And the young birds aye are singing underneath the cottage eaves.

III.

Earth is lying in its beauty : silently the morning mist
Passes from the sunny mountains by the soft-winged breezes kist :
Warm and still the sloping hill beneath a sky all amethyst.

IV.

The beauty of the tranquil sunset, deepening in purple hues ;
And when Hesper rises slowly bringing on the twilight dews,
Where the woodland streamlets ripple through the dusky avenues.

V.

O, Thou giver of all gladness ! we the children of this earth,
Ever would desire to praise thee, though our songs are nothing worth,
For the rich and fragrant summer, for its music and its mirth ;

VI.

For the dense green odorous forests, for the sky's unclouded dome,
For the calm sea tossing lightly endless lines of starry foam,
Which shall thunder on for ever, till they take thy people home.

MAGA.—It likes me well, that solemn chant of thine. That is a sweet picture of a sultry summer noontide, like one of Cuyp's or Wouverman's, where we see the cattle knee-deep in the cool wood-sheltered stream, and the yellow sunlight pouring on the green sward. But say, hast thou, a child of the island, no song of the ocean ?

COLLINS.—Mistress mine, I will essay to tell thee how I have listened through the revolving year to the voice of the wondrous sea—yet, learned I never thoroughly the mystic import of its language.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

I.

What saith the sea,
Winding around green shores and cliffs austere ?
Have not those waters, beautiful and clear,
Some meaning in their music free ?

II.

On summer days
You scarce can hear its ripple soft ;
As, surging and receding oft,
It gleams in quiet bays.

III.

In winter time,
Or when autumnal leaves are waxing gold,
White crests upon its waves ye may behold,
Like heroes of Homeric rhyme.

IV.

They dance afar—
The roar is like the horses' tramp :
On the blue plains do they encamp,
Tossed in a mimic war.

V.

To the wild wind
So floated wrathful Hector's horse-hair plume ;
So through the Achaian army cleft he room—
His brethren following swift behind.

VI.

Thou ancient Sea !
Was it of thee the singer old
Learnt music for his chant of gold ?
For Scio floats on thee.

VII.

Tired, weary, worn,
Vexed with the careful world and Mammon's shrine :
How fresh the kisses of thy emerald brine,
What time it blushes to the Morn !

VIII.

Young—ever young
Thou flashest to the answering sky :
Purple as vintage is the dye
Upon thy waters flung.

IX.

No song can tell
What in thy wealth of power thou utterest,
Though oft the singer floats upon thy breast,
And hears thy 'wilderer music swell.

X.

To the Air, and thee—
Twin sisters in the lap of Time—
The Maker gives a song sublime.
What sayest thou, aged Sea ?

MAGA. Well hast thou uttered thy heart. Know, then, "the song sublime," which the Maker gives to the Sea and the Air, is that which he hath given to the Earth also; and this is their trinal song day and night, summer and winter—"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever." (*A solemn pause.*) Now, Tiny one, what hast thou for our ear? Something that speaks to the heart rather than the fancy; for we perceive a shade of sadness flitting over thy brow. Is it not so?

TINY.—Even so. But thou shalt hear

A DEATH-CHAMBER SCENE.

I.

A vase of withered flowers, dry, colourless, and dead—
Their day of beauty over, all form and odour fled—
Stood by a dusty mirror, within a darkened room,
Where, through closed blinds, one dim, faint ray stole in to break the gloom.
A glove, a robe, long, long unworn, a chain of gold and pearl,
Which oft had glistened on the neck of that poor dying girl :
The cage, where a dead song-bird lay, the fire-light flickering low,
Were signs most eloquent, though mute, of human pain and woe.

II.

The ticking of the chamber clock, the quick, short, gasping breath,
Which told the hopeless mother's ear its tale of coming death;
With, now and then, a smothered sob, despite that mother's care,
Were all the sounds that broke the hush which lay so deeply there.
Without, the air was teeming with the sounds of summer life,
Where bird and bee blent song and hum in one harmonious strife.
The young leaves rustled softy round her casement, as to call
Forth to the buds and flowers her whose hand had tended all.

III.

In vain—in vain ; she heedeth not that gentle summons now—
The damps of life's last agony are on her pallid brow ;
And never more shall she go forth, at morn or evening hour,
To train the blossoms which she loved around her garden bower.
Alas, for beauty and for youth ! that dim and sunken eye
Hath taken its last farewell look of earth, and stream, and sky.
Green buds may swell, and leaves come forth, to die when dies the year ;
But the flow'rs are now unfolded which shall strew her early bier.

IV.

Yet weep not thou, whose heart of love is bleeding, thus to see
The dark grave yawn for her whose life was all the world to thee.
Look through the dark and shadowy mists that hang around the tomb :
The eye of faith sees dazzling light shine through the heavy gloom.
Look onward, then, and upward. The mortal part must die ;
But the precious soul—the spark divine—shall mount above the sky.
Thy child but leaves a world of woe for her eternal home ;
The hand of God hath taken her from evil days to come.

MAGA.—Ay : the same old-world story, from the hour when

“ Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world.”

But thou hast sung most sweetly, and done well to chant, not only through the gloom of the grave, but onward to the light beyond it : even as the nightingale sings through the night's darkness, till she sees the morning twilight gleaming eastward. Come, who will sing us a song now ?

ONE WITH A LUTE.—Marry, that will I, such as it is :—

SONG.

Fast and fair the stars were springing
In the calm, deep summer sky ;
Soft the bulbul bird was singing
To a clump of roses *... ..* ;
And through the grass a little stream
Went murmur'ing in a happy dream :
When, leaning on my breast, Hermine
Sigh'd low, “ My heart for aye is thine.”

But e'er since greybeard Time was young,
Love 'gainst yellow gold was weak ;
And oft for this hath woman flung
True hearts away, to live or break :
So now, with one who lov'd not more,
Who won her with the glitt'ring ore,
Dwells in the summer-land of Rhine,
My life's lost Pleiad, false Hermine.

MAGA.—Well, it is a pretty song, by my fay ; and thou shalt not fail of thy guerdon. But, methinks, upon the whole, there is full as much true-love and fidelity in the fair sex as in your own, Sir Minstrel. Hast aught for us, Homerton ?

HOMERTON.—In the sultry noontide I sought the solitude of a deep grove, within whose bosom was a deep cool lake, that the meridian sun-beams alone fell upon, and there I saw a stately swan lying on the pellucid waters, like a fair vessel becalmed in a tropical sea, and thus sang I of her :—

THE SWAN.

Queen of the silent lake,
 Gliding majestic o'er thy liquid court,
 Deep in the shadowy brake,
 Where the imagined water-nymphs resort ;
 Where fox-gloves hang their bells,
 And oaken bowers their branches intertwine ;
 And solitude in leafy covert dwells,
 That sanctuary, snowy queen, is thine.
 Few violate thy state—the timid deer
 May drink the pure wave as he trots along,
 The forest-loving birds may hover near,
 The nightingale may pour her stream of song :
 Yet, queen acknowledged, on thy glassy throne,
 Thou reignest in still majesty alone.

MAGA.—Thou hast turned the sight to good account. How now, fair one, thou lookest of a thoughtful spirit—we would know whereon thou ponderest ?

CHARLOTTE.—I was thinking of a strange custom that prevails in an ancient town in the north of Holland. There is attached to each of its quaint-looking houses a certain entrance elaborately adorned, by which, at their wedding, the married pair enters. It is then closed, and never opened again till the man or his wife is carried out a corpse. Hear my musings :—

THE BRIDAL AND THE FUNERAL.

How strangely in a foreign land shows still each common thing,
 As from our home's familiar use, all seems yet differing ;
 But who not marvelling had gazed, as on enchanted ground,
 When fair that city burst in view, girt by its river round ?

In calm repose of loveliness, bathed now in rosy light,
 The orient flush, ere yet the sun blaz'd on men's dazzled sight ;
 Each spire and pinnacle just touched by his first golden ray,
 Whilst low beneath, far stretched that line of shadowy arches lay.

I mark'd their gates (and yet a path on either side outspread)
 Fast nailed, though toward each dwelling fair those darkened portals led ;
 All seemed in cold forbidding guise, still sternly frowning down,
 Where gazed the wondering stranger round that quaint and antique town.

But as the eye glanced idly on, it rested where at last
 Beneath one ancient portico, a bright procession pass'd ;
 The rising sun in flood of light, stream'd now a glory o'er,
 The two in life's fresh joyousness ent'ring that opened door.

Its gleam unfaded yet, a voice of weeping smote mine ear,
 And in strange saddening contrast still, a sorrowing group drew near ;
 Few steps beyond, dim issuing forth an archway's narrow space,
 Those mourners bore one to be laid in earth's last resting place.

" Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—the solemn words were heard,
 And yet those tones on breaking hearts strength to bear on conferred ;
 Whilst telling still how from the grave new seeds of life could spring,
 In trusting hopes to heaven upraised, earth's sadness hallowing.

I asked of one who gazed beside, what might this purpose be,
As surely deeming it must hold some hidden mystery ;
Or wherefore stood each portal else fast barred in sullen gloom,
Save where those newly wed passed in—those mourners sought the tomb.

The question met with answer prompt—" 'Twas still a custom there,
On wedded love's first day of joy gave they due entrance fair ;
Then clos'd, nor e'er dar'd men their gates set open till the day
When one of those who then pass'd in, Death's message must obey.

And one be left a darkened home, till gently laid beside,
The loved of life, whom they that time should to the grave confide ;
Their bodies in its guardianship safe resting till the morn,
When all together we must meet who on this earth are born."

So chanced it thus, those two now join'd, fresh from the spousal rite,
Should there encounter with the dead, borne outwards in their sight ;
Should there behold what yet must be, once for themselves ordain'd,
Or long, or short, their space of life ere that dread day remain'd.

Oh is it strange if memory retains in freshest power
Of pictur'd semblance still distinct, the vision of that hour ?
Oh is it strange, with speechless thoughts of sadden'd earnestness,
That coffin'd form, that bridal fair, should still the soul impress !

Teaching, in silence of stern truth, how swiftly passeth by
"The fashion of this world," which here changeth so mournfully ;
Warning our weakness lest we make of *blessings* God had given,
Snares still to hold our lingering steps from reaching on to Heaven.

MAGA.—Thou hast gracefully expressed thy thoughts, and we shall hear thee again at another season. But, come, let us address ourselves to the work we have to do. Bring hither, Hebe, the golden casket. There, lay it now down before us. So—come here, Slingsby, thou shalt assist at our autopsy. Here is the golden key. Now, open the casket—what dost thou see within ?

SLINGSBY.—I see a mass of manuscripts, of various sizes ; some sealed up neatly, some tied—all huddled together.

MAGA.—Put, now, the contents of the box on the table, and I will show thee how to work, *secundum artem*. Watch as I touch each paper with the stylus. The pure diamond has the virtue of testing the true and the pure. If the ink endures the trial, then, put the paper back in the casket ; if the writing fades away beneath the ray of the diamond, then cast it aside. Now, then, are you ready ?

SLINGSBY.—I am attentive.

(*Maga proceeds rapidly, touching each MS. with the stylus, and speaking from time to time.*)

MAGA.—Pshaw !—pish !—ah, that's sterling—ridiculous. A bold wing, but wants pruning—hum ! ha !

SLINGSBY (*as he casts the sheets aside*).—Alack ! alack ! what labours of many a solitary hour are here—the cudgellings of many a stolid brain—the crazed odes of young gentlemen with high foreheads and long hair curled down their backs ; modest stanzas of young Sapphos and Angelicas on gilt-edged paper.—

MAGA.—Hush—hush—Jonathan ! Where's the use of whining ; justice must be done with an even hand. There, the task is finished. Lock the box, and Hebe will bear it away. Now, place the *condemned* in yonder brazier, and move it within the influence of the odylie rays of the great crystal. Good ! now the calorific light falls on the scrolls—see, they curl, and writhe, and shrivel—now, they blacken—they smoke—they burst forth in a blaze—Huzza !

Omnes.—Huzza ! Huzza ! !

! SLINGSBY (*bemoaning*).—O, u, *oooo* ! What hast thou done, Mistress mine. Thou hast reduced to ashes a world of paper. What a holocaust of foolscap—a slaughter of the *Innocents* !—children brought forth in much pain, and labour, and

tribulation. Should they not have been left with thy publisher till their parents should reclaim them? Ah, what indignant remonstrances, what pathetic upbraidings await that miserable mortal—Rachel weeping for her children —

MAGA.—Suspend your howlings, Jonathan, prithee. The good of science demands that these condemned ones should pass through the purgatorial flames; if there be anything spiritual in them, trust us, it will survive the probation. Come, you shall judge for yourself; take this lens of pure crystal in thy left hand, and the stylus in thy right, and, as you stir the mass, make a *post mortem*. What see you as the *residuum*?

SLINGSBY (*stirring the mass and looking through the lens*).—I behold much black and calcined matter. I take it to be burnt paper.

MAGA.—Shrewdly guessed. Blow it gently away. Now what remains at the bottom? Probe carefully.

SLINGSBY.—I see five or six minute particles; some shining like gold, others less brightly.

MAGA.—These are ideas. Thou seest what a small quantity of such that mass which we consumed contains. Proceed with thy examination.

SLINGSBY.—Heavens! I see beautiful little insects pouncing down, from time to time, on the grains, and flying away with them. And look! there is a little alender, gaudy one, tugging might and main at one of the largest grains. Ah! he is now just in the act of raising it, and about to fly away. Oh, Jupiter! there comes a whopper! That noble fellow, with the strong, black wings, and glittering eyes. See, he springs on the little fellow, and, seizing the large grain from him, swoops majestically away. Resolve me this riddle, dearest Maga.

MAGA.—What! canst thou not read it? Listen, then. What thou takest to be insects are the spirits of departed authors, who are constantly roaming about in search of their thought-property that has been filched from them. That little fellow was but a *poetaster*, who had himself *borrowed* from a great poet that idea which you saw him trying to raise; and having somewhat altered its shape, and dressed it out in new clothes, he acquired, what jurists call a special property in it, sufficient to entitle him to bear it away from all but the rightful owner, him with the black wings, who has reclaimed it. But look again; are there any grains left?

SLINGSBY.—Not one; they have been all borne away, and not an insect now lingers upon the heap.

MAGA.—*Verbum sap.* You see what stuff you were whining over. What then, tell me, remains?

SLINGSBY.—I see nothing but small, puffy balls, which are constantly bursting, and emitting a thick, dark-white vapour.

MAGA.—These are self-conceit, and bombast, and high-swelling words, and so forth; but you see they dissolve in air and come to nothing. Now we have finished, and you need some refreshment. Drink of this medicated water, over which I have made the magnetic passes, and fix your vision steadily on the great crystal. So—hush! not a word.

SCENE VI.—*Killiney Hill, as at first. SLINGSBY lying on the ground in a trance. VON GROPENGETZ making transverse passes over him. WILDDRAKE watches the operation incredulously. POPLAR looks thoughtfully over his grog; and BISHOP carelessly smokes his cigar.*

SLINGSBY (*yawning and stretching out his arms*).—Heigh-ho! haw, aw, aw. What! lads, by Jove I'm afraid I have been sleeping. How stupid; but the sun makes one so drowsy. What a deep, dreamless nap I've had, to be sure. What a delicious sense of coolness just as I awoke.

WILDDRAKE.—What, no dreams, Jonathan?

BISHOP.—Didn't think you were gone up there, eh?—(*points to the zenith.*)

POPLAR.—Nor that you went down there, eh?—(*points to nadir.*)

BARON.—Wie befinden sie sich? How you find yourself, Herr Shlinkshbee?

SLINGSBY.—Faith, remarkably well, I think.

BARON.—Gut. Ruhen sie ein wenig. Repose yourself a leetel.

SLINGSBY.—Ah! I remember all about it now. You undertook to mesmerise me, I believe. I fell asleep, I admit; but that's all.

BARON.—Ha! ha! There was something more, I dink.

WILDDRAKE (*aside to BISHOP*).—The Baron's a very clever fellow, but a little touched *here* (*points to his forehead*), and Jonathan has been humouring him, for a gag.

SLINGSBY.—Tell me, then, all about it; for I protest I cannot remember anything since I fell asleep.

BARON.—Ha! ha! Tell him, Mishtere Poplar.

POPLAR.—Why, first, Jonathan, you got upon your legs; then the Baron touched certain organs about your eyes.

BARON.—Ess; de language, and de time, and de tune.

WILDDRAKE (*aside to BISHOP*).—Ay, and he took good care to announce that he was doing so.

POPLAR.—Then you heard a skylark singing, and you went off into a rant, and threw some perilous stuff off your stomach, in the way of rhymes, standing on your toes, and flapping your arms, as a cock flaps his wings when he's going to crow; I thought you'd fly away. Then the Baron made some transverse passes, and poked his finger upon some other part of your head, and so you got quiet again, and sank down upon the ground, muttering to yourself; after a time you were off again about the skylark.

BARON (*triumphantly*).—Es, es; now tell him about de clairvoyance—de lucidity.

POPLAR.—Why, Jonathan, I took a packet of manuscripts out of my pocket, the BARON placed them on your *epigastrium*, and, upon my veracity, you read them off quite correctly.

WILDDRAKE (*aside*).—Ay, Poplar, but you had shown them all to him in the morning, and I saw his eyelids quivering as he squinted down upon the paper. (*Aloud*).—My dear Slingsby, I congratulate you upon your singularly happy autopsy of myself, after having made a voyage through my inner system, and peered into every nook and corner of the establishment, you were kind enough to announce that I was afflicted with dropsy, and a determination of blood to the head.

BARON.—Ach! nein, nein, dere was a mistake, my friend, 'twas somebody else; dere was a mistake.

WILDDRAKE.—Oh, Baron, I am quite of your opinion.

BISHOP.—Come, Jonathan, here's your health, my boy. And now, that you've got back into your body, take my advice, and stay in it as long as you can. Baron give us a song, and I'll undertake to give you as good a one in return.

BARON.—Von ganzem Herzen. I will sing you a Trinklied dat we sing in Germany:—

Trinklied.

I.

Singt und trinket, trinkt und singt!
Wo ein frohes Lied erklingt,
Wo im Kerker glüht der Wein,
Dreht die Frend' am liebsten ein.

II.

Hofft und liebet, liebt und hofft!
Lieb' und Hoffnung singt wohl oft;
Doch dem Leben giebt allein
Lieb und Hoffnung Zauberschehn.

III.

Schafft und wirkt, wirkt und schafft!
Nütze jeder seine Kraft!
Wer sie nutzt, ihn laßt allein
Lieb und Hoffnung, Lied und Wein.

[BISHOP makes a sign to SLINGSBY, who writes while the BARON sings.]

BISHOP.—Bravo! a good song and a healthy sentiment. Now, Baron, I will give you something to the same air (*takes the paper from SLINGSBY*); mine, too, is a drinking song:—

SONG.

I.

Drink and sing, sing and drink!—
Where the gleesome song resounds,
Where red wine lights the goblet's brink,
There every joy we prize abounds.

II.

Hope and love, love and hope!—
Love and hope will oft deceive,
Yet love and hope, like blossoms, ope,
And life a magic lustre give.

III.

Coil and work, work and coil!—
Ply each the craft ordained by Heaven,
For him alone, to cheer his toil,
Love, hope, and song, and wine are given.

BARON.—Ah, ha! Mishtere Bishop, brav, Sir, brav; why dat is mein Trink-leider himself. How did you get it?

BISHOP.—Why, Jonathan's just took the German blouse off it, and put it into an English frock-coat, that's all.

BARON.—Ver gut, ver gut, 'pon my word.

POPLAR.—Come, now the sun is down low behind the hills, and Howth is looking dim and soft in the distance; just gaze a moment on the rosy glow of the streaked sky reflected in the waveless waters, and that gold mottling the clouds of deep purple, while Bishop is stowing away the plates and glasses.

WILDDRAKE.—Beautiful, indeed! the world cannot surpass it.

BISHOP.—Stay! One toast before we go. Let us remember the gentleman whose judicious taste, so finely harmonising with Nature, is visible everywhere about us, and whose liberality throws open those delightful walks and grand prospects to every one who will not abuse the privilege. Here's the health of Mr. Warren!

OMNES.—Mr. Warren's health! (*drunk with all the honours*).

CLOUGH FIONN ; OR, THE STONE OF DESTINY.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

[It is known to the reading public that the works of fiction published under the title of "Tales by the O'Hara Family" were the joint production of two brothers—one of them, the younger, a literary man by profession, the other, and the elder, a man in business, who occasionally contributed the result of such hours as he could borrow from his more immediate and more pressing avocations. The origin, extent, and nature of this literary partnership may be, at no distant day, communicated to the curious in such matters, should it be ascertained that any curiosity exists. It is known, too, to those who consider the "Tales by the O'Hara Family" worth perusal, that the younger brother was called on to pay the debt we must all pay, before he had passed the prime of life, and after many years of such bodily suffering as few are required to endure in preparation for the grave. Up to the period of John Banim's death, in the summer of 1842, the connexion of the brothers existed, and with the survivor of "The O'Hara Family" many notes and memoranda remain, partly originating with the one, and partly with the other. The following story is wrought out of a portion of those materials ; it is, therefore, properly speaking, a renewal of old acquaintanceship with the public, under the "old familiar name."]

CHAPTER I.

It is matter of local history, that the Irish giant Fionn MacComhall, or more familiarly Fionn MacCowl, bestowed his hand on Graighne, his wife, as a reward for her superior fleetness of foot. She was the winner in a race between the giantesses of Innisfail : the place of contest being along the plain at the base of the Slive-na-mawn mountain, the spectators taking the best points of vision they could on the side of the hill above. The most prominent amongst these was the commander of the giant warriors of that old-world time, the far-famed Fionn MacCowl.

So far history tells ; but a certain occurrence took place on that occasion which we do not find a notice of in books—of equal authenticity, however—and which, as it has reference to the tale we are about to open, we find it necessary to relate.

The beautiful Graighne flew along the plain, swifter than the giant hero who looked on could cast his lance ; and Fionn MacCowl, breathlessly anxious for her success—for she was the fairest of the rival giantesses—stretched out his arms and neck, and strained his eyes to follow her lightning speed. A sudden turn of the course hid her from his view ; he rushed forward eagerly and carelessly ; his sandalled foot came in contact with an unnoticed rock, and he fell prostrate.

Writhing under the pain, and vexed at his disappointment, for Graighne

had vanished before he had recovered his erect position, he stooped, seized the rock with both his hands, tugged at it until he loosed it from its resting-place, swung it between his outstretched legs three or four times to increase the impetus, and cast it with all his might over his head.

In his rage he paid little regard to the direction in which it flew, or the injury it might occasion. The rock went whirling through the air in a north-easterly direction, and, reckoning as if a bird had flown the distance, it settled full thirty miles away, on the slope of a rising ground. Here it sank deep into the soil, and here it remained, unmoved, and it was supposed immovable, from the day of the rivalry between the giantesses up to the period when our tale commences.

From this rock the district where the opening incidents we chronicle took place, derived its name, and the locality was thence called "Clough Fionn, or Fionn's Rock."

The townland of Clough Fionn was a gently-rising ground, which, from a considerable elevation, sloped gradually to a much-frequented public road. About thirty-three years back, to which time we refer the reader, the occupiers of this townland were of the class denominated "small farmers," that is, some of them did not cultivate more than five acres of land, and the largest farm did not exceed

ten. It has been, and is to the present moment, a mooted point, whether or not the division of land into small tenements of this description, be injurious or beneficial. Although we hold a decided opinion on the subject, we shall not pause here to examine the question: we may remark, however, that while the pros and the cons have been under discussion, and the right or the wrong as yet in doubtful poise, many scenes of indisputable misery have resulted from the practical elucidation of one side of the argument.

The nature of the tenures on Clough Fionn hill-side was an immediate cause why, from the road bounding it below, the district had a very pleasing effect to the eye of the traveller. The houses of the tenants, to the number of nine, were contiguous to each other, and all of them within the scope of the observer's eye. Each cottage was embowered in its own shelter of ancient trees; each had its orchard, its potato garden, and its kitchen garden in close connexion; and the fields were all fenced with lofty hawthorn hedges. The distance from the farm houses to the road prevented the obtrusion of unseemly objects, and there was an air of rural comfort that gratified the passer-by, and gave the idea of health, and industry, and happy homesteads. Such sights were unusual thirty-three years back, when Clough Fionn flourished: such are scarcely to be met at the present day, through the whole length and breadth of the land.

At the opposite side of the road bounding the townland of Clough Fionn, and reaching thence to a sinuous brook, full of delicious trout, was a stretch of meadow-land. From the height of Clough Fionn, the movements and the voices of persons in the meadows could be distinguished; and from the meadows, the ploughman's team and the ploughman's whistle could be seen and heard; and the milkmaid's ong, and the lowing of the kine, and the bleating of the sheep, and the gambols of the lambs, and the crowing of the cocks, answering from farmyard to farmyard, could be noted.

We have given the origin of the name borne by this district, namely, the palpable existence there of the rock flung thither by Fionn MacCowl. It remains to be recorded, how, in connexion with the destruction of that rock, disruption and ruin fell upon the inhabitants.

The rock, giving a designation to the collection of farm-houses we have described, had ever been held in the greatest reverence. The present dwellers on Clough Fionn, were the fourth generation, proceeding from the original cultivators; and hence, by the way, the antiquity of the trees sheltering the cottages can be accounted for. It was an established and acknowledged truth, which no farmer of Clough Fionn doubted, that the prosperity of the colony was identified with the intactability of the present, made unintentionally by the angry giant. It was believed religiously, that success and all the attendant train of good, had prevailed, since the great-grandfathers of the present race had redeemed the land, up to the present time; and it was a doctrine deserving full credence, that such would continue to be the fortune of Clough Fionn as long as the cherished rock retained its place: and, *vice versa*, there was no doubt whatever entertained, that the contrary of all the advantages hitherto enjoyed must follow its removal.

The disturbance of Fionn MacCowl's rock being regarded as a thing next to an impossibility, taking into account its ponderous bulk, and the vigilance exercised in its regard, there is no doubt but that the confidence of the believers in the continuance of their prosperity tended in no slight degree to sweeten their labours, and render those labours productive.

Murtoch Donohoe was a member of the colony inhabiting the townland so often named; he held the largest portion of the land, and his cottage was the farthest to the left hand, if a visitor were ascending the hill from the road. The sacred stone of Clough Fionn was within his boundary—his great-grandfather, his grandfather, or his father, would not permit plough or spade to turn the sod within a prescribed number of feet of this safeguard of the district; and it was no matter of wonder that the actual possession of the stone, and the diligent protection of it, had brought extraordinary luck to the family of the Donohoes.

Accordingly, the Donohoes had been, from the first settlement of the colony, blessed beyond their neighbours with abundant crops, unblighted orchards, healthy children, tall and portly men and women; and as to their cattle, these were ever the fattest and the sleekest on the hill; nothing surpris-

as the exclusive right of the Clough Fionn family, and the fact with the exclusive and unshared good luck had been the farm of the Clough Fionn family had been the same for three generations. The Clough Fionns had been, at the time of the Clough Fionn family continued to be, when the Clough Fionns, the magnates of Clough Fionn, and Murtoch Donohoe was, at the time of the Clough Fionn family, the representative of his predecessors' greatness.

Even on such a narrow area as that of Clough Fionn, distinction is not without its disadvantages. Mediocrity is a level road, well trodden, and easy to the foot, owing to the number of travellers passing along; distinction, is a path on the eminence above, full of stumbling-blocks, followed only by the few, consequently rugged; and, at every stumble, the wayfarer is saluted by the laughter and jeers of those who jog on below. This aphorism will apply to Clough Fionn, as well as to the broad world beyond its boundaries.

Murtoch Donohoe had been, from his infancy, placed above his neighbours, owing, in some degree, to his own merit, but resulting principally from the fortuitous circumstance of having the Clough Fionn stone on his father's lands. When a boy, he was wayward and stubborn, and, as an inevitable consequence, wrong-headed; he was the bully over his playmates, the self-dubbed ruler and director of their pastimes, and their castigator if they refused submission to his authority. When he had attained his full growth, he was a Clough Fionn Hercules, and his overbearing temper, and his other more juvenile characteristics, marked the man as they had marked the boy. His dominion on his native hill was undisputed, and his assumption of authority at home was the more readily submitted to, as Murtoch Donohoe carried his reputation beyond his own boundaries and into other lands; and in this extension of his fame his immediate subjects were participators. If Murtoch Donohoe's cudgel levelled an opponent at every thwack—if Murtoch Donohoe invariably sent the ball to the goal at the hurling-match—and if Murtoch Donohoe pitched the sledge or the stone beyond all chance of competition, surely Clough Fionn hill might well be proud of his exploits;

and every Clough Fionn boy shone in the light cast round him by this Clough Fionn sun. Further, if Murtoch Donohoe ruled with despotic sway in his own dominion, none dare disparage a Clough Fionn stripling, or a Clough Fionn girl, anywhere off their native sod. These were the times, remembered with regret at the present day, when the stalworth arm in the fray and a Milesian obduracy of skull were the qualifications of a rural hero.

All this rule, and sway, and assumption, brought on less justifiable tendencies. Murtoch Donohoe, when in the pride of his youth and vigour, was a hard drinker; reckless and quarrelsome; instantaneous in his resentments, but quickly forgetful of them; jealous of the eminence he had reached, and constantly jostling and pitching downwards every pretender who attempted to scale the same height. Ambition such as that of Murtoch Donohoe, where glory is the goddess, does not stoop to mere vulgar occupations; and the ruler of Clough Fionn neglected his industrial pursuits to such an extent that it required all the occult but powerful influence of Fionn MacCowl's rock to continue in his person the hereditary prosperity of his family.

In his twenty-second year, or thereabouts, the headlong current of Murtoch Donohoe's temperament was, however, directed into a different channel from that in which it had hitherto flowed. His affections, as well as his resentments, were ever in the extreme. He fell madly in love with a certain "vourneen machree," living at some distance from his hill of sway. Well off in the world, as Murtoch Donohoe was, or rather expected to be, the father of Sheela Fennelly out-topped him by far; exclusive also of the difference of fortune, "ould Darby Fennelly" did not approve of Murtoch's character, enviable, as Murtoch, and as Sheela, too, supposed it to be. He was refused by the parent, but he was accepted by the daughter; and he at once took the steps he ought to have done. He collected his vassals of Clough Fionn Hill, and led them on for a capture. Darby Fennelly, in anticipation of what was to happen, had provided himself with a sufficient force to repel invasion; but Murtoch overcame all opposition, and bore his Sheela home in triumph, better pleased by far, as

to obtain her, than if she had been bestowed on him with the good-will of all her kith and kin. When subsequently, reconciling himself to the event, Darby Fennelly, with his usual shrewd sense, remarked, "that when the colleen herself was ready and willing, a regiment of dragoons wouldn't howld her back."

When this notable event took place, Murtoch Donohoe was without a mother; she had been interred some time before in the family grave, close by the ruined Church of Kilebawn. Shortly after his marriage, his father's remains were placed side by side with those of his wife, and Murtoch was left the sole inheritor of the proverbial good farm of the Donohoes, and possessor of Fionn MacCowl's luck-bestowing rock.

Now it was, that the benefit of this talisman became evident. Almost immediately following his espousals, Murtoch Donohoe, with characteristic precipitancy, jumped from the elevation he had usurped; he abdicated his throne on Clough Fionn for the vulgar routine of labour. Without doors, nothing seemed to engross his thoughts but hard, unflinching industry. It was his step, of all on Clough Fionn, that startled the lark, to his earliest matin song; generally, the night fell before his day's work was over; and from the fields, his face was turned directly to the home where Sheela dwelt, and nowhere else.

On the birth of his first child, who was christened by the name of Patrick, and who, we may as well announce, is to be the hero of our tale, Murtoch Donohoe acknowledged the full claim of the "weenoch" on his ardent affections. It was whispered about, furtively to be sure, that the former leader of the revels of Clough Fionn had become a first-rate nurse, and many ludicrous particulars of the metamorphose were related by the wags of the hill-side. But we can avouch, as true historians, the real facts of the case; and our statement is, that Murtoch might be seen, when he had returned from his day's labour, sitting on a low stool, so low, that of necessity his knees came nearly in contact with his chin, and that he would continue for hours so crippled up, rocking the little gorsoon's cradle, and singing a rather discordant ditty to set it sleeping. And we can add, as veritable fact, that his snapped-up Sheela would move

about the while, in the performance of her domestic duties, and that she would chat in a happy voice with Murtoch, and that she would come over, oftener, perhaps, than necessary, and that she would lay her outspread hand on his large head, and stoop down her cheek close to his, to peep at Murtoch's heir, and that Murtoch would look straight into her eyes for approval of his paternal care; upon which she would pinch his cheek, and seal her approbation with a kiss, taking him round the neck at the same time, and then she would trip away and carol sweetly over her work. All this we can vouch for as reality.

Murtoch's change of pursuits, but not of character, might, and did, give cause for the surreptitious jeers of his former scapegrace followers; but he gained credit with all others for devotion, heart and soul, to his pretty Sheela. That "rock of sense," Darby Fennelly, wrought upon by the reports that had gone far beyond Clough Fionn, came himself to ascertain the truth; and thenceforward he was reconciled to Sheela's choice. If Murtoch Donohoe was almost as huge as his patron, Fionn MacCowl, in stature, he continued to work in his fields even as the same Fionn MacCowl might have worked had he held a ten-acre farm on the townland. It was plain to Darby Fennelly that out of sheer love to her, Murtoch Donohoe wished to ensure as much independence to Sheela, his wife, as strength of frame, combined with unflinching industry, could procure her.

The great drawback on the happiness of Murtoch and Sheela, was the loss of many of their children; two of them, a boy and girl, died in their infancy, so that none remained to him at the period when our tale commences, but the eldest son, Patrick. Sheela, however, promised an increase to the Donohoes, and both looked forward to the event with happy presages, doomed, alas! to sad reversal.

Murtoch Donohoe had, in the hey-day of his more youthful irregularities, fought a desperate battle, involving the entire brigade of Clough Fionn, with some scoffer, who had laughed at the virtues imputed by its possessors to Fionn MacCowl's stone; the said scoffer asserting, that the prosperity of the farmers of the locality was owing to the quality of the land,

and the low rate of rent paid by the tillers. Murtoch and "his boys" were the victors on the occasion ; he established, according to the ancient usage of "wager by battle," that the Clough Fionn stone was a veritable cornucopia to its owners. But this "skrimmage" had its consequences. The mere fact of the power of the rock being questioned, shook his faith to a certain extent ; and, in a subsequent conversation with his parish priest, his credence was overturned nearly altogether.

Two years previous to the date we write of, it appeared to Murtoch Donohoe that the rock so often mentioned was mightily in his way—was a complete obstruction, in fact, to some improvement he contemplated ; he had ceased to regard it with his boyish reverence, yet his early prejudices urged him not to meddle with it. He went round and round it, however, and viewed it closely ; and he actually presumed so far as to shovel away some of the earth below it, to ascertain its depth in the soil.

His proceedings had not been unnoticed ; there was a panic in consequence ; he was angrily expostulated with. An altercation took place between himself and the weaver of the district. The contention drew others to the spot, and Murtoch Donohoe was threatened. This was sheer rebellion against his former authority, which, although he had ceased to exercise, he would not allow to be wrested from him, and his resolution was instantly formed.

The great secret of his wife's power over her naturally wayward husband, lay in the gentle yielding of her opinions to his, or rather from her seeming to have no opinion of her own, at the same time that she "could wind him round her little finger," as it is

vulgarly but cogently expressed. Since his boyhood, the headlong torrent of his temper would rush with irresistible force full tilt on obstacles raised against it ; and because he was now gainsaid and threatened, Fionn MacCowl's rock was to be put out of his way.

Before the day dawned of a winter's morning, the inhabitants of the hill-side were shaken in their beds by a violent explosion of gunpowder—Murtoch Donohoe had blasted the rock of destiny into flitters.

A general outcry was raised against this daring act of stubbornness, and, sooth to say, now that he had had his will, the operator himself did not feel altogether comfortable at the success of his headlong rashness.

Thenceforward his neighbours regarded him with a great degree of dislike, as the producer of future evils to themselves and their children. This feeling in his disfavour was perceived by Murtoch, and he resented it. He became dark and morose, except within his own family ; he continued to work as diligently, however, as before ; his crops continued to be as productive as hitherto. Sheela found no deficiency in the milking of her cows, or in the quantity or quality of her butter ; nor was any defalcation visible with the neighbouring tillers of Clough Fionn. During a year and a-half subsequent to the demolition of the rock, no change for the worse was visible. The public mind of Clough Fionn was balancing between hope and fear, when, six months farther on, it was proved that the destruction of Fionn MacCowl's rock could not pass scathless ; and the sequel further told, that in the general wreck which followed, the crush was sorest and saddest on the obstinate and self-willed Murtoch Donohoe.

CHAPTER II.

THE Clough Fionn destiny stone was blasted into fragments by Murtoch Donohoe thirty-three years back.

At this period, the class known as middlemen held in their possession almost the entire lands of Ireland.

When referred to, the epoch is now described and known as "Bonaparte's times ;" and "Bonaparte's times" are spoken of as the golden age of Irish farmers. Could our land-jobbers of

the day have guided the fortunes of that wholesale slayer of the human race, the eagles of Bonaparte would not have drooped their crests, or quailed at Waterloo. If it depended on them, he would be at the present hour guiding the storm of battle over the length and breadth of Europe, and sweeping the earth with his legions.

It was not from any personal admiration of, or attachment to, the hero of

Austerlitz, or from any abstract approval of his general career, that the Irish tillers of the land, thirty-three years past, prayed for success, in all his battles, to the Emperor of the French. Their good-will towards him arose from self-interest ; it was with them, to use a well-understood phrase, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. The manufacturers of wheat, and beef, and pork, and butter, realised, during the protracted warfare of which Bonaparte was the blow-coal, unprecedented prices ; and the demand was equal, if not exceeding, any supply that could be furnished. Hence the hearty good-will borne to the despot of France, and hence it is that "Bonaparte's times" are remembered with a sigh.

The demand for the produce of the land created a corresponding demand for the land itself, and the rivalry in obtaining farms had all the attractions of an El Dorado for the dealers in that commodity.

Middlemen, or persons intermediate between the landowner and the tiller, increased to an injurious extent, and these were the "squireens," or squires on an inferior scale, or of an inferior grade.

A practice prevailed in "Bonaparte's times" of securing land in reversion. It was no unusual, but on the contrary, a prevalent proceeding for a dealer in land, to procure a lease of a farm, or of more farms than one, while yet held in actual possession by others—this lease granted, by the owner of the tenements, years previous to the expiration of the existing occupants' term, and without the knowledge of such occupants.

When a lease obtained with so much foresight, came into operation, the middleman, or holder of such lease, either raised the rent on the tenant in possession exorbitantly, or took the lands into his own hands, for his immediate use.

This practice of taking leases in reversion was spoken of as "taking the ground over poor cratures' heads," and was the immediate cause of the agrarian disturbances of "Bonaparte's times"—the outrages of "Caravets" and "Shanavests," and other crude denominations of illegal associations, springing from the custom of "taking ground over poor cratures' heads."

Dick Mulcahy was of the class of "middlemen," or "squireens ;" and,

as we shall have much to do with him in the progress of the present narrative, we find it necessary as graphically, but as concisely as possible, to sketch his character for the reader.

The father of Dick Mulcahy held a good tract of land at a low rent : he accumulated wealth—that is, comparatively speaking—in consequence of the rapid and continuous advance in price for his marketable commodities ; and when his second son Dick had selected a wife, whose dowry was a good farm, the old man was able to advance the means to set him forward in the world.

At the period of his marriage, Dick Mulcahy might be about thirty-five, fresh-coloured, and what is called well-looking. Tall he was, and robust in person : his manner was abrupt and uncouth ; and he disported a rough humour, disagreeable to all but himself. He wore generally a thoughtful brow, and his eye looked straight to its object, keenly and resolutely.

With his neighbours, he was reckoned to be a shrewd, painstaking fellow, who attended to his business with energy and capacity ; as one able to see his way clearly, and as one both able and willing to pursue his path, notwithstanding let or hindrance. He was considered, too, to be morose and unneighbourly, uncommunicative, and self-dependent—neither seeking nor taking counsel in his affairs. This self-reliant man was not always, however, repulsive and austere. Occasionally at fairs and markets, when his business was over, he gave a loose rein to his humour for relaxation. He indulged in bouts of hard drinking, recklessly and determinedly.

At such times, he might be seen dragging by the collar to the fair-booth or the public house the neighbour he had kept at arm's length, with a force and pertinacity it was useless to oppose, unless the roughly-invited guest were inclined to prove "which was the better man." From the debauch thus plunged into, none of the company dared depart until Dick Mulcahy so pleased. He would compel, by main force, all such skulkers to remain. Meetings of this kind became, for the most part, boisterous Bacchanalian orgies, and seldom terminated without a quarrel ; through the turbulence of which, Dick Mulcahy's voice was the loudest, and his personal prowess the most distinguished. He was able, too,

his frequent debauches and his head not to be so clear as of old, for he was certain to be a little out of his wits about his affairs by cocking his head up the next morning as if he had been a little drunk the previous night. It was only so far as the expenditure of the moment was concerned that these irregularities interfered with Dick Mulcahy's progress. The farm he had got as his wife's portion, was, in rural parlance, "an owld take," and Dick Mulcahy found himself, in a few years, a monied man. He had no notion of placing his spare cash in a bank, to lie idle. There were no burglaries in his neighbourhood; even if there had been, Dick Mulcahy would have held his own against heavy odds; and he kept his money under lock and key at home. He saw this, increasing from day to day; the prevailing mania, to grasp land extensively, seized on him; he became a middleman of the first water.

At this period of his life Dick Mulcahy attired himself with a certain pretension to superiority above the class of working farmers, beyond whom he was beginning to emerge; but the character of his costume was a doubtful effort to denote an advance in rank. He had not as yet abandoned the common outside frieze coat of the peasantry; but this generally swung open, and within, a good and tolerably fine dress of blue broad-cloth might be seen, well garnished with shining gilt buttons. His hat was of coarse beaver, imposing in the amplitude of the leaf, and the nap distinguishing it from the homely felt generally worn by his compeers. His smallclothes were of drab cassimere, and he cased his stout legs in badly-cleansed top boots. He rode a powerful black horse when he left home; but his saddle was discoloured; his bit and stirrup-irons were well coated with rust, and one very rusty spur on his right heel he deemed sufficient for his purpose, the left being unarmed. He sat his horse firmly, but ungracefully; he went generally at a good pace, and the thong of his heavily-laden whip sounded loud as a musket-shot, as he dashed along.

Dick Mulcahy having resolved to apply his spare money to advantage, cast his eye about him, and an opportunity soon offered of disposing of it to good purpose.

The term by which the farmers of

Clough Fionn held their land was within three years of expiration. The people of the townland had always lived pretty much to themselves. Their great-grandfathers had entered into possession of the hill-side when the soil was in its original state of nature; consequently the rent was trifling, and easily made up. There was no care or anxiety amongst them, and they were a most contented and happy race. But they were not ignorant that, on the lapse of their leases, they should have to pay an increased price for their acres; and, for the first time, it was necessary to look a little before them. Mr. Bulger, the agent, was spoken to; he shook his head ominously and mysteriously, and the translation of his ambiguity puzzled the Clough Fionn wiseheads. Dick Mulcahy was known to be in great favour with Mr. Bulger; his reputation for shrewdness and activity was universal; and the Clough Fionn farmers agreed that if Dick Mulcahy's counsel and services could be secured, it would be a great step in the right direction. His farm of Ballycanavawn was not far from Clough Fionn; he was their neighbour, and they reckoned on his exertions in their behoof.

Murtoch Donohoe (this was before the blasting of Fionn MacCowl's rock) and some others, went over to Ballycanavawn, to consult with Dick Mulcahy, and interest him in their cause. Dick Mulcahy received them with a mixture of bluff humour and dictation; there was "a drop on the head of id," and the deputation parted from their adviser with the highest possible opinion of their own shrewdness in selecting him as their counsellor; and their admiration of his hearty off-hand friendship knew no bounds. He took the arrangement of their business entirely on himself, and his own words, as they separated, were—

"Lave it all to me! lave it all to me! Every man, woman, and child on the townland of Clough Fionn may lie down on their right sides and take a good night's sleep. Lave it all to me, boys; I'm the very fellow that will make a bargain for ye that will make ye stare at your luck."

"Well, God be wid you, Dick Mulcahy," said Murtoch Donohoe, griping Dick Mulcahy's honest palm, and squeezing it with a most painful pressure.

"*Banoeth lath, boys, banoeth lath,*" said Dick Mulcahy; and he shook each of the Clough Fionn deputation by the hand heartily and cordially.

Shortly after his interview with the Clough Fionn men, Dick Mulcahy put a good sum of money in his old pocket-book, and he travelled fully five hundred miles before he came to his journey's end. It is not necessary we should give any detail of his travels or adventures, but we can certify that he reached the metropolis of England—not, to be sure, in sixteen hours, as he might do now—but safe and sound, and in his usual robust health. He knew how to gain access to the presence of the person he had journeyed so far to see: it was no easy task to turn Dick Mulcahy from his purpose.

"Sarvent kindly, sir; and 'tis I that hopes you enjoy the brave health and sperrits."

"I am well, I thank you."

"Ha! then more of that to yer honour every day you see the sun, and may that same be the story of your mouth for a long coorse of years."

Such were the first words between Dick Mulcahy and his landlord; the colloquy went on—

"The servant announces you as a tenant of mine from Ireland; pray what may be your business with me?"

"Faith, and a tenant I am, yer honour, you can't disown me, barrin' you disown the lands of Ballycannavawn; and 'twould be a safe oath to swear you won't do that—ha! ha! ha!—an' no blame, sure 'tisn't the worst feather in yer cap—ha! ha! ha!"

"I scarcely understand you, sir."

"The farm of Ballycannavawn came to me by my wife, Winny Reilly that was; she was part of the stock on the farm—ha! ha! ha!—and she fell to my lot the same time with the land. She's the daughter of ould Stephen Reilly, God be good to him."

"Reilly—Reilly—ha! I do not happen to remember the name. And you married this Reilly's daughter, and you say you are my tenant."

"By the gog, and you may enther down that same saying of mine to be as thrue as goold; ay, by my oath, thrue as goold, for it has the jingle in it—*connasthaw thu*, yer honour, *connasthaw thu*."

"Your name, if you please?"

"I'm not the laste bit in life ashamed of my name, yer honour; I'm come of

an ould stock—the stock of the Mulcahys—Dick Mulcahy is the name I go by."

"And pray Mr. Dick Mul—"

"Mulcahy, by gog—Mulcahy, and the sky over 'em."

"Well, Mr. Dick Mulcahy, may I ask, why did you expend your money, and lose so much of your time, in travelling such a distance as from the lands of Bally—, Bally what, pray?"

"'Tis like a big potaty, yer honour; 'tis a mouthful, and you can't get the tongue round it—ha! ha! ha! Ballycannavawn, yer honour."

"Ha! Ballycanna—. Well, sir, why have you travelled such a distance as from that place to this, when my agent, Mr. Bulger, was within a few miles of you?"

"Ha! for the plainest raison in the world, yer honour. We say at Ballycannavawn—'tis a thumper of a word, yer honour, you must gape like a young crow afore the feathers is on him to let it out, you must faith—ha! ha! We say at Ballycannavawn, that the nearer the well the sweeter the wather, and 'twas a way with the Mulcahys ever and always to discoorse the head before the tail; and, more be token, if you can't knock sense out o' the gandther, it's a waste of breath to prache to the goslin'—ha! ha! ha!" And, as on the former occasions, Dick Mulcahy's loud guffaws shook the breakfast-service on the table.

"But, sir—"

"No offence meant, your honour. 'Tis the way we go on at Ballycannavawn." Dick Mulcahy observed very clearly that his honour did not relish the rude freedom of his tenant from the farm of the outlandish name.

"But, my good sir, I pay my agent, or rather I should say my agent pays himself liberally; and I do not see why my time is to be employed transacting my agent's business, as I presume you have come here on business matters. Mr. Bulger complains, and I believe not without good reason, of my unruly and half-civilised Irish tenantry."

"I go bail he does, the poor gentleman. The grumble is never out of his mouth, and no blame; and there is grumbling on both sides, your honour."

"Why, Mr.—why, sir, I am in much need of money at this present moment, and these confounded Irish tenants are dallying and delaying. If you have come here for the purpose of

seeking a delay, let me tell you you have come on a fruitless errand."

While this speech was addressed to him Dick Mulcahy had thrust his right hand and arm into a very profound breast pocket in the left side of his interior coat; and by the time the philippic had come to a close, he had drawn forth a large pocket-book: this he deposited very leisurely on the breakfast table. Premeditatedly, and we would say ostentatiously, he unloosed the closing tongue from its clasp, and while he searched in one of the recesses, any observer, even if not in need of money, could see, that the pocket-book enfolded a goodly bundle of bran new bank notes.

The song of birds is sweet music; the thrilling tones of the female voice are ravishing to the listener; the tinkling laugh of the child produces gladness; but to the man "in present need of money," the unique crisp sound of new bank notes, is a music above all others; more musical than the bird's song, the syren's most silvery thrill, or the child's most gleeish laugh. This fascinating quality of new bank notes was not unknown to the Ballycannavawn farmer, and he did not fail to shuffle those in his pocket-book, as he searched in a flurry for a certain document he had placed safely in a well-known pocket, a few minutes before his interview with his landlord. After a scrutiny prolonged sufficiently to enable the "man in need of money," not only to regale his ears with the rumple of the notes, but to gain also some knowledge of their amount, he drew forth a paper, and placed it immediately under his landlord's eye.

"What is this?" he was asked; but the speaker's tone had abated much of its imperiousness.

"That is what I call by the name of 'No denying it, Thady,' your honour; that's what owld Slingsby, the 'orney, would call lagal evidence for any coort in the King's dominions. Owld Slingsby is the devil for law, your honour; his noose never gives way, the more you pull, the tighter it is—ha! ha! ha!" And he winked hard as he enjoyed his conceit.

As the landlord read the paper he slowly raised his eyes from it, and surveyed, with a look of surprise, the uncouth man who thus filled his apartment, from wall to wall, and from ceiling to floor, with his great horse laugh;

but, although there was much of astonishment, there was less of hauteur: and this change did not escape Dick Mulcahy's observation.

"I see; this is Mr. Bulger's receipt for the last half year's rent; it is dated a week after the gale was payable."

"And that is what owld Slingsby would say, to be *prima facie* evidence—his very words, yer honour—that, whatever sort the rest of the tenants is, Dick Mulcahy, of Ballycannavawn, is more than half-civilised, three-quarters maybe—all as one as a thoroughbred Yorkshireman—the hoighth of good breeding in him, yer honour. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"This shows that you pay your rent punctually; but why come such a distance to prove this to me—have you anything further to impart?"

"By this and by that, yer honour, I don't think you'd have a suspicion of me that I'd lave the lands of Ballycannavawn so far behind me only to make known to yer honour that Dick Mulcahy had no tail behind him. It never came to my knowledge that any of the half-civilised tenants of yer honour wore tails, but 'tis reported they have very long ones in Kerry, and the more they wag 'em the nearer they are to bite you. Did you ever hear that, yer honour? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Then what is your farther business? there has been a good deal of time lost; you may sit down."

Dick Mulcahy did as he was directed, but seated himself so heavily that the chair creaked beneath his weight. He placed his hat on the carpet, crown undermost, and rested both his elbows on his knees.

"Poor Misther Bulgor, in throth he is to be pitied, yer honour," he said.

"So far as payin' the rent goes, some of the tenants is uncivilised enough; 'tis the thruth, an' there's no use in denying it."

"So it is reported to me."

"Did yer honour ever walk the lands of Ballycannavawn?"

"Not that I recollect. I have been in Ireland but once—ten year's ago, I believe; I do not remember the particular portion of my estate you refer to."

"It would give yer honour the lock-jaw if you wur to thry the name; and that would be a sin, so don't attempt it, yer honour. The land of Ballycannavawn is no grate things; 'tis spewy,

bad ground part of it, yer honour ; and the rest of it is as hungry as a ploughman for his dinner. But for all that, sence it come to me, with Winny Reilly on it, for some of the stock, I make it turn out the reds in good style."

"Turn out the reds?—the expression is ambiguous to me."

"'Tis wild Irish talk, yer honour—a wild Irishman's talk ; but 'tis the English reds, the potatys, that goes by that name ; a great dale of 'em is very fillin', yer honour, as the wild Irish know to their hearts' content."

"Humph."

"But 'tis the honest thruth, yer honour, that some of the tenants plagues the very life and sowl out of poor Misther Bulger. 'There's two gales of rent due,' he'll say. 'You have a good memory, Misther Bulger,' they'll answer—'two gales, sure enough. Well,' they'll say again, 'isn't three a lucky number?—and when three gales comes round, we'll pay you one, and that will lave two gales due still.' That's what they'll say to the poor gentleman. They're very uncivilised, yer honour—very uncivilised, so they are."

His honour slightly nodded his head. He was half inclined to think that his Ballycannavawn tenant was laughing in his sleeve ; but he was not quite certain, and, moreover, the music of the new bank notes was still audible. It is very doubtful if Dick Mulcahy would have ventured on the continuance of his rude humour, but that, like all men with purses, he judged he could at any moment repair the breach that might be made. He went on—

"Tisn't likely yer honour ever climbed the hill of Clough Fionn."

"Is that part of my estate?"

"Oh ! by gog that it is ; and if they have tails on any of yer honour's lands, they're growing to the Clough Fionn men ; they're a half wild breed, the Clough Fionn tenants, yer honour."

"Well, what does this lead to?"

"Them Clough Fionn tenants have a purty good sod under their brogues. The rent they pay is a thrifle beyond nothing, but 'tis hard to dhrag it from 'em ; they don't pay, yer honour, and Misther Bulger is half afeard of 'em."

"Too generally the case, I find, to my serious inconvenience and annoyance."

"The Clough Fionn lases will run out in three years, yer honour."

"Very well, I suppose my agent will deal with these refractory people."

"'Twill be a great ase to yer honour to get quit of 'em for good and all."

"Probably so ; let Mr. Bulger manage them."

"Poor Misther Bulger, he'll be humming and hawing. 'I'll think about it,' he'd say. 'I can't give you an answer to day,' he'd say ; 'I'll see you again some day, when I have nothing to do,' he'd say. Misther Bulger is a dacent gentleman, but he wouldn't like an alpeen at his pate ; and he'd be cross-hackling and parleying, and there would be coming and going, and nothing done."

"Well —"

"It will be well, and very well, if you like it yer, honour. I came all this way over here to dale with your honour for the same lands of Clough Fionn. I made it as clear as that there is five fingers standing up there, that Dick Mulcahy, that's sitting here, is able and willing to pay his rent. By fair dint of hard work Dick Mulcahy is able to keep his foot in his brogue."

"An explanation of the latter expression?"

"'Tis plain to see, yer honour doesn't spake Irish. You know well enough that we're a kind of mongrel breed—half Christian, half Turk, but you don't know our ways all out, and no blame to yer honour. Keeping the foot in the brogue, manes, that a well-shod fellow can make way over stocks and stones, and the like, smarter than if his feet wor mother naked. Well, Dick Mulcahy's foot is in his brogue, yer honour."

He paused ; his honour bowed his head, signifying that so far he comprehended his tenant's meaning.

"I may as well thwack the nail on the head, yer honour."

Another bow.

"In this pocket-book here, that I brought all the way with me from Ballycannavawn, there is three hundred pounds, that wouldn't put a soil on yer honour's finger ; and I'll lay 'em down for a lase of the hill of Clough Fionn."

"How is that to be ? If I understand you rightly, the leases have three years yet to run."

"*Naw bocklish*, your honour. Owld Slingsby dhrew out leases for myself—I have 'em with me, and the bargain is soon made. Is it a bargain, yer honour?"

And before the landlord of Clough Fionn parted from his tenant of Ballycannawawn, it *was* a bargain, duly fulfilled on both sides. The three hundred pounds was a temptation, the man "in need of money" could not resist; indeed, to do him justice, he did not well understand the contract entered into. He could perceive, that when the leases of the lands in question had run out, it was his privilege to relet his estate to whom he pleased, on the most advantageous terms to himself. In addition to the money contained in the pocket-book, Dick Mulcahy held out the further inducement of an advance of rent for Clough Fionn, to double the existing rate; and all appeared to "his honour" as a perfectly legitimate transaction. We see nothing to reproach him with, except his carelessness of consequences.

"Yer honour, yer honour," scoffed Dick Mulcahy, as he left his landlord's house; "'tis enough to put a cramp in the tongue to be saying, yer honour, yer honour. 'Tis grate luck you have, 'yer honour,' to fill your purse without a bottom to it; by gog, the brains would never keep the sthrame running throughit. 'Yer honour,' ha! Give Dick Mulcahy ten years, and if he doesn't stand on 'yer honour's' shoulders, he'll give up the ghost for good and all."

Thus did Dick Mulcahy redeem his pledge of friendship with the simple men of Clough Fionn; thus did he fulfil the trust so confidently placed in him. The question for deep inquirers to solve, is, whether or not he would have been so successful in his treachery, had the Clough Fionn stone remained as Murtoch Donohoe's father had left it.

CHAPTER III.

It was a morning in early May. The spring had been soft and genial, and the progress of the season to blooming maidenhood was near at hand. There had been a gentle shower before the rising of the sun, and now, in the upward progress of the source of light, his slanting rays shone through the drops pendant from the trees and bushes, and changed them into gems.

Thin white clouds were sailing very gently over the azure of the sky; high up, the lark was fluttering to the cadences of his own music; and there was a joyous chorus of every bird that could pipe or whistle.

Not one of the birds that sang so merrily could give reason for the outpouring of his joy. The birds do not carol when the snow is on the ground and the icicle hanging from the branch; but, when the young leaves are unfolding, and when the sky is blue and white, and when the western breeze just touches their feathers, they do gaily chant their raptures.

The children of Clough Fionn could not tell, any more than the birds around them, why they raced so fast, and shouted so exuberantly—doubtless, the beautiful May morning inspired them with overflowing spirits, as it inspired the birds.

The children of Clough Fionn held boisterous council on the May morning we write of, and it had been agreed, to

set off in a body, to gather flowers, wherewith to deck the bush they had planted on a particular spot, and which they called their May-bush. The whither was then the question, and the meadows bordering the brook below the hill were pitched on, as the ground, far and away beyond all others under the sun, where flowers most abounded. And down the sloping land of Clough Fionn, and across the road, and into the meadows did they scamper, one and all.

The grass in the meadows was shooting up vigorously. The hawthorn hedges dividing the fields, or the aged hawthorn trees scattered through them here and there, were not yet sheeted with their white blossoms; but protruding through the tender leaves were thick clusters of silver-tipped globules, that promised abundant fragrance, when some days more of sun, and breeze, and shower had unclosed the petals.

The children were not the only visitors of the meadows on this morning—the ducks of the colony had preceded them thither, and these waddled about with most business-like assiduity, quaking their congratulations to each other touching the great good luck that had fallen to their lot, as at every waddle they shovelled up delicious dainties; and they did not abandon their busy quest through the

moist grass when the new comers thronged in amongst them, but escaped from beneath the children's feet, awkwardly and almost miraculously.

And there was a family of goslings there also, clothed in their first light-green furry coats, and these were wending their way, under their parents' guidance, to lave themselves in the brook hard-by; and the gander strode slowly and sagely before the brood, the matron goose bringing up the rear; as the children gamboled near, the patriarch hissed, and poked his head, and spread his wings; and if there were no sign of battle, he ran a little in pursuit, and then turning round, he gabbled his braggadocio to his mate, who, bowing to him, cackled her acknowledgments of his united bravery and wisdom.

The children at their play felt a consciousness of safety and protection in the meadows. Looking to the hill above, they could see the smoke from the cottage chimneys curling through the trees, and they could mark the hill-side busy with male and female labourers—it was the season for planting the potatoes—and the sights and sounds of home gave them confidence.

The workers on Clough Fionn could hear the merry ring of the children's shout and laugh below them, and they could see them at their sport, and they laboured cheerfully.

And away went the little ones, flying, like the birds they emulated—hither and thither they scampered, out of all rule and compass. One of them, a chubby curly-pated fellow, had been appointed treasurer to the perquisition, and he stumped slowly and carefully along, with pursy mouth and kitten-like seriousness of face; his gravity of deportment telling how full he was of the importance and onerous nature of his office. From time to time the more agile of the group, came to him, and tossed their contributions to the general stock into the out-spread pinafore he held so tightly between his hands, and, cautioning him against carelessness, away they raced again. And away, and away they went—under the hawthorn hedges they found the primrose and the violet; shooting through the grass was the purple crocus and the little spangling daisy, and from the margin of the brook they snatched the yellow daffodil. Sheer

and positive abundance of flowers there was in those favoured meadows.

For an hour or more the roistering quest was followed—the little treasurer's bib was filled to overflowing—it required all the care his sense of duty could inspire to keep his treasure safely; tired of their incessant galloping, the children flung themselves on the grass, and formed a gabbling, noisy circle.

While yet shouting over the plenitude of their spoil, loud and angry voices—the clamour of a crowd speaking vociferously and all together, and mingled with screams and lamentations, came down to them from Clough Fionn. They rose, with one accord, and looked towards home. The men of the colony were in a cluster together, and the boisterous speaking came from them—the women were running to and fro, and theirs were the screams and cries that had startled the children from the scrutiny of their morning's gathering of flowers. There were strangers, on horseback, mingling with the agitated people of the hill, and the scarlet livery, and the polished weapons of a band of military, caught the glowing sunbeams.

The terrified urchins looked on for some moments in amazement; they could not comprehend the nature of the turmoil they witnessed; but that something fearful had happened, they knew instinctively. Young as they were, they could not misapprehend the cries and lamentations of their mothers.

“Och,” exclaimed the leader of the flower-gatherers, a beautiful boy of eight years, the son of Murtoch Donohoe—

“Och! look, look, the sodgers is on the hill. They'll fire their guns, and they'll kill all afore 'em. Och, Och! My mother is lyin' sick upon her bed, an' she can't run. I'll take her from 'em.”

He bounded towards Clough Fionn as he spoke, and the others, forgetting the flowers they had culled, followed in their leader's track, more or less slowly. We at once mount the hill with the children, to witness more closely than we could do from the meadows, the occurrences which then took place.

Resting on their arms, and as yet no more than observers of the commotion before them, was a company of

soldiers—there was then no regular police force in Ireland. To the left from these, and on horseback, was a man of gentlemanly appearance, with, as he occasionally addressed the people, much anxiety in his look and manner. Close to him was the commander of the military force, with his arms folded; he looked on and listened almost with a careless air. Round those two all the men of Clough Fionn, the aged, those advanced in years, and the youthful, were grouped, and some of the women were intermixed, and this throng vociferated loudly with a confusion of voices and eager gesticulation. The general body of the females, to whom the children clung, as they arrived from the meadows, were hurrying from point to point, crying out and lamenting loudly, as women will do when visited by heavy calamity.

Isolated as it were—separated from all the others, was the man, whom, at the close of the second chapter, we found returning home, when his offer for Clough Fionn had been accepted. He sat on his powerful black horse in rather a careless, lolling attitude; but determination of purpose was on his bent brow, and marked by the resolute pressure of his full lips.

"Opposition is of no avail my men," said the gentleman we have marked as in immediate neighbourhood with the officer of the military detachment, and who was Sub-sheriff of the county. "Opposition is of no avail, my men; I must do my duty, and as the law directs me. I am sorry, very sorry to be the agent in this business—I have no choice in the matter, however; the law must be obeyed."

"The law—what do you call the law?" questioned Murtoch Donohoe, the producer of the ill-fortune of the farmers of Clough Fionn: his stentorian voice was heard above the general clamour. "Law! Do you call it law to come here, and turn us to the hill-side, without rason? Is that your law?"

A confused hubbub of eager tongues here drowned even Murtoch Donohoe's brazen voice.

"Quiet, quiet, men, and listen to me," cried the Sheriff, waving his hand impatiently; and there was a momentary stillness.

"You have been served with legal notice of eviction," he added, "and I do not come on you unawares."

"There was no notice to us of your coming," shouted Murtoch Donohoe in answer. "By the sowl that's in my body, word or notice was never given to us."

The truth of his assertion was proclaimed by twenty tongues together.

"I tell you, men," said the Sheriff, "there must have been, and there was, otherwise I could not be here."

"And I tell you to your teeth there never was," answered Murtoch. "There's not a man or a woman on Clough Fionn land, but can swear upon the Holy Book that we had no tidings of your coming, till our eyes rested on you an' your sodgers mounting the hill upon us. Your own law, as you call it law, is on the side of the farmers of Clough Fionn. Clough Fionn and the sky above it!" shouted Murtoch, yelling his long-forgotten war-cry, and whirling his huge fist above his head, close to the Sheriff's face.

There was a general shout of triumph, and it was momentarily believed that the officer of the law was beaten at his own weapons.

"How is this, Dick Mulcahy?" questioned the Sheriff, moving his horse towards the man we have particularly noticed in another chapter. "They state their ignorance of all proceeding until the present moment."

He was answered in an under but unquailing tone, by the person he addressed—"Everything went be due coorse of law, and the warrant was put into your fist, to my own sartin knowledge."

"But has everything been fair and honest in the transaction? I have known some double-dealing in such matters."

"There's a raal parchment lase in the box at home that 'twould give you some throuble to tear across, and if owld Slingsby, the 'torney, didn't pocket my money for nothin', I'm towld the paper you got, ordhers you to give me possession. Wouldn't you call that hitting the bull between the horns?"

The questioner turned away, and Dick Mulcahy pressed his lips closer than before; and while the men of Clough Fionn talked, and laughed, and made merry at their supposed defeat of the Sheriff and his law, that officer singled out one of the farmers, the least boisterous of the group, and entered into close conversation with him in a subdued voice. He again

drew near the man who held "the raal parchment lase"—

"You have behaved treacherously in this business, I find, Dick Mulcahy. It is better to proceed no farther for the present, or you may be placed in a dangerous predicament."

"Dangerous!—an ould Camac half-penny I don't think about the danger."

"I would recommend you not to proceed."

"Ould Slingsby, the 'torney, towld me to proceed, *vi et armis*, I think he called it."

"You are determined, then; at your peril be it—let the consequences rest with you."

"Arrah! did I come here to go back with my finger between my teeth? The day's work is afore you; the sooner 'tis begun the sooner 'twill be ended."

"I must proceed, my good people.—I must proceed," the sheriff said, again addressing his words to the eager crowd assembled near him; and although he spoke in a high tone, his voice betrayed emotion. "My men, I would more willingly turn away than go on, but my orders are peremptory. I again require of you, one and all, to surrender the quiet and peaceable possession of the houses and lands of Clough Fionn. Surrender them peaceably, I say—as your friend, I advise you to this. If not given up peaceably, possession must be gained by force; and you see," pointing to the military, "opposition would be worse than useless."

He beckoned to the soldiers, who moved towards him, and the clatter of weapons sounded ominously.

Immediately recommenced the din of many voices. Murtoch Donohoe pledged an oath, "that no man of Clough Fionn would quit the land where he drew his breath, without shedding his heart's blood upon his threshold." His asseveration was echoed from mouth to mouth; and Murtoch, snatching up a large manure-fork that was thrust into the ground near at hand, hurried away, proclaiming his resolution to keep every one at bay.

At once began the work of demolition. The house nearest at hand was entered by five sturdy men, ostensibly the Sheriff's retainers, but provided specially for the occasion by Dick Mulcahy. Double the number of the farmers of Clough Fionn entered the cottage with the bailiffs—an instantane-

neous scuffle ensued—one of the invaders was struck down; the soldiers were called on by the Sheriff—after a short resistance the assaulters were made prisoners, and led out in durance—one of them had received a slight bayonet wound, and was bleeding—his wife was clinging to him, and could not be parted from him; and although the men generally had exchanged their previous vociferations for a sullen silence, the screams of the women and children knew no cessation.

The men walked in a cluster with folded arms from house to house, as the process of ejectment went on; they could see that further resistance would be ineffectual, and with blanched and agitated faces, they muttered their despair the one to the other.

Within four hours, eight houses had been denuded of the furniture and utensils, and these were piled in heaps on the road below the hill; and the fires of the eight houses had been legally extinguished.

Dick Mulcahy, the ejector, had seen with his own eyes that every living thing had been shut out, and he held the keys of the eight houses; they had been handed over to him by the Sheriff, and the cattle had been driven down to the road off the lands, and they stood there in confusion, lowing and bleating, as they gazed upwards at their accustomed pasture ground. With each heap of household gear, the women whose business it had been to keep them in order were seated, their loud lament now changed to more bitter tears, as they wept over their houseless state. There were two old grandsires of extreme age, with bleared eyes and stupid faces, sitting amid the confusion; and there was a very, very old woman, whining and wondering, lying there on the bed she had not risen from for many years.

"This is a disagreeable duty for both of us," remarked the officer of the protecting military escort, addressing the Sheriff.

"I have never been engaged in any more distressing," was the reply; "the whole proceeding goes against my stomach."

"I must not quarrel with my orders; but I must say, this kind of service is no credit to the King's soldiers. Observe with what cold-blooded precision yonder fellow superintends such revolting proceedings."

"That man is a sheer scoundrel," replied the Sheriff; "he has behaved in this case with consummate duplicity."

"I wish I had him at the halberds," answered the officer, "and he should feel the twirl of the drummer's wrist to his heart's content. But what is this?—I thought we had finished our pleasant task. Forward, men—forward."

And accompanied by the Sheriff, he hastened to the spot whither the turbulence of loud contention directed him.

The myrmidons of Dick Mulcahy had entered the last house on Clough Fionn eminence, but they had been expelled in a body by the strong arm of Murtoch Donohoe, who, with the recklessness of a man heated with ungovernable rage, thrust at them with the weapon he had brought home from the field. Two of the intruders lay senseless beyond the threshold, wounded and bleeding, the others had retreated. Murtoch Donohoe had followed them beyond the door; Dick Mulcahy had met his view. Murtoch ran full tilt against him, but Mulcahy, himself a powerful man, avoided the thrust made at him, seized the instrument of attack, and, by a dexterous twist, wrung it from the grasp of his assailant. Murtoch Donohoe sprang upon him, dragged him from his horse, flung him down, and, kneeling on his chest, he held his throttle tight, when the soldiers came to the rescue.

Mulcahy was black in the face when he arose from the gripe of Murtoch Donohoe. Murtoch was made prisoner, after a mad and bootless struggle; and he was detained in custody, and compelled to look on, with what stomach he might, while his household gods were torn from his hearth.

"My wife—my own Sheela," he cried out, "she is dying in her bed; an' they'll commit murder on her afore my very eyes."

And he tugged so hard for liberty that it was necessary to bind him with a rope, or they could not hold him.

Extended on her bed, with an infant of two days old lying by her, the wife so adored by Murtoch Donohoe—who, from the love he bore her, could bend and twine his stubborn nature to her very whims—his Sheela, in her helpless state, was, while he looked on, carried out of the home he had provided for her, and where he had made

her happy; and she was borne down the hill, and placed on the roadside, in contact with the wreck of her household effects.

Murtoch Donohoe's house was the last to be cleared, and his cattle the last to be driven off the land: with the possession taken of his farm and dwelling, the day's proceedings were to close. Dick Mulcahy had, in legal parlance, and according to the professional directions of "owld Slingsby, the 'torney," seen everything perfected in due form. "Sod and twig" had been yielded to him; no cat, or bird, or other living creature, had been left within the cottages; every requisite ceremony had been gone through; and the whole colony of Clough Fionn was shelterless and landless. The Sheriff and the soldiers were moving away; and Dick Mulcahy was departing under their escort—he knew right well there was no safety for him with the outraged people of the hill-side; Murtoch Donohoe was surrounded by his guards. Pinioned as he was, he made a desperate rush, and burst through his detainers. There was a hasty whisper between the military commander and his subaltern; and, although Mulcahy cried out for his recapture, there was no movement made to follow him: it was evident that the sympathy of the officer and his men was with the suffering inhabitants of Clough Fionn.

Murtoch Donohoe hurried down the hill at full speed, and stood over his wife's bed; he stooped, and called her name as softly as he could. She gave no answer to the summons of him she had loved—she was dead! and her helpless infant was nestling against her pulseless heart.

Ever since Murtoch Donohoe had been a child, he had not shed a tear; but when, after stirring his wife's body with his foot—for his arms were tied tight—he was convinced that she was lifeless, the agony of grief that burst from him was harrowing to the listeners: it was a hoarse wail of hopeless sorrow—it was the harsh voice of a powerful and stalworth man weeping in loud agony; and the big tears ran along his sunburnt cheeks and fell on Sheela's corpse. Some one cut the cords that bound his arms to his sides. It would seem as if his sense of bondage had had some effect towards the softening of his nature; for, with the

freedom of his person, his violence returned. He dashed his hands across his eyes, to banish away his tears—he looked hurriedly round him. At this moment the soldiers were only a few paces distant; they had heard the cry of the bereft husband, and a cringing whisper had passed from ear to ear. Mulcahy was still under their protection when they came again in sight of Murtoch Donohoe. A few bounds brought the enraged sufferer amongst them: Dick Mulcahy was again dragged from his horse, and in the grasp of the maniac man. The suddenness of the movement had taken all unawares; the soldiers hastened to prevent mischief, but they paused as if spell-bound; they saw Murtoch Donohoe, still grasping his pallid prisoner by the arm, place him at the head of his wife's dead body, and, for a space, they stood as awed spectators of the scene. Every murmur was hushed, and involuntary stillness prevailed as Murtoch Donohoe addressed his captive. Murtoch Donohoe spoke in the Irish language; he was understood by Dick Mulcahy and by his neighbours; the soldiers were, for the most part, ignorant of his meaning, but the impressiveness of his tone and manner arrested their attention.

"Richard Mulcahy," he said, "look upon your work: you are the murderer of my wife. The gentlest, the most affectionate soul ever imprisoned in a beautiful mould of clay was that of my own Sheela! Richard Mulcahy, you have sent my heart's treasure, in the prime of her loveliness, to stand before the judgment throne: you have taken my wife from me—the wife I loved beyond the world or the world's wealth. You have made me a lonely, homeless beggar. To be turned adrift from this pleasant hill of Clough Fionn might be forgiven; but, Richard Mulcahy, the untimely death of Sheela I will forgive you never, never, never. Look at your work, Richard Mulcahy, and let fear be on you. You have soldiers to guard you now, and my hand cannot crush you; but I will meet you where no one shall curb the vengeance of my arm."

Murtoch Donohoe shook his injurer, and Mulcahy wavered and tottered as if he were a baby in a giant's clutch.

"Betrayed and murderer, look upon your work!" roared the agonised vi-

dower; and loosing his grasp of the arm he held, his hands were, a second time, at the throttle of his foe.

There can be little doubt but that a short struggle would have satiated the vengeance of Murtoch Donohoe. The periled man was, with difficulty, separated from him; the soldiers encompassed the liberated and almost breathless Mulcahy. Nearly bereft of reason as he was, a glance sufficed to convince Murtoch, that present attempt at outrage was impracticable.

There was a very lovely boy kneeling by the dead body of Sheela; his gaze was on the face, now fast fixing in the rigidity of death; and with both his little hands pressed together, he was weeping and sobbing from the very bottom of his heart. This boy had been the leader of the flower-gatherers in the meadows: he was Murtoch Donohoe's son Patrick.

The father suddenly stooped down, and lifted the child to his feet. The little fellow turned up his tearful eyes to his parent's face, evidently in terror.

"Father, father, don't put blame on poor Patrick," he petitioned—"don't put blame on me: I didn't kill my mother—I wouldn't hurt or vex her, father—I didn't kill my mother."

"Stand there, Patrick," the father said—"stand there, Patrick." And he placed his son at one side of his wife's body, and stood on the opposite side himself. He still spoke in Irish, not now in a boisterous tone, as before, but slowly, and with a deep, guttural cadence, at the same time distinct and audible.

"Listen to the words I speak, Patrick. Are you hearkening to me?"

"I am—I am, father."

"Then, repeat, over again, the words of my mouth—word for word—repeat them."

"I will, father."

Murtoch Donohoe paused between every word, to catch the tiny echo of his son's childish treble, as it followed the deep, sonorous intonation of his own voice. He held both of the boy's hands in his, their arms extended across the corpse; and whenever the little imitator faltered, or misapprehended the dictation of his father, he screamed from pain, his hands were pressed so violently.

Murtoch Donohoe thus anathematised:—

"I swear by the soul of her, whose

body lies dead before me—I swear by the name of Him to whom that soul is gone—that I will have life for life, blood for blood. I swear that fire or water shall not stop me. I swear that, night or day, I will not be at peace, until this black murder be revenged upon the murderer."

When satisfied that every word of this fearful oath had been distinctly syllabled by his child, Murtoch Donohoe loosed his grasp of the little wearer's hands, and flung himself on the remains of his wife, and there remained for hours.

Two days after, he stood by the grave of Sheela, hard by the ruined church—while the clay fell with hollow thumps upon her coffin. The baby was buried with the mother; and when all the attendants of the funeral had gone away, Murtoch Donohoe remained; and the

whole day, and the following night, he rested against the ruin, near the place of interment, brooding over his loss.

The late dwellers of Clough Fionn were of one mind, that their houseless and destitute state was altogether owing to Murtoch Donohoe's irreverent destruction of Fionn MacCowl's rock, and that Dick Mulcahy was only the agent of their destiny; he was avoided, in consequence, and there was little or no commiseration for him. Perhaps, in his despair, he was not free from self-reproach, and may have internally consented to this general denunciation. He found no hand stretched towards him in his bereavement; he disappeared from amongst his former friends. It was rumoured subsequently that he had become a wandering maniac; and it will be seen by the sequel that the report was true.

THE ROMANCE OF EARLY TRAVEL—SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

OUR early dreams of the romance of modern travel have long since died utterly away. Shock after shock has been given to all our anticipations regarding it; country after country has been riven from us by the cold prosaic of modern journeyings. Ida Hahn-Hahn with her sentimentalities, and Ida Pfeiffer with her pistols, circumnavigating and circumambulating the world, penetrating everywhere, leaving no *terra incognita* sacred to monster and mystery, have completed a disenchantment long in progress. Who can look now on their old schoolboy familiar, the "*orbis veteribus notus*" of their classical atlases, without a pang of regret for the time when, beyond that world, there remained an unknown so indefinite by contrast with the present, when hardly a rock or reef of ocean escapes unchronicled?

Our boyish hopes clung with long and resolute tenacity to India—that "Ynde," the mediæval synonyme of the gorgeous, wide-spread, mysterious, unknown of earth, which in the works of early voyagers was found touching by some strange process on almost every land, and stretching out to fill every void, including within itself all wondrous things of which dim tradi-

tion had survived among other nations, all scenes of beauty, all sights of terror, all marvels of animate and inanimate life, all strange systems of polity, and people of godlike and of fiend-like habitude; great Christian kingdoms hidden in the dim splendours of its undefined extent, and nations fenced around by some mysterious power from the very entrance of sin and sorrow. Long we clung hopefully to that India, which seemed to us the modern actuality of this majestic and mysterious Ynde. For a time our tigerish voracity for tigers found sufficient nourishment, to keep us from more deeply searching as to how far our other early visions of its dim grandeurs and marvels were living realities there or no. Ere long, however, we were compelled to see that the virtue had departed from the tiger of modern days, and that it was but a sneaking, stealthy, cowardly, overgrown cat after all, with an appearance of sham bravery when the question was of lunch on a tender Hindu girl, but a very cur before the Manton of the most beardless cadet that ever levelled against him. We turned to the "olifaunt" of former story; but recoiled in horror and disgust from the paltry howdah which had

replaced the battlemented and garri-soned tower of our early dreams. We sought—at safe distance, and well to windward of it—the upas and its wide spreading atmosphere of destruction; but instantly some pitiless traveller presented a sketch of it, with children playing unharmed beneath its shade. A sketch reached us of the Javanese valley of death—a rude, rough daub it was, with whitened bones and skeletons strewing all the foreground, and monstrous birds stricken as they hovered high in air, and falling to add to the ghastly heap; but never connoisseur gloated more over Guido or Correggio than we did over our treasure. Suddenly chemistry muttered something about exhalations of carbonic acid gas, and we awoke to find that it was but an extended case of charcoal vapours and Parisian suicide. Hope for a brief season revived in all its power as the name of the griffin, one of the most cherished favourites of our childhood, met our eye in connexion with that old land of mystery and grandeur; nor was our curiosity at all abated by our first careless glance discerning that the wondrous monster bird seemed now so far advanced in semi-civilisation, as to have substituted Bass's pale ale for his morning draught of palmer's or knightly blood. But the griffin of modern story soon stood revealed as an unfledged cadet, and we finally gave up India in despair.

Egypt, and especially its desert, for a time remained to us. Egypt, with its vast mysterious monuments, surviving faintest memory of the purposes for which they were designed, and its desert linked with associations of Pharaoh and his host, of Cambyzes and his, of Israelitish wanderings and their marvellous guidance, and of Ishmaelite hordes, true, through thirty centuries, to the wild character and fate prophetically assigned to them. Could this realm, too, be disenchanted, explored, made familiar and common ground? A mightier barrier than distance or difficulty seemed to make such a result impossible: the intolerance of Turkish government, inherently conservative against all change. But that ruthless reformer, Mehemet Ali, arose; massacred Mamelukes, built steamers, excavated canals, assailed the desert itself; and as we adventured both in imagination upon the track of Pha-

raoh, under the guidance of modern travellers, it was to find well-appointed omnibuses plying upon it, hôtels de Londres established on its line, and Guinness's porter coming to the call where once kingdoms would have been given for a cup of water.

From that hour the capacity of astonishment and revulsion failed us. The announcement of the opening of the Great Central Zaharan Railway—all the engineering difficulties having been overcome, and equitable arrangements having been made with the lion king as regards his vested rights in the sun and sand—would only awaken another sigh over the barbarities of modern improvement, with its reckless disregard of the equally vested and unpurchaseable rights of grandeur, terror, and mystery. Palestine we had long given up; China was cut off from us by the mere announcement of a work bearing the, to us, atrocious title of "Ten Thousand Things about China." We have a clear suspicion that Thibet and its Lamas, great and small, are now so seen through as to be familiarly and irreverently prated about in infant schools. A monthly line of steamers may be, we presume, ere long expected for Japan; and, should the Ross Telescope bear out the sage conjecture that the silvery veins which streak the moon are, indeed, veins of silver, we may anticipate the speedy inauguration of a company to work them, and so restore the balance between the precious metals, now being disturbed by Californian and Australian gold.

The earth of the present thus cut off from us as the scene of romantic travel and indefinite mystery, we turn to the earth of the past—the earth as it was journeyed over before the steamboat and the locomotive were dreamt of, save in dim prophetic vision of poetic science; when a voyage to France was an adventure, and a journey to Palestine entitled to immunities not otherwise attainable; when the brood of dragon and griffin were still unextinct, and the "gerfauntz" (camelopard) still averaged twenty cubits length of neck alone; when Prester John was still a majestic and undying entity, as sure as the sun in heaven, and Ynde remained still the synonyme for the whole unsearched grandeur and mystery of earth. And to which of these mediæval journeyers can we turn

with more assurance of encountering no disappointment, than to one of the earliest, and certainly one of the most dauntless of them all—our English Maundeville?—the brave knight of St. Alban's, who brought home to us our first specific and authentic intelligence of—

"The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

and many a mightier marvel still; who, after thirty-four years of wandering through "Tartarye, Percy, Ermonie, the Litylle and the Grete Libye, Caldee, and a gret parte of Ethiopie; throughte Amazoyne, Indethe Lesse and the More, a gret parte; and thorghe manye other Iles that ben abouten Inde," returned to his own country, to find, in his own words, "that vertue is gone, the church is under foote, the clergie is in errour, the devill reigneth, and simonie beareth the sway;" again sought foreign lands, and died at Liege, in 1341. It may be a relief to our readers, as it has been to us, to turn from the routine of modern travel to see how the earth looked, what systems of polity, what monstrosities of human as well as animal life it presented, what singularities of social life it bore in the time, or, at least, in the eyes and ears of this English Ulysses.

Of Sir John Maundeville himself little of general interest is known beyond what we have already stated, except what may be gathered as to his personal character and habits from his work. From it, we may with certainty gather, that he was a man of dauntless spirit, a gallant soldier as well as an intrepid journeyer; of quick, simple faith as to all legends which involved the statement or the illustration of great moral and religious truths, as

well as in such as embodied the idea of a living sympathy between so-called inanimate nature and the life of man; but, so far as the negative evidence of almost utter silence goes, either sceptical or indifferent as to the great mass of monkish tales even then in currency; and, we cannot help feeling, too, a man of true, and for his age, enlightened piety.* The only fact of much importance in his personal career which we gather from the record of his journeyings, beyond the incidents of these journeyings themselves, is that of his having served the "Soudan" for some years against his heathen or Moslem (never his Christian) enemies, and having been offered by him great promotion if he would abandon his faith.

What were the motives of this wanderer for these long and painful journeyings, at a time when such journeyings were comparatively rare? Beyond a general spirit of fearless enterprise, the only clue afforded us to these is given in his opening prologue; a passage which, we think, our readers may well forgive us for quoting, for it would not be easy to find one anywhere, in old English prose, surpassing its rich simplicity of poetic beauty, or the fervor of its pilgrim yearnings towards the land it so exalts above all lands. We quote from Mr. Halliwell's reprint of 1839, itself a reprint with additions of the standard one of 1725, but with the, to us, especial charm of restoring to Sir John's old English prose the quaint illustrations which embellished some of the earlier manuscripts. The orthography, however, we are compelled to modernise, for the sake of such of our readers as may be unfamiliar with the eccentricities of early spelling:—

* An interesting question seems involved in the fact, how the Catholicism of Maundeville should be so little overlaid by what we are accustomed to consider the inherent corruptions and superstitions of Popery. Are we to account for this comparative purity of belief, by assuming it to be such as prevailed among the more intelligent and thinking Englishmen of his time? or, as he was nearly the cotemporary of Wickliffe, by supposing him to have adopted the views of that great reformer? or, lastly, may we attribute it simply to the effect of travel, and the enlarged experience and views induced by it, on a naturally ingenuous and liberal mind? The second supposition seems negatived by the fact, that Wickliffe could scarcely have begun his denunciations of Popish errors and monkish vices before Sir John had entered on his thirty-four years' pilgrimage; while the very fact, that these denunciations of the reformer were directed more against errors of life than of doctrine, seems confirmatory of the first conjecture, as showing that, at least in England, the grosser doctrinal corruptions of Popery had, down to that time, obtained little hold; and while few books in any language show less of the scepticism of that so-called liberality whose true designation is indifference, there are passages in it which present to us a genuine liberality and Catholicity of spirit very uncommon, not only in that, but in any age.

"Forasmuch as the land beyond the sea, that is to say the Holy Land, that men call the Land of Promise or behest, passing all other lands, is the most worthy land, most excellent, and lady and sovereign of all other land, and is blessed and hallowed of the precious body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; in the which land it liked him to take flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, to environ that holy land with his blessed feet; and there he would of his blessedness enwomb him in the said blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, and become man, and work many miracles, and preach and teach the faith and the law of Christian men unto his children; and there it liked him to suffer many reprovings and scorns for us; and he that was King of heaven, of air, of earth, of sea, and of all things that be contained therein, would only be called King of that land when he said '*Res sum Judeorum*;' and that land be chose before all other lands, as the best and most worthy land, and the most virtuous land of all the world; for it is the heart and the middle of all the world, as witnesseth the philosopher that saith thus—'*virtus rerum in medio consistit*;' and in that land he willed to lead his life, and to suffer passion and death of Jews for us, for to buy and to deliver us from pains of hell, and from death without end, the which was ordained for us for the sin of our former father Adam, and for our own sins also; for as for himself, he had none evil deserved, for he thought never evil nor did evil; and He that was King of Glory and of Joy, might best in that place suffer death; because (for this cause), he chose on that land, rather than any other, there to suffer his passion and his death; for he that will publish anything to make it openly known, he will make it to be cried and pronounced in the middle place of a town, so that the thing that is proclaimed and pronounced may evenly stretch to all parts; right so, he that was former of all the world, would suffer for us at Jerusalem, that is the middle of the world, to that end and intent, that his passion and death that was published there might be known evenly to all parts of the world. See now how dear he bought man, that he made after his own image; and how dear he again bought us, for the great love that he had to us, and we never deserved it of him. For no more precious goods nor greater ransom might he put for us than his blessed body, his precious blood, and his holy life, that he thralld for us; and all he offered for us that never did sin. Ah, dear God! what love had he to us, his subjects, when he that never trespassed would for trespassers suffer death! Right well ought we for to love and worship, to dread and serve such a Lord, and to love and prize such an holy land, that brought forth such fruit, through the which every man is saved, unless it be his own default. Well might that land be called a delectable and fructuous land, that was be-bledd and moistened with the

precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; the which was the same land that our Lord bequeathed us in heritage."—pp. 1-3.

Is this mere superstition that speaks here—that so exalts and ennobles the land, on whose soil was fulfilled that mystery of mysteries which forms the great centre of the world's history, towards which all the centuries before were tending, and all the events and circumstances of every race harmoniously converging, and from which all history to come has received a new direction and loftier impetus? Modern utilitarianism will probably assert that it is; for it is coming fast to regard that mystery itself as only the grossest and most palpable of all superstitions—a thing powerless and worthless, as having, in its estimation, nothing possible to do with the wearing of cottons or the construction of railways. We shall not here discuss with it whether these things, with everything else of true human and social worth in our modern civilisation, are not direct results of that divine mystery: we shall only express our joy that the spirit which breathes in these words of the early voyager is not extinct in the hearts of Englishmen; that British travellers are still found to whom Nazareth and Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives and the Hill of Calvary, despite all the degradation which an idolatrous superstition has heaped upon them, have an interest more deep and solemn than invests the most exquisite remains of Grecian art, or the most majestic memorials of Egyptian grandeur.

From the silence of recent travellers, we fear that the marvellous statue described in the following passage, with its symbol expression of mysterious sympathy between the inanimate material and the fallen Roman empire, has ere this time disappeared:—

"Before that church (that of St. Sophia, at Constantinople) is the image of Justinian, the Emperor, covered with gold; and he sat upon an horse y-crowned. And he was wont to hold a round apple of gold in his hand; but it is fallen out thereof. And men say there that it is a token that the Emperor hath lost a great part of his lands and of his lordships: for he was wont to be Emperor of Romania and of Greece; of all Asia the less; of the land of Syria; of the land of Judea, in the which is Jerusalem; and of the land of Egypt, of Persia, of Arabia. But he hath lost all but Greece,

and that land only he holds. And men would many times put the apple into the image's hand again; but it would not hold it. This apple betokeneth the lordship that he had over all the world that is round. And the other hand he lifeth up against the East, in token to menace the misdoers."—p. 8.

This is but one out of many passages expressive of that idea which presents itself as pervading, under various forms, the whole circle of mediæval belief—the idea of an occult, universal, and ever-prevalent sympathy between nature and man; the same general thought which, at first, simply linking together the individual star and the individual life, ultimately degenerates into the fatalistic extravagances of the judicial astrology, which subjected that individual life to the waxing and waning of the star. It is more than questionable whether any belief has ever generally prevailed among men, which has not contained infolded in it the germ of some great truth. Indeed it seems that of every truth a dim and confused intuition precedes, ordinarily by many centuries, the full scientific discovery and exposition. We know not whether such aspects of this once prevalent belief as that grand old dream of stellar association and sympathy shall ever, under any form whatever, be scientifically approved; but there are many indications of our present science tending to assure us of an occult sympathy between nature and man, extending far beyond those first fantastic expressions of it, and urging on every thinking mind the wisdom and the justice of the sentiment of one whose words may well claim all respect: "There are errors which no wise man will treat with derision, lest they should be the reflection of some great truth yet below the horizon."

One other legend from Sir John, ere we pass to other subjects. It shall be one illustrating that belief in the immediate presence and operation of the Divine hand on behalf of assailed innocence or against assailing wrong, which, in times or countries when faith is comparatively young and uninformed, comes in place of that higher faith which identifies the unvaried and universal presence of infinite holiness, working out through all appearances, in calm and steadfast supremacy, its own perfect and unvaried ends:—

"HOW ROSES FIRST CAME INTO THE WORLD."

"Between the city (of Bethlehem) and the church is the field *floridus*—that is to say, the field flourished. Forasmuch as a fair maiden was blamed with wrong, and was slandered, that she had done fornication, for which cause she was doomed to the death, and to be burnt on that place, to the which she was led. And as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord that, as certainly as she was not guilty of that sin, that He would help her, and make it to be known to all men of His merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire: and anon was the fire quenched and out: and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees; and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both red and white, that ever any man saw. And thus was that maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field called the field of God flourished, for it was full of roses."—p. 69.

As true an account of the first appearance of the queenly flower on earth, and as worthy of its own serene and unworldly beauty, as the most poetical that Grecian fable ever conceived. Nor do we think the flower will be robbed of a single charm in the eyes of our fair readers, by its being thus presented to them as the symbol of divine acquittal, and protection in her extremest need, vouchsafed to the nameless fair maiden who was thus falsely slandered and unjustly doomed to die.

We must not, however, forget that Sir John is a traveller, as well as a narrator of tales and legends—a traveller through lands, for the most part, now comparatively familiar, but then rarely visited by the foot of a stranger. Whither shall we first journey with him? Much of his book is necessarily a mere itinerary; its catalogue of names relieved by occasional curious notices of customs, national character, or religious belief, or interspersed with such wild legends as that of Ypocras's (Hippocrates') daughter, occupying her island realm in the guise of a dragon a hundred fathoms long, and waiting in weariness and sorrow for the knight whose adventurous kiss shall restore her to her proper form, and who shall thereon possess herself, her realm, and all her treasures. Many of these notices, we may remark, are even to the present time sufficiently accurate, to

satisfy the most sceptical reader that the knight really passed through the lands he describes ; and this approved credibility regarding things we can now certify, makes it the more desirable that modern travellers should make diligent search for such mysteries of nature as that described in the following passage :—

“ Beside the city of Akoun runneth a little river that is called Balon : and there nigh is the fosse of Mennon, that is all round ; and it is a hundred cubits of largeness, and it is all full of gravel, shining white, of the which men make fair glass and clear. And men came from far by water in ships, and by land with carts, for to take of that gravel. And though there be never so much taken away thereof on the day, at morrow it is as full again as ever it was ; and that is a great marvel. And there is evermore great wind in that fosse, that stirreth evermore the gravel, and maketh it trouble. And if any man do therein any manner of metal, it turneth anon to glass ; and the glass that is made of that gravel, if it be done again into the gravel, it turneth anon into gravel as it was first ; and, therefore, some men say that it is a whirlpool of the gravelly sea.”—p. 82.

Where or what the gravelly sea is, we must leave to more accomplished geographers to determine. We can only say of the whole, with Sir John himself, that “ it is great marvel ; ” and repeat our hope that our Syrian travellers will make search for the fosse of Mennon.

Were it not that California and Australia threaten us with a complete glut of gold, it might also be advisable to send out an expedition in search of the isle Taprobane, and of the “ hills of gold that pismires keep.” The labour, or rather the subtlety required for securing the precious metal in the last case, seems very different from that which is demanded either at the Sacramento or at Bathurst :—

“ In the isle also of this Taprobane are hills of gold that pismires keep full diligently, and they fine the pure gold, and cast away the impure. And these pismires are great as hounds, so that no man dare come to the hills, for the pismires would assail him and devour him anon ; so that no man may get of that gold but by great sleight. And, therefore, when it is great heat, the pismires rest them in the earth from prime of the day unto noon ; and then the folk of the country take camels, dromedaries, and horses, and other beasts, and go

thither, and charge them in all haste that they may. And after that, they flee away in all haste that they may, ere the pismires come out of the earth. And in other times when it is not so hot, and the pismires rest them not in the earth, then they get gold by this subtlety : they take mares that have young colts or foals, and lay upon the mares void vessels made therefor ; and these be all open above, and hang low to the earth ; and then they send forth the mares for to pasture about those hills, and withhold the foals with them at home. And when the pismires see those vessels, they leap in anon ; and they have this nature, that they let no thing be empty among them but anon they fill it ; be it what manner of thing that it may, and so they fill these vessels with gold. And when that the folk suppose that the vessel is full, they put forth anon the young foals, and make them to neigh after their dams ; and then, anon, the mares return towards their foals with their charges of gold ; and then men discharge them, and get gold anew by this subtlety.”—p. 801.

A subtlety so simple, that it becomes somewhat puzzling to understand the motives for the discovery of America, and the labours bestowed on the mines of gold and silver there, with such apparently unlimited supplies so easily accessible, and with these kind-hearted pismires, like Nature, “ abhorrent of a vacuum,” to work the mines and even to fine the produce.

From every land, in every age, many a yearning has turned toward that terrestrial paradise, that dwelling-place of primeval innocence, of which almost every nation has preserved tradition less or more obscure. Few we think, but will feel the quiet pathos of the simple words with which the knight of St. Alban's prefaces his narrative of all he had heard regarding the realm so often sought, so undiscovered and unreachd still :—

“ Of Paradise cannot I speak properly, for I was not there. It is far beyond ; and also *I was not worthy*. But as I have heard say of wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will. Paradise terrestrial, as wise men say, is the highest place of earth that is in all the world ; and it is so high, that it toucheth nigh to the circle of the moon where the moon maketh her turn. For it is so high, that the flood of Noah might not come to it, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about and beneath, save Paradise only alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a wall, and man know not whereof it is ; for the wall is covered all over with moss as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the walls is stone of nature,

And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north; and it hath not but one entrance, that is closed with burning fire, so that no man that is mortal may dare to enter. And in the most high place of Paradise, even in the middle place, is a well that casteth forth the four floods that run by diverse lands.

. And men say that all the sweet waters of the world above and beneath take their beginning of the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go. And you shall understand that no man that is mortal may approach to that Paradise. For by land no man may go, for wild beasts that are in the deserts, and for the high mountains and great huge rocks, that no man may pass by for the dark places that are there, and that many. And by the rivers may no man go, for the water runneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it runneth down so outrageously from the high places above, that it runneth in so great waves that no ship may row nor sail against it. Many great lords have essayed with great will many times for to pass by those rivers toward Paradise, with full great companies; but they might not speed on their voyage; and many died for weariness of rowing against the strong waves; and many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the roar of the waters; and some were perished and lost within the waves. So that no man may approach to that place without special grace of God. So that of that place I can say to you no more."—p. 303.

The sum, then, of the information given us by the knight regarding this primæval Eden, the object of many a longing dream and many a weary search, is, that it is unattainable. But is it not simply another showing of the infirmity with which mankind have ever, from amid present degradation under the power of impiety and evil, looked back with longing to a state when this degradation was not, or forward with hope to a time when it should comparatively have ceased to be, that almost every nation has had its tradition of a race over whom God was in verity king, and among whom truth and justice, purity and love, were still all-prevalent and supreme? Such fond dreams are ordinarily, we know, referred to dim tradition of man's brief state of primæval innocence: we are not sure but they might, in much greater degree, be referred to the inherent yearning with which all of better life that remains in man craves such an actualised government of right and of God, aided by the faith inherent, however dim and overclouded, that He who reigns in righteousness

shall yet stand forth revealed in all hearts of men as the King of Righteousness as well as the King of Peace. The same inspiration which speaks with full, sure, unerring utterance through Isaiah or Ezekiel, and by them proclaims a time when the very desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose, may have been struggling through man's dimness of mind and hardness of heart in these cherished fancies of races or times comparatively untainted by evil, or greatly redeemed from it: and the faint tradition of the past may have been coalescing with faith in the Holy sovereignty of the unseen One, when their local habitation and name was given to these thoughts of a perfect reign of Astræa upon earth.

Sir John, in common with every mediæval traveller, has his account of such a race—a race keeping true, amid surrounding darkness and evil, to truth, and right, and God; fenced around as if by Divine care from the contamination around them, and guarded, too, from the oppression and invasion of tyranny. Who has not, at some period or other, had dreams of such a race, and turned to these dreams for a moment from the weary and heavy despondency the aspect of the present may have awakened? And who will refuse to turn again to them as they are shadowed out in the pages of the early voyager?

"Beyond that isle is another isle, great, and good, and plenteous, where be good folk and true, and of good living after their belief, and of good faith; and albeit that they be not Christened, and have no perfect law, yet, natless of natural law, they are full of all virtue, and they eschew all vices, and all malices, and all sins. For they be not proud, nor covetous, nor envious, nor wrathful, nor gluttons, nor lecherous: nor do they to no man other than they would that men did to them; and in this point they fulfil the Ten Commandments of God. And they lie not and swear not for none occasion; but they say simply yea and nay. . . . In that isle is no thief, nor murderer, nor common woman, nor poor beggar; nor ever was man slain in that country. And because they be so true and so rightful, and so full of all good conditions, they never were grieved with tempests, nor with thunder, nor with lightning, nor with hail, nor with pestilence, nor with war, nor with hunger, nor with none other tribulation, as we be many times for our sins. They believe well in God that made all things, and Him they worship. And they prize not

earthly riches, and so they be all right full. And they live full ordinally, and so soberly in meat and drink that they live right long, and the most part of them die without sickness, when nature faileth them for age. . .

"Another isle there is, that men call Oxedrate, and another that men call Gynosophe, where there is also good folk and full of good faith; and they hold for the most part the good conditions, and customs, and good manners as men of the country above-said; but they all go naked."

Passing over, as too long for extract, the touching and beautiful answers by which the inhabitants of these happy isles turned aside from them the arms of the all-conquering "Alisandre," we turn to Sir John's own comments on the whole; for the spirit of simple-hearted and thoroughly Christian piety and love they breathe will, we think, induce our readers to regard him in far higher light than as the mere credulous or romancing voyager. Indeed we shall here say, once for all, that despite all the marvels which he narrates or describes, many of them in the capacity of an actual eye-witness, there is a tone of simple good faith and truthfulness pervading all his book that, in our estimation, withdraws him utterly from the Sinbad or Munchausen category:—

"Albeit that these folk have not the articles of our faith as we have, natheless for their good faith natural, and for their good intention, I trow full that God loveth them, and that God takes their service to gree, as He did of Job that was a Paynim, and held him for His true servant. And, therefore, albeit that there be many diverse laws in the world, yet I trow that God loveth always them that love Him and serve Him meekly in truth; and specially them that despise the vain glory of this world, as this folk do, and as Job also did; and, therefore, said our Lord, by the mouth of Ozee, the prophet: '*Ponam eis multiplices leges meas*;' and also, in another place, '*Qui totum orbem subdit suis legibus*;' and also our Lord saith in the Gospel, '*Alias oves habeo qui non sunt ex hoc ovili*;' that is to say, that He had other servants than those that be under Christian law. . . . And, therefore, say I of this folk that be so true and so faithful, that God loveth them, for He hath among them many of the prophets, and alway hath had. And in these isles they prophesied the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, how he should be born of a maiden, three thousand years or more or our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary. And they believe well in the incarnation, and that full perfectly; but they know not the man-

ner, how He suffered His passion and death for us."—p. 291, *et seq.*

It is a fair picture, and one toward which the heart well may yearn from amid the gathering darkness of evil and storming of revolution all around. Will any, however, who have realised in any degree the divine significance and worth of that life of universal struggle which is appointed to man on the earth, envy the life here described of apparent release from all struggle, or desire that it was otherwise ordained than that man, whether as the individual or the race, should tread that path which, though steep, and rough, and toilsome, is upward too?

But all in Sir John's world is not thus bright and beautiful; there is a dark side of the picture with him even as there is with us. We find a kingdom environed with veritable and unbroken darkness, even as over these isles hovers a purer light than of the common earth:—

"In that kingdom of Abcaz is a great marvel: for a province of the country, that hath well in circuit three journeys, that men call Hanyson, is all covered with darkness, without any brightness or light: so that no man may see there; neither any man dare enter therein. And, natheless, they of the country say that some time men hear voices of folk, and horses neighing, and cocks crowing. And men wot well that men dwell there; but they know not what men. And they say that the darkness befel by miracle of God: for a cursed emperor of Persia, hight Saures, pursued all Christian men to destroy them, and to compel them to make sacrifice to his idols; and rode with great host, in all that ever he might, for to confound the Christian men. And then in that country dwelled many good Christian men, the which left all their goods, and would have fled into Greece; and when they were on a plain hight Megon, anon this cursed emperor, met with them with his host, for to have slain them and hewn them to pieces. And anon the Christian men kneeled to the ground, and made their prayer to God to succour them; and anon a great, thick cloud came, and covered the emperor and all his host: and so they endure in that manner, that they may not go out on no side; and so shall they evermore abide in darkness till the day of doom, by the miracle of God. And then the Christian men went where they liked best, at their own pleasure, without letting of any creature—their enemies enclosed and confounded with darkness without any stroke."—p. 259.

A fearful doom—more fearful far than that of that mysterious wanderer who meets us in all early romance and travel, flitting to and fro like an evil spirit under his curse of earthly immortality; for he had at least the sunlight to gladden and the moon to lighten his dreary and companionless path, and his steps are not imbound within the narrow circle of three journeys. Fearful, too, to the hearers must have been these sounds of human and social life breaking through the veil of terror and darkness, and speaking to them of that righteous judgment and that burden of unblessed immortality.

Mr. Walpole has just brought home to us our latest tidings of that strange sect of the Assassins, once the terror of the East, and still, it would appear, retaining their dark and fearful creed, and, at least to some extent, their mysterious usages. Let us see what this earlier narrator tells us of that Old Man of the Mountains, who has excited so much speculation, and given occasion to so much of learned research:—

"Beside the isle of Pentexoire, is a great isle, long and broad, that men call Milterak; and it is in the lordship of Prester John. In that isle is great plenty of goods. There was dwelling sometime a rich man, and it is not long since, and men call him Gatholonabes; and he was full of craftiness and of subtle deceits; and he had a full fair castle, and a strong, in a mountain—so strong and so noble, that no man could devise a fairer nor a stronger. And he had let wall all the mountain about with a strong wall and a fair; and within those walls he had the fairest garden that any man might behold: and therein were trees, bearing all manners of fruits that any man might devise; and therein were also all manner of virtuous herbs, of good smell; and all other herbs also that bear fair flowers. And he had also in that garden many fair wells; and beside the wells, he had let make also fair halls and fair chambers, depainted all with gold and azure. And there were in that place many divers things, and of beasts and birds, that sung full delectably, and moved by craft, that it seemed that they were quick. And he had also in that garden all manner of birds and of beasts that any man might think on for to have play or disport to behold them. And he had also in that garden the fairest damsels that might be found under the age of fifteen years, and the fairest young striplings that men might get of that same age; and all they were clothed in clothe of gold full richly; and

he said that they were angels. And he had let make also three wells, fair and noble, and all environed with stone of jasper, of crystal, diapered with gold, and set with precious stones and great orient pearls. And he had made a conduit under earth, so that the three wells, at his list, one should run milk, another wine, and another honey. And that place he called paradise. And when that any knight that was hardy and noble came to see this royalty, he would lead him into his paradise, and show him these wonderful things, and the marvellous and delicious songs of divers birds, and the fair damsels, and the fair wells of milk, wine, and honey, plenteous running. And he would make divers instruments of music to sound in a high tower, so merrily that it was joy for to hear; and no man should see the craft thereof: and those, he said, were angels of God, and that place was Paradise, that God had promised to his friends, saying, '*Dabo vobis terram fluentem lacte et melle.*' And then would he make them to drink of certain drink, whereof anon they should be drunken. And then would they think greater delight than they had before; and then he would say to them that, if they would die for him and for his love, after their death they should come to his paradise; and after that, yet should he put them in a fairer paradise, where they should see the God of Nature visibly in his majesty and in his bliss. And then would he show them his intent, and say to them that, if they would slay such a lord or such a man, that was his enemy or contrarious to his pleasure, that they should not dread to do it, and to be slain therefor themselves; for, after death, he would put them into another paradise, that was an hundred fold fairer than any of the others." —p. 277.

We are almost tempted to transcribe from Thalaba, Southey's poetic rendering of the same historic reality; but the passage must be too familiar to most of our readers to render this necessary. It is curious, however, to find how correct in all the main particulars given, is Sir John's account of a sect, or rather of a leader, who succeeded in shrouding himself and his proceedings in such a depth of mystery, that modern enlightenment had, until the elaborate researches of Von Hammer and others, come to regard him as a mere myth or a bugbear of mediæval nurseries. The rock and castle of Alamut, the stronghold of that terrible chief; the temptations by which he won his votaries, and the promises by which he bound them; the peculiar nature of the services which he required of them, and of the method of his warfare, are all described very much in the terms

which modern research has elucidated. And though that which gives this strange sect, perhaps, the most terrible interest—the extraordinary religious creed entertained by it—is hardly alluded to, can we wonder at this, when even Von Hammer was rather constrained to guess at this, than able in any degree to certify it? Strangely does it mark the immutability of sect and institution in that East, where kingdoms and dynasties are even so swift to change and pass utterly away, that during four centuries this strange secret sect has held its ground against all the efforts made by the mightiest powers that arose for its utter extirpation; still, there is every reason to suppose, maintains all the essential peculiarities of its fearful creed; and even, if Mr. Walpole's estimate, as to its present votaries, is correct, stands as to numbers very much where it did at the time when it was the terror of the East, and, to some extent, of Christendom, too.

One of the most remarkable passages in a book, certainly in many respects remarkable, occurs in a chapter headed "How the earth and the sea be of round form and shape, by proof of the star that is called Antartic, that is fixed in the south." It is, however, too long to extract. If the views propounded in it are original, they certainly entitle Maundeville to take high place among scientific and philosophic reasoners; and, even supposing the general bent of them to have been derived from others, the thorough mastery he shows of the whole subject would still exhibit him as a man of no ordinary acuteness and precision of induction. From the facts that the traveller, as he recedes from the north, reaches a point when the pole-star, or load-star as he calls it, of the northern hemisphere sinks altogether below the horizon; that another star in the south takes its place, as the fixed point around which the heavens appear to revolve, and that this Antartic star approaches the zenith the more the journeyings southward is continued, he infers that the earth is round, argues the perfect possibility of its being so circumnavigated and circumambulated that the traveller should return to the point whence he set out; endeavours to fix the point antipodal to England; and even asserts, that the complete circumnavigation of the earth had

been accomplished, and one voyager had returned to the land whence he sailed, though he himself knew it not, being again driven to sea by a storm after he had heard the sound of his native tongue. Soundly, too, does he argue against the objection anticipated to such a view, that our antipodal fellows would be liable to fall off into space. Though he can give no account of the reason why this result should not ensue, further than that implied in his quotation, "therefore, saith our Lord God, *non timeas me, qui suspendi terram ex nihilo?*"—he urges the perfectly legitimate plea, that the cause which is adequate to retain the earth and the sea from falling to the firmament, must be more than adequate for the corresponding retaining of men.

Very remarkable, too, in another way, are the notices of natural history human, animal, and vegetable, scattered throughout his volume. We cannot help feeling grateful that very many of the tribes and races he describes, as well as of the vegetable and animal productions he enumerates, have eluded the search of modern travellers, as otherwise nought else can be anticipated, than that the entire press of our country would be absorbed in the publishing books of travels, to the exclusion of all other literature whatsoever. A few of these notices, strung together at random, must suffice as samples of the rest. We wish we could transfer along with them the authentic likenesses of many of these wonders, with which Mr. Halliwell's edition, following the early MSS., is enriched. There is one gem in particular, representing our old friend the griffin, with solemn gravity bearing a full-armed knight and his horse to her expectant and hungry brood, that well might have won the artist an immortality of fame. We trust, however, that the description will suffice to induce all our readers to echo the oft-repeated and quaintly-simple expression of Sir John himself, "which is grete merveylle:"—

"All the men and the women of that isle (Nacumera) have hounds' heads, and they be called Cynocephali; and they be full reasonable and of good understanding, save that they worship an ox for their god, and if they take any man in battle, anon they eat him."

"In that isle (Silba), is a great mountain, and in the mid place of that mountain, is a

great lake in a full fair plain, and there is great plenty of water. And they of the country say that Adam and Eve wept upon that mountain a hundred years, when they were driven out of Paradise; and that water, they say, is of their tears, for so much water they wept that made the aforesaid lake."

"In one of these isles be folk of great stature, as giants, and they be hideous to look on; and they have but one eye, and that is in the middle of the front; and they eat nothing but raw flesh and raw fish. And on another isle towards the south, dwell folk of foul stature and of cursed kind, that have no heads, and their eyes are in their shoulders. And in another isle are folk that have the face all flat, all plain, without nose, and without mouth, but they have two small holes all round instead of their eyes, and their mouth is flat also, without lips. And, in another isle (we presume as compensating balance to the last), are folk of foul fashion and shape, that have the lip above the mouth so great, that when they sleep in the sun they cover all the face with that lip. . . And in another isle are folk that have great ears and long, that hang down to their knees. And in another isle are folk that have horses' feet; and they are strong, and mighty, and swift runners, for they take wild beasts with running, and eat them. And in another isle are folk that go upon their hands and feet like beasts, and they are all skinned and feathered; and they will leap as lightly into trees, and from tree to tree, as they were squirrels or apes."

Nearly as varied, miscellaneous, and, we fear, unmanageable a collection of subjects, to be, as we are told these all are, under one sovereign, as those who acknowledge the sway of our own most gracious Queen.

"In Ethiopie are folk that have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is marvel; and the foot is so large that it shadoweth all the body against the sun when they will lie and rest them."

"At the foot of that Mount (Polombe) is a fair well and a great, that hath the odour and savour of all spices; and at every hour of the day he changeth his odour and his savour diversely; and whoso drinketh three times fasting of the water of that well he is whole of all manner of sickness that he hath; and they that dwell there and drink often of that well, they never have sickness, and they seem always young. Some men call it the well of youth; for they that often drink thereof seem always young, and live without sickness."

So often sought of old—sought even till natural youth passed into old age, and weakness, and death—has this fountain of youth been but seen and quaffed

by the one English pilgrim, and then retired once more into its obscurity? or is it that men have grown wiser now, and, entering so far into the spirit of him who said "I would not live always," cease to seek those waters which once they dreamed should retain to them not only earthly life, but the stormy turbulence, the vague and restless aimings of perpetual youth?

Equally striking are many of the notices of animal and vegetable life supplied us by Sir John. We hear of two-headed geese, of birds without feathers, but furnished with wool like sheep: of snow-white lions, great and mighty; of crowned or crested serpents that walk upright upon their feet; of wild swine, many-coloured, and great as English oxen; of the fearful, yet graceful odonthos, with black head and "three long horns trenchant in front, sharp as a sword," a "full felonous beast that chaseth and slayeth" even the mighty elephant; of nameless six-legged monsters, combining the bear, the lion, and the boar; of mice against which even the prowess of the far-famed Whittingtonian cat had been in vain, for they were great as hounds; and altogether of marvels so numerous and majestic, compared with our modern pigmy animal creation, as may well suggest the question to the political economists, what causes have wrought out the great degeneracy now apparent in the tribes of quadrupeds, reptiles, and birds? Conclusive evidence against the development theory seems also afforded by the hippopotamus, as we find from Sir John that little more than four centuries ago it was half man and half horse, and we believe that now it has not only put off every trace of humanity, but even of equinity too.

In the vegetable kingdom we find, as might have been expected, the roasted lamb tree flourishing and productive in Tartary; the apples of Sodom mocking the eye with their hypocrisy of outward beauty on the borders of the Dead Sea; that mysterious oak of Mamre, which dried up at the moment of the Crucifixion, but still abides in strength, and shall yet, according to Sir John, reassume all its beauty and majesty of life; and our own British barnacle, the tree "that beareth a fruit that become birds flying, and those that fall to the water live, and those that fall to the earth die anon—

and they are right good to man's meat." The mineral world has its profusion of marvels too: the far-famed rock of adamant, which would greatly perplex and confuse the navigation of our iron-built clippers and steamers, since iron nails and bolts started from their places in the ribs of the ships of old at the beck of its mysterious powers; stones and gems of marvellous virtues and wondrous beauty, the latter often self-luminous and light-diffusing, like stars of heaven; wells, and rivers, and seas, of strangest habitudes; and always and everywhere rocks and shores, mountains and plains, possessed of a sensibility to human presence and doings which we fear they have in our degenerate days greatly if not wholly lost. From this inviting subject, however, we must turn away to one that more fully still illustrates the romance of ancient as compared with the dull routine of modern travel.

We have claimed for Sir John Maundeville the merit of dauntlessness; how many of our modern tourists would, believing all that he fully believed regarding it, have dared the terrors of the "valley perilous," armed with no other weapon than the faith which could alone prevail therein?—

"Beside that isle of Mistorak, upon the left side, nigh to the river of Phison, is a marvellous thing. There is a vale between the mountains that dureth nigh four miles, and some men call it the vale enchanted; some the vale of devils; and some the valley perilous. In that vale hear men often great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, all days and nights; and great noise as it were sound of tabours and trumpets, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and hath been always; and men say that it is one of the entries of hell. In that vale is great plenty of gold and silver; wherefore many misbelieving men, and many Christian men also, go in often here for to have of the treasure that is there; but few come again, neither of the misbelieving men nor of the Christian men neither, for they are anon strangled of devils. And in the middle place of that vale, under a rock, is an head and visage of the devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see: and it sheweth not but the head to the shoulders. But there is no man in the world so hardy, Christian men nor other, but that he would be a-dread for to behold it; and it would seem him to die for dread, so is it hideous to behold. For he beholdeth every man so sharply, with dreadful eyes that are evermore moving and sparkling as fire, and changeth and stareth

so often in diverse manner, with so horrible countenance, that no man dare approach towards him. And from him cometh out smoke, and stink, and fire, and so much abomination, that hardly any man may endure. But the good Christian men that are stable in the faith enter well without peril. But albeit that that they are without peril, yet, nevertheless, they are not without dread, when that they see the devils visibly and bodily all about them, that make many diverse assaults and menaces in air and earth, and affright them with strokes of thunder-blasts and of tempests. . . . When my fellows and I were in that vale, we were in great thought whether that we durst put our bodies in adventure to go in or not in the protection of God, and some of our fellows accorded to enter, and some not. So there were with us two worthy men, Minor friars, that were of Lombardy, that said that if any man would enter, they would go on with us. And when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of them, I made every man to be shriven and communicate; and then we entered fourteen persons, *but at our going out we were but nine*. And so we wist never whether that our fellows were lost or else turned again for dread; but we saw them never after. And thus we passed that perilous vale, and found therein gold and silver, and precious stones, and jewels great plenty, both here and there as it seemed; but whether it was as it seemed I wot not; for I touched none, because that the devils are so subtle to make a thing seem otherwise than it is for to deceive mankind; and therefore I touched none; and also because I would not be put out of my devotion; but I was more devout then than ever I was before or after, and all for dread of fiends that I saw in diverse figures; and also for the great multitude of dead bodies that I saw there lying by the way by all the vale, as though there had been a battle between two kings and the mightiest of the country, and the greater part had been discomfited and slain. And I trow that hardly any country hath so many pepole within it as lay slain in that vale, as we thought; the which was an hideous sight to see. And I marvelled much that they were so many, and the bodies all whole without rotting. But I trow that the fiends made them to seem so whole, without rotting. And many of them were in habit of Christian men; but I trow well that it were of such as went in for avarice of the treasure that was there, and had overmuch feebleness in faith; so that their hearts might not endure in the belief for dread. And, therefore, were we the more devout a great deal; and yet were we oftentimes cast down, and beaten down to the hard earth by winds, and thunders, and tempests; but evermore God of his grace helped us; and so we passed that perilous vale without peril and without encumbrance. Thanks be Almighty God."—p. 280.

Was the "inspired tinker" acquainted with the itinerary of Sir John, or with this perilous passage in it? We could almost think it suggested to him the dark and fearful magnificence of his valley of the shadow of death, and the meeting of Christian and Apollyon face to face. One element of terror, however, there is in the narrative of the knight, which that of Bunyan wants. As we read how "we entered fourteen persons, but at our going out we were but nine," we see awful talons pertaining to yet more awful forms stealing among the trembling band, and clutching the devoted five; for nothing can convince us that the other alternative, "they turned again for dread," was the true one.

We have already expressed our belief in Maundeville's general good faith and singleness of intention; and, therefore, we believe that whatever were the actualities he and his companions faced in this vale of devils, these actualities wore to him, both in anticipation and in encounter, the aspect he has ascribed to them. Are we not also called to believe that the armour wherein he sought to meet these unearthly perils, these visible manifestations of spiritual wickednesses, was, indeed, that which he represents it—the armour of faith and of a good conscience towards God?

One concluding extract we must give—the concluding words of Sir John's record of his long pilgrimage through countries then strange, even by name, to most of his countrymen. They form his parting prayer on behalf of his readers; and we think our readers will admit with us that, out of the Volume of Inspiration itself, few prayers exist characterised by a more majestic simplicity of expression, more solemn reverence of feeling, or more condensed comprehensiveness of desire, than the words we quote:—

"I beseech Almighty God, from whom all grace and goodness cometh, that He vouchsafe, of His excellent mercy and abundant grace, to fulfil their souls with inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in making defence from all their ghostly enemies here in earth, to their salvation both of body and soul; to worship and thanking of Him that is three and one, without beginning and without ending; that is without quality good, and without quantity great; that in all places is present, and all things containing; the which that no goodness may amend, nor none evil impair; that in perfect Trinity liveth and reigneth God,

by all worlds and by all times. Amen, Amen, Amen."—p. 316.

Such are a few illustrations, taken almost at random from this early English adventurer, of the romance of early travel. We return to the question with which we started—what of correspondent or equal romance has modern travel to exhibit? Fountains of youth and hills of gold, Anthropophagi and Cynocephali, lands of darkness and realms of light, all have disappeared from earth. The very tradition of the earthly Eden, as a locality still existent, has vanished from among men; and the great Asiatic kingdom of Prester John, so far as its local habitation can be determined, is now ruled through its chiefest provinces by a few English merchants, while his African counterpart is proven to be as miserable an imposture as ever existed on earth. What has our degenerate age to show for all these vanished dreams? The dull realities of ocean steam-ships and iron railways, electric telegraphs and Britannia bridges, omnibuses and bottled porter in the desert, and fortnightly mails from the very heart of the gorgeous and mysterious Ynde of early travel; lands overrun by delicate women, that once were beyond the reach of kings; privacies sacred through millennia to solemnity and mystery, invaded by curious Cockneys and chattering Frenchmen.

Have, then, the romance, the wonder, the terror, the mystery, disappeared from earth? Nay, were not this to say that the solemnity, the wonder, the greatness, the mystery, have disappeared from the life of man? And can this ever be while he remains, as now he is, struggling onward and outward into his appointed sovereignty over the earth and the things of it; while he continues the battle assigned him on earth to assume his appointed place in the scheme of Him who gave him at first command, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it;" who pronounced on him the blessing in disguise, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread?" Is it not rather that the wonder and mystery have to some extent changed their form—have been transformed from the accidents and accessories of man's earthly habitation to man himself, and what he has begun to achieve in modifying and subju-

gating these accessories? Could Sir John Maundeville now return to earth, and become once more a wanderer from land to land, we may be well assured that his great marvels would be found among another class of phenomena than those on which his record chiefly dwells; that the home phenomena of man's achievement would have mightier attraction for him than the physical splendours of the Great Cham, or the animal and vegetable monstrosities of the torrid zone.

We can well conceive that, to the first untaught and unexperienced savage who looked upon the ocean surging in its vast and unresting throes, it presented the most oppressive thought his nature could receive of wonder and mystery. From the hour in which he launched forth upon that majestic unknown in his rude and frail canoe, the wonder and the mystery are by so much transferred from it to him, and around him the romance begins to gather. He has begun to put forth, against that apparently resistless one, a power higher in kind than all that it can manifest; a power destined yet to use it as his servant, and to transform its boundless plain into his pathway. He has in one direction begun to assume his delegated right of sovereignty—of sovereignty over earth, and air, and sea, and all the dwellers in them; of sovereignty originated through the words spoken in the beginning, and leaping forth omnipotently into effect, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

So is it in other directions too. As the first human hunter encountered, in the depths of old untrodden forests, the wild beasts that theretofore had possessed these as their domain, his may have been the wonder and the terror as he gazed on these forms of tameless ferocity and giant strength. As they first fell in all their pride of power before him who had neither talons to seize, wings to overtake, nor teeth to rend them; who had alone the inventive genius which shaped out rude arrow or spear from bough of the nearest tree,—the wonder began to pass from them to him. In its rudest form he was assuming his lordship over them, and bringing them in subjection under him. He had yet to manifest this sovereignty in a higher and nobler guise than this of dealing destruction forth among them; he had to reduce

them to become his servants, to discipline them into acting as his attendants, to train them to do his bidding, and, perhaps more remarkable still, to discriminate those best capable of being turned to these accounts. But this also came in its time.

In every direction this process has been continuously going on from the beginning hitherto; with partial and local retrogressions, as the great successive centres of religion and civilisation fell back toward weakness and barbarism; but still with an onward progression in the general and aggregate result, which attests it to be part of a general scheme, ordained and carrying out by a mightier than all created power,—this process of the transference of the romance, the wonder, the mystery from the envolving phenomena, whether animate or inanimate, to man himself; of his becoming the central object of this earthly creation—as power went forth progressively and increasingly through him to subdue it under him, to call new powers into operation and subjection by modifying and recombining existing ones, and to recreate the earthly accessories of his life around him, through the plastic might of that understanding which we have the highest authority for attributing to "the inspiration of the Almighty."

How far this process has to our own day gone on, there are indications all around us. These Atlantic and Pacific steamships, the existent result into which has determined the launching of that first rude canoe; the locomotive with its ever growing capacities of power and speed; the electric telegraph, communicating with unmeasurable interval between remotest points, and now through seas themselves; the cattle shows of Smithfield, attesting how deep has begun to penetrate man's power of moulding to his will the very forms of the animal creation; the looms of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the gigantic growth from the fig leaves once sewn together in the primæval paradise; the steam-plough, the great germinal substitution of the sweat of the mind for that ruder sweat of the brow, wherein man shall eat his bread to the end of time; these are some out of manifold and varied intimations of how far, down to our time, he has gone on to conquer. It is a cant with a certain class of minds to rail at these things, as not

only in themselves unromantic and unpoetical, but as robbing earth, and air, and sea of all their romance, and abridging all their poetry. Those who so speak have yet to learn wherein the highest beauty of all things lies—in the association of the thing itself with man's doings, struggles, and endurances—and how much of these is represented in the last of the things we have named. How many minds have been shattered—how many hearts have broken, in accomplishing so far each of these results; how many throbbings of human anxiety, and pulsations of human triumph, and agonies of human disappointment, live in each of these stalworth and living facts, shall never be known till all secrets of time and earth are revealed.

The Londoner, whose autumn excursion but a few years ago reached, perhaps, to the Highlands of Scotland, now stretches it with equal ease to Bethlehem and Calvary, or to Thebes and the Pyramids. Is there no romance of travel in this? Is there one of all the wonders of Maundeville that will fairly stand beside it for a moment? He, with all the voyagers of his age, tells us of many a marvel—marvels in nature, animate and inanimate; marvels in art; marvels in human polity and social existence; marvels of mighty empires and far-stretching sway. But all the barbaresque magnificence of these last would have been shattered, ere it could have accomplished a tithe of this now familiar result. All these wondrous systems of polity, even accepting to the full her own accounts of them, are rude and superficial, compared to the subtle refinements and far-stretching relatedness of those modern associations, through which such journeyings have been made possible; and all those wonders in nature and art are thrown into the shade, beside those developments of nature herself, through the subjugation and recombination of her powers, which have brought the distant and almost inaccessible thus within easy and swift attainment.

There is a romance of modern travel higher in kind than all that ancient could boast, in the very means by which it is accomplished, and the whole accessories of it. The steam-ship ploughing the Red Sea, or daring the

Atlantic or Pacific oceans; the railway penetrating the depths of American forests, and threatening the jungles of India; the electric telegraph, in the mighty infancy of its mighty capabilities and possibilities;—all have themselves an interest, a romance, a mystery, certainly not inferior to all that their growing achievements bring so within our reach. They are so many indications, and most imposing ones, too, of that wonder and romance which, to the end, shall environ man himself; and whose deepest and most impressive aspects, as presented by nature, will ever be bound where she is most profoundly and strongly linked with the destinies and the manifestations of man. The romance of early travel distinctively consists in the aspects which the earth presents, as still comparatively unsubdued by man: that of modern is distinctively derived from the growing manifestations of that subjugation, as in progress, and from the contrasts continually being presented between these two conditions as locally and partially existent. There is no cause to regret the passing away of that earlier phase, while, in the indications of the latter, we can discern the progressive fulfilment of the noble anticipation of the father of inductive philosophy:—"For man by the fall lost at once his state of innocence and his empire over creation; both of which can be partially recovered, even in this life—the first by religion and faith, the second by the arts and sciences. For creation did not become entirely and utterly rebellious by the curse; but, in consequence of the Divine decree, 'in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,' she is compelled, by our labours, not assuredly by our disputes or magical ceremonies, at length to afford mankind, in the same degree, its bread—that is to say, to supply man's daily wants:" and while all deepest and soundest philosophy, and all healthiest religious faith can identify, in all physical advancements, in steam-ships, locomotives, and telegraphs, and all the harmonious accessories of these, no invention or craft of the devil's, as some would have us believe, but one aspect of the coming of that divine kingdom on earth whose perfection is righteousness, and peace, and joy.

HAYDN'S YOUTH.

A BIT OF GERMAN MUSIC.

I. THE SERENADERS.

IN a clear winter night, when the stars twinkled in the dark blue sky as if shivering with cold, and the silvery moon was reflected by a thousand little mirrors of ice strewn over the surface of the ground, four young men, evidently well skilled in music, wandered through the streets of Vienna, stopping here and there, and singing quartettos for male voices. Each of them knew a certain young lady who, though far beyond the horizon of such poor devils, was yet the object of his youthful and ideal love, and under whose windows, after having partaken of a bottle or so of Tokay wine—for *cantores*, singers, you know—*amant*, love—*humores*, something to drink—they boldly posted themselves, singing away most heartily, now *crescendo*, now *smorzando*, *diminuendo*, or *ritardando*, as the text and melody required or their feelings prompted them. They were now singing before the house of Haydn's divinity; a circle of listeners was standing around them, and all the windows were thrown open, except the one which remained shut or even undarkened by a listening shadow, in spite of the sweetest strains and most melodiously heart-rending appeals. Haydn, however, kept his temper, he even made some jokes on his misfortune, and, after one or two more unsuccessful trials, the four marched off to a certain wine-tavern, where, according to Haydn's assertion, the best Tokay was sold that could be had in Vienna. Neither of them, however, *did happen* to have any money *about him*; nay, what is more, they were all considerably in debt with Signor Pellegrini, the well-beloved host. A tavern bill grows faster than anything in the world, not excepting a mushroom; but Pellegrini was a man of great patience, who hoped that a time *would* arrive when he should be paid, and perchance—but this rather sanguine expectation he kept to himself—receive twice what under present circumstances it was impossible to obtain once.

The four young people greeted the polite Italian in his mother tongue, and were received by him as kindly and respectfully as the conflicting feelings within his breast would allow. Pellegrini held the opinion that a well-behaved man ought to control and repress his feelings, and Pellegrini wished to be a well-behaved man, as every tavern-keeper should.

The quartetto, whose prospects from within and from without were equally unpromising, nevertheless sat down apparently in excellent spirits, though neither of them could altogether conceal that something was weighing heavily upon his mind. They commenced to drink of the inspiring wine of Hungary; still now the one and now the other would allow a sigh, and an irrepressible "oh, dear!" to escape his lips.

"But what miserable wretches are all of us this night," at last broke out one of them, whose name was Anselm. "I'd rather sit in company with three pug dogs than with such bad comforters as you."

"You are right," replied Augustin, who sat next to him, "we are nothing to-night."

"Yet we shall or ought to be something, one day," said a third, whom they called Florian.

"Certainly!" exclaimed Haydn, "if we are not already *now* something. That there is something in us no one can deny; therefore, boys, fill your glasses, and let's be merry. Here's to a happy, cheerful mind! I tell you, death puts an end to everything. This life certainly is nothing—a most miserable nothing; but still it is beautiful."

"If we hadn't our Haydn amongst us," cried the others, touching their glasses, and drinking to his health, "it were better we hanged ourselves, as we are, upon the nearest tree, or, rather, shot ourselves, for this is, after all, a more noble and manly death, provided one hits the right place."

This, of course, was not spoken by all three at once, but each of them threw in a word or two.

At this moment Pellegrini's daughter, a dark-haired and dark-eyed beauty, of the most wonderful figure made her appearance. Haydn at once rose and presented her with a newly-composed ballad, for she was musical as well as beautiful. He received a few kind words in return, and one—only one—but such a look as made him forget all his other misfortunes.

"They have this day cut me up so dreadfully in the *Musical Gazette*," observed Augustin, "that I ought to despise myself. But I feel highly amused; I have laughed myself into fits at my divine reviewer. Long may he live, for he certainly is a great man!"

The reviewer's health was drunk most enthusiastically.

"And to me, this day, the manuscript of my last collection of songs has been returned," said Anselm; "it was to have made me a rich man, at least for a few days, but—money is trash; I don't care a fig whether I have it or not."

At which words Signor Pellegrini sank into deep meditations, especially as Anselm, at the same time, called for another bottle of Tokay, for which, after such an expression of recklessness, there seemed no earthly chance of payment. Pellegrini, after a moment's reflection, nevertheless, placed the bottle upon the table; for one of his principles was, that

a landlord should have confidence in his guests.

"As for me," said Florian, "I'll give up composing altogether; not a bar—not a single note more will I write. I'll either become a peasant or chip wood. If I only could lay hold of some pretty peasant girl, then I would plough, and sow, and thresh; for a peasant leads, at least, a better life than any of us musical galley-slaves."

Haydn, who had been absorbed in Pellegrini's daughter, now raised his voice:

"If the Emperor," said he, "would only, this moment, step in in disguise—which would be nothing uncommon—and listen to the quartetto which we now must necessarily sing to keep up our spirits, something might become of us in a very short time. However, although we have only Signor Pellegrini and his charming daughter for our audience, let us sing out bravely, as if the Emperor himself were there."

The quartetto, which was one of Haydn's latest compositions, and which treated of love and wine, put the whole four into the best humour. They began to chat on musical matters; joked, laughed, drank, sang again, and drank once more, till the hour was far advanced; when, with a mixed feeling of humiliation and pride—of dejection and glee, they squeezed themselves out of Signor Pellegrini's tavern, without offering to pay, and hastened towards their respective abodes, situated, some four, some five stairs high, and some still nearer to heaven.

II.—THE LEECH.

Day and night, morning and evening were all the same to the light-hearted, but hard-working, young Haydn; in many respects, however, the poor fellow was afraid of every new dawn of light, which was to lead him but too often into a new darkness. He therefore sometimes remained in bed longer than usual, fearing to meet the new day of the month, especially when a lawyer had summoned the tender-hearted, but conscientious young man to appear before him at ten o'clock in the morning. Even on such days, however, he would rise, nevertheless, and after a short prayer, wend his way to the man of the law, whom he would tell with childlike simplicity, that he was *indeed* unable to take up the bill just

now, which he must have signed in a moment of madness, but that he would pay as soon as he got money. The lawyer, of course, then commenced to threaten; but Haydn usually had but one reply:—"I have no money, dear sir, but only some mind and a body; please to dispose of both in any way you think proper." On such days Haydn's tailor would rage and roar because his lawyer could get no money out of Haydn. At last he went to a sharper—nay, the very sharpest *advocatum diaboli* in Vienna, a certain Dr. Jagor (and second Jago), who promised to leech the young composer in such a way as effectually to cure him of his non-paying mania.

Before this amiable monster poor

Haydn was summoned to appear after dinner at four o'clock. Most amiable was he in his first address, but as soon as he had put the question, whether Haydn was ready to take up the bill, and received the usual negative answer, he became at once a real monster. Haydn said to Dr. Jagor—a rascally, lean, dark and malicious dog of a lawyer—"Dear Doctor, I have nothing to offer you but my poor person, which you may, in God's name, commit to prison, and feed as long as it shall please you and your respected client, Mr. Windman (who, I must confess, has made out a most astonishing account, in which I might find many things to correct, if I were quick at figures); but look, here is my purse, pay yourself out of it, if you can. *Really*, no man ought to be called upon to do what is impossible."

"But the impossible shall and must be made possible, on or before ten o'clock to-morrow morning!" said Dr. Jagor, with a look of satanic malice.

"I have not been able to earn anything," replied Haydn, "though I have worked night and day;" and tears started in his eyes.

"What is it to me, whether you work yourself to death?" exclaimed the heartless blood-sucker—"such subterfuges will no longer avail you. You must *pay*; and if you have not satisfied Mr. Windman by ten o'clock to-morrow

morning, you go to prison, as sure as I am Dr. Jagor."

This sounded too definite to admit of a reply.

"But how can a man be so utterly mad as to put his name to a bill?" said Haydn to himself, when he tottered down stairs, half out of his senses. "What an enormous ass I have been! and yet, if I had *not* been such an ass, should I now have this new coat on my back?"

Below, before the door, a fervent prayer was sent up to God, whilst the merciless cannibal up stairs swallowed a batch of oysters to his Burgundy wine. Haydn then started on his errand of beating up money. The whole day long he ran through the streets of Vienna; hungry, thirsty, and half-dead with fatigue, he returned to his cheerless lodgings—no money had he been able to obtain. On his way home he passed the theatre, where one of Durante's best operas was going to be performed. Officers, town-councillors, chamberlains, and such like persons, entered the door without paying, which Haydn had watched in vain, with longing eyes, night after night. Individuals who understood nothing about music were admitted free, whilst one of the greatest composers was debarred from the place where he, before all others, ought to have been welcome.

III.—A DILEMMA.

"ONE may paint, compose, and sing the very blue down from the sky," philosophised Haydn the next morning, "these barbarians take no notice of it." He was accustomed to rise early, but this morning the new daylight was painful to his sight; he tried to fall asleep again, but closed his eyes in vain. Haydn had dreamed a most lovely dream, but he did not trust it. It might be worth while to describe this dream, but as such a description would only be interesting to those who feel, and the author having as little faith in the hearts of modern readers, as Haydn had in *his* dream, he could only consent to give an account of the latter, if particularly requested to do so. This, however, he will state, that it consisted of spring, sunshine, flowers, angels, love, religion, &c. It was a strange *mixtum compositum*, but still a heavenly dream.

Haydn, as we have said, tried in vain to sleep longer; the morning grew lighter and lighter, but it also grew colder—at least so Haydn fancied, and he had no firewood. He lived six stories high, in a garret immediately under the roof, where winter as well as summer are particularly effective. As he considered himself a mere cipher in the great world of Vienna, he did not think it necessary to rise out of bed, and sit shivering in the cold, but preferred to stay where he was; and drawing a table close to his bedside, began the sketch of a new symphony, descriptive of his present state of mind. It did not at all commence as mournfully as many people should have fancied that it would.

This day he merely wrote down the principal melody, and was just in the middle of the *Scherzo*, when two persons entered to remind him of the

attorney. They came to carry him to prison according to the will and pleasure of the master-tailor, Mr. Windman and his conscientious lawyer, Dr. Jagor. An unexpected difficulty, however, prevented them from carrying out their benevolent design. No piece of wearing apparel was to be seen in Haydn's chamber; and, although the latter at once expressed his readiness to follow them in his shirt, for he had

his own peculiar ideas about the creation and paradise, still the case appeared so perplexing to Jagor's myrmidons that they thought it necessary to leave him and ask for further instructions before proceeding to the proposed extremity. Haydn remained in bed, but they did not return. The *finale* of the symphony became uncommonly merry.

IV. THE WALK TO THE PUBLISHER (OR, RATHER, NON-PUBLISHER.)

"Monk! Monk! thou hast a hard walk before thee," said that good old knight, George Freundsberg, to Luther; the same words might be addressed with equal propriety to every young man who puts a manuscript into his pocket with the intention of unfolding it after a short introduction to the inspection of a publisher. These gentlemen generally appear as much embarrassed as the young author himself. They either have no eyes at all, or too many; or they squint, which likewise leads to nothing, not to speak of the appearance it imparts to a face. No offence, gentlemen! but so it is.

Haydn had great hopes of a certain Mr. Lambert, a withered old gentleman, who wore a pair of spectacles on his nose, and was as fond of making a good speculation as any of his class. Haydn thought the stupidity of this highly phlegmatic and pedantic subject would aid him in his designs. But some persons are not as stupid as they look. This happened to be the case with old Lambert, who, nevertheless, *was* stupid, inasmuch as he could not distinguish between works which have a run to-day and are forgotten to-morrow, and such as no one looks upon at first, but which publishers afterwards are glad to rake out of the ashes of the composer.

Haydn entered the shop apparently quite cheerful. He inquired after the latest news and novelties, and begged permission to look at the different works lying about. Some of them he threw aside with an air of contempt, others he praised; still he had this fault to find with all of them, that they contained no marks of real genius.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Haydn," replied Lambert, "but genius appears to be very scarce, and not much in demand now-a-days. The works which I bring

out are for the most part of a *practical* character; they have been composed by men of standing in the musical world, by Kapellmeisters, great singers, or celebrated performers, and I must say that most of them *sell* very well indeed. Could you perhaps furnish better ones?"

"If you will print and *pay* me for them. Yes I can?" said Haydn, at the same time drawing from his pocket a whole bundle of manuscripts. Lambert, however (as might be expected), had already far too many works on hand to think of engaging in a new undertaking. He waved his hand in deprecation, and, without looking at the proffered sheets, replied, "I do not intend to print any more this year; my *etat* is closed."

"But if you could make a good speculation, Mr. Lambert?"

"But I see no chance of making a good speculation. Let me be candid with you, my dear Mr. Haydn; there are many pretty ideas in those of your works that have come out, but though people may like to have them, they don't *buy* them. They are listened to with pleasure, they are praised and copied, but not purchased. I also think it a fault in you that you won't try to please the taste of the day; what you write meets with the approbation of a few connoisseurs; but the public at large don't understand it—it is too high for them. Pianoforte, flute, violin, clarionet, and other tutors; treatises on thoroughbass, *études*, five-finger, and all sorts of exercises; these are the things which one may hope to sell."

"I tell you," vehemently exclaimed Haydn, "I shall never write such trumpery things as long as I live! But," added he more calmly, "I have here some new sonatas."

"Oh, sonatas! sonatas! it sounds exactly like poems! There are already so many sonatas in the world, and a few of them such decided favourites, that no other can come up beside them."

"I also have here some *quatuors*, part-songs, ballads, and even variations."

"I will readily believe that they are not bad," replied Lambert; "but as far as I am concerned, I can only thank you for your offer, and must repeat, that I cannot make use of anything new for the next twelve months to come."

Haydn remained silent for several minutes; he then commenced in a most sentimental tone—

"But I want money!" At which words his eyes began to fill with tears.

"And I, my dear Mr. Haydn, have none to spare."

"But is it not really frightful," answered Haydn, with great earnestness, "that some persons have so much money and others so little, seeing that one necessarily *must* have money in order to live in this world! I will tell you the plight I am in, Mr. Lambert: if I do not this morning pay a bill of sixty-five florins I must go to gaol. It is now already half-past ten, and

there is no time to go to another publisher. I assure you, there are many really good things amongst my newest compositions; in fact, I value the manuscripts which I now hold in my hands at several thousand florins, but if you will only advance me those sixty-five florins upon the whole batch, you will do me a favour for which I shall be eternally obliged."

Lambert considered a few moments, and then gave a negative reply.

"A florin," said he, "was already an object, and sixty-five florins were sixty-five objects, especially in these bad times."

For some time Haydn stared before him in abject despair; at last he offered his services to Lambert as corrector and arranger.

That certainly was a proposal, said Lambert, which admitted of a consideration.

They talked the matter over, and came to an agreement. Lambert was too cautious to advance any ready money, but he gave Haydn a draft for sixty-five florins, payable when a certain amount of work should have been done. Thus Haydn was once more delivered out of the clutches of the attorney, to whom he ran with his paper in a gallop.

V.—NIGHT, BUT NOT YET MORNING.

MIND and money are things so heterogeneous, that they are but seldom found together. He who has the money is generally without mind, and he who has the mind is almost always without money. Money is, in fact, but a glittering kind of dirt; mind, on the other hand, is the upheaving of a body buried alive; at midnight he awakes, but finds himself surrounded by lifeless corpses, and a moment after is stifled for ever under the closely-fitting coffin-lid.

Haydn, as may be imagined, had a happy time of it whilst engaged with his proof-sheets and arrangements, to which he even devoted whole nights. Of course, he did nothing but laugh, for the work was so pleasant, and to be half-starved and half-frozen is such fun! Often, indeed, did he think of doing away with himself, for that he considered no sin, but as yet only fragments of his "Creation" and "Seasons" were ready, and Haydn thought it absurd for a man to kill himself be-

fore he had secured his immortality. More than once did he fall on his knees before the publishers and music-sellers, but they railed and laughed at him. He who is obliged to appeal to the pity and mercy of man is worse off than the slave who breaks stones, for a stone will fall to pieces if the blow be repeated, but the heart of man contracts like leather in the cold, and the ear grows more deaf at every word of supplication.

Empty-brained and soulless caterers for the fashionable and musical world dwelt in mansions, with gorgeously furnished apartments, and Haydn lay in bed the whole day for want of fire, money, paper, ink, and clothes; he had not even an instrument to comfort him in his solitude. His ideal love he was obliged to forget. A feeling of utter despair began to creep over the heart of the young man, whose spirits used to be so buoyant; he looked upon his life as a punishment; he even cursed

the world and his God, to whom he had composed the most glorious psalms and choruses, and who seemed to take no notice of him until — ay, reader, for this you will have to wait a little longer. For the present, our tale must end; but you shall hear more of the immortal Haydn, if you express the wish.

One word in conclusion. Take no offence, gentle reader, at some of the hard things that have been uttered; we live in a hard, an iron time. Think of Haydn's "Creation," his "Seasons," his symphonies, quartettos, and sonatas; listen to the sweet strains of hope, of consolation, and heavenly joy; and then remember how the man that

sung these strains was suffering, dejected, and despised! What would you say, if you had to write his early history? It is true, Haydn afterwards became wealthy and celebrated; his youth only was a shrill discord. But there have been others, the harmony of whose existence was interrupted by a dissonance which lasted through their manhood, which harassed them in their days of old age, and only found a resolution in the stillness of the grave. If the writer happens to know something more about this matter than what one learns from hearsay, it may account for some of his remarks; but why destroy the reader's appetite?

VI.—THE DISSONANCE RESOLVED.

No, kind reader, we will not close our fantasia with a dissonance. The author flatters himself that he, also, knows a thing or two about taking up a subject, "*in fuga recta et inversa*"—of conducting it handsomely through the mazes of triple counterpoint, or playing with it *con leggerezza*. He, too, has dabbled in such beautiful, but unprofitable things as sonatas and symphonies; and he would prove a very sad biographer of a man like Joseph Haydn, were he to let his readers turn over the last of these pages with a grating seventh humming in their ears. No! reader; only a little specimen of a *cadenza d'ingana*, as we musical folks call it—a mock close to the first movement of Haydn's symphony of life; but not the real end: this is what you have been treated to in the preceding number. But now the perfect cadence is coming, the *dominant* already looks sideways at the inviting *tonic*; soon the dissonance will be resolved, and everything will end in budding, hopeful harmony.

Once more we wend our way to Signor Pellegrini's snug, little wine-shop in the Mayner Gasse. The room looks as it did two years ago, and the host is as polite as ever; still we cannot help observing that an air of secret misery hangs over the place and its pale proprietor; we also think that Signor's black coat, though scrupulously clean as ever, has grown threadbare; and we find that the shining silver cups have disappeared from the shelf.

It is getting late, and the landlord

does not appear to expect any new guests, for he extinguishes the beacon-light (the farthing candle) in the window, and proceeds to shut and fasten the door. But the accomplishment of this task meets with an unexpected interruption, if not an indefinite postponement. A sudden shout of boisterous mirth reverberates through the silent street; hurrying footsteps are heard to approach; a vigorous push against the door sends the Italian sprawling upon the ground, and—in walk our old acquaintances, the inseparable quartetto of No. 1, accompanied by a personage altogether new to us.

We need not describe the appearance of our four friends; they all had grown two years older, but apparently very little wiser; for the first thing they did was to lay hold of poor Pellegrini, and twirl him about in quick gyrations, whilst their companion—a most malicious-looking hunchbacked imp—climbed upon the table, and there stood crowing and flapping his long arms by way of wings; after which he jumped into the midst of the dancing cluster.

"Si, Signore! yes, *mi carissimo*! your despised Kurtz, the lovely *diavolo* of the ever glorious stage, it is I that have made Joseph's fortune!" shrieked the little imp, "and if you should this night see produced a few of those shiners—golden shiners!—after which your Italian and my German hearts have yearned so long in vain: it's me you have to thank for it! Hurrah!" And the manikin threw his

arms around the neck of the bewildered host, hugging and kissing him, and screeching and making faces like a veritable monkey.

"Yes, my dear Pellegrini," said Haydn, after having freed him from Kurtz's loving embrace, "I have come to something at last."

"We all shall come to something now!" cried the others.

"We are just coming from the theatre, my opera has met with the most decided success. But I want to speak a word with you before we all sit down to talk about the glory of this night!"

Whilst the others settled themselves in their places, Haydn drew the Italian aside, and after having whispered a few words into his ears, at which the pale cheeks of Pellegrini grew suddenly crimson, seemed to press him to accept a purse which he held in his hand.

"No, Mr. Haydn, I will not take it," said the Italian; "indeed, I must not take it!"

"Indeed, and you must," my dear Mr. Pellegrini. "I don't know how much I owe you; but what I know is, that you are in the hands of that devil of a lawyer, that amiable Jago, who is going to seize your things, as he wanted to seize me. I have wept for you, but as I had no money, I would have been a sorry comforter, and therefore staid away. There are twenty ducats in this purse—I wish it were more, but you must take it. I shall have plenty of money by to-morrow night."

"So you shall, my darling!" cried Kurtz, who had caught the last words, "and I too, I hope. But are we to sit here dry all the evening, and this evening especially? Vite Signor! take the money, we'll drink every blessed kreutzer of it, if all these chaps are as thirsty as I!"

They all seemed to be of the same opinion as Kurtz. So the Italian put the purse into his pocket, said a few hurried words of thanks to Haydn, and then hastened to satisfy the demands of his impatient customers.

"Ay, Sepperl" (Joseph), said Florian to Haydn, when they had filled their glasses, "that was a glorious performance. How they applauded that beautiful finale to the second act, and how all the performers seemed to enjoy and joined *con amore* in that most clever mocking chorus!"

"Ay! and who was it that wrote the words to that same mocking chorus? who wrote the libretto to the 'Crooked Devil?'" who persuaded Sepperl to try his hand at my sublime poetry, and then managed to get us both upon the stage, eh? Was it not I, the scorned and despised cripple?" screamed Kurtz.

"Yes, it was you, my boy," replied Haydn; "and now we will drink your health even before that of the manager."

"Here's to friend Kurtz and the 'Crooked Devil!'" This health, proposed by Anselm, was drunk with great enthusiasm. Then followed a speech and a toast in honour of Haydn, then a toast for Florian (in which Augustin would not join), for Signor Pellegrini, and lastly for Signor Afflegio, the limping manager of the theatre, who was much disliked by the whole corps, and whose peculiarities Kurtz had hit off most happily, but not less maliciously.

"I had given up all hopes for you, Haydn; but now I think you will get on well enough," said Florian.

"Well enough!" cried Augustin. "Ay, I trust much better than you, contemptible renegade that you are."

"Believe me," replied Florian, with warmth; "believe me, I am no renegade to the beloved art. Everything seemed so hopeless that I dared no longer to resist the wishes of my father; but if I have changed my coat I have not changed my heart, nor do I wish for happier hours than those I spent with you, even though I may some day be a doctor, and ride in a carriage."

"Which all of us will do soon," Anselm interrupted him; "for Haydn won't let us walk on foot when he has a Count's barouche at his command. By-the-bye, what terms did you make with Count Morzin?"

"I made no terms at all," replied Haydn. "I merely accepted what he offered, and was glad enough to do so. When I entered his box (he having sent for me between the second and third acts) I found him speaking to Porpora; he rose, shook me by the hand, and said—'Mr. Haydn, I congratulate you most heartily on your success. This is not the first time that I have heard and enjoyed your music; but I never thought you were such a hand at instrumentation. I am

* 'Der Krumme Teufel,' Haydn's first opera, performed at Vienna in the year 1751.—Ed.

going to make you an offer, which you may consider when the excitement of this night shall have subsided. I want an energetic conductor for my Kapelle (private band); if you will accept the place I'll give you 100 ducats a-year, with board and lodging." Just think of that," continued Haydn, "chapel-master to his Excellency! And there stood Porpora looking as astonished as myself."

"You can recommend me to the *maestro*," cried Kurtz, "for I'm sure you won't clean his boots any more, Sepperl, now that you are chapel-master?"

"Not nor stay any longer with Father Keller. How he and his poor girl will be astonished."

"Not too fast, my boy," said Florian, "you are not chapelmaster yet,"

"I am chapelmaster!" cried Haydn, why don't you hear me out?

"Go on, Sepperl, go on," cried the others.

"Well, when the Count had ended, I said, 'Excellency, it would only be postponing my happiness, were I to sleep over your offer; I accept the situation at once, and promise to do my best, to show myself worthy of the honor.' 'Well Haydn,'" said he, "then the matter is settled. Give me your hand, you are my chapelmaster, and I am glad I've got such a man."

"Hurrah! *es lebe*, long life to our new Herr Kappellmeister!" cried Anselm, enthusiastically; and the rest joined most heartily, touching their glasses, and —. The reader may guess what was their next action.

But Pellegrini, who had been listening, and frequently thrown in a most emphatic "ah," now silently left the room, returning after a short interval with a bottle which looked as old as old Methuselah himself. He placed a clean glass before each of his guests, and one before himself, and after having drawn the cork most carefully, and filled the glasses, addressed the astonished friends as follows:—

"Young gentlemen, twenty-five years ago my brother sent me two bottles of wine from the place where we both were born, to remember him, and drink his health on the day of my marriage. One of them we did drink; but the other, which I now hold in my hand, my wife and I preserved, and afterwards resolved, that it should not be touched till my poor daughter's —"

"Peace be to her lovely soul," cried Haydn, grasping Pellegrini's hand.

"Till my poor daughter's wedding-day. It pleased God to take her from me, who was my only joy and support. Since that time every thing has gone wrong with me; and I often have thought the wine that shines so brightly in these glasses deserved, indeed, the name of *lacrymae Christi*; for it was a symbol of my brightest hopes, which all seemed to have grown into tears. But this night you have brought a long forgotten sound of gladness to my house and heart. I feel happy—so happy that I am resolved there shall be no more tears in my house, not even down in the cellar. Therefore, young friends, we will drink these *lacrymae* in gratitude for Mr. Haydn's first public triumph, and may it prove true to all of us, that

— "Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

We need not describe the effect which this pathetic address produced upon the audience; nor is it necessary to tell how long the friends sat talking over their wine; but in justice to all it must be mentioned, that they remained quiet and sober; and that Kurtz, in particular, abstained from all unbecoming screams and grimaces, behaving as nicely and considerately as if he really had some feeling of humanity in his breast.

How the others rested that night, the author does not know; but Haydn had again a dream, which it is absolutely necessary to describe.

At first it was all darkness and confusion, mysterious apparitions floated through the stormy night, gigantic heads were thrust out of the heaving mass below, and tried to catch poor Haydn. But Joseph despaired not; He that had rescued him out of Jagor's clutches, would also guard him against all other demoniacal power. To Him he raised his voice in fervent prayer—as he was wont to do in every trouble—and the storm abated, the horrid shadows fled, a sound of soothing harmonies came stealing over the waters, a rosy tinge spread over the distant horizon, and, all at once a voice cried out—

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

and the soft strains burst into one glorious peal of thousand voices and instruments; the rocks, and the trees,

and the silver clouds with golden borders, swimming in the azure sky—they all joined in the chorus, singing, "Glory! glory be to Him!"—for

"THERE WAS LIGHT."

At this moment Haydn awoke from his dream; but the strains he had heard in his sleep that night he never forgot—they had resolved the dissonance of his life; they cheered and fortified him in his onward career; he put them upon paper, as well as he was able to do so; and when, fifty years after that dream, he was sitting in the chair in

which they had borne him in triumph into the brilliant and over-crowded concert-room, when by the side of his "affectionately revered" friend, the Princess Esterhazy, and surrounded by a circle of illustrious admirers and celebrated artists, he listened again to those strains; when at the ever glorious passage where the light appears, the whole assembly rose and drowned the music with its enthusiastic applause; then the old man once more lifted up his feeble hands, and cried:—

"It did not come from me—it came from heaven!"

GUIZOT ON THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRAMA.

Nothing is more unaccountable, on principles unconnected with physical laws, than the alternate advance and retreat of civilisation amongst men. Nevertheless, the oscillation has gone on ever since society existed, and still proceeds before our eyes. We are now in what philosophers might call the ascending node. General influences are seen on all sides pervading the aggregate masses of associated nations, raising up the whole in the intellectual and social scale. These every one can observe; but it requires a more attentive consideration to see how much, in any one community, the progress of this simultaneous movement has taken its local direction from the mental and personal characteristics of individuals. The farther we go back, the easier will this investigation be; because war, and prejudice, and the material obstacles to intercourse, formerly isolated nations which each succeeding century has been drawing closer together; and consequently local influences were then proportionably less modified by general ones.

The drama of modern Europe grew up with the requirements of society, just as the ancient drama did. In Italy, in Spain, in England, and in France we see it extricating itself almost simultaneously from its degradation. But, co-existent with this comprehensive movement, was the deve-

lopment of those national peculiarities which created, through the idiosyncracies of individual genius, distinct and rival schools. The materials of tragic poetry, in flowing through the brains of Galeotto, Pistoja, and Trisino, in Italy; of Oliva, Bermudez, Guillen de Castro, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, in Spain; and Shakspeare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, in England, had become tinged of their colour; and that hue the national literature of each country has retained ever since. It is, therefore, especially interesting to institute an intellectual diagnosis of those men who, in France and England, exercised an influence over the progress of the drama as powerful and abiding, perhaps, as it has ever been permitted to individual genius to exert.

The work we first take up* bears internal evidence both of its authorship and date. The elegance and purity of the style, the fastidiousness of the criticism, and a certain air of studious scholar-like indifference, at times amounting to frigiditv, point to the pen of M. Guizot; while a slight want of extended and varied reading, of comprehensiveness of view, likewise discernible throughout, carries us back to a period when the talents which have since shone forth so conspicuously were still exercised upon the nearest objects, and gave, princi-

* "Cornelle and his Times." By M. Guizot. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1852.

pally by their concentration, an earnest of the future celebrity of their accomplished possessor. It was originally published in 1813.

Corneille had been preceded by one author, Hardy, in the task of founding a legitimate school of dramatic literature in Paris. This Hardy, who just lived to see himself eclipsed by his successor, had, with a fecundity rivaling Lope de Vega's, produced, according to the lowest estimate, six hundred pieces for the stage! He "was not one of those men whose genius changes or determines the taste of his age; but he was the first man in France who conceived a just idea of the nature of dramatic poetry." Before his time the stage (such as it was) had been in the possession of "the Brethren of the Passion;" the performers being originally pilgrims who had returned from the principal shrines of European worship, and who represented with a strong and barbarous—we look upon it now as blasphemous—freedom (so happily—or unhappily—imitated in that beautiful disappointment, the "Golden Legend" of Longfellow) the wonders they had witnessed, and the adventures they had encountered. It was not until 1548 that the taste of the public, or of the court, became too refined for these indecencies, and they were suppressed. Just at this period a new variety of dramatic representation grew up. This was conceived by Jodelle, "a man of small erudition, but whose mind was deeply impregnated with the atmosphere of learning with which he was surrounded:" he introduced into French pieces of his own composition the dramatic forms of the ancients, or at least of Horace. This was a wonderful improvement; though their style was so frigid and pedantic, that they made no impression upon the popular mind, which still longed after the flesh-pots of the "Brethren." Larivey and Garnier advanced upon the steps of Jodelle, but with equally little effect upon the public. All these men were humbly smoothing the way for the genius that had not arrived—they were laying their mantles upon the ground for him to walk upon.

"The Brethren of the Passion," meanwhile, having been interdicted from enacting mysteries, and at the same time possessing the monopoly of performing pieces for admission to which

money was to be paid, leased the privilege to a troop of comedians. Thus a rival school to that of the court was established, and "Moralities" and broad farces (which might too truly be called "*immoralities*") occupied a gaping public, excluded from the stilted court school of Jodelle and his successors. By degrees, as the populace could not ascend to the court, the court began to condescend to the populace. A few of the erudite tragedies of the clique gradually found their way (at first with little favour) upon the boards of the Hotel de Bourgogne, where the troop performed; and by-and-by, the triumphs of Henry IV. having disposed men's minds for new amusements, the old monopoly was attacked and overthrown, and a new troop, shackled by no fetters (except the payment to the disfranchised fraternity of one crown piece for every performance), established itself in Paris on the strength of having secured the services of the aforesaid Hardy. This was in the year 1600.

Hardy's prodigious efforts—efforts which, like those of Jodelle, were destined to herald the march of a genius he little recked of—were watched in silence by a retiring and dissatisfied student of law. There was nothing very lucrative in the profession of dramatist in those days. Hardy's name was worth something, no doubt; but in general the piece performed was composed, on the spur of the moment, by the author in the pay of the company, whose name was never heard of or inquired about, and who considered himself very fortunate if he pocketed *three crowns* for the job.

The student succeeded in gaining the affections of a girl of respectability in a provincial town. He felt elated. Something prompted him to give utterance to his triumph in Hardy's style. He wrote a comedy, and called it *Mélite*. The student was Pierre Corneille!

Everything was against him. He had no personal advantages to distinguish him. "His appearance was common, his conversation dull, his language incorrect, his timidity extreme, his judgment wavering, and his experience perfectly childish." Such is Guizot's summary of his qualities: "The first time I saw him, I took him for a shopkeeper," says Vigneul-Marville. "He cannot recite his own

pieces, nor read his own writing," says La Bruyère. "In order to find out the great Corneille, it was necessary to read him," says Fontenelle. These deficiencies he was as sensible of as anybody else. In a letter of his to Pellisson, he thus expresses himself:—

"Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennuy,
Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui."

Thus the student had to contend not only with obscurity, a tasteless age, and uncongenial avocations, but with all the individual drawbacks which in those days, far more than in ours, stood in the way of the development of the loftier qualities of intellect and imagination.

Nevertheless, he produced his *Mélite*, was applauded, noticed, honoured; and at last, on the strength of six successive dramas, was hailed *Le poète comique*; and this, though his true vein was as yet not so much as touched upon!

M. Guizot relates, in a few picturesque words, the origin of the elevation of Corneille's muse from the sock to the buskin. Mairet, a writer of some reputation, had produced, in 1633, a tragedy called *Sophonisbe*:—

"Corneille suddenly learned that it was possible for another kind of tragedy to exist. In the midst of that comic triviality from which Mairet was unable to free either his plot or the tone of his characters, Corneille perceived that great interests were treated of, and many feelings depicted with considerable power. The sensitive chord had been touched; his fine native faculties, placed far above the circle in which he was confined by habit, awoke and demanded their manifestation. Henceforward he resolved to seek the subjects of his pictures beyond this limited sphere; he turned his eyes towards antiquity; Seneca presented himself, and in 1635 *Médée* appeared.

"*Souverains protecteurs des lois de l'Hyménée,
Dieux garants de la foi que Jason m'a donnée!
Vous qu'il prit à témoin d'une immortelle ardeur,
Quand par un faux serment il valquit ma pudeur!*"

"These lines," says Voltaire, "announce the advent of Corneille." They did more—they inaugurated tragedy in France: the tragic muse had at length appeared to Corneille; and her features, though still roughly sketched out, could no longer be mistaken. Neither the ridiculous love of old Egeus, nor the puerile desire manifested by Creusa to possess Medea's robe, nor the frequently ignoble style of the time, nor the absence of art discernible throughout the piece, will deter from a perusal of *Médée* any person who has had the courage to prepare for it by a slight acquaintance with the drama of that period. On coming to this composition it seems as

though, after having long wandered without object, compass, or hope, we had at last disembarked upon firm ground, from whence we can perceive, in the distance, a fertile and luxuriant country. Imagination and reflection appear at last applied to objects worthy of their notice; important feelings assume the place of childish mental amusements, and Corneille already manifests his wondrous powers of expression."—pp. 160–162.

Corneille's is not the only instance of genius having mistaken its way to fame, even after it has been pointed out the true path. It might be supposed that the success of *Médée*, independently of its having opened within the author's soul those fountains of inspiration which had been so long sealed up, and which now, like the waters of an Artesian well, burst upward with force proportioned to the depth the shaft was sunk into human nature, would have kept Corneille steady in the new track; but, such is the self-complacency of a formed habit, we find him, after writing *Médée*, falling back into comedy—a fall, the magnitude of which is dwelt upon by his biographer Fontenelle, but which could not have been duly estimated before the triumphs which awaited him had given the world the means of appreciating the value of his efforts, and the loss it sustained by their temporary misapplication.

It was in the midst of his apostasy to comedy, however, as we now know, that he was preparing that work which was to crown him first of French dramatists:—

"The genius of Corneille had at length discovered its true vocation; but, timid and modest almost to humility, although inwardly conscious of his powers, he did not yet venture to rely upon himself alone. Before bringing new beauties to light, he had need, not of a guide to direct him, but of an authority upon which he could fall back for support; and he resorted to imitation, not to reinforce his own strength, but to obtain a pledge for his success. The court had brought into fashion the study of the Spanish language and literature, and men of taste had discovered therein beauties which we were still far from having attained. M. de Châlon, who had been secretary to the Queen-mother, Marie de Médicis, had retired, in his old age, to Rouen. Corneille, emboldened by the success of his first pieces, called upon him: 'Sir,' said the old courtier to him, after having praised him for his wit and talents, 'th pursuit of comedy, which you have em-

braced, can only bring you fleeting renown; you will find, in the Spanish authors, subjects which, if treated according to our taste, by such hands as yours, will produce an immense effect. Learn their language; it is easy. I will teach you all I know of it, and until you are competent to read it yourself, I will translate for you some passages from "Guillermo de Castro." Whether Corneille was indebted to himself or his old friend for the choice of the subject of the *Cid*, the *Cid* soon belonged to himself alone.

"The success of the *Cid*, in 1636, constitutes an era in our dramatic history; it is not necessary now to explain the causes of the brilliant reception which it obtained. 'Before the production of Corneille's *Cid*,' says Voltaire, 'men were unacquainted with that conflict of passions which rends the heart, and in the presence of which all other beauties of art are dull and inanimate.' Neither passion, nor duty, nor tenderness, nor magnanimity, had previously been introduced upon the stage; and now, love and honour, as they may be conceived by the most exalted imagination, appeared suddenly, and for the first time, in all their glory, before a public by whom honour was considered the first of virtues, and love the chief business of life. Their enthusiasm was carried to the greatest transports; they could never grow tired of beholding the piece; nothing else was talked of in society; everybody knew some part of it by heart; children committed it to memory; and in some parts of France it passed into a proverb:—*That is as fine as the Cid*.'"—pp. 166-168.

Envy followed upon the heels of glory. A general outcry against Corneille and his *Cid* was raised by his rivals. The whole pack which could fawn on power now barked at greatness. A mighty hunter cheered them on—this was no less a personage than Cardinal Richelieu. Various reasons are assigned for his violent participation in this struggle against public opinion. M. Guizot enters at large into the question. It seems enough to remember the character of the man, and Corneille's grave independence, to account for it. Richelieu was not a man to tolerate a Mordecai at the gate; but, as the result shews, he had not the blind vindictiveness of Haman, for we find him, after calling upon the academy for a formal judgment respecting the merits of the *Cid*, and obtaining, in spite of every influence, one which served still more firmly to establish the fame of its author, at last yielding to the pressure of the general opinion, and, perhaps, to certain other prudential considerations connected with his own re-

putation for taste, and admitting the successful poet to the privilege of dedicating his *Cid*, on its publication, to a member of his family.

It is more difficult to understand Corneille himself at this time, for we find him at one and the same moment bitterly complaining of what he considered the "faint praise" with which the academy, influenced by the Cardinal, had "damned" him; and boasting of "the liberalities of his Eminence," how high he stood in the "good graces of his master," &c. :—

"This twofold course of procedure is very puzzling, and the mind strives vainly to gain a clear idea of the true characters of Richelieu and Corneille, in this strange contest. We behold the *Cid* established, so to speak, in the family of its persecutor; we shall soon find the author himself enjoying the familiarity of that protector who had for a moment become his enemy. The dedicatory epistle of 'Horace,' addressed to the Cardinal, proves that Corneille read his pieces to him, and this precaution perhaps secured his approbation. The storm does not appear to have been allayed or forgotten; it would seem never to have burst forth; and here we must place, if we admit its truth, an incident in Corneille's life, related by Fontenelle, which would prove a kindly feeling on the part of the Cardinal, by which it is not likely that he would have been actuated during the quarrel about the *Cid*. 'Corneille,' says Fontenelle, 'presented himself one day, more melancholy and thoughtful than usual, before Cardinal Richelieu, who asked him if he were working at anything. He replied that he was far from enjoying the tranquillity necessary for composition, as his head was turned upside down by love. By-and-bye, he came to more minute explanations, and told the Cardinal that he was passionately in love with a daughter of the Lieutenant-General of Andely, in Normandy, and that he could not obtain her in marriage from her father. The Cardinal sent orders for this obstinate father to come to Paris; he quickly arrived in great alarm at so unexpected a summons, and returned home well satisfied at suffering no worse punishment than giving his daughter to a man who was in such high favour.'" —pp. 191-192.

High, indeed, was the favour which this simple, severe, unobtrusive, and retiring man now obtained from his country, including the whole mass of French society—from the volatile court, and the fastidious body of critics, to the ignorant excitable throng which frequented the theatres of the day—a clear proof that his excellence was founded

upon his power over those master-feelings and passions common to all human nature; and was, therefore, calculated to outlive both hostility and flattery. *Horace* appeared—"condemned"—so he says himself in a letter to his friends, "by the *Duums*, but acquitted by the people." The *Duums* were Richelieu and some unknown Halifax of the day:—

"Armed at all points, Corneille firmly awaited the enemy, but none appeared; the outburst of truth had imposed silence upon envy, and it dared not hope to renew, with equal advantage, a warfare the ridicule attendant upon which had been more easily borne by Richelieu than by Scudéry. The universal cry of admiration is all that has reached us. From that time forth, for many years, master-pieces followed one another in quick succession, without obstacle and almost without interruption. We no longer have to look for the history of the stage amidst a chaotic heap of crude conceptions in which we vainly strive to discover a single scintillation of genius or evidence of improvement; these children of darkness still venture to show themselves for a brief period after the dawn of day; they may even temporarily obtain the support of the wavering taste of a public which is capable of admiring tinsel even after having done homage to the splendour of pure gold; but such works, henceforward, leave no trace of their existence in the history of the art, and yield to the productions of genius all that space which they had formerly usurped.

"Until the advent of Racine, the history of the stage is contained in the life of Corneille; and the biography of Corneille is wholly written in his works. Though forced for a time to stand forward in defence of the *Cid*, he withdrew immediately afterwards into that personal obscurity which was most congenial to the simplicity of his manners; and in the monuments of his genius we are alone able to trace the efforts which he made to avoid the importunate clamours of criticism, which ever lies in ambush on the path of a great man, and is constantly on the watch to reveal his slightest errors or mistakes—

"*'Au Cid persécuté 'Cinna' doit sa naissance,*

And already in '*Horace*,' Corneille, abandoning that imitation for which he had been so virulently assailed, goes forward trusting to his own powers, and confident of his own resources. At the same time, the circle of Corneille's ideas becomes enlarged; his style reaches an elevation commensurate with the loftiness of his thoughts, and becomes more chaste, perhaps without any care on his part; his expressions increase in correctness and precision under the influence of clearer ideas and more energetic feelings; and his genius, henceforth in the pos-

session of all its resources, advances easily and tranquilly in the midst of the highest conceptions."—pp. 194-196.

To follow the poet through the catalogue of master-pieces which followed in succession the appearance of *Horace*, would be to extend this notice into a dissertation upon the French drama of the age, which is, in fact, embodied in Corneille. We are rather prompted to turn for a moment from the poet to his biographer, and examine with him a question on which he appears to have bestowed some degree of critical attention.

This question arises out of the unsatisfactory termination of Corneille's career. By a melancholy declension, the poet gradually dropped from the altitude of his success. He lived to outwrite himself, and see his star pale before the rising celebrity of two geniuses, Molière and Racine: though each only followed out the line he had himself opened for him. He perceived, and felt, and spoke of this declension. He retired for years, wrote a metrical translation of "*The Imitation of Jesus Christ*," besides admirable discourses on dramatic poetry and reviews of his own pieces; returned to dramatic composition, again occasionally electrified the public, but with a gradually declining *prestige*; and, finally, yielded up the ghost at the age of seventy-eight, having only got rid of his disappointments with his faculties, which deserted him a year before he died. The spectacle of such a mighty rise as this above the spirit and genius of the age, and of a final fall even below the standard of taste and enlightenment his labours and example had mainly contributed to establish, naturally suggests to his biographer an examination into the character of the impetus given by a man of genius to men of genius, and into the nature of that genius which, after developing the loftiest qualities of others, was unable itself to remain at the elevation it had placed them upon. Here it is that M. Guizot displays his peculiar powers of literary disquisition; and here may be best seen the indications of that delicate organisation of mind which is so amply developed in the second essay before us—that upon *Shakspeare*—written at a later period (1831), in the fuller maturity of the author's taste and experience:—

"If," says he, "Corneille accomplished the revolution which regenerated our drama, or rather, if he exercised that creative action which liberated our drama from its primitive chaos, it was because he introduced into his writings truth, which was then banished from all poetical compositions. That energy, that imposing majesty, those sublime soarings of genius, all those qualities which gained Corneille the title of 'The Great,' are personal merits which have immortalised the name of the poet, without preserving after him any dominant influence over dramatic art. Tragedy might be beautiful otherwise than as Corneille conceived it, and Corneille has remained great without preventing other great men from taking a place beside him. But tragedy could gain life only by repairing to that fountain of truth which Corneille was the first to discover. Before his appearance every day seemed to remove the public and the poets farther from it; and every day buried the treasures of the human heart more deeply beneath the fantastic inventions of false wit and a disordered imagination. Corneille was the first to reveal these treasures to dramatic art, and to teach it how to use them. On this ground he is rightfully regarded as the father, and the *Cid* as the origin, of French tragedy.

"But was Corneille's reason, though sufficiently strong to pierce through the dark clouds of error, strong enough to dissipate them entirely? Sure of always overcoming the enemy whom he attacked, was he always sufficiently enlightened to recognise his real enemy? and did not his character too frequently render him subservient to an age over which his genius had made him so superior?"

"It is impossible to imagine what Corneille's genius would have become, and to divine either the extraordinary beauties which it might have unfolded, or the flights of which it might have been guilty, if he had boldly abandoned himself to his own guidance. As regarded his own personal knowledge, Corneille was in almost the same position as Shakespeare and Calderon; but his age and country were more civilised than theirs, and criticism availed itself, for the instruction of the poet, of all the acquirements of his age and country. Corneille feared and braved criticism, and provoked it by his defiance; he would allow none of its censures, but he did all he could to avoid them. Taking warning by a first attack, he no longer ventured to hazard, for fear of Scudéry, all that France would probably have applauded. Incapable of yielding to his adversaries, and angry at being obliged to combat them, he withdrew from the path in which he was likely to meet with them; and though this perhaps involuntary prudence saved him from some dangerous quicksands, it undoubtedly deprived him of some precious discoveries. The success of the

Cid did not efface, in his mind, the censure of the Academy; in that drama, he had allowed himself to depict, with irresistible truth, the transports of passion; but when he found *Chimène's* love so severely condemned, Corneille, doubtless alarmed at what he might find in the weakness of the heart, looked in future only to its strength; he sought for the resisting element in man, and not for the yielding element, and thus became acquainted with only the half of man. And as admiration is the feeling chiefly excited by heroic resistance, it was to admiration that the dramatic genius of Corneille principally addressed itself."—p.p. 203–205.

In this passage we find revealed the true source of that correct and lofty frigidity which has characterised French dramatic literature from Corneille's time until the Revolution, and which is only now beginning to disappear from it, while it still trammels the stage in the style of action and declamation peculiar to it—a style which acts as an insuperable impediment to the emancipation of modern genius from the shackles of ancient conventionalism. And here, too, we see how the peculiar character, and temperament, and accidents of one man, have permanently influenced a school of writing. Had Corneille happened to possess a more restless will, or more headstrong passions, or a more fearless temperament; and had Scudéry and the Academy not hung over him as they did, France *might* have had a drama planted and reared under more tropical influences, and developed resources as boundless as our own.

But M. Guizot, as a Frenchman—and as a Frenchman, too, who seems in this book to have purposely avoided any minute comparisons between the literature of his own country and that of others, especially ours—conceives that this alleged defect of Corneille's was completely rectified in the writings of his successors, for instance, Racine. The French critics, no doubt, were ready enough to discover a blemish in the great dramatist. Boileau says he does not consider admiration to be one of the tragic passions—and Voltaire subscribes to this opinion. All subsequent authors fancied they had succeeded in exciting the true tragic passions of terror and pity, and in reducing admiration, as abstracted from either of the others, to a minimum; but herein they are mistaken. Voltaire himself, in his *Mahomet*, for instance, and in his

L'Œdipe, and in his *Brutus*, and in his *Samson*, has clothed his heroes in a robe elaborately emblazoned with their own greatness: and has addressed himself far more urgently to our homage due to such qualities, than to the impulses generated by the display of natural weaknesses and distresses. It was into this trap that Dryden had fallen before him. There was nothing in his own breast, or in the morals of the English court, then enslaved to France, to serve as a corrective to a vitiated taste; and he wasted the nobility of his measures (in which he rivalled Corneille himself) upon the empty bombast of vain-glorious swagger, making of his heroes boasting braggadocios, well matched in the meretricious and domineering caprice of his females, who seem created for no earthly purpose but to torture them.

All this time, neither the French stage nor the Dryden school of English dramatists had benefited by *Shakspeare*. In England, that mighty master, neglected after his death, had to wait for more than a century before he was even superficially studied or moderately understood; and on the Continent, it was not until after Germany had gone to drink at the British fountain, and originated her great school of dramatic literature, that France began to imbibe, through her, a late relish for the abnormal wisdom of our poet, and sought to introduce upon her own stage that divinity, Nature, which had been so long banished from it. When it came, it encountered, as has already been remarked, the rhymed, stiff, stilted opposition of old forms, and is still struggling in the net. Whether it will eventually shake it off, we have, as yet, no adequate means of judging; but a great deal is to be hoped of a fault detected and acknowledged.

On this subject M. Guizot scarcely touches in his work. His effort is, assuming that the cold splendour of Corneille's style (so happily compared by Carlyle to that of polished metal) was effectually got rid of, to show that Boileau and Voltaire are mistaken in excluding *admiration* altogether from the catalogue of the tragic passions:—

"It is one of the errors of our literary metaphysics to seek the source of the pleasure which we derive from the drama, and particularly from tragedy, in our own personal recollections, and in a return upon ourselves

and our individual affections. According to this principle, it has been thought that the feelings most familiar to man, those which his position enables him most frequently to experience, are also those which it is most suitable to present to his attention. This principle received great confirmation from the authority of Boileau, when, in spite of all that the ancients have written, and in reliance upon an experience which was not his own, he preferred love to all other tragic passions; this principle was sustained by the brilliant genius of Voltaire and the pathetic effects which he educed from the passions most familiar to the human heart; this same principle, in fine, other writers, led astray by the opinion of that great man, and, as they believed, by his example also, have carried out to consequences which Voltaire himself disavowed. They have imagined that heroic tragedy, the adventures of kings and princes, the great vicissitudes of fortune, being too far remote from us, and the dangers to which we may be exposed, can affect us only slightly; and they have invented the tragedy of common life, in which every man may recognise his own household and its accessories, with what happened to him on the previous day, and what will happen to him on the morrow, and may thus tremble, on his own account, at the dangers incurred by persons who bear so striking a resemblance to himself. If the principle were just, these writers would be right; and if the emotion which most thoroughly overcomes us be the greatest pleasure that the stage can afford, they have certainly discovered, as regards many persons, the secret by which this pleasure may be supplied.

"But there is another source of pleasure to which the arts should repair; a pleasure the more desirable, because it is more complete and prolonged, because it develops and perfects the faculty which it calls into play, whereas violent emotions deaden and obliterate it. Our faculties have been given to us for our use; and the pleasure connected with the exercise of each one of them renders its use agreeable to us, and holds them all in readiness to subserve our various wants. As these wants are seldom sufficient to give them full employment, and to develop all their energy, these same faculties incessantly demand of us suitable opportunities for bringing them into action; and, in the repose in which they are left by the tranquillity of our life, they seek to exercise themselves upon objects in conformity to their nature, although foreign to the immediately useful end which it is not always incumbent upon them to attain. Thus the mind, not finding means for constant employment in attention to our own interests, yields itself to purely speculative combinations, which have no connexion with our individual position; and this exercise of the soul, being devoid of all reference to our-

salver, is one of the liveliest pleasures that man can experience. With the emotions produced by our personal interests are mingled incitements of desire, fear, and hope, destined to stimulate us to action, which would become intolerable in a position with which we had nothing to do, and would absolutely destroy that lively but tranquil pleasure which we hope to find in the enjoyment of the arts. Far, therefore, from bringing us back to our own personal interests and recollections, and to our own individual position, the effect of the drama ought to be to divert our minds entirely therefrom; far from concentrating our attention upon the narrow circle of our real existence, it should, on the contrary, make us lose sight of it, in order to transport us into our possible existence, and occupy us not with what really occurs to us, but with what we may be—not with the particular circumstances which have called our faculties into operation, but with those faculties themselves, as they may be displayed when everything stimulates, and nothing checks, their development.

"Just as, in bodily exercises, any insignificant object that may be presented to our aim, concentrates our entire attention upon the mere development of our physical powers; so, in these mental games, which are solely intended to promote the exercise of our moral faculties, we engage with that vigorous satisfaction which springs from greater energy of existence. If a little pain be mingled with this satisfaction, the evil of suffering is then, nevertheless, no more contained in the movement which animates us, than the pleasure of feeling; and this evil does not resume its true nature unless too acute a pain warn us of the presence of an enemy—unless an innocent conflict be changed into a dangerous combat, and disturb us with a consciousness of our weakness, instead of occupying us with the employment of our strength.

"It is not, therefore, the conformity of the scene to our own particular destiny and personal feelings, which constitutes the true merit of tragedy; it consists far more in its conformity to human destiny in general, and to our intellectual and sensible nature—in its agreement, not with the feelings with which we are best acquainted, but with those which we are most capable of experiencing. Tragedy may demand of man all that his heart contains: it may excite tears of pity, the shudder of terror, the impetuosity of courage, the emotions of love, indignation against vice, maternal affection, filial piety; all that has been given us, for our preservation or our morality, bears to dramatic art the tribute of that superabundant force which, during the course of a tranquil life, we so seldom find opportunity completely to employ.

"Among these feelings there is one which is the perfection of our nature, the last de-

gree of soul enjoyment, of an enjoyment which is the delightful proof of its noble origin and its glorious destiny. This feeling is admiration, the sentiment of the beautiful, the love of all that is great, enthusiasm for all that is virtuous; it awakens us to emotion at the aspect of a master-piece, excites us at the narrative of a noble action, and intoxicates us with the mere idea of a virtue which is eternally separated from us by an interval of three thousand years."—pp. 206-211.

In this fine passage M. Guizot vindicates successfully, as we think, the propriety of admitting admiration, or the abstract love of the beautiful, among the tragic passions. He adduces numerous instances of its successful employment in Corneille's dramas; but after having done this justice to his author, he returns to his main argument, and proceeds to show that the emotion excited in our breasts by beauties of so lofty a nature, sometimes disguises real defects, which, after a calm examination, it is impossible not to perceive. Admiration is generally called forth by the successful exertion of power, either over others or over ourselves. But power in its exercise implies the termination of resistance, and resistance is necessary to prolong action. Hence it is, after all, upon weakness rather than strength that the dramatist must rely to keep up a sustained interest: it is by struggles, hesitation, incertitude, concession, inconsistency even, that plots become involved, and the feelings of the spectator thoroughly engaged. And it was for Corneille alone, and for him only in the plenitude of his power and popularity, to uphold an interest independent of these accidents. Accordingly, when others employed the machinery of conflicting passions with more freedom than he had done, the force which had been in his hands the thunderbolt of Jove, but which was his only, or his principal weapon, began to fall more bluntly upon an audience which gave way to subtler if less Olympian influences.

Thus M. Guizot thinks he has accounted for Corneille's rise, and his fall. The first his genius ensured—the last is not so easily explained on abstract grounds. There is one way of viewing it, perhaps less subtle, but more simple, which we venture ourselves to suggest. When a great writer has opened up a new source of inspiration, and achieved for himself a popular success,

possible to be appropriated by others, it depends upon the length of time which may happen to elapse before an imitative genius appears sufficiently powerful to adopt and carry forward the new ideas, and also in some degree upon the magnitude of the genius which may happen to supplant the first, how far and how soon that original genius is eclipsed and thrown into the shade by a later celebrity. With some, it occurs during their lifetime. When it does, two tendencies combine to accelerate their fall. One in the public, originating in the craving of mankind after variety, and the fickleness of human nature. As Guizot remarks, "the necessities of curiosity too often overcome those of taste." Of two equal merits, the crowd will go after the last it has found out. The other tendency exists in the author, and affects the subtle element of poetic inspiration through the discouragement produced by an unexpected and unwelcome rivalry, which chafes and disturbs the mind accustomed to triumphs, and hitherto taught to rely upon success as the spur to each succeeding effort. With others, the change does not arrive so soon. Their career is finished in uninvaded triumph—they are suffered to go down in the glory they have gathered about them—they are buried, like Charlemagne, in their royal apparel—but sooner or later their works are sure to be either rivalled or thrown out of vogue by some new direction of the public taste or individual genius; and

it needs a still more extended interval ere they fall into their true perspective, and are restored to their just proportions by the world that looks back upon them.

Corneille had the misfortune (for it was a misfortune to himself personally) to stimulate at once into action two powerful minds. Racine and Molière had been born and were matured before the great dramatist had taken his leave. Each seized a particular branch of the laurel the poet had wreathed for himself, and appropriated it before the very eyes of the original wearer. This, we repeat, was an accident of the time, not the consequence of any peculiarity in the character or works of Corneille himself. It would have happened to any writer under similar circumstances.

Hence, it is scarcely necessary to go deeper into the metaphysics of the question, or to attempt to solve upon some principle or law, what has its explication in the fortuitous combination of events. If Corneille was not permitted to reign over tragedy for life, it was because his throne was seized upon by rivals capable of filling it. Had Racine and Molière not intervened, he would, probably, have flourished in undisturbed possession of the realms of comedy and tragedy, up to the age of Voltaire. As it was, he felt that he had grown old, and was out of fashion. There is something melancholy in the humility with which the aged dramatist implores the favour of Louis XIV. for his last work:—

"Achève: les derniers n'ont rien qui dégénère,
Rien qui les fasse croire enfans d'un autre père;
Ce sont des malheureux étouffés au berceau,
Qu'un seul de tes regards tireroit du tombeau.

'Agésilas' en foule auroit des spectateurs,
Et 'Bérénice' enfin trouveroit des acteurs.
Le peuple, je l'avoue, et la cour les dégradent:
Je faiblis, ou du moins ils se le persuadent:
Pour bien écrire encore j'ai trop long-temps écrit,
Et les rides du front passent jusqu'à l'esprit.
Mais, contre cet abus, que j'aurois de suffrages
Si tu donnois les tiens à mes derniers ouvrages!
Que de tant de bonté l'impérieuse loi
Ramèneroit bientôt et peuple et cour vers moi!
Tel Sophocle à cent ans charmoit encore Athènes,
Tel bouillonoit encor son vieux sang dans ses veines,
Diroient-ils à l'envi.

Thanks to the great law of reparation, however, which we have adverted to, this luminary of French literature, eclipsed though he was for the time,

was destined to meet his full appreciation at last. His lustre, the emanation of true genius, outshone both the planets which had borrowed their light

from him, and the comets which threatened his extinction. And if we congratulate ourselves that our literature was formed upon still more exalted models, it is with a full admission that the Frenchman created an independent school, of which the severe classicality has never been surpassed since the days of Grecian glory.

We purposely pass over the essays upon Corneille's contemporaries, of which M. Guizot tells us his accomplished and regretted wife prepared the chief portion. Besides disconnecting our main topics the one from the other, they have but slight natural connexion with Corneille's life, and differ, in style as well as subject, considerably from the principal memoir. Jean Chapelain might be fancied the Blackmore of French poets; Rotrou was scarcely an Otway; and Scarron, if resembling any of us, caricatured Pope in his body, and Swift in his mind. The sketch of this latter genius will be found spirited and impartial. That of Chapelain is mainly criticism on the mighty failure of his life—that great poem, the "*Pucelle*," which, for the twenty years previous to its publication, kept the public in a ferment of expectation, and the author at the pinnacle of popularity and favour; the only instance, perhaps, in which fame ever forestalled its object, and the world advanced its favours on the security of triumphs yet to be achieved. The great poem at length appeared—at least the twelve first cantos—and the fall of the poet was complete, being no less, as Vigneul-Marville says, than from the top of Parnassus to the bottom. There he lay for the rest of his life; comfortably, however, and for a long time, since he died at the age of seventy-nine, of a cold caught in consequence of refusing to pay a *sous* for a plank to cross the kennel during heavy rain. Boileau has touched with delicate severity the string which the Duchess de Longueville had sounded before, when he says—

"*La Pucelle est encore une oeuvre bien galante,
Mais je ne sais pourquoi je baïlle en la lisant*,"

A sentiment which is rendered into still plainer prose by the Abbé Du

Bos: "*De la vient le seul défaut de la Pucelle, mais dont il faut, selon M. Despréaux, que les défenseurs conviennent: le défaut qu'on ne la savait lire.*"

In proportion as Shakspeare transcends Corneille, so does the style of M. Guizot's last book† surpass in life, vigour, and finish, the volume we have been noticing. It is not altogether the difference between 1813 and 1831—the dates of their original appearance—that has done this. The men have something to say to it. The very atmosphere of Shakspeare is inspiring. The bones that touched those of the prophet started to life. A philosopher and a scholar could not write about the bard of Avon without excitement, and, therefore, without force. No doubt immense resources are heaped up for the inquirer's use—he has nothing new to find out: but, then, he can always appreciate, refine, criticise, speculate. If he fail to elicit new facts, he can always re-analyse beauties we are familiar with, as the skilful musician adapts novel harmonies to old melodies; or, should he possess a temper inclined to humour, he can amuse himself and his readers as long as he pleases with the chromatic flashing of Shaksperian wit.

It is thus, as it appears to us, that the difference of style between these two works may most naturally be accounted for. It was impossible to be occupied upon Corneille, without falling into something of his lofty regularity. Here, on the contrary, vivacity, versatility, fire, infuse themselves spontaneously into the very thoughts of the essayist, and, through them, into his language. It is only where M. Guizot quits his subject to enter into abstract and philosophical criticism, that he resumes the measured flow of his style, and enables us to recognise the hand which laboured upon Corneille.

He has done well to keep the two great dramatists apart. It would not have answered for him to have compared them directly. It is evidently his design not to place them side by side more than he can help. Indeed,

* L'Abbé du Bos, quoted by Voltaire.

† "Shakspeare and his Times." By M. Guizot. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1852.

he admits as much in his remarks upon *Othello*. In very few passages does he bring them both before the reader. There may possibly be a pervading apprehension in the author's mind of exciting international jealousies in works expressly intended for both nations. It looks like this, that he has seemed to avoid in every other instance also a direct comparison between what is French and what is English, and has left it to the pen of M. de Broglie—whose essay upon Shakspeare he has embodied in this volume—to give plain truths in plain words.

But the good taste of this scarcely makes amends for the omission of what, in his hands, would have been so valuable an element towards our right appreciation of the literatures of the two countries, and the ground they ought respectively to occupy. This, however, is the one drawback, when a public man undertakes to write either history or criticism. A diplomatic reserve must necessarily embarrass him, preventing the unrestrained flow of the truth, which, unless it is the whole truth, fails to possess a complete critical value. He has a position to uphold, a character to sustain. His relations with both countries are public and conspicuous. His great object may be supposed to be to preserve these inviolate. His words and writings on any subject, at all events, are judged politically. If he express an opinion which could be looked upon by the one country as a triumph, by the other it must almost of necessity be construed as an affront. Taking it for granted that M. Guizot has not escaped the trammels of such a position, we may suppose that the alacrity with which he escapes into questions of abstract criticism may hence have its explanation; and that he would have thrown himself more unreservedly and instructively into debateable questions of international peculiarities and rivalries, had he either been without a name, or written anonymously.

Justice compels us to admit, at the same time, that though this is just perceptible in the main treatment of the two subjects, every credit is due to M. Guizot for having kept so clear of any attempt to ingratiate himself with either country by compliment or flattery. He is by turns the open champion and the fearless censor; and our remarks do not extend beyond the endeavour to explain the circumstance of *so little direct comparison* having found its way into these pages.

We are fortunately not so hampered. It is possible for us to bring Corneille and Shakspeare face to face, without committing either ourselves or our countries. A diplomatic reserve is neither agreeable to our temperament, nor called for by our *métier*. We, therefore, do not hesitate to pronounce it idle to talk of Shakspeare and Corneille as rivals.* Let Ben Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher, and Corneille contend for the prize if they will; but leave the immortal Englishman "alone in his glory." His head, like the mountain-top, towers in calm and majestic supremacy far above the thunders of any such controversy. Or, if you will place Corneille, in classical correctness, above him, it is as the Sibylline temple stands over the precipice and waterfall of Tivoli, the one stiff in the rigid triumph of art, the other rugged, grand, terrific, yet enchanting, with the unstudied sublimity of nature. Take the whole French school—where, in Corneille, Racine, Fontenelle, or Voltaire, are we to look for those mighty workings of the heart which deform the countenance of an Othello, paralyse the venerable features of a Lear, and have converted the lineaments of a dead Cordelia into those of an angel? Is it in the *Cinna*, or in the *Phédre*, or in the *Me-ropé*? Where shall we find the rivals of a Constance, a Portia, a Desdemona? Not surely in Medée, or Andromaque, or even Zayre. What parallel will the French stage produce for that embodiment of beauty, youth,

* We must not forget that both authors produced comedies as well as tragedies. But in the latter walk, for many reasons, we decline attempting to provoke a comparison, which is not suggested by any similarity of style or treatment. The comedies of Shakspeare have no counterpart on the French stage, and scarcely an imitation on the English. Corneille, as a comic dramatist, does not rank very high. Molière's is the comedy of society, not of romance. Sheridan is his best British representative. All through these observations we shall accordingly follow Guizot's example, and address ourselves almost exclusively to the tragic element.

and passion, Juliet? Have they amidst their classic array of personages, including their own Brutus, the Brutus of Shakspeare?—Where, again, is the pathetic power of expression? Have they an Arthur to plead with our Hubert? Can they bring the moody philosophy of a Hamlet to settle the question of suicide? Where is the burst of eloquence that shall be heard above the voice of Mark Antony, declaiming over the body of his murdered friend? Nay, can they *sing* with the “Swan of Avon?” Have they lyrics, in their most boasted masterpieces, which will stand comparison with twenty fugitive harmonies, thrown in upon the more measured metrical beauties of our bard, with the spontaneous heart-breath of an Æolian harp? Calderon, indeed, might possibly here have ventured to put in his claim. The power of song was his, in truly Spanish richness. Shakspeare himself could scarcely have imagined into language anything more melodiously exquisite than that half lyrical soliloquy in the *Magico Prodigioso*, for instance, interrupted by the recurring cadence—

“Cual es la gloria mayor
De esta vida!”

to which spirit voices reply

“Amor! amor!”

But this was Spain, and in a minor point of rivalry. France could never have attempted a competition of the kind, as M. Guizot knows better than he pleases to say.

No; Shakspeare stands by himself. It is too late to attempt to gainsay this great truth. The verdict of the world has been pronounced; and England, Germany, France herself, in a thousand acts and admissions, as well as Spain and Italy, have, by this time, recorded their solemn judgment in

the matter. Each of these countries had a mass of prejudices to work out of, to arrive at this point. In England, Shakspeare was first forgotten, then disparaged. Dryden, in his day, considered his tongue a little “out of use,” and undertook to modernise him. Shaftesbury was shocked by his “rudeness;” and Tate undertook a new version of *King Lear*, the subject being borrowed, as he had the candour to state, from an *obscure piece* recommended by a friend! In France, the critics had all along scouted the idea of the existence of English taste or talent. They would not condescend to notice “*ces farces monstrueuses qu'on appelle tragédies.*” Voltaire is considered by M. Guizot to be the first French writer who begun to have an appreciation of Shakspeare. Let us see how he introduced him to public favour. Here is one of his eulogies:—

“I am far from defending the tragedy of Hamlet; it is a *coarse and barbarous piece*, which would not be endured by the *lowest rabble* of France or Italy. Hamlet becomes a fool in the second act, and his mistress in the third. The prince kills his mistress's father in mistake for a rat, and the heroine throws herself into a river. Her grave is dug on the stage; the grave-diggers crack jokes worthy of their calling, holding in their hands the bones of the dead. Prince Hamlet responds to their vulgar jocularity by pleasantries scarcely less disgusting. Meanwhile, one of the actors conquers Poland. Hamlet, his mother, and his step-father drink together on the stage; they sing at table, then quarrel, fight, and kill each other; in short, one would fancy that the work sprang from the head of a *drunken savage* (!) Yet, among these vulgar irregularities, which up to the present time have made the English theatre so absurd and barbarous, we find in Hamlet, *as if to make the matter more absurd still*, sublime touches, worthy of the greatest writers.”

* “*Diss. sur la Tragédie Ancienne et Moderne.*”

It may be worth while to show, by example, how a national taste can be modified by extraneous influences. The wiggid and sworded thing called “The Public” in Voltaire's time, hesitated whether it should admit the *eulogy* of its oracle, quoted above. It is not considered literary *sans-culottism* at the present day, to subscribe to the following judgment in the same matter:—

“In *Hamlet*, not only is the scene of the grave-diggers connected with the general idea of the piece, by the kind of meditations which it inspires; but—and we know it—it is Ophelia's grave which they are digging in Hamlet's presence; and to Ophelia will relate, when he is informed of this circumstance, all the impressions which have been kindled in his soul by the sight of those hideous and despoiled bones, and the indifference which is felt for the mortal remains of those who were once beautiful and powerful, honoured or beloved. No detail of these mournful preparations is lost to the feeling which they occa-

The truth is, the very extravagance of the general taste in France, during the era of the Grand Monarque—its utter conventionalism and blind and inveterate self-complacency served, instead of hastening, to retard the revolution it was destined to undergo. In every other country, the change of opinion was over before it had begun in France. There the political convulsion had overthrown an empire, before the Bourbons of bad taste had had a touch of the Bastille. The latter event, in the opinion of the Duc de Broglie, did not occur until forty years after the former. It was in 1829, according to him, that France learned Shakspeare. And, even then, it was not directly from us that the lesson came. Schlegel had first awakened Germany. In that country, out of the forests of perplexed metaphysics sallied the vigour of a literary revival. The torch which had been kindled at the altar of British genius, was borne against the fanes of Gallic superstition. They took fire—but burn slowly; and are, even now, dangerous to approach. It is this consideration, joined to his own position, which, we repeat, suggests to M. Guizot a certain degree of caution in attacking these ancient strongholds of a national faith. And we give him, accordingly, the more credit for what he *does* say, in such passages as the following, in which he speaks of that ideal of dramatic poetry which “*Athalie*” might have presented, had

it aimed at a more complete conformity with nature than with the rules:—

“Though easily attained among the Greeks, whose life and feelings might be summed up in a few large and simple features, this ideal did not present itself to modern nations under forms sufficiently general and pure to receive the application of the rules laid down in accordance with the ancient models. France, in order to adopt them, was compelled to limit its field, in some sort, to one corner of human existence. Our poets have employed all the powers of genius to turn this narrow space to advantage; the abysses of the heart have been sounded to their utmost depth, but not in all their dimensions. Dramatic illusion has been sought at its true source, but it has not been required to furnish all the effects that might have been obtained from it. Shakspeare offers to us a more fruitful and a vaster system. It would be a strange mistake to suppose that he has discovered and brought to light all its wealth. When we embrace human destiny in all its aspects, and human nature in all the conditions of man upon earth, we enter into possession of an exhaustless treasure. It is the peculiar advantage of such a system, that it escapes, by its extent, from the dominion of any particular genius. We may discover its principles in Shakspeare’s works; but he was not fully acquainted with them, nor did he always respect them. He should serve as an example, not as a model. Some men, even of superior talent, have attempted to write plays according to Shakspeare’s taste, without perceiving that they were deficient in one important qualification for the task; and that was, to write as he did; to write them for our age, just as Shakspeare’s plays

sion; the coarse insensibility of the men devoted to the habits of such a trade, their songs and jokes, all have their effect; and the forms and means of comedy thus enter, without effort, into tragedy, the impressions of which are never more keen than when we see them about to fall upon a man who is already their unwitting subject, and who is amusing himself in presence of the misfortune of which he is unaware.”—pp. 172, 173.

And, if a further proof were wanting of what Frenchmen will say and will bear under the new *régime*, M. De Broglie’s judgment of the boasted school of Corneille, is as follows:—

“Regarded in its most general features, it was not so much a national drama as an elegant and fashionable amusement, a pastime for gentlemen of respectable station and bearing, at which the public might assist if it paid liberally for the honour; nearly as it is allowed occasionally to look on, from the outer side of the barriers, and watch the progress of a dress ball or a state dinner.”—p. 285.

And then he describes the effect of Shakspeare in France:—

“Imagine a man who has lived for a long time in rooms lighted only by wax candles, chandeliers, or coloured glasses, who has only breathed in the faint suffocating atmosphere of drawing-rooms, who has seen only the cascades at the opera, calico mountains, and garlands of artificial flowers: imagine such a man suddenly transported, one magnificent July morning, to a region where he could breathe the purest air, under the tranquil and graceful chestnut trees which fringe the waters of Interlaken, and within view of the majestic glaciers of the Oberland, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the moral position of one accustomed to the dramatic representations which formerly occupied our stage, when he unexpectedly finds himself witnessing these so simple, grand, and natural beauties.”—p. 324.

were written for the age in which he lived. This is an enterprise, the difficulties of which have hitherto, perhaps, been maturely considered by no one. We have seen how much art and effort was employed by Shakspeare to surmount those which are inherent in his system. They are still greater in our times, and would unveil themselves much more completely to the spirit of criticism which now accompanies the boldest essays of genius. It is not only with spectators of more fastidious taste, and of more idle and inattentive imagination, that the poet would have to do who should venture to follow in Shakspeare's footsteps. He would be called upon to give movement to personages embarrassed in much more complicated interests, pre-occupied with much more various feelings, and subject to less simple habits of mind, and to less decided tendencies. Neither science, nor reflection, nor the scruples of conscience, nor the uncertainties of thought, frequently encumber Shakspeare's heroes; doubt is of little use among them, and the violence of their passions speedily transfers their belief to the side of their desires, or sets their actions above their belief. Hamlet alone presents the confused spectacle of a mind formed by the enlightenment of society, in conflict with a position contrary to its laws; and he needs a supernatural apparition to determine him to act, and a fortuitous event to accomplish his project. If incessantly placed in an analogous position, the personages of a tragedy conceived at the present day, according to the romantic system, would offer us the same picture of indecision. Ideas now crowd and intersect each other in the mind of man, duties multiply in his conscience, and obstacles and bonds around his life. Instead of those electric brains, prompt to communicate the spark which they have received—instead of those ardent and simple-minded men, whose projects, like Macbeth's, 'will to hand,'—the world now presents to the poet minds like Hamlet's, deep in the observation of those inward conflicts which our classical system has derived from a state of society more advanced than that of the time in which Shakspeare lived. So many feelings, interests, and ideas, the necessary consequences of modern civilisation, might become, even in their simplest form of expression, a troublesome burden, which it would be difficult to carry through the rapid evolutions and bold advances of the romantic system.

"We must, however, satisfy every demand; success itself requires it. The reason must be contented at the same time that the imagination is occupied. The progress of taste, of enlightenment, of society, and of mankind, must serve, not to diminish or disturb our enjoyment, but to render them worthy of ourselves, and capable of supplying the new wants which we have contracted,"—pp. 170-180.

In the separate essays upon the dramas of Shakspeare the author, being less haunted by *arrières pensées*, is sometimes exceedingly brilliant, though not so brilliant as the accomplished Duc de Broglie, whose examination of *Othello*, in spite of some mistakes, we take to be quite a masterpiece of criticism.

After the German Schlegel, the best interpreter of *Hamlet* we know of is another German—Retzsch. This wonderful commentator has found out the way to make ghosts peer through the folds of arras, yawn from the intersections of arches, and squeak and gibber out of the gargoyles and buttresses of buildings. He can hint horrors in the device of an arm-chair, and make our flesh creep with the monstrous outline of a door-handle. Goethe, too, thoroughly inhaled the aroma of the poet. He understood the Danish Prince as the melancholy and isolated gentleman of a rude northern court, out of place, out of time, urged beyond himself, his wishes, tastes, intentions, and powers, by the weird finger of one stern duty. Our idea is, that *Hamlet* was meant to be beyond explanation—a negation to be felt, like the Egyptian darkness—a Sphinx to the one *Œdipus* who could understand it in silence—a riddle to the world which set open-mouthed about resolving it. Guizot's estimate of the effect of the play is very fine:—

"Guided by that instinct of harmony which never deserts the true poet, Shakspeare has diffused over the whole drama the same gloomy colour which opens the scene; the spectre of the assassinated monarch gives its impress to the movement of the drama from its very outset, and leads it onward to its termination, and when that term arrives, death reigns once more; all die, the innocent as well as the guilty, the young girl as well as the prince, and the more mad than he is; all depart to join the spectre who had left his tomb only that he might drag them all with him on his return. The whole circumstance is as mournful as Hamlet's thoughts. None are left upon the stage but the Norwegian strangers, who then appear for the first time, and who have previously taken no part in the action.

"After this great moral painting, comes the second of Shakspeare's superior beauties, dramatic effect. This is nowhere more complete and more striking than in '*Hamlet*,' for the two conditions of great dramatic effect are found in it, unity in variety—one sole, constant, and dominant impression; and this impression varied according to the cha-

racter, the turn of mind, and the condition of the different personages in whom it is developed. Death hovers over the whole drama; the spectre of the murdered king represents and personifies it; he is always there—sometimes present himself, sometimes present to the thoughts, and in the language of the other personages. Whether great or small, innocent or guilty, interested or indifferent to his history, they are all constantly concerned about him; some with remorse, others with affection and grief, others, again, merely with curiosity, and some even without curiosity, and simply by chance; for example, that rude grave-digger, who says that he entered on his trade on the day on which the late king had gained a great victory over his neighbour, the King of Norway, and who, while digging the grave of the beautiful Ophelia, the mad mistress of the madman Hamlet, turns up the skull of poor Yorick, the jester of the deceased monarch—the skull of the jester of that spectre, who issues at every moment from his tomb to alarm the living and enforce the punishment of his assassin. All these personages, in the midst of all these circumstances, are brought forward, withdrawn, and introduced again by turns, each with his own peculiar physiognomy, language, and impression; and all ceaselessly concur to maintain, diffuse, and strengthen the sole, general impression of death—of death, just or unjust, natural or violent, forgotten or lamented, but always present—which is the supreme law, and should be the permanent thought of all men.”—pp. 209, 211.

The idea of the *skull of the jester of a ghost*, is a piece of the horrible fit to go side by side with the *valêt* of the Shadow of Death, spoken of in the well-known *Calembourg*. Why did not Retszsch slenderly attach the outline of a grotesque figure to the cranium in Hamlet's hand? It would have formed a pregnant moral to the tale of poor Yorick. The *bizarrierie* of thought, word, and action in this play is of a piece with the plot; it keeps us cowering in the haunted gloom—the Scandinavian *Ragnarök*—the twilight of the gods—from beginning to end. We fancy, with a shudder, that the wits of all concerned in the story are wildly wandering—that, at some point of the compass or another, every one is touched. We cannot calculate upon what is to happen next; yet what does happen, in its very extravagance, is exactly in consonance with the predominant idea, which—with the peace of M. Guizot—we hold to be terror. A ghost early glides in upon the scene, and frightens us out of

our wits. We never recover them, and are never intended to do so, to the end. This terror is tempered with the complementary passion of pity, of course, in order to keep up interest, and exhibit the powers of the poet; but the prevailing colour is repeated, as a painter would say, from every object, giving on all sides a reflection of the main glare. We rub our eyes when all is over, and ask whether this is a phantasmal reality or a life-in-death-like dream. Wondrous many-sidedness of genius! Perhaps, after all, Dryden, Voltaire, Johnson, Garrick, Schlegel, Göethe, Guizot, nay, even ourselves, are all right, and that the crystal is perfect, seen at any angle!

But we have been led out of our path into a thicket. If France is to regain its place in the tragic school of Europe, it must, at all events, make its literary revolution more complete than its political one. Its object ought to be emancipation; but it will gain little by rivetting on a new set of fetters with the sledge that has broken the old chains.

There are vigorous minds at work to prepare the way for a new era. Victor Hugo, Dumas, De Vigny, have done much. Without what must emphatically be called genius, any of them, they all manifest a sense of the necessity for a new style, and have helped to create it. They are the Hardys of the present century, paving the way for some future Corneille. One besetting sin they have—and as it is shared by many of our own aspiring *litterateurs*, it may be worth while to point it out. Poets and dramatists though they be, they think it essential to belong to the school of the *nineteenth century*, and to lend their aid towards carrying out its work. This work, be it good or bad (and we do not presume to say that it is anything but the former) is, at all events, not a poetical work. It is the moral, and social, and physical, and political regeneration of mankind; a great work, at all events, if it is to be accomplished by any normal systems, unaided by the one true, and simple, and unerring guide, which has become a little old-fashioned of late. Scarcely any modern dramas of note are written without an ulterior object of this kind, pointing beyond the poetical and dramatic object. The poet has courted inspiration, indeed, but it is in order

that, under cover of that inspiration, he may sting, or wound, or expose, or ridicule, or cry up, or read a lesson, or preach a sermon, or something of the sort. Look at *Le Roi s'amuse*, or *La tour de Nesle*, or *Marion de Lorme*, or *Henri III.*, for instance. You have great force, and considerable beauty; but you find, when you begin to think about it, that the author has been in reality playing with you—that he has aimed at your head through your heart, and only clothed a political or moral homily in a theatrical dress. It is not in this way *fame* will be won: No great work was ever written with an occult object. Men who make use of the drama for purposes principally didactic, sacrifice their immortality to their philanthropy. The Muse will not be cajoled, or forced into a *mariage de convenance* of this sort. She must be wooed for herself in order to be won. The poet must, indeed, be full of the beauty of moral rectitude, but it must unconsciously breathe through his writings, instead of being blown into them like wind into an organ. And for this reason we are inclined to misdoubt the claims of those who are, from the first, too astutely cognisant of the object and end of what they would be about in poetry and the drama. A man may be too great a critic to be a great poet. All the world knows that Chape-lain was—so, assuredly, was Dryden—so was Addison—so, we are inclined to think, was Voltaire. Sublimity rises out of itself. It is thrown up, like a volcano, by the fires beneath it, and lifts itself by its own convulsions to the elevation the world looks up to. Unity of intention we hold to be essential to the full development of genius—most of all, of poetical genius. Corneille saw that admiration might be ennobled into a tragic passion, by submitting it to rules, and clothing it in lofty language. He perceived that the ancients had done this, and saw no reason why he might not do the same. With a richly stored imagination, and this object, he wrote his tragedies; all which

he duly informed the world about before he died. Shakespeare felt that poetry, sublimity, nature, were within, and he gave them vent through the channel of any vulgar or absurd legend he found to hand. The immediate motive might, indeed, be to please the public, to draw houses, to make money, if you please; but the sentiment which guided him to the heart of his subject was, simply, its being beautiful, and chiming with the bells of immortal inspiration that were ever ringing their sweet changes within his soul. It is delightful to believe that he never wrote a line of criticism in his life. Not a preface betrays the scene-shifter's hand;—and, at this day, if we are to have a revived drama, or a new development of dramatic talent, it will spring from the great necessity of some heart to give itself utterance, not from the study of a style, much less from the urgency of an object. Thoughts of sublimity will arise and unfold themselves and force themselves into leaf with the untended luxuriance of a tropical vegetation. And who can mistake great thoughts when he meets them, or when he feels them?

"They seize upon the mind—arrest, and search,
And shake it—bow the tall soul as by wind—
Rush over it, like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current—turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing;—"

Thoughts which, for our well-being's sake, are momentary as they are glorious; for, as the poet says, they would be "madness, might they last."

Individual genius, then, may yet constitute, in either country, a great dramatic poet. When he comes, he will inherit and possess himself, without effort, of the full advantages of modern illumination; but the direction in which he will go forward, no sagacity has yet divined, no critical acumen foreshadowed. When he has made the advance, the world will be ready enough to say that there was but the one road open to him; until he in his turn, after centuries, perhaps, is outstripped.

MISCELLANEA LITERARIA.

I.—ON THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "HUGUENOT," AND THE MEANING OF CERTAIN
HIEROGLYPHIC SIGN-BOARDS.

EVERYBODY understands that "Huguenot" means a French Calvinist or Protestant; but very few trouble themselves to inquire how that somewhat singular word came to be so applied, and in what it originated. Moreover, if you ask twenty people, the chances are, that nineteen of the number cannot tell. Dr. Johnson rejects the word altogether. In the folio edition of his dictionary (1755), you will search for it in vain. At that date it had not been naturalized. The ordinary recent dictionaries describe a Huguenot as, a confederate—a tolerably comprehensive definition, almost as lucid as the majority of the commentaries on the supposed obscure passages in Shakespeare. Safely ambiguous, like the answers of the Delphic oracle.

From the "Encyclopædia Britannica," we learn as follows: "Huguenots—an appellation given by way of contempt to the reformed or Protestant Calvinists of France." The name originated in the year 1560, though authors are not agreed as to the occasion. The following derivations have been suggested: One of the gates of the city of Tours was called the gate Fourgon, by corruption from "Feu Hugon," i. e., the late Hugon. This Hugon was Count of Tours, according to Eginhard, and some other historians. He was, it seems, a very wicked man, who, by his fierce and cruel temper, made himself dreaded; so that after his death he was supposed to walk about in the night-time, beating all those he met with. This tradition, the learned Thuanus has not scrupled to mention in his history. Davila pretends that the nickname of Huguenots was first given to the French Protestants, because they used to meet secretly in subterraneous vaults near this gate of Hugon, and what seems to countenance this opinion is, that they were first called Huguenots in the city of Tours. Others assign a more illustrious origin to that name, and say that the leaguers gave it to the reformers, because the latter were for

keeping the crown on the head of the line descended from Hugh Capet; whereas the former were for giving it to the House of Guise, as descended from Charles the Great. Others, again, derive it from a French and faulty pronunciation of the German word, *Eidgnossen*, signifying confederates, and originally applied to that valiant part of the city of Geneva which entered into an alliance with the Swiss Cantons, in order to maintain their liberties against the tyrannical attempts of Charles III., Duke of Savoy. These confederates were called "Eignots," whence "Huguenots."

In Todd's modernized Johnson, we find this definition—"Huguenot: there have been many fanciful derivations of this word proposed. The most rational is that of 'Eignots'—confederates; which Voltaire and others have given from the German, *Eidgnossen*, of which it appears to be a corrupt pronunciation. The term of Huguenot had its rise in 1560; that of *Eignot*, at the beginning of that century. "Nouveau sujet de division dans Genève. Ce fut alors (1513) qu'on y vit naître, les titres d' Eignots, et de Mammelus; par les quels les deux parties se distinguèrent. Les Eignots etaient ceux qui tenaient pour la liberté de la patrie. On les appelaient ainsi parce qu'ils aimaient la liberté comme les Cantons Suisses, qui s'appellent en leur langue, *Eidgnossen*, c'est à dire, confédérés. De là est venu vraisemblablement le nom des Huguenots."—"Rachat Reform. de la Suisse," vol. i. p. 447. Mezeray tells us, that the name of Huguenots or *Pidnos* (as printed by Dryden, but evidently mistaken for *Eidgnoss* or *Eidgnossen*), from whence it was corrupted, signifies league or association in the Swiss language; and was brought, together with the sect, from Geneva into France."—See Dryden, Postscr. to the "History of the League."

The following is from Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates:" "Huguenot—This word is of uncertain derivation. It

was used, as a term of reproach, by the French Catholics, to nickname their countrymen of the reformed churches, or Protestants of France, and had its origin in 1560. The memorable massacre of the Huguenots of France, on the Festival of St. Bartholmew, took place on August 24th, 1572."

All these definitions appear far-fetched and unsatisfactory. The writer of this article, lately turning over Le Sieur Michael de Castlenau's "Memoirs of the Reigns of Francis II., and Charles IX.," stumbled on the following extract:—

"This name (Huguenot) took its rise from the conspiracy of Amboise, for when the petitioners fled at that time for fear, some of the countrymen said, that they were poor fellows, not worth a *Huguenot*; which was a small piece of money, of less value than a denier, in the time of Hugo Capet: from whence, by way of ridicule, they were called *Huguenots*; which title they likewise gave themselves when they took up arms, as we shall relate in its proper place."

This account of the origin of the word from Castlenau, appears more reasonable than any of the others. The same author tells us, that the Huguenots assumed a uniform or livery of white cloth, and their principal officers wore white velvet. Badly selected colours and materials for the wear and tear of hard service, and almost as conspicuous as the gaudy scarlet under which the modern Britons have achieved so many victories. The ancient Spartans wore scarlet, less for distinctive uniformity than to hide the blood which flowed from the wounded, and the sight of which might discourage the sound. Michael de Castlenau is an authority of good repute, who lived during the period, and saw the transactions he describes, although his work was not published until 1659.

A great many popular words and terms are derived from the names of individuals. *Humbug*, which is in universal use, if not classically admissible into an English dictionary, comes unquestionably from *Hume of the Bog*, a Scotch laird (so called from his estate), who was celebrated in Edinburgh society, during the reigns of William and Anne, for the marvellous tone of his stories, in which he indulged so commonly, that they became proverbial; and thus, a very long shot was always designated, "a regular Hume of the

Bog." Hence, by simple contraction, *Humbug*.

On the western coast of England is a cluster of perilous rocks, called "The Bishop and his Clerks." Nearly two hundred years ago, a fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain, were shipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Bishop, with John and Henry Clarke, preserved themselves on the fragment of a mast. The appellation evidently takes its rise from this incident.

Dr. Johnson says of the word *Danger*, "*Danger*, *n. s.* (danger, Fr.) of uncertain derivation. Skinner derives it from *damnum*; Menage from *angaria*; Minshew from *danus*, death, to which Junius seems inclined." Learned derivations, supported by four eminent authorities, but none of them sufficiently simple or analogous to be convincing. Profound erudition sometimes loses itself in a labyrinth of its own construction. "*Ceci sent la Dangerose*" is an old French proverbial expression, formerly much in use in the province of Maine, and applied to anything which promised to be unfortunate, or appeared to involve peril. The saying was derived from the fortunes of a fair lady of the district, named *Dangerose*, who resided at the castle of Chemiréle Gaudin, which retains to this day the title of "*Le Château de Belle-fille*." She was commonly called, from her beauty, "*La belle Dangerose*," and having lived unlawfully with a near relative, the neighbouring Baron of Asnieres, on his sudden and violent death, hid herself from the world, and passed the remainder of a long life in unceasing and severe penance. Hence, almost literally, the French "*Dangereux*," and the English "*Dangerous*." The etymology of words is very uncertain. In deriving one language from another, similarity of sound often leads those into error, who are either unacquainted with or disregard the change of letters which frequently takes place. A good illustration of this is supplied by the Spanish word *Hijo*, a Son, which seems to be derived from the Greek *ἵος*, and to bear no resemblance to the Latin *Filius*, which is, nevertheless, its correct root. The Spaniards often change the Latin initial F into H, as *Ferrum* into *Hierro*, *Formosus* into *Hermoso*; and in the middle of words, they sometimes substitute the J for L, as *Folium*, *Hojo*. A student of Italian finding July written

Luglio, in Veneroni's grammar, could not possibly understand the substitution of L for J, and immediately rectified what he considered a very careless mistake, by writing "Juglio," to which he added, "*sic corrige meo periculo.*" Again, we are often misled in seeking for the origin of a word, by mistaking the language whence it takes its rise. People do not usually look to the French word "*Allons,*" for the derivation of the English "Along," "Come along," yet it is precisely the same both in sound and meaning. The interjection "*Gadso*" is considered profane, whereas in fact it is only indecent.

The origin of words naturally leads to the consideration of hieroglyphic signs, so commonly used in former days, and not yet entirely abolished. This invention can be traced back nearly four thousand years, and is evidently much older than letters. Before men could write, they used symbols and pictures, beginning with an outline, suggested in all probability by a shadow on a wall. In the borough of Southwark there exists still, or did very lately, an ancient sign-board, over an obscure tavern, inscribed, "The old pick my toe," but without any indicative painting or delineation. What can this mean? Is it not probably set up to replace a representation of the Roman slave, who, being sent on some message of importance, would not stop to pluck a thorn out of his foot, until he had completed his commission? On the now-deserted and grass-grown high-road between Coventry and Birmingham, which we have often traversed (in our early military capacity), on a hot summer's day, with thirsty soldiers, we were wont to halt at the quiet little village of Meriden. There may yet be perceived a sign, which has hung for centuries over the porch of a road-side ale-house, on which, in limning nearly obliterated by time and weather, may be traced an erect and prostrate pillar, while underneath is printed, "The Up and Down Post." The solution of this is easy and palpable. Before the invention of mail carriages or carts, when letters were carried by equestrian couriers, the bearers of the up and down post met at this half-way house, exchanged their bags, and each went

back again, with considerable economy of time and trouble. The Bull and Mouth is apparently an hieroglyphic of "Boulogne Mouth," or the harbour of Boulogne. The Bolt in Tun is meant for "Lady Anne Bolton," a celebrated beauty of her day; the Devil and the Bag of Nails is a ludicrous perversion of "a Satyr and Bacchanals," a very common sign; the Goat and Compasses signifies "God encompasseth us;" the Goat in Boots looks very like a union of the two celestial signs, "Capricorn and Boötes;" the Cock and Bottle is (as many others are) an alteration from the French, "*La coquine bouteille;*" the Cat and Fiddle resembles "*Le chat fidele;*" the Bell and Savage Man is well known to mean "*La belle Sauvage;*" the Hog in Armour is perhaps taken from "*La Hogue en Armes.*" A reference to heraldic bearings may elucidate many others. The Goose and Gridiron changes into the "Swan" and "Portcullis," crests of the Earl of Albemarle and the Duke of Beaufort. The Hen and Chickens is probably an alteration of the Pelican and Young, the crest of Lords Galloway, Scarborough, and some other members of the peerage. The Half-moon and Fiddle may be the crescent with the motto "*Fidele.*" The solution of the Cat and Bagpipes has hitherto eluded our researches. In Oxford-street, not far from Soho-square, may be observed an old sign, called "The Man loaded with Mischiefs," represented by an unlucky wight, bearing a female, of most ungracious mein and features, on his shoulders. She holds a bumper of gin in one hand, and is *combing* his hair with the other. The painter who designed this group had probably suffered under the conjugal yoke of some Xantippe, and thus revenged himself. As an antidote to this coarse satire on the gentler sex, we have much pleasure in repeating the elegant eulogy addressed by Lord Herbert to a beautiful Italian Nun:—

"Die when you will, you need not wear,
At Heaven's court, a form more fair
Than beauty at your birth has given;
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An Angel ready-made for Heaven."

ON EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC INSCRIPTIONS.

"Adieu, and take this praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph."—*Shakspeare.*

THE invention of epitaphs is attributed by the learned to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who flourished about thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and having been unhappily slain, his pupils lamented the loss of their master in a particular kind of mournful verses, called from him *Ælinum*, and afterwards *Epitaphia*; because they were sung at burials and engraved upon sepulchres, which may also be called monuments *à memoria*. All these honorary inscriptions were held sacred. He who effaced or injured them, was looked upon as an enemy to the gods, and as Shakspeare's outlaws say of themselves, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "thrust from the company of awful men." In England, the date of commemorative records may be traced back to a very early period. They were in use with the Jews, the Athenians, the Romans, and most of the nations of antiquity. The Romans were the first who erected monuments to the living, even as they deified emperors, their wives, and collaterals, while they were still in existence. The Lacedæmonians allowed epitaphs only to warriors who fell in battle, or women remarkable for chastity. Boxhornius, professor of rhetoric and history in the university of Leyden, made a collection of Latin epitaphs more than two hundred years ago. Father Labbé, a learned Jesuit, produced a similar one in French about the same time. The first English publication in this class was by W. Tol-derry, in 1755. Much leisurely amusement, and some food for wholesome reflection, may be gathered from the study of epitaphs. In our youth, we once made a compilation of these mortuary memoranda, which contained many of a very eccentric character. They were neither invented nor copied from the common-place books of other curious inquirers, but were principally gathered together from actual wanderings and meditations among the tombs. We pretend not to the antiquarian enthusiasm of "Old Mortality," but we have always looked upon these vestiges of the past as instructive pre-faces to the future.

Dr. Johnson wrote an essay on epitaphs, which originally appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1740. In enumerating the ingredients applicable to this peculiar style of composition, he particularly recommends brevity and simplicity. A useful hint is contained in an old anonymous epigram:—

"Friend, in your epitaphs I'm griev'd
So very much is said :
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read."—

"*O Rare Ben Jonson*," in Westminster Abbey, is quaint, as well as simple and brief. "*Exit Burbage*," over the grave of that celebrated actor, is shorter still, and professionally characteristic. "*Miserrimus*," on the tomb of a nameless occupant in Worcester Cathedral, is even more terse and expressive. On a mouldering stone in an obscure country churchyard in the south of England, may be deciphered the abrupt monosyllable of three letters, "*Fui*"—a condensed memorial which cannot be paralleled. The small word of such momentous meaning comprises a volume of wretchedness, if the use of the preter-perfect tense is intended to imply that the desponding writer lies there, resolving into parent dust, without hope of resurrection or futurity. Epitaphs are sometimes as little to be trusted as the last words of distinguished individuals who die in public, and are occasionally got up for effect, rather than as truthful illustrations of character. On the tomb of one notoriously careless in money obligations, it was written, not in simple phrase, that he died, but in poetical metaphor, that on a certain day he paid the debt of nature. An unlucky figure, which tempted many to remark, it was the only debt he ever paid. Dying men have uttered pleasantries in their last moments. It is not, therefore, surprising that the living should jest over an inconsistent epitaph.

A pompous enumeration of public services or private virtues, of achievements, learning, abilities, or possessions, is of no use to the departed, although it may minister to the self-

love, and aggrandise the importance of their posterity. In an opposite strain, we often see merely a name and a date, followed by a flashy display of the titles and pretensions of the friend or relative erecting the memorial. This savours of vanity and outward show, hollow and unreal as the acted solemnity of the hired mourners who are engaged to swell the pageant of a funeral procession. All smells of this world, and has no odour of the next, with which the monument of the dead should be a connecting link. The mouldering dust is insensible to the eulogium called forth as frequently by interest as by affection. The "dull, cold ear of death" can neither be soothed by the incense of flattery, nor irritated by the censure of detraction. The pith of this reasoning is well conveyed in a couplet on the grave-stone of two humble individuals, Francis Dipple and Elizabeth his wife, in the churchyard of Wellesburne Hastings, Warwickshire:—

"Praises on tombs are honours vainly spent,
A man's good name is his best monument."

Addison, describing a visit to Westminster Abbey, says of the tombs and sculptures there:—

"Some of them are covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends had bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth."

Dr. Johnson allows considerable latitude in monumental eulogy. In a conversation preserved by Dr. Burney, he observed:—

"The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true; allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath."

We can scarcely yield assent to this, even from such high authority. The argument, taken at its full value, is showy rather than substantial, and vindicates prejudice, whether hostile

or friendly, at the expense of truth. On an earlier occasion, and in print, the sage differs from himself, and materially qualifies his opinion. He says ("Essay on Epitaphs"):—

"Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and therefore not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must enquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mæcenæ his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of Augustus."

Unbiased judgment with perfect accuracy, is not to be expected from any writer, no matter how grave may be his subject or conscientious his character. The elegiast who colours too favourably from partiality, is more excusable than the historian or philosopher, who misrepresents facts from ignorance, carelessness, or caprice. The sins of the latter are more glaring and injurious than those of the former. Seneca calls Antigonus, father of Demetrius Poliorcetes—the uncle of Alexander the Great. Juvenal says, Agamemnon might have rendered himself impenetrable to poison by taking the antidotes of Mithridates,* who lived many centuries after him. All historians inform us that wolves were entirely extirpated in England by the Saxon King Edgar; and so the ingenuous youth of the day are instructed in their historical catechisms. A reference to Rymer's "*Fœdera*," shows that these unpleasant natives kept their footing in the island, even to the reign of King Edward I., more than three hundred years later:—"Anno 9, Edw. Primi. The king sent an injunction to the sheriffs of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire, reciting that he had directed Peter de Corbet to hunt and destroy wolves, in the forests of those counties, with men, dogs, and snares, and enjoining said sheriffs to give him all possible assistance."† According to some chro-

* "*Si prægustaret Atrides
Pontica ter victi, cautus, medicamina Regis?*"

† Wolves were found in Ireland as late as 1710, when the last presentment for killing them was made in the county of Cork.

niciers, Don Carlos of Spain, who was secretly put to death by his father, Philip II., was a model of youthful perfection and exalted heroism. Poets, dramatists, and anecdote-hunters have adopted this opinion for the sake of a romantic subject. If we are to credit a contemporary writer, Brantome, who, though a little free in expression, is considered faithful and accurate, he was an abandoned profligate, an insulter of everything modest and decent; and the young nobility who kept company with him were notorious for the loose depravity of their lives, and the miserable ends to which they were brought in time. The account given by the facetious Frenchman of that prince's rambles through the streets of Madrid, is more humorous than edifying. Hume states deliberately, that Charles I. slept soundly at Whitehall on the night preceding his death, undisturbed by the noise of the workmen who were erecting the scaffold; whereas, it is certain, that he passed his last night at St. James's, far beyond the sound of the appalling preparations, and walked across the Park in the morning to the place of execution. Guy Patin, a celebrated French physician and litterateur, affirms that Lord Darnley was murdered by the Puritans. He also bestows several laborious pages to prove that Mahomet was never a Cardinal at Rome, and that there are no silver grapes in Hungary. When we are faced by these and many similar absurdities in the pages of received annalists, we need not measure with extreme critical severity, the overheated encomiums of the living on their deceased progenitors. The epitaph upon Epictetus, the stoic philosopher, preserved in the original, may be quoted as a good specimen, comprising in a short distich, high panegyric and sound instruction. "Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of heaven." Some of the monkish inscriptions in the ignorant ages, are equally appropriate and solemn; such, for instance, as the simple line, "*Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris.*" Lord Byron copied two of a very touching character, which he

found in the Certosa Cemetery, at Ferrara—"Martini Luigi implora pace." "*Lucrezia Pacini, implora eterna quiete.*" These short sentences, so musical in the Italian pronunciation, contain doubt, hope, and humility. The dead were satiated with life, and weary of the turmoil of existence. All they wanted and implored for, was rest. "*Stavo bene; per star meglio, sto qui.*" Here is another Italian inscription of much meaning, contained in a few words. "I was well, I would be better, and here I am." Addison, in the *Spectator*, gives two celebrated epitaphs by Ben Jonson, one of which, he says, is from an uncertain writer, and both he quotes incorrectly. Misquotation is so universally indulged, that it becomes hazardous, on this delicate point, to trust even the highest authority. We are reminded of the apt query of Agesilaus, when any one was strongly recommended to him, "Who will vouch for the voucher?" Bishop Warburton and Bentley may, perhaps, be cited, as the most dangerous referees in these cases. A propensity to verbal criticism, joined to the pride of scholarship, blinded both, and led them to commit sad havoc with Shakespeare and the classics. Gibbon and Byron are among the safest to follow. Neither could afford to make mistakes, or give extracts carelessly. Gibbon says, in reply to his many opponents, who were called learned—"When they attacked my opinions, I was silent; but when they impugned my accuracy, and questioned my authorities, I was forced to appeal to books of which they had never until then heard the names." The erudite Burton, whose mind was a congeries of quotation, a gigantic digest of other people's thoughts, alters the words of the Bible when it suits his purpose. In his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," when advocating mirth against sadness, he says, "the merrier the heart, the longer the life;" and then quotes from Proverbs, xiv. 30. "a merrie heart is the life of the flesh." The Scriptural passage runs thus:—"a sound heart is the life of the flesh, but envy the rottenness of the bones." The context entirely alters the meaning, as rendered by Burton. Gentle reader,

* "Δούλος Επιστήτης γινώσκων, και συμπ' αναστησας,
Και πιστην Ήσιν, και φίλος Αδελφότητος."

always compare contexts, before you rely on quotations.

Ben Jonson's two epitaphs, exactly copied, are as follow :—

"ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse :
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Wise and virtuous, good as she,
Time will throw his dart at thee."

"ON ELIZABETH L.—

"Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.—
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, in life, did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault ;
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other let it sleep with death ;
Fitter when it died to tell,
Than that it liv'd at all.—Farewell !"

In St. George's Church, Doncaster, is preserved the following quaint inscription, which may be found also in "Camden's Remains," and is alluded to in the *Spectator* :—

"How now, who is here ?
I, Robin, of Doncastere,
And Margaret, my feare,
That I spent, that I had ;
That I gave, that I have ;
That I left, that I lost. A.D. 1579.

"Quoth Robertus Byrks, who in this world
did reign threescore years and seven, and
yet lived not one !"

In "Camden's Remains" is to be found another remarkable couplet, on a man of unrighteous life, who died suddenly, in consequence of a fall from his horse :—

"Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I ask'd—mercy I found."

Dr. Johnson has quoted this, but with an alteration, by no means improving the original. His own epitaph on Phillips, an unpatronised musician of great talent (in Wolverhampton churchyard), is one of his happiest poetical efforts :—

"Phillips, whose touch harmonious could
remove
The pangs of guilty power or hopeless
love ;

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Rest here, disturb'd by poverty no more :
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft
before ;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful
shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like
thine."

Pope's epitaphs are all of an inferior character, quite unworthy of his name. That intended for Newton is the best ; but the thought (as Dr. Johnson remarks) is obvious, and the rhyme too close to be agreeable :—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in
night ;
God said, let Newton be, and all was
light !"

Dr. Johnson observes, justly, "Pope's sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible dialogue between 'He and She' (Dr. Atterbury and his Daughter), should have been suppressed for the author's sake." It is, however, curious, as showing that genius is not always awake, and how badly a clever poet can write when not in the vein. Perhaps, too, it suggested the following, which is more worthy of preservation :—

"SHE.—'Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here ;
In patience wait, prepare to die,
For thou must shortly come to I.'

"HE.—'I do not grieve, my dearest life—
Sleep on—I've got another wife ;
I therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must stay to comfort she.'"

Edward Bond, Esq., of Bondville, in the county of Armagh, ordered a dial to be erected on his grave, with these lines inscribed :—

"No marble pomp, no monumental praise,
My tomb, this dial—epitaph, these lays.
Pride and low mouldering clay but ill
agree ;
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each
day ;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
Here, reader, mark ! Perhaps now in thy
prime,
The stealing steps of never-standing time.
Thou'lt be what I am ; catch the present
hour,
Employ that well, for that's within thy
power."

"ON AN INFANT, AT WISBEACH."

"Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth her body's lent;
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine."

This is pleasing, and the concluding lines contain a very impressive moral. The following (in the old churchyard at Clifton, near Bristol), on a very promising young child, cut off prematurely by an accident, is, we think, on the whole, superior:—

"Secure from storms, here rests a tender
flower,
Early remov'd from black misfortune's
power.
Short though its bloom, the opening bud
began
To promise fair when ripen'd into man;
Yet lovelier far 'twill to perfection rise,
Unfold its charms, and flourish in the
skies."

The subjoined we copied, but cannot recollect the locality, of which we have preserved no memorandum:—

"Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time
On bad biography, or coarser rhyme;
For what I am this mouldering clay as-
sures,
And what I was—is no concern of
yours."

In Finsbury churchyard there is one which bears considerable resemblance to the foregoing:—

"Time was I stood as thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand to look on thee."

In the churchyard at Montrose may be deciphered the following choice composition, bearing date, Nov. 25th, 1757:—

"Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young
and Isobel Guthrie, and all their posterity
for more than fifty years backwards."

On Jean Allan, wife of John Houston, at Arbroath:—

"She was—but words are wanting
To say what:
Think what a wife should be, and
She was that."

Gay's epitaph on himself—

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it"—

we have always considered flippant in style, and unsound in reasoning, although often quoted as an example of elegiac terseness and laconic propriety. Prior's, in the same style, appears to us of a higher quality:—

"Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior!
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher."

We do not immediately recollect where the next is to be found:—

"The bitter cup which Death sent me,
Is passing round, to come to thee."

Garrick's epitaph on Quin, in the Abbey Church at Bath, has been copied oftener than it has been exceeded. We know of very few entitled to rank in a higher class:—

"The tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no
more;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what
Shakspeare writ.
Cold is that hand, which ever was stretch'd
forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies JAMES QUIN!—Deign, reader, to
be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of
thought;
In Nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last!"

The celebrated "Take Holy Earth" epitaph, by Mason, in Bristol Cathedral, may claim a comparison for pathos and poetic beauty, with any similar composition in the English language; but it loses something in interest from the unromantic fact, that the reverend author was courting a second wife before the monument to his first was completed.

In the churchyard at Lee, near Blackheath, Kent, is a stone erected to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, many years a faithful servant to George Duke of Montagu. She died August 21st, 1776, aged eighty-four. On this stone is inscribed—

"Stay, gentle reader! Let this stone
To thee an useful lesson give—
That for the good, and then alone,
To die is better than to live."

At Cheltenham, you may read the following on a tomb erected by the voluntary contribution of servants, to the memory of William Davis, who died in the service of Major Webber, August 21st, 1798, aged forty-seven years :—

"Adieu, vain world ! I've seen enough of thee,
And now regard not what thou say'st of me ;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here.
What faults you saw in me, take care to
shun,
And look at home, enough's there to be done.
Where'er I liv'd or died, it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
I was, I am not ; ask no more of me,
It's all I am, and all the proud shall be."

At Richmond, in Yorkshire :—

"Here lies the body of William Wix,
One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-six."

In St. Philip's Churchyard, Birmingham :—

"Oh, cruel Death, it surely was unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind :
Thou shouldst have taken both, if either,
Which would have been much better for the
survivor."

In Hartington Churchyard, Derbyshire :—

"The man that lies beneath this stone,
Was for his honesty well known ;
An industrious wife he had, and children kind,
Which gave great satisfaction to his mind :
His debts he paid ; his grave you see ;
Prepare yourself to follow HE !"

The far-famed Joseph Miller, of facetious memory, the compiler of many jests, and an actor of repute in his day, is interred in the burying ground of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. His epitaph, written by Mr. J. Duck, runs thus :—

"Here lie the remains of HONEST JOE MILLER, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian. He departed this life the 15th day of April, 1788, aged fifty-four years.

"If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the
grave ;
The grave had not so soon this tenant
found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour
crown'd.

Or, could esteem and love preserve our
breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of
death ;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so
well."

The loyal elegy which the heroic Marquis of Montrose wrote with the point of his sword, in honour of his master's memory, cannot be too often transcribed :—

"Great ! Good ! and Just ! Could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should deluge once again ;
But since the loud-tongued blood demands
supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus
eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet
sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and
wounds."

The following was written many years ago for a forecasting individual, who liked to be provided against emergencies. It has not yet been used, but remains locked in his desk, ready for service, when occasion requires :—

"The form which moulders in this humble
tomb
Once mov'd erect in all the pride of life ;
Here the frail wretch, whom crawling
worms consume,
Closes a fev'rish course of pain and strife.
No public shouts announc'd his march to
fame,
No proud inscriptions blazon'd forth his
worth ;
To rank, or wealth, or land, he laid no
claim,
Save this small tenement of parent earth.
By nature form'd of blended good and ill,
And seldom firm in virtue's thorny way ;
He studied his own heart with little skill,
And scarce could tell why passion led
astray.
Reader, pronounce not on thy fellow-man,
The final sentence, too severely just ;
With charitable eye, his errors scan,
And drop one tear to mingle with his
dust."

We wind up our selection with the monumental inscriptions in honour of the two patriarchs of English history, Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins.
On Thomas Parr, in Westminster Abbey :—

"THOMAS PARR, of the County of Salop,
Born A.D. 1488. He lived in the reigns of

Ten Princes—Edward the Fourth, Edward the Fifth, Richard the Third, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, Elizabeth, James, and King Charles. He died in London, aged 152 years, and was buried here, Nov. 15th, 1635."

On Henry Jenkins, at Bolton, Yorkshire :—

"Blush not, marble! to rescue from oblivion the memory of HENRY JENKINS, a person of homely birth, but of a life truly

memorable, for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety of his enjoyments: and tho' the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble style, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days! To teach mistaken man, that blessings are entail'd on temperance, a life of labour and a mind at ease; he lived to the amazing age of One Hundred and Sixty Nine! was interred here, Dec. 6th, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory, 1742."

ON CELEBRATED CHARACTERS WHO HAVE JESTED WHEN DYING.

"Strange though it seem,—yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief.—
That playfulness of sorrow ne'er beguiles
And smiles in bitterness, but still it smiles:
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest."

—LORD BYRON—CORSAIR, CANTO II.

"Life's a mere rag, not worth a prince's wearing,
I'll cast it off."

—KING ARTHUR IN "TOM THUMB."

THAT the last solemn scene of mortal existence, so often attended by pain and physical suffering, so constantly clouded by mental doubt and uncertainty, should ever be accompanied by carelessness of demeanour, or levity of expression, is one of those strange anomalies in the human heart and intellect, which it is difficult to reason on, and almost impossible to understand. Yet the cases are not uncommon, and too minutely preserved to be passed over as either fabulous or exaggerated. In the list are illustrious heathens as well as professing Christians; nor can we always trace their indifference on this momentous subject, either to constitutional infidelity, or an acceptance of the gloomy code, which attempts to teach that the world is governed by self-acting laws, that death is annihilation, futurity a chimera, and that responsibility and perception are alike buried in the dark precincts of the grave. Of all the forms of unbelief, this is the least rational and satisfactory. Frederic the Great appears to have been one of its determined advocates—a man whose life was a succession of perilous adventures, and whose constant escape from apparently overwhelming difficulties and dangers, might have taught him some faith in a presiding Providence. There are others who from vanity, for the sake of effect, or some hidden impulse, known only to themselves and the Universal Searcher,

have sought to wind up an insignificant and profitless life by a respectable exit. Of such it may be said, as of the rebel Thane of Cawdor in *Macbeth* :—

"Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle."

Few things command attention more in the history of remarkable individuals than the manner in which they meet the stroke of death—whether in the course of nature or by sudden and unforeseen casualty. Through life we are in disguise; but the mask falls on the approach of the destroyer, and man then looks at himself as if reflected from a mirror, in *puris naturalibus*, divested of fashionable worldly garments, and in unstudied *dishabille*. "There is nothing," says Montaigne, "I am more curious about than the deaths of celebrated people. I like to study them in *articulo mortis*, to know what they have said, how they have looked, and what were their outward indications of internal feeling." And again, in another place he says, "How often we see popular characters led to death, not only simple death, but coupled with infamy and torture; and yet carrying themselves with such a calm assurance that it is difficult to observe any change from their ordinary de-

meanour. They settle their affairs, sing, address the assembled multitude, take leave of their friends and acquaintances, and drink to their prosperity after the manner of Socrates. It is recorded of one who was going to execution, that he requested not to pass by a certain street, lest a tailor to whom he was indebted should arrest him on the way. Another said to the executioner, just as he was going to strike, 'do not touch my neck, for I am so ticklish that you will make me burst with laughter.' A third replied to his confessor, who said, 'this day you shall sup with the Lord,' 'you may if you like, but this is my fast day.' A fourth asked for some drink, but seeing that the hangman helped himself before he handed the cup to him, flung the contents in his face, and said, 'I will not sully my lips by drinking after such a miscreant as thou art.'

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb-bottle in his hand.

The last scene is the corner-stone of human character. No one can decide on the merits of a play until he has seen the catastrophe. Heroism is not an inherent quality—but an idea, a phantasm springing from human vanity. The death of the philosopher is more instructive than that of the warrior. In the first, it is regulated by reflection; in the last, it springs from impulse. The one is the refined delicacy; the other, the ferocity of courage. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies, and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived, at once, that his term of favour had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. He was, at the same time, the most libertine philosopher, and the most philosophic libertine of antiquity. We must refer our readers to the pages of Valerius Maximus, and Pliny, the naturalist, for full information as to the ancients who died of joy. Leo X. expired in an ecstasy, on receiv-

ing the news that the French were driven out of Pavia and the Milanese. "A very singular death for a Pope," observes Landesius, who records the fact. Ravisius Textor compiled a catalogue of great men who have been killed by immoderate laughter. There is another treatise on the same subject by Balthazar Bonifacius, entitled "*Historia Ludicra*."

Pyrrho, who doubted of everything, as a matter of course, was rather unsettled in his ideas of futurity. He was one day arguing that it was the same to die as to live. "Why do you not die then?" demanded a friend; "Because," replied he, "I recognise no difference between life and death." This reasoning sounds very like what in sporting phraseology is called, a hedge. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but, to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Pomponius Atticus, the intimate friend of Cicero, had fortunately for himself passed through life without meddling with politics, and unvisited by sickness. Feeling ill for the first time, in extreme old age, he assembled his family and informed them he had made up his mind to take leave of this world. He then abstained from all food, maintained his habitual gaiety, and suffered nature to snuff herself out by merry instalments. According to some philosophers, the moment of supreme enjoyment is the true time to die. When the three sons of Diagoras of Rhodes, were crowned on the same day at the Olympic games—"Die, Diagoras," whispered a friendly Lacedæmonian, "for you are too happy to live any longer." He took the hint, and forthwith expired of joy in the arms of his children.

Valerius Maximus says of Anacreon, that he was singularly blessed by nature with a poetical genius and a tranquil death. Suetonius relates of Augustus, that, throughout his last illness, he retained his self-command and habitually tranquil temperament. Perceiving his end approach, he called for a mirror, carefully adjusted his hair, and, turning with a smile to his attendants, said—"Am I not an ac-

complished actor?" The Emperor Vespasian, on his death-bed, sarcastically remarked to his courtiers and flatterers—"I feel that I am about becoming a god!" The timid and irresolute Otho died with the calm collectedness of a stoic; but he was reduced to an extremity which left him no alternative. Hadrian amused himself with the composition of a poem. Pericles, when given over by his physicians, had recourse to sorcerers and magical incantations as a last hope. A friend came in to inquire after his state, to whom he said, "I must be very near my end, when you see me in such company." When Phocion was going to execution, a thoughtless Athenian committed the outrage of spitting in his face. He smiled, and said to the magistrates who accompanied him, "Tell that foolish young man not to open his mouth again so disagreeably." The first Darius, King of Persia, when dying, desired to have this intellectual epitaph engraved on his tomb: "Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering."

Maynard, a French scholar and poet, inscribed these verses on his study door, expressive of his *nonchalance* on the subject of death:—

"Las d'espoir, et de me plaindre
Des grands, de l'amour, et du sort;
J'attends patiemment la mort,
Sans la desirer, ni la craindre."

Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, cast his own nativity, and ascertained, by the conformation of his horoscope, that his death would take place on a certain day. He was such a devout believer in astrology, that he determined to die at the appointed time, rather than his favourite science should be detected in an error. He therefore starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. All astrologers should set up Cardan as their high priest, and central pillar. The learned Bayle was so occupied with a critical work, in opposition to Le Clercq, that he totally forgot and neglected a slow fever, which was killing him by measured advances. He died while correcting the last sheets. Longolius, when he felt his end approaching, wrote to his friends, informing them

of his condition, as gaily as if he were undertaking a common journey. Des Sueteaux, who was tutor to Louis XIII., requested a saraband to be played to him, in order, as he said, that his spirit might pass away more cheerfully. Racan, in his life of Malherbe, his instructor in poetry, gives a very characteristic anecdote of his death. An hour before he expired, he started up suddenly and reproved his hostess, who was watching by him, for an ungrammatical expression; and when his confessor reprimanded him for this, and told him his thoughts should be otherwise employed, he replied that he could not help it, but, to the last gasp, he would contend for the purity of the French language. Pelisson was secretary to the Minister of Finance, Fouquet, and shared his disgrace; after this he abjured Protestantism, and became remarkable for the ardent zeal of his controversial tracts in support of the Church of Rome. His last words were, "Up to this moment, I have thought of nothing but politics." Gasendi, on his death-bed, being asked by a friend what his opinion was of his state, replied, "I neither know why I was sent into this world, nor why I am taken from it." Elisius Calentius, a celebrated poet at the court of Alphonso, King of Naples, and the first writer who advocated the abolition of the punishment of death, composed his own epitaph, in his last moments, as follows:—

"Ingenium natura dedit, fortuna Poëta
Defuit, atque inopem vivere fecit amor."

Passerat dictated his own epitaph, when dying, in these words:—

"Jean Passerat ici sommeille
Attendant que l'ange l'éveille,
Et croit qu'il se reveillera
Quand la trompette sonnera.

Sil faut que maintenant en la fosse je tombe,
Qui ai toujours aimé la paix et le repos,
Afin que rien ne pese a ma cendre et mes os,
Amis de mauvais vers, ne chargez pas ma tombe."

The Abbé Brandelot, who had been physician to Queen Christina of Sweden, was visited, during his last illness, by the curate of St. Sulpice. The good priest, more zealous than delicate, shocked him by the coarseness of his language, and was requested to speak

in Latin. Whereupon, he quoted a passage from St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo. "Stop, Sir," said Brandelot, with difficulty, "would you outrage the ears of a dying man by the barbarisms of that rude African?"

The Cardinal du Bellay, as is well known, was through life the friend and patron of the facetious scoffer, Rabelais. This may seem strange and inconsistent to some, but in those days the princes of the Church were not always particular in the selection of a *protégé*. When Rabelais was dying, the Cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he felt his strength declining and his last moments approach. He then said, "Rapporte a monseigneur, l'état on tu me vois. Je m'en vais chercher un grand-peut-etre. Il est au nid de la pie, quil s'y tienne. Tire le rideau, la farce est finie." "Tell his Eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest, let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain, the farce is over." Such death-beds are startling and extraordinary, but they are also fraught with utility, and furnish food for melancholy reflection. Hobbes of Malmesbury seems to have had the speech of Rabelais in his mind, when he departed with these words, "I am going to take a great leap in the dark." Yet this imaginary philosopher, who died with an ambiguous jest, and denied the truth of Christianity, was afraid of being alone, and believed firmly in witches and spectres. Patru, one of this class, called in France, *des esprits forts*, being in extremity, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, a truly religious man, wished him to die according to the rights of the Church, at which he had scoffed during life. Patru, although a deist, was no hypocrite. "The world, M. Patru," said the good Bishop, "looks upon you as a philosopher; you had better undeceive the public by a discourse on religion." "I had better remain silent," said Patru; "people only make speeches in their last moments from weakness or vanity."

Sir Thomas More, when led to execution, observed that the scaffold was

a weak structure, and said to the Lieutenant, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and as for my coming down, you may let me shift for myself." He desired the executioner to be very careful of his beard; "for," said he, "my beard has committed no treason against the king, and deserves no punishment." Anne Boleyn, clasping her neck, said to the bystanders, "my neck is very small, and will give little trouble." George Buchanan had a great contempt for physicians. During a fever, which ended him, he refused their prescriptions, and being assured by one of them that wine would be fatal, he took a glass of wine in his hand, drank the contents, and died repeating an apposite elegy of Propertius.*

Machiavelli, St. Evremond, Madame de Mazarin, Ninon de l'Enclos, are included among the number of those who have met death with indifference and levity. In the secret memoirs of Vittorio Siri, a learned Italian monk, he states that Queen Elizabeth, when dying, seated herself on her bed, with her eyes on the ground and a finger on her mouth, and ordering her usual musicians to be summoned, listened to them, until her last breath, with inconceivable delight. When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau, to beg him for the credit of the court to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his Countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion."

Brantôme, with his usual *naïveté*, relates the death of Mademoiselle de Limeuil, a maid of honour at the court of Catherine de Medicis. Young and handsome, she was equally celebrated for her ready wit and attic repartees. When she felt the hour of her death approaching, she called her valet, who played extremely well on the violin. "Julien," said she, take your violin and continue to play, until

* "Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
Tum mihi," &c., &c.

you see that I am dead, 'the Defeat of the Swiss;' and play as well as you possibly can. When you come to the passage 'all is lost,' repeat it four or five times with as much point and pathos as you can possibly throw in." Julien did as he was ordered, and the dying beauty accompanied him with her voice. Having twice repeated "all is lost," at the proper moment, she turned round in her bed, and said to her companions, "tout est perdu a ce coup, et a bon escient," all is indeed lost this time, and in good earnest. While uttering these words she fell

back and died. Brantôme adds, "she was a great talker, full of jests, very well made, and respectable in her conduct."

Many of the instances we have named, savour of extravagance and aberration of intellect. Between eccentricity and insanity, there is sometimes but a very narrow interval. The old classic appears to have been right when he said, "Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ," which is thus rendered by our English poet—

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied."

A FEW NOTES ON THE CHARACTER AND ACTIONS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE days of "Good Queen Bess" are referred to by Englishmen with pride and satisfaction, as a period when public glory and domestic prosperity were blended together in a happy union. Much of this has been usually attributed to the great abilities and exalted personal character of that renowned sovereign, but more was in justice due to the improving spirit of the nation, to a fortunate combination of circumstances, and to the number of great men whose services created and adorned the marvels of her long and fortunate reign. The severe accuracy of modern research has laid open many historical fallacies, and has stripped the tinsel from many unsubstantial reputations. The fame of Elizabeth closely anatomised, becomes a reflected rather than an inherent quality. Let us set forward a few of the leading points which substantiate this hypothesis. We dwell little on personal vanity—which is only saying, that she was human, and not exempt from the weakness which would rather be admired for outward attraction than intellectual superiority. She once made a considerable present to a young Dutchman, who, in a complimentary address, passed over her talents to eulogise her beauty. We are not disposed to accuse or indite the memory of Elizabeth wrongfully. Jealous of power, and skilful in rendering herself feared, she was born what many sovereign princesses only become by laborious and protracted study.

Elizabeth never could be prevailed on to name a successor to the throne: a defective policy, which, in case of her sudden death, might have involved

the nation in civil wars. Her original enmity against Queen Mary of Scotland proceeded from jealousy of her superior loveliness, and was prosecuted with the bitterness of an envious rival. The Earl of Hertford, son of Protector Somerset, was privately married to the Lady Catherine Grey (sister to Lady Jane Grey), in whom centered the right of the house of Suffolk to the throne. The right was too questionable to be dangerous, though enough to agitate a suspicious mind. When Elizabeth discovered the circumstance, she was so enraged at the pregnancy of the Lady Catherine, that she threw her into the Tower, and summoned Hertford to appear, who had travelled into France. Hertford, on his return, was also sent to the Tower, and because he was unable within a limited time to prove his marriage by witnesses, she ordered the Star-chamber to declare it unlawful, and to pronounce any issue arising therefrom to be illegitimate. The will of Henry VIII. excluded the posterity of his sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from the throne, and, therefore, the succession, on the death of Elizabeth, without direct heirs, might be claimed by the Duke of Suffolk's descendants. Hertford and his wife found means, although separately confined, to have further intercourse, and another child was the consequence. Elizabeth, driven frantic by this additional contempt of her will, set a fine of £15,000 on Hertford, and increased the rigour of his confinement, until the death of his children and his wife, after the expiration of nine years, released her from her apprehensions. Havre de Grace, which

had been put into the hands of the English by the French Huguenots, was lost through her parsimonious delays. She neglected the earnest entreaties of the governor, Lord Warwick, for succours, until too late, and after he had been compelled to capitulate, on the 28th of July, 1563. Her political judgment yielded to her private passions in the remarkable obstinacy with which she continued her favour for a long series of years to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who filled many important posts with infinite detriment to the public service. Totally destitute of character or ability, he had no recommendations but a handsome person and engaging address. The unceremonious manner in which she treated the House of Commons, or any of the more spirited members who happened to displease her, showed that where her sovereign power and prerogative were concerned, she as little regarded the rights or liberty of subjects as did her imperious father, Henry VIII.

A motion was brought forward in the House of Commons in the year 1571, by one Robert Bell, a Puritan, against an exclusive patent which the Queen had granted to a company of merchants in Bristol. Elizabeth was so incensed at this motion, which she deemed an infringement of her prerogative, and which was carried by a majority, that Bell was summoned before the Council and bitterly reprimanded for his audacity. When he returned and made his report to the House, they were struck with terror, and for a long time abstained from debating any subject of importance, lest they should offend the Queen and Cabinet. This patent was contrived for the exclusive profit of four courtiers, and was attended with the utter ruin of seven or eight thousand industrious mechanics.* As Elizabeth was determined to yield the Parliament none of her power, she was very cautious in asking them for any supplies. We trace here a simple solution of her systematic frugality. When the ordinary revenues of the Crown were insufficient for the royal expenditure or the public service, she employed her

prerogative and granted monopolies, or similarly ruinous expedients, to provide money. Theodore Basilides, Czar of Muscovy, revoked the patent by which the English had enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of the Russian trade. When Elizabeth remonstrated against this innovation, he told her ministers plainly, "that princes ought to carry an impartial hand, as well between their own subjects as between foreigners, and not convert trade, which, by the laws of nations, ought to be common to all, into a source of private gain for the interest of a few."† This barbarian appears to have had juster notions of commercial equity than the enlightened Elizabeth.

Her marriage treaty with the Duke of Anjou, brother to Henry III. of France, displayed the coquetry of an ordinary woman rather than the dignity of a great queen, and showed also the little regard she had in reality for the welfare of the English nation. The crowns of France and England would have been united in their child, if they had only one, and by the terms of the treaty he was to live in England eight months in every two years. The laws and customs were to be preserved, and no foreigner promoted to any office by the Duke. The importunate arguments of all her ministers, favourites, and courtiers, and most especially the well-known letter of Sir Philip Sydney, prevailed with her to break off the match when on the point of completion, and after she had gone so far as to place, in public, a ring on the Duke's finger.

The Parliament dared not refuse to ratify the sentence against Queen Mary. The affected sorrow of Elizabeth was flimsy hypocrisy. She pretended that Davison, to whom, with her own hands, she gave the warrant, with orders to carry it to the Chancellor to pass the great seal, had acted contrary to her injunctions, and blamed him for the precipitancy which she suggested and urged herself. Davison, for his obedience, was imprisoned for a long time, and fined ten thousand pounds, which fine was rigorously levied, although it reduced him to beggary. When she delivered the warrant

* See "Journals of Parliaments during the reign of Elizabeth," by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, p. 242.

† See Camden's *Annals*, p. 493.

to Davison, she said, "Go, and tell all this to Walsingham, though he is sick, and I am afraid will die of sorrow when he hears of it."* She also blamed Drury and Paulet, that they had not before ceased her of that trouble. It seems to have been her practice to throw the odium of all her unpopular or unjustifiable acts on her subordinate agents—a proceeding by which she thought to blind the world and silence her own conscience.

The preparations made to oppose the Spanish invasion are more to be attributed to the chivalric patriotism of the nobility and gentry, and the spirit of the English people, than to either the vigour or liberality of the Queen's government. Elizabeth again sacrificed her interest to personal prejudice, in refusing to supply King James of Scotland with men and money to execute justice on the Earls of Angus, Errol, and Huntley, who had entered into a secret treaty with Philip II. to raise their forces, and with the aid of the Spaniards, establish the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland, and then march into England and effect the same purpose there. A tenth part of the expense she bestowed on supporting the French king would have accomplished this object, which concerned her quite as nearly as it did her immediate neighbour. As another instance of private pique, she imprisoned Lord Southampton, because, without asking her permission, he had married the cousin of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. We pass over altogether the burnings for heresy and differences of religious opinion, with other capital punishments for offences comparatively venial, which were much more numerous, and of a more cruel and despotic character, during the

reign of the Virgin Queen than the reader will easily discover from the ordinary sources of information. It is a curious fact, that taking a comparative average of time, there were fewer executions under the stern rule of Cromwell, than in any other given period in the annals of English history.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the number of capital punishments was almost two thousand in each year. In Elizabeth's time that number had diminished to four hundred.† In the reign of George III., the estimate had sunk to forty. At present the scale is considerably lower, and will probably continue in a diminishing ratio. Under George II., the penal laws appeared to have been administered with a severity equalled only by the codes of Draco or Lycurgus. Dr. Johnson, writing in 1738, says, in his poem, of London:—

"Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint
adorn'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd
the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries
known,
Blest age!—but ah! how different from
our own!"

The authority is sound, but the case is not analogous. Alfred ruled over a few counties with a scanty population. Neither the extent of his territory, nor the number of his subjects, amounted to a tenth of either in the reign with which his is here compared.

J. W. C.

* See Camden, Strype, and Davison's Letter to Walsingham.

† See Harrison. Book ii., chapter 2.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. ;

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

A BREAKFAST AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

To do the honours of another man's house is a tremendous test of the most accomplished tact. In point of skill or address, we know of few things more difficult. The ease which sits so gracefully on a host becomes assurance when practised by a representative; and there is a species of monarchy about the lord of a household, that degenerates into usurpation in the hands of a pretender. It is not improbable, then, Dan MacNaghten's success in this trying part was mainly attributable to the fact that he had never thought of its difficulty. He had gone through a fine property in a few years of dissipation, during which he had played the entertainer so often and so well, that nothing seemed to him more natural than a seat at the head of a table, nor any task more simple or more agreeable than to dispense its hospitalities.

The servants of the Castle were well accustomed to obey him, and when he gave his orders for breakfast to be speedily laid out in the conservatory, they set about the preparations with zeal and activity. With such promptitude, indeed, were the arrangements made, that by the time MacNaghten had conducted his guests to the spot, all was in readiness awaiting them.

The place was admirably chosen, being a central point in the conservatory, from which alleys branched out in different directions; some opening upon little plots of flowers or ornamental shrubbery, others disclosing views of the woodland scenery or the distant mountains beyond it. The table was spread beside a marble basin, into which a little group of sportive Titans were seen spouting. Great tide lilies floated on the crystal surface, and gold and silver fish flashed and glittered below. The board itself, covered with luscious fruit, most temptingly arranged amidst beautiful

flowers, displayed, besides, some gorgeous specimens of Sevres and Saxony, hastily taken from their packing-cases, while a large vase of silver, richly chased, stood in the centre, and exhibited four views of the Castle, painted in medallions on its sides.

"If you'll sit here, Miss Polly," said MacNaghten, "you'll have a prettier view, for you'll see the lake, and catch a peep, too, of the Swiss Cottage on the crag above it. I must show you the cottage after breakfast. It was a bit of fancy of my own; copied, I am free to confess, from one I saw in the Oberland. Fagan, help yourself; you'll find these cutlets excellent. Our friend Carew has made an admirable choice of a cook."

"You treat us in princely fashion, sir," said Fagan, whose eyes glanced from the splendour before him to his daughter, and there tried to read her thoughts.

"You gave me no time for that; had you told me you were coming down, I'd have tried to receive you properly. As it is, pray make up your mind to stay a day or two—Carew will be so delighted; nothing flatters him so much as to hear praise of this place."

"Ah, sir, you forget that men like myself have but few holidays."

"So much the worse, Fagan; remember what the adage says about all work and no play. Not, by Jove, but I'm sure that the converse of the proposition must have its penalty, too; for if not, I should have been a marvellously clever fellow. Ay, Miss Polly, my life has been all play."

"A greater fault than the other, sir, and with this addition, too, that it makes proselytes," said she, gravely; "my father's theory finds fewer followers."

"And you not one of them?" said MacNaghten rapidly; while he fixed a look of shrewd inquiry on her.

"Assuredly not," replied she, in a calm and collected tone.

"By Jove, I could have sworn to it," cried he, with a burst of enthusiastic delight.

"There, Fagan, you see Miss Polly takes my side after all."

"I have not said so," rejoined she, gravely. "Gain and waste are nearer relatives than they suspect."

"I must own that I have never known but one of the family," said Dan, with one of those hearty laughs which seemed to reconcile him to any turn of fortune. Fagan all this time was ill at ease and uncomfortable; the topic annoyed him, and he gladly took occasion to change it by an allusion to the wine.

"And yet there are people who will tell you not to drink champagne for breakfast," exclaimed Dan, draining his glass as he spoke; "as if any man could be other than better with this glorious tippie. Miss Polly, your good health, though it seems superfluous to wish you anything."

She bowed half coldly to the compliment, and Fagan added hurriedly—"We are at least contented with our lot in life, Mr. MacNaghten."

"Egad, I should think you were, Tony, and no great merit in the resignation, after all. Put yourself in my position, however—fancy yourself Dan MacNaghten for one brief twenty-four hours. Think of a fellow who began the world—ay, and that not so very long ago either—with something over five thousand a-year, and a good large sum in bank, and who now, as he sits here, only spends five shillings when he writes his name on a stamp; who once had houses, and hounds, and horses, but who now sits in the rumble, and rides a borrowed hack. If you want to make a virtue of your contentment, Fagan, change places with *me*."

"But would you take mine, Mr. MacNaghten?—would you toil, and slave, and fag—would you shut out the sun, that your daily labour should have no suggestive temptings to enjoyment—would you satisfy yourself that the world should be to you one everlasting struggle, till at last the very capacity to feel it otherwise was lost to you for ever?"

"That's more than I am able to picture to myself," said MacNaghten, sipping his wine. "I've lain in a ditch for two hours with a broken thigh-bone,

thinking all the time of the jolly things I'd do when I'd get well again; I've spent some very rainy weeks in a debtors' prison, weaving innumerable enjoyments for the days when I should be at liberty; so that as to any conception of a period when I should not be able to be happy, it's clean and clear beyond me."

Polly's eyes were fixed on him as he spoke, and while their expression was almost severe, the heightened colour of her cheeks showed that she listened to him with a sense of pleasure.

"I suppose it's in the family," continued Dan, gaily. "My poor father used to say that no men have such excellent digestion as those that have nothing to eat."

"And has it never occurred to you, sir," said Polly, with a degree of earnestness in her voice and manner—"has it never occurred to you that this same buoyant temperament could be turned to other and better account than mere"—she stopped, and blushed, and then, as if by an effort, went on—"mere selfish enjoyment? Do you not feel that he who can reckon on such resources, but applies them to base uses when he condescends to make them the accessories of his pleasures? Is there nothing within your heart to whisper that a nature such as this was given for higher and nobler purposes; and that he who has the spirit to confront real danger should not sit down contented with a mere indifference to shame?"

"Polly! Polly!" cried her father, alike overwhelmed by the boldness and the severity of her speech.

"By Jove, the young lady has given me a canter," cried MacNaghten, who, in spite of all his good temper, grew crimson; "and I only wish the lesson had come earlier. Yes, Miss Polly," added he, in a voice of more feeling, "it's too late now."

"You must forgive my daughter, Mr. MacNaghten—she is not usually so presumptuous," said Fagan, rising from the table, while he darted a reproving glance towards Polly; "besides, we are encroaching most unfairly on your time."

"Are you so?" cried Dan, laughing, "I never heard it called mine before! Why, Tony, it's yours, and everybody's that has need of it. But if you'll not eat more, let me show you the grounds. They are too extensive for a walk,

Miss Polly, so, with your leave, we'll have something to drive; meanwhile I'll tell the gardener to pluck you some flowers."

Fagan waited till MacNaghten was out of hearing, and then turned angrily towards his daughter.

"You have given him a sorry specimen of your breeding, Polly; I thought, indeed, you would have known better."

"You forget already, then, the speech with which he accosted us," said she haughtily; "but my memory is better, sir."

"His courtesy might have effaced the recollection, I think," said Fagan, testily.

"His courtesy! Has he not told you himself that every gift he possesses is but an emanation of his selfishness? The man who can be anything so easily, will be nothing if it cost a sacrifice."

"I don't care what he is," said Fagan, in a low, distinct voice, as though he wanted every word to be heard attentively. "For what he has been, and what he will be, I care just as little. It is where he moves, and lives, and exerts influence—these are what concern me."

"Are the chance glimpses that we catch of that high world so attractive, father?" said she, in an accent of almost imploring eagerness. "Do they, indeed, requite us for the cost we pay for them? When we leave the vulgar circle of our equals, is it to hear of generous actions, exalted sentiments, high-souled motives; or is it not to find every vice that stains the low, pampered up into greater infamy amongst the noble?"

"This is romance and folly, girl. Who ever dreamed it should be otherwise? Nature stamped no nobility on gold, nor made copper plebeian. This has been the work of men; and so of the distinctions among themselves, and it will not do for us to dispute the ordinance. Station is power, wealth is power; he who has neither, is but a slave; he who has both, may be all that he would be!"

A sudden gesture to enforce caution followed these words; and at the same time MacNaghten's merry voice was heard, singing as he came along—

"Kneel down there, and say a prayer,
Before my hounds shall eat you."
'I have no prayer,' the Fox replied.
'For I was bred a Quaker.'

"All right, Miss Polly. Out of compliment to you, I suppose, Kitty

Dwyer, that would never suffer a collar over her head for the last six weeks, has consented to be harnessed as gently as a lamb; and my own namesake, 'Dan the Smasher,' has been traced up, without as much as one strap broken. They're a little pair I have been breaking in for Carew; for he's intolerably lazy, and expects to find his nags trained to perfection. Look at them, how they come along—no bearing reins—no blinkers. That's what I call a very neat turn out."

The praise was, assuredly, not unmerited, as two high-bred black ponies swept past with a beautiful phaeton, and drew up at the door of the conservatory.

The restless eyes, the wide-spread nostrils, and quivering flanks of the animals, not less than the noiseless caution of the grooms at their heads, showed, that their education had not yet been completed; and so Fagan remarked at once.

"They look rakish—there's no denying it!" said MacNaghten; "but, they are gentleness itself. The only difficulty is to put the traps on them; once fairly on, there's nothing to apprehend. You are not afraid of them, Miss Polly?" said he, with a strong emphasis on the *you*.

"When you tell me that I need not be, I have no fears," said she, calmly.

"I must be uncourteous enough to say, that I do not concur in the sentiment," said Fagan; "and, with your leave, Mr. MacNaghten, we will walk."

"Walk! Why, to see anything, you'll have twelve miles a-foot. It mustn't be thought of, Miss Polly—I cannot hear of it!" She bowed, as though in half assent; and he continued—"Thanks for the confidence; you shall see it is not misplaced. Now, Fagan—"

"I am decided, Mr. MacNaghten; I'll not venture; nor will I permit my daughter to risk her life."

"Neither would I, I should hope," said MacNaghten; and, although the words were uttered with something of irritation, there was that in the tone that made Polly blush deeply.

"It's too bad, by Jove!" muttered he, half aloud, "when a man has so few things that he really can do, to deny his skill in the one he knows best."

"I am quite ready, sir," said Polly, in that tone of determination which she was often accustomed to assume, and against which her father rarely or never disputed.

"There now, Fagan; get up into the rumble. I'll not ask you to be the coachman. Come, come—no more opposition; we shall make them impatient if we keep them standing much longer."

As he spoke, he offered his arm to Polly, who, with a smile—the first she had deigned to give him—accepted it, and then hastily leading her forward, he banded her into the carriage. In an instant MacNaghten was beside her. With the instinct of hot-tempered cattle, they no sooner felt a hand upon the reins, than they became eager to move forward, and, while one pawed the ground with impatience, the other, retiring to the very limit of the pole-strap, prepared for a desperate plunge.

"Up with you, Fagan; be quick—be quick!" cried Dan. "It won't do to hold them in. Let them go, lads, or they'll smash everything!" And the words were hardly out, when, with a tremendous bound, that carried the front wheels off the road, away they went. "Meet us at the other gate—they'll show you the way," cried MacNaghten, as, standing up, he pointed with his whip in the direction he meant. He had no time for more; for all his attention was now needed to the horses, as, each exciting the other, they dashed madly on down the road.

"This comes of keeping them standing," muttered Dan; "and the scoundrels have curbed them up too tight. You're not afraid, Miss Polly. I've Jove, that was a dash—Kitty showed her heels over the splash-board. Look at that devil Dan—see how he's bearing in the pole-piece!—an old trick of his!"

A tremendous cut on his flank now drove him almost furious, and the enraged animal set off at speed.

"We must let them blow themselves, Miss Polly. It all comes of their standing so long. You're not afraid. Well, then, they may do their worst."

By this time the pace had become a tearing gallop, and seeing that nothing short of some miles would suffice to tame them down, MacNaghten turned their heads into the direction of a long avenue, which led towards the sea.

It was all in vain that Fagan hastened through the flower-garden, and across a private shrubbery; when he reached the "gate," there was no sign of the phaeton. The cuckoo and the thrush were the only voices heard in the stillness; and at intervals, the deep booming of the sea, miles distant, told how unbroken was the silence around. His mind was a conflict of fear and anger; terrible anxieties for his daughter, were mixed up with passion at this evidence of her wayward nature; and he walked along, reproaching himself bitterly for having accepted the civilities of MacNaghten.

Fagan's own schemes for a high alliance for his daughter had made him acquainted with many a counterplot of adventurers against himself. He well knew what a prize Polly Fagan was deemed amongst the class of broken-down and needy spendthrifts who came to him for aid. Often and often had he detected the first steps of such machinations, till, at length, he had become suspicious of everything and everybody. Now, MacNaghten was exactly the kind of man he most dreaded in this respect. There was that recklessness about him that comes of broken fortune; he was the very type of a desperate adventurer, ready to seize any chance to restore himself to fortune and independence. Who could answer for such a man in such an emergency?

Driven almost mad with these terrors, he now hastened his steps, stopping at times to listen, and at times calling on his daughter in the wildest accents. Without knowing whither he went, he soon lost himself in the mazes of the wood, and wandered on for hours in a state bordering upon distraction. Suspicion had so mastered his reason that he had convinced himself the whole was a deliberate scheme—that MacNaghten had planned all beforehand. In his disordered fancies, he did not scruple to accuse his daughter of complicity, and inveighed against her falsehood and treachery in the bitterest words. And what was Dan MacNaghten doing all this time? Anything, everything, in short, but what he was accused of! In good truth, he had little time for love-making, had such a project even entered his head, so divided were his attentions between the care of the cattle and his task of describing the different scenes through which they

passed at speed—the view being like one of those modern inventions called dissolving views,—no sooner presenting an object than superseding it by another. In addition to all this, he had to reconcile Miss Polly to what seemed a desertion of her father; so that, what with his “cares of coachman, cicerone, and consoler,” as he himself afterwards said, it was clean beyond him to slip in even a word on his own part. It is no part of my task to inquire how Polly enjoyed the excursion, or whether the dash of recklessness, so unlike every incident of her daily life, did not repay her for any discomfort of her father’s absence: certain is it that when, after about eight miles traversed in less than half an hour, they returned to the castle, her first sense of apprehension was felt by not finding her father to meet her. No sooner had MacNaghten conducted her to the library than he set out himself in search of Fagan, having despatched messengers in all directions on the same errand. Dan, it must be owned, had far rather have remained to reassure Miss Polly, and convince her that her father’s absence would be but momentary; but he felt that it was a point of duty with him to go—and go he did.

It chanced that, by dint of turning and winding, Fagan had at length approached the castle again, so that MacNaghten came up with him within a few minutes after his search began. “Safe, and where?” were the only words the old man could utter as he grasped the other’s arm. Dan, who attributed the agitation to but one cause, proceeded at once to reassure him on the score of his daughter’s safety, detailing, at the same time, the circumstances which compelled him to turn off in a direction the opposite of that he intended. Fagan drank in every word with eagerness, his grey eyes piercingly fixed on the speaker all the while. Great as was his agitation throughout, it became excessive when MacNaghten chanced to allude to Polly personally, and to speak of the courage she displayed.

“She told you that she was not afraid?—she said so to yourself?” cried he, eagerly.

“Ay, a dozen times,” replied Dan, freely. “It was impossible to have behaved better.”

“You said so—you praised her for

it I have no doubt,” said the other, with a grim effort at a smile.

“To be sure I did, Tony. By Jove you’ve reason to be proud of her. I don’t speak of her beauty, that every one can see; but she’s a noble-minded girl. She would grace any station in the land.”

“She heard you say as much with pleasure, I’m certain,” said Fagan, with a smile that was more than half a sneer.

“Nay, faith, Tony, I did not go so far. I praised her courage. I told her that not every man could have behaved so bravely.”

MacNaghten paused at this.

“And then—and then, sir,” cried Fagan, impatiently.

Dan turned suddenly towards him, and to his amazement beheld a countenance tremulous with passionate excitement.

“What then, sir? Tell me what then. I have a right to ask, and I will know it. I’m her father, and I demand it.”

“Why, what in Heaven’s name is the matter!” exclaimed MacNaghten. “I have told you she is safe—that she is yonder.”

“I speak not of that, sir, and you know it,” cried Fagan, imperiously. “The dissimulation is unworthy of you. You ought to be a man of honour.”

“Egad, good temper would be the best quality for me just now,” said the other, with a smile; “for you seem bent on testing it.”

“I see it all,” cried Fagan, in a voice of anguish. “I see it all. Now hear me, Mr. MacNaghten. You are one who has seen much of the world, and will readily comprehend me. You are a man reputed to be kind-hearted, and you will not pain me by affecting a misunderstanding. Will you leave this to-morrow, and go abroad, say for a year or two? Give me your hand on it, and draw on me for one thousand pounds.”

“Why, Tony, what has come over you? Is it the air of the place has disordered your excellent faculties? What can you mean?”

“This is no answer to my question, sir,” said Fagan, rudely.

“I cannot believe you serious in putting it,” said MacNaghten, half proudly. “Neither you nor any other man has the right to make such a proposal to me.”

"I say that I have, sir. I repeat it. I am her father, and by one dash of my pen she is penniless to-morrow. Ay, by Heaven, it is what I will do if you drive me to it."

"At last I catch your meaning," said MacNaghten, "and I see where your suspicions have been pointing at. No, no; keep your money. It might be a capital bargain for me, Tony, if I had the conscience to close with it,

and, if you knew but all, you've no right to offer so much temptation. That path will bring you to the castle. You'll find Miss Polly in the library. Good bye, Fagan."

And, without waiting for a reply, Mac Naghten turned abruptly away, and disappeared in the wood.

Fagan stood for a second or two deep in thought, and then bent his steps towards the castle.

CHAPTER V.

JOE RAPER.

THE little incident which forms the subject of the last chapter, occurred some weeks before my father's return to Ireland, and while as yet the fact of his marriage was still a secret to all, save his most intimate friends. The morning after Fagan's visit, however, MacNaghten received a few lines from my father, desiring him to look after and pass through the Custom-House certain packages of value, which would arrive there about that time. It chanced that poor Dan's circumstances, just at this moment, made seclusion the safer policy, and so he forwarded the commission to Fagan.

The packages contained the wardrobe of Madame de Carew, and revealed the mystery of my father's marriage. Fagan's plans and speculations must have attained to a great maturity, in his own mind, to account for the sudden shock which this intelligence gave him. He was habitually a cautious calculator, rarely or never carried away by hope beyond the bounds of stern reality, and only accepting the "probable" as the "possible." In this instance, however, he must have suffered himself a wider latitude of expectation, for the news almost stunned him. Vague as were the chances of obtaining my father for a son-in-law, they were yet fair subjects of speculation; and he felt like one who secures a great number of tickets in a lottery, to augment his likelihood to win. Despite of all this, he had now to bear the disappointment of a "blank." The great alliance on which he had built all his hopes of position and station, was lost to him forever; and, unable to bear up against the unexpected stroke of fortune, he feigned illness, and withdrew.

It is very difficult for some men to sever the pain of a disappointment from a sense of injury towards the innocent cause of it. Unwilling to confess that they have calculated ill, they turn their anger into some channel apart from themselves. In the present case, Fagan felt as if my father had done him a foul wrong: as though he had been a party to the deceit he practised on himself, and had actually traded on the hopes which stirred his own heart. He hastened home, and, passing through the little shop, entered the dingy parlour behind it.

At a large, high desk, at each side of which stood innumerable pigeon-holes crammed with papers, a very diminutive man was seated, writing. His suit of snuff-brown was worn and threadbare, but scrupulously clean, as was also the large cravat of spotless white, which enclosed his neck like a pillory. His age might have been about fifty-one or two; some might have guessed him more, for his features were cramped, and contracted with wrinkles, which, with the loss of one of his eyes from small-pox, made him appear much older than he was. His father had been one of the first merchants of Dublin, in whose ruin and bankruptcy, it was said, Fagan's father had a considerable share. The story also ran, that Joe Raper—such was his name—had been the accepted suitor of her who subsequently married Fagan. The marriage having been broken off when these disasters became public, young Raper was forced by poverty to relinquish his career as a student of Trinity College, and become a clerk in Fagan's office, and an inmate of his house. In this station he had passed youth and manhood, and was now

growing old; his whole ambition in life being to see the daughter of his former sweetheart grow up in beauty and accomplishments, and to speculate with himself on some great destiny in store for her. Polly's mother had died within two years after her marriage, and to her child had Joe transmitted all the love and affection he had borne to herself. He had taken charge of her education from infancy, and had laboured hard himself to acquire such knowledge as might keep him in advance of his gifted pupil. But for this self-imposed task it is more than likely that all his little classic lore had been long forgotten, and that the graceful studies of his earlier days had been obliterated by the wear and tear of a life so little in unison with them. To be *her* teacher, he had toiled through the long hours of the night, hoarding up his miserable earnings to buy some coveted book of reference—some deeply-prized authority in criticism. By dint of downright labour—for his was not one of those bright intelligences that acquire as if by instinct—he had mastered several of the modern languages of Europe, and refreshed his knowledge of the ancient ones. With such companionship and such training, Polly Fagan's youth had been fashioned into that strange compound, where high ambitions and gentle tastes warred with each other, and the imaginative faculties were cultivated amidst views of life alone suggestive of gain and money-getting.

If Fagan took little interest in the care bestowed by Raper on his daughter's education, he was far from indifferent to the devotion of his faithful follower; while Joe, on the other hand, well knowing that, without him, the complicated business of the house could not be carried on for a single day, far from presuming on his indispensable services, only felt the more bound in honour to endure any indignity rather than break with one so dependent on him. It had been a kind of traditional practice with the Fagans not to keep regular books, but to commit all their transactions to little fragments of paper, which were stuffed, as it seemed, recklessly, into some one or other of that vast nest of pigeon-holes, which, like a gigantic honeycomb, formed the background of Joe Raper's desk, and of which he alone, of men, knew the secret geography.

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No guide existed to these mysterious receptacles, save when occasionally the name of some suitor of uncommon importance appeared over a compartment; and, as in evidence of what a share our family enjoyed in such distinction, I have heard that the word "Carew" figured over as many as five of these little cells.

Joe turned round hastily on his stool, as his chief entered, and saluted him with a respectful bow; and then, as if continuing some unbroken thread of discourse, said—"Whyte is protested—Figgis and Read stopped."

"What of Grogan?" said Fagan, harshly.

"Asks for time. If he sells his stock at present prices, he'll be a heavy loser."

"So let him—say that we'll proceed."

"The writ can't run there—he lives in Mayo."

"We'll try it."

"We did so before, and the sub-sheriff was shot."

"Attorneys are plenty—we'll send down another."

"Humph!" muttered Joe, as he turned over a folio of papers before him. "Ay; here it is," said he. "Oliver Moore wishes to go to America, and will give up his lease; he only begs that you will vouchsafe to him some small compensation——"

"Compensation! That word is one of yours, Mr. Raper, and, I've no doubt, has a classical origin—you got it in Homer, perhaps; but, let me tell you, sir, that it is a piece of vulgar cant, and, what is worse, a swindle! Ay, grow pale if you like; but I'll repeat the word—a swindle! When a man wants to sell a pair of old boots, does he think of charging for all the blacking he has put on them for the three years before? And yet that is precisely what you dignify with the name of compensation. Tell him, if he built a house, that he lived in it; if he fenced the land, that the neighbours' cattle made fewer trespasses; if he drained, the soil was the drier. Your cry of compensation won't do, Raper. I might as well ask an insurance office to pay me for taking care of my health, and give me a bonus whenever I took castor-oil!"

"The cases are not alike, sir. If his improvements be of a permanent character——"

"Is this an office, Mister Raper, or is it a debating society?" broke in Fagan. My answer to Moore is, pay, and go—to the devil, if he likes."

"Sir Harry Wheeler," continued Joe, "writes from Cheltenham, that he thinks there must be a mistake about the bill for three hundred and forty odd—that it was included in the bond he gave in September last."

"File a bill, send for Crowther, and let him proceed against him."

"But I think he's right, sir; the memorandum is somewhere here. I put it amongst the W's; for we have no box for Sir Harry."

"It's a nice way to keep accounts, Mister Raper; I must say it's very creditable to you," said Fagan; who, when any inaccuracy occurred, always reproached Joe with the system that he rigidly compelled him to follow. "Perhaps, it's classical, however. Maybe it's the way the ancients did it! But I'll tell you what, sir—you'd cut an ugly figure before the courts if you came to be examined; your Latin and Greek wouldn't screen you there."

"Here it is—here's the note," said Joe, who had all the while been prosecuting his search. "It's in your own hand, and mentions that this sum forms a portion of the debt now satisfied by his bond."

"Cancel the bill, and tell him so. What's that letter, yonder?"

"It is marked 'strictly private and confidential,' sir; but comes from Walter Carew, Esq."

"Then, why not give it to me at once?—why keep pottering about every trifle of no moment, sir?" said Fagan, as he broke the seal, and drew near to the window to read. It was very brief, and ran thus:—

"DEAR FAGAN,—Shylock couldn't hold a candle to you—such an infernal mess of interest, compound interest, costs, and commission as you have sent me, I never beheld! However, for the present, I must endure all your exactions, even to the tune of fifty per cent. Let me have cash for the enclosed three bills, for one thousand each, drawn at the old dates, and, of course, to be 'done' at the old discount."

"I have just taken a wife, and am in want of ready money to buy some of the customary tomfooleries of the occasion. Regards to Polly and her fat terrier.—Yours in haste,

"WALTER CAREW."

"Read that," said Fagan, handing the letter to his clerk, while the veins in his forehead swelled out with passion, and his utterance grew hoarse and thick.

Raper carefully perused the note, and then proceeded to examine the bills, when Fagan snatched them rudely from his hand.

"It was his letter I bade you read—the gross insolence of his manner of addressing me. Where's his account, Raper? How does he stand with us?"

"That's a long affair to make out," said Joe, untying a thick roll of papers.

"I don't want details. Can you never understand that? Tell me in three words how he stands."

"Deeply indebted—very deeply indebted, sir," said Joe, poring over the papers.

"Tell Crowther to come over this evening at six o'clock, and write to Carew by this post, thus:—

"Mr. Fagan regrets that in the precarious condition of the money-market, he is obliged to return you the bills, herewith enclosed, without acceptance. Mr. F. having some large and pressing claims to meet, desires to call your attention to the accompanying memorandum, and to ask at what early period it will be your convenience to make an arrangement for its settlement."

"Make out an account and furnish it, Raper; we'll see how he relishes Shylock when he comes to read that."

Joseph sat with the pen in his hand as if deep in thought.

"Do you hear me, Raper?" asked Fagan in a harsh voice.

"I do," said the other, and proceeded to write.

"There's a judgment entered upon Carew's bond of February—isn't there?"

"There is! Crowther has it in his office."

"That's right. We'll see and give him a pleasant honeymoon." And with these words, uttered with an almost savage malevolence, he passed out into the street.

Joe Raper's daily life was a path on which the sunlight seldom fell; but this day it seemed even darker than usual, and as he sat and wrote, many a heavy sigh broke from him, and more than once did he lay down his pen and draw his hand across his eyes.

Still he laboured on, his head bent down over his desk, in that selfsame spot where he had spent his youth, and was now dropping down into age unnoticed and unthought of. Of those who came and went from that dreary room, who saw and spoke with him, how many were there who knew him—who even suspected what lay beneath that simple exterior! To some he was but the messenger of dark tidings, the agent of those severe measures which Fagan not unfrequently employed against his clients. To others he seemed a cold, impassive, almost misanthropic being, without a tie to bind him to his fellow-man; while not a few even ascribed to his influences all the harshness of the "Grinder." It is more than likely that he never knew of—never suspected the different judgments thus passed on him. So humbly did he think of himself—so little disposed was he to fancy that he could be an object of attention to any, the chances are that he was spared this source of mortification. Humility was the basis of his whole character, and by its working was every action of his simple life influenced. It might be a curious subject of inquiry how far this characteristic was fashioned by his habits of reading and of thought. Holding scarcely any intercourse with the world of society—companionless as he was, his associates were the great writers of ancient or modern times—the mighty spirits whose vast conceptions have created a world of their own. Living amongst *them*—animated by *their* glorious sentiments—feeling *their* thoughts—breathing *their* words, how natural that he should have fallen back upon himself with a profound sense of his inferiority. How meanly must he have thought of his whole career in life in presence of such standards!

Upon this day Joe never once opened a book; the little volumes which lay scattered through his drawers were untouched, nor did he, as was his wont, turn for an instant to refresh himself in the loved pages of *Metastasio*, or of *Uhland*. Whenever he had more than usual on hands, it was his custom not to dine with the family, but to eat something as he sat at his desk. Such was his meal now—a little bread and cheese, washed down by a glass of water.

"Miss Polly hopes you'll take a glass of wine, Mr. Joe," said a maid-

servant, as she appeared with a decanter in her hand.

"No! Thanks—thanks to Miss Polly; many thanks—and to you, Margaret—not to-day. I have a good deal to do." And he resumed his work with that air of determination the girl well knew brooked no interruption.

It was full an hour after sunset when he ceased writing; and then laying his head down between his hands, he slept—the sound, heavy sleep that comes of weariness. Twice or thrice had the servant to call him before he could awake, and hear that "Miss Polly was waiting tea for him."

"Waiting for *me*," cried he, in mingled shame and astonishment. "How forgetful I am—how very wrong of me! Is Mr. Crowther here, Margaret?"

"He came an hour ago, sir."

"Dear me, how I have forgotten myself!" And he began gathering up his papers, the hard task of the day, in all haste. "Say, I'm coming, Margaret—tell Miss Polly I'm so sorry." And thus, with many an excuse and in great confusion, Raper hurried out of the office, and up stairs into the drawing-room.

Fagan's house was, perhaps, the oldest in the street, and was remarkable for possessing one of those quaint, old-fashioned windows, which, projecting over the door beneath, formed a species of little boudoir, with views extending on either side. Here, it was Polly's pleasure to sit, and here she now presided at her tea table; while in a remote corner of the room her father and Mr. Crowther were deep in conversation.

"Have you finished the statement?—where's the account?" cried Fagan, roughly interrupting the excuses that Raper was making for his absence.

"Here it is; at least so far as I was able to make it. Many of our memoranda, however, only refer to verbal arrangements, and allude to business matters transacted personally between you and Mr. Carew."

"Listen to him, Crowther; just hear what he says," said Fagan, angrily. "Is not that a satisfactory way to keep accounts?"

"Gently, gently—let us go quietly to work," said Crowther—a large fat unwieldy man, with a bloated, red face, and an utterance rendered difficult from the combined effects of asthma and

over-eating. "Raper is generally most correct, and your own memory is admirable. If Miss Polly will give me a cup of her strongest tea, without any sugar, I'll answer for it, I'll soon see my way."

When Raper had deposited the mass of papers on the table, and presented the cup of tea to Crowther, he stole, half timidly, over to where Polly sat.

"You must be hungry, Papa Joe"—it was the name by which she called him in infancy—"for you never appeared at dinner. Pray eat something now."

"I have no appetite, Polly; that is, I have eaten already. I'm quite refreshed," said he, scarcely thinking of what he said, for his eyes were directed to the table where Crowther was seated, and where a kind of supercilious smile on the attorney's face seemed evoked by something in the papers before him.

"Some cursed folly of his own—some of that blundering nonsense that he fills his brains with!" cried Fagan, as he threw indignantly away a closely written sheet of paper, the lines of which unmistakably proclaimed verse.

Joe eyed the unhappy document wistfully for a second or two, and then, with a stealthy step, he crept over, and threw it into the hearth.

"I found out the passage, Polly," said he, in a whisper, so as not to disturb the serious conference of the others; and he drew a few well-thumbed leaves from his pocket, and placed them beside her, while she bent over them, till her glossy ringlets touched the page.

"This is the Medea," said she; "but we have not read that yet."

"No, Polly; you remember that we kept it for the winter nights—we agreed Tieck and Chamisso were better for summer evenings—*Quando ridono i prati*, as Petrarch says;" and her eyes brightened, and her cheek glowed as he spoke. "How beautiful was that walk we took on Sunday evening last—that little glen beside the river, so silent, so still, who could think it within a mile or two of a great city? What a delightful thing it is to think, Polly, that they who labour hard in the week—and, there are so many of them!—can yet on that one day of rest wander forth, and taste of the earth's freshness.

"L'oro e le perle—I flor vermegli ed i bianchi."

"Confound your balderdash!" cried

Fagan, passionately; "you've put me out in the lot—seventeen and twelve, twenty-nine—two thousand nine hundred pounds, with the accruing interest. I don't see that he has added the interest."

Mr. Crowther bent patiently over the document for a few minutes, and then, taking off his spectacles, and wiping them slowly, said, in his blandest voice—"It appears to me that Mr. Raper has omitted to calculate the interest. Perhaps he would kindly vouchsafe us his attention for a moment."

Raper was, however, at that moment deaf to all such appeals; his spirit was as though wandering free beneath the shade of leafy bowers, or along the sedgy banks of some clear lake.

"You remember Dante's lines, Polly; and how he describes—

"La divina foresta—
Che agl'occhi temperava il nuovo giorno,
Senza pur aspettar lasciar la riva,
Prendendo la campagna lento lento."

How beautiful the repetition of the word 'Lento;' how it conveys the slow reluctance of his step."

"There is, to my thinking, even a more graceful instance in Metastasio," said Polly—

"L'onda che mormora,
Fra sponda e sponda,
L'aura che tremola,
Fra fronda e fronda."

"Raper, Raper—do you hear me, I say?" cried Fagan, as he knocked angrily with his knuckles on the table.

"We are sorry, Miss Fagan," interposed Crowther, "to interrupt such intellectual pleasure; but business has its imperative claims."

"I'm ready—quite ready, sir," said Joe, rising in confusion, and hastening across the room to where the others sat.

"Take a seat, sir," said Fagan, peremptorily; for here are some points which require full explanation. And I would beg to remind you, that if the cultivation of your mind, as I have heard it called, interferes with your attention to office duties, it would be as well to seek out some more congenial sphere for its development than my humble house. I'm too poor a man for such luxurious dalliance, Mr. Raper." These words, although spoken in a whisper, were audible to him to whom they were addressed, and he heard them in a state of half-

stupified amazement. "For the present, I must call your attention to this. What is it."

Raper was no sooner in the midst of figures and calculations than all his instincts of office-life recalled him to himself, and he began rapidly but clearly to explain the strange and confused-looking documents which were strewn before him, and Crowther could not but feel struck by the admirable memory and systematic precision which alone could derive information from such disorderly materials. Even Fagan himself was so carried away by a momentary impulse of enthusiasm as to say, "When a man is capable of such a statement as this, what a disgrace that he should fritter away his faculties with rhymes and legends!"

"Mr. Raper is a philosopher, sir; he despises the base pursuits and grovelling ambitions of us, lower mortals," said Crowther, with a well-feigned humility.

"We must beg of him to lay aside his philosophy, then, for this evening, for there is much to be done yet," said Fagan, untying a large bundle of letters. "This is the correspondence of the last year—the most important of all."

"Large sums! large sums! these," said Crowther, glancing his eyes over the papers. "You appear to have placed a most unlimited confidence in this young gentleman—a very well merited trust I have no doubt."

Fagan made no reply, but a slight contortion of his mouth and eyebrows seemed to offer some dissent to the doctrine.

"I have kept the tea waiting for you, Papa Joe," said Polly, who took the opportunity of a slight pause to address him; and Raper, like an escaped schoolboy, burst away from his task at a word.

"I have just remembered another instance, Polly," said he, "of what we were speaking; it occurs in Schiller—

"'Es bricht sich die wellen mit macht—mit macht.'"

And slightly different, but not less effective is Shelley's—

"'The grass! and the flowers among the grass.'"

"Take your books to your room, Polly," said Fagan, harshly; "for I see that as long as they are here, we have little chance of Mr. Raper's services."

Polly rose, and pressed Joe's hand affectionately, and then, gathering up the volumes before her, she left the room. Raper stood for a second or two gazing at the door after her departure; and then, heaving a faint sigh, muttered to himself—

"I have just recalled to mind another—

"'Eine Blüth', eine Blüth' mir brich,
Vom dem Baum in Garten.'"

Quite ready sir," broke he in suddenly, as a sharp summons from Fagan's knuckles once more admonished him of his duty; and now, as though the link which had bound him to realms of fancy was snapped, he addressed himself to his task with all the patient drudgery of daily habit.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO FRIENDS AND THEIR CONFIDENCES.

By the details of my last two chapters, I have been obliged to recede, as it were, from the due course of my story, and speak of events which occurred prior to those mentioned in a former chapter; but this irregularity was a matter of necessity, since I could not pursue the narrative of my father's life, without introducing to the reader certain characters, who, more or less, exerted an influence on his fortunes. Let me now, however, turn to my tale, from which it is my intention in future to digress as seldom as possible. A few lines, written in haste, had summoned MacNaghten to Castle Carew,

on the morning of that Friday for which my father had invited his friends to dinner. With all his waywardness, and all the weaknesses of an impulsive nature, Dan MacNaghten stood higher in my father's esteem than any other of his friends. It was not alone that he had given my father the most signal proofs of his friendship, but that, throughout his whole career, marked as it was by folly and rashness, and the most thoughtless extravagance, he had never done a single action that reflected on his reputation as a man of honour, nor, in all the triumphs of his prosperous days, or in the trials of his adverse

ones, had he forfeited the regard of any who knew him. My father had entrusted to him, during his absence, everything that could be done without correspondence; for, amongst Dan's characteristics, none was more remarkable than his horror of letter-writing; and it was a popular saying of the time "that Dan MacNaghten would rather fight two duels than write one challenge." Of course, it may be imagined how much there was for two such friends to talk over, when they met, for, if my father's letters were few and brief, MacNaghten's were still fewer and less explicit, leaving voids on either side that nothing but a meeting could supply.

Early, therefore, that Friday morning, Dan's gig and mottled grey, the last remnant of an extensive stable establishment, rattled up the avenue of Castle Carew, and MacNaghten strolled into the garden, to loiter about, till such time as my father might be stirring. He was not many minutes there, however, when my father joined him, and the two friends embraced cordially, and arm-in-arm returned to the house.

It was not without astonishment Dan saw that the breakfast-table was spread in the same little garden-room which my father always used in his bachelor days, and still more, that only two places were laid.

"You are wondering where's my wife, Dan. She never breakfasts with me; nor indeed, do we see each other till late in the afternoon—a custom, I will own, that I used to rebel against at first, but I'm getting more accustomed to it now; and, after all, Dan, it would be a great sacrifice of all her comfort should I insist on a change; so I put up with it as best I can."

"Perhaps she'll see herself, in time, that these are not the habits here."

"Perhaps so," said my father; "but usually French people think their own ways the rule, and all others the exception. I suppose you were surprised at my marriage, Dan."

"Faith I was, I own to you. I thought you one of those inveterate Irishers that couldn't think of anything but Celtic blood. You remember, when we were boys, how we used to rave on that theme."

"Very true. Like all the grafts, we deemed ourselves purer than the ancient stock; but no man ever knows when, where, or whom he'll marry. It's all non-

sense planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a soft spot to fall in a steeple-chase. You come smash down in the very middle of your speculations. I'm sure, as for me, I never dreamed of a wife till I found that I had one."

"I know so well how it all happened," cried Dan, laughing. "You got up one of those delightful intimacies—that pleasant familiar kind of half-at-homishness that throws a man always off his guard, and leaves him open to every assault of female fascination, just when *he* fancies that he is the delight of the whole circle. Egad, I've had at least half-a-dozen such, and must have been married at least as many times, if somebody hadn't discovered, in the meanwhile, that I was ruined."

"So that you never fell in love in your prosperous days, Dan."

"Who does—who ever did? The minor that wrote sonnets has only to come of age, and feel that he can indite a check, to be cured of his love fever. Love is a passion most intimately connected with laziness and little money. Give a fellow seven or eight thousand a-year, good health and good spirits, and I'll back him to do every other folly in Christendom before he thinks of marriage."

"From all of which I am to conclude that you set down this act of mine either as a proof of a weak mind or a failing exchequer," said my father.

"Not in your case," said he, more slowly, and with a greater air of reflection. "You had always a dash of ambition about you; and the chances are, that you set your affections on one that you half-despaired of obtaining, or had really no pretensions to look for. I see I'm right, Walter," said he, as my father fidgeted, and looked confused. "I could have wagered a thousand on it, if I had as much. You entered for the royal plate; and, by Jove! I believe you were right."

"You have not made so bad a guess of it, Dan; but what say the rest? What's the town gossip?"

"Do you not know Dublin as well or better than I do? Can't you frame to a very letter every syllable that has been uttered on the subject—or need I describe to you my Lady Kilfoyle's fan-shaking horror, as she tells of 'that poor dear Ca-

rew, and his unfortunate marriage, with Heaven knows whom! Nor Bob French's astonishment that *you*, of all men, should marry out of your sphere—or, as he calls it, your *spire*. Nor how graphically Mrs. Stapleton Harris narrates the manner of your entanglement—how you fought two brothers, and only gave in to the superior force of an outraged mamma, and the tears of your victim! Nor fifty other similar stories, in which you figured alternately as the dupe or the deceived—the only point of agreement being a universal reprobation of one, who, with all his pretensions to patriotism, should have entirely forgotten the claims of Irish manufacture."

"And are they all so severe—so unjust?"

"Very nearly. The only really warm defender I've heard of you, was one from whom you probably least expected it."

"And who might that be?"

"Can't you guess, Watty?"

"Harry Blake—Redmond—George Macartney?"

"Confound it, you don't think I mean a man."

"A woman—who could she be? Not Sally Talbot; not Lady Jane Rivers; not——"

"Kitty Dwyer; and I think you might have guessed her before, Watty! It is rather late, to be sure, to think of it; but my belief is that you ought to have married that girl."

"She refused me, Dan. She refused me," said my father, growing red, between shame and a sense of irritation.

"There's a way of asking that secures a refusal, Watty. Don't tell *me* Kitty was not fond of you. I ought to know, for she told me so herself."

"She told you so," cried my father, slowly.

"Ay, did she. It was in the summer-house, down yonder. You remember the day you gave a great picnic to the Carbineers; they were ordered off to India, and you asked them out here to a farewell breakfast. Well, I didn't know then how badly matters were with me. I thought, at least, that I could scrape together some thirteen or fourteen hundreds a-year; and I thought, too, that I had a knowledge of the world, that was worth as much more, and that Kitty

Dwyer was just the girl that suited me. She was never out of humour—could ride anything that ever was backed—didn't care what she wore—never known to be sick, sulky, nor sorry for anything; and after a country dance that lasted two hours, and almost killed everybody but ourselves, I took her a walk round the gardens, and seated her in the summer-house there. I needn't tell all I said," continued he, with a sigh. "I believe I couldn't have pleaded harder for my life, if it was at stake; but she stopped me short, and, squeezing my hand between both of hers, said—'No, Dan; this cannot be, and you are too generous to ask me why.' But I was not! I pressed her all the more; and, at last—not without seeing a tear in her eye, too—I got at her secret, and heard her say your name. I swore by every saint we could either of us remember, never to tell this to man or mortal living; and I suppose, in strict fact, I oughtn't to do so now; but, of course, it's the same thing as if you were dead, and you, I well know, will never breathe it again."

"Never!" said my father, and sat with his head on his hand, unable to utter a word more.

"Poor Kitty!" said Dan, with a heavy sigh, while he balanced his spoon on the edge of his tea cup! "I half suspect she is the only one in the world that you ever seriously wronged, and yet she is the very first to uphold you."

"But you are unjust, Dan—most unjust," cried my father, warmly. "There was a kind of flirtation between us—I don't deny it, but nothing more than is always going forward in this free-and-easy land of ours, where people play with their feelings as they do with their fortunes, and are quite astonished to discover, some fine morning, that they have fairly run through both one and the other. I liked her, and she, perhaps, liked me, somewhat better than any one else that she met as often. We got to become very intimate—to feel, that in the disposal of our leisure hours—which meant the live-long day—that we were excessively necessary to each other; in fact, that if our minds were not quite alike, our tastes were. Of course, before one gets that far, one's friends, as they call themselves, have gone far beyond it. There's no need of wearying you with detail. Somebody, I'm sure I forget

who it was, now took occasion to tell me, that I was behaving ill to Kitty; that unless I really intended seriously—that's the paraphrase for marriage—my attentions were calculated to do her injury. Ay, by Jove! your match-making moralists talk of a woman as they would of a horse, and treat a broken flirtation as if it were a breach of warranty. I was, I own it, not a little annoyed at the unnecessary degree of interest my friends insisted on taking in my welfare; but I was not fool enough to go to war with the world single-handed, so I seemed to accept the counsel, and went my way. That same day, I rode out with Kitty. There was a large party of us, but by some chance we found ourselves side by side, and in an avenue of the wood. Quite full as my mind was of the communication of the morning, I could not resist my usual impulse, which was to talk to her of any or everything that was uppermost in my thoughts. I don't mean to say, Dan, that I did so delicately, or even becomingly, for I confess to you, I had grown into that kind of intimacy whose gravest fault is, that it has no reserve. I'm quite certain that nothing could be worse in point of taste or feeling than what I said. You can judge of it from her reply—"And are you such a fool, Walter, as to cut an old friend for such silly gossip?" I blundered out something in defence of myself—floundered away into all kinds of stupid unmeaning apologies, and ended by asking her to marry me. Up to that moment we were conversing in all the freedom of our old friendship—not the slightest reserve on either side; but no sooner had I uttered these words, than she turned towards me with a look so sad, and so reproachful, I did not believe that her features could have conveyed the expression, while, in a voice of deepest emotion she said—"Oh, Walter, this from you!" I was brute enough—there's only one word for it—to misunderstand her; and, full of myself, and the splendour I had made her, and my confounded *amour propre*, I muttered something about the opinion of the world, the voice of friends, and so on. "Tell your friends, then," said she, and with such an emphasis on the word!—"tell your friends that I refused you!" and giving her mare a tremendous cut of the whip, she dashed

off at speed, and was up with the others before I had even presence of mind to follow her."

"You behaved devilish badly—infamously. If I'd been her brother, I'd have shot you like a dog!" cried Dan, rising, and walking the room.

"I know it," said my father, covering his face with his handkerchief.

"I'm sorry I said that, Watty—I don't mean that," said Dan, laying his hand on my father's shoulder. "It all comes of that infernal system of interference! If they had left you alone, and to the guidance of your own feelings, you'd never have gone wrong. But the world will poke in its d-d finger everywhere. It's rather hard, when good breeding protests against the by-stander meddling with your game at chess, that he should have the privilege of obtruding on the most eventful incident of your existence."

"Let us never speak of this again, Dan," said my father, looking up with eyes that were far from clear.

MacNaghten squeezed his hand, and said nothing.

"What have you been doing with Tony Fagan, Dan?" said my father, suddenly. "Have you drawn too freely on the Grinder, and exhausted the liberal resources of his free-giving nature?"

"Nothing of the kind; he has closed his books against me this many a day. But why do you ask this?"

"Look here!" And he opened a drawer, and showed a whole mass of papers, as he spoke. "Fagan, whom I regarded as an undrainable well of the precious metals, threatens to run dry; he sends me back bills unaccepted, and actually menaces me with a reckoning."

"What a rascal, not to be satisfied with forty or fifty per cent."

"He might have charged sixty, Dan, if he would only 'order the bill to lie on the table.' But see, he talks of a settlement, and even hints at a lawyer."

"You ought to have married Polly."

"Pray, is there any one else that I should have married, Dan?" cried my father, half angrily; "for it seems to me that you have quite a passion for finding out alliances for me."

"Polly, they say, will have three hundred thousand pounds," said Dan, slowly, "and is a fine girl to boot. I assure you, Watty, I saw her, the

other day, seated in the library here, and with all the splendour of your stained-glass windows, your gold-fretted ceiling, and your gorgeous tapestries, she looked just in her place. Hang me if there was a particle of the picture in better style or taste than herself."

"How came she here?" cried my father in amazement. And Mac Naghten now related all the circumstances of Fagan's visit, the breakfast, and the drive.

"And you actually sat with three hundred thousand pounds at your side," said my father, "and did not decamp with it?"

"I never said she had the money in her pocket, Watty. Egad! that would have been a very tempting situation."

"How time must have changed you, Dan, when you could discuss the question thus calmly! I remember the day when you'd have won the race, without even wasting a thought on the solvency of the stakeholder."

"Faith I believe it were the wisest way, after all, Watty," said he, carelessly; "but the fact is, in the times you speak of, my conscience, like a generous banker, never refused my drafts; now, however, she has taken a circumspect turn, and I'm never quite certain that I have not overdrawn my account with her. In plain words, I could not bring myself to do with premeditation what once I might have done from recklessness."

"And so the scruple saved Polly," cried my father.

"Just so; not that I had much time to reflect on it, for the blacks were pulling fearfully, and Dan had smashed his splinter-bar with a kick. Still, in coming up by the new shrubbery there, I *did* say to myself—'which road shall I take?' The ponies were going to decide the matter for me; but I turned them short round with a jerk, and laid the whip over their flanks with a cut—the dearest assuredly I ever gave to horseflesh,

for it cost me, in all likelihood, three hundred thousand."

"Who'd have ever thought Dan MacNaghten's conscience would have been so expensive!"

"By Jove, Watty, its the only thing of value remaining to me. Perhaps my creditors left it on the same polite principle that they allow a respectable bankrupt to keep his snuff-box or his wife's miniature—a cheap complaisance that reads well in the newspapers."

"The Grinder, of course, thought he had seen the last of you," said my father, laughing.

"He as much as said so to me when I came back. He even went further," said Dan, reddening with anger as he spoke. "He proposed to me to go abroad and travel, and that he would pay the cost; but he'll scarcely repeat the insolence."

"Why, what has come over you all here? I scarcely know you for what I left you some short time back. Dan MacNaghten taking to scruples, and Tony Fagan to generosity, seem, indeed, too much for common credulity. And now as to politics, Dan? What are our friends doing?—for I own to you I have not opened one of Bagwell's letters since I left Paris."

"You're just as wise as if you had. Tom has got into all that Rotundo cant about the 'Convention,' and the 'Town Council,' and the 'Sub-Committee of Nine,' so that you'd not make anything out of the correspondence. I believe the truth is, that the Bishop is mad, and they who follow him are fools. The Government at first thought of buying them over, but they now perceive it's a cheaper and safer expedient to leave them to themselves and their own indiscretions. But I detest the subject, and as we'll have nothing else talked of to-day at dinner, I'll cry truce till then. Let us have a look at the stable, Watty. I want to talk to you about the "nags." And so saying, MacNaghten arose from table, and, taking my father's arm, led him away into the garden.

THE WRITINGS OF MADAME CHARLES REYBAUD.

SINCE the day when the romantic school first established itself in popular favour in France, French literature has rarely been in so depressed a state as at the present moment. We speak with reference to its merits, not to its commercial prosperity, which has possibly received a fillip from the recent copy-right treaty with this country. But it may almost be said that France has obtained protection when she had no longer anything to protect. This is certainly true of the class of French books to which particular allusion is here made—namely, novels and romances. Rare, indeed, it is, at the present day, that the Paris press sends forth a work of this kind worthy of translation, or that would find purchasers in England save at the extremely low prices of Belgian piracies. The weekly bulletin of French publications now exhibits none of those names which stamp, as more or less able, the novel upon whose title-page they are printed. Objectionable as were often the tone and tendencies of their works, it is impossible to deny the talent—in some instances, the genius—of such writers as Hugo, Sue, De Bernard, Mérimée, Sand, Soulié, Dumas, Balzac, Souvestre, Gautier, Karr. Where are now all those? Some dead: those of the most remarkable on the list—Balzac, de Bernard, Soulié—have gone down to a premature grave. Others have ceased to write, discouraged, perhaps, by the circumstances of the times; whilst those who still hold the pen have certainly, from some cause or other, lost much of the spirit with which they formerly wielded it. Another name, not to be omitted in the list of those authors who, since 1830, have been the chief ornaments of the lighter class of French literature, is that of Reybaud. A double wreath must be decreed to it; for two who bear it have won themselves distinguished places in the ranks of French *littérati*. No French novel, for many years past, achieved a more deserved celebrity than the witty satire of Jérôme Pâtuross. Well, its remarkably shrewd and clever author, M. Louis Reybaud, is one of those whose pens have been broken in their hands by recent events in France.

Under the Republic, Pâtuross, however unwelcome his sallies to many in high places, was suffered to walk abroad unmolested, and to display his honest countenance in every library and shop-window. Times have changed. Under the Bonaparte dictatorship, M. Reybaud, having conducted his new hero, "Monsieur Robichon, Candidate for the Presidentship of the Republic," through one slender volume, appears to have paused, in wholesome fear of the censors. Satire is no longer safe in France; and Robichon remains a fragment, cut short in his aspirations by the sabres of the 2nd of December. We have not heard whether his witty creator is now repenting his boldness in banishment. What may pretty safely be affirmed is, that he has not, like M. Marco de St. Hilaire, that indefatigable flatterer of the empire and the emperor, received a government appointment as a recompense for the tenor of his writings.

The silence, compulsory as we believe, of M. Louis Reybaud, is the more to be regretted that he has written very little; and assuredly cannot be said to have exhausted, like many of his contemporaries, by working it too constantly and greedily, his rich vein of humour and originality. That ingenious literary manufacturer, Alexander Dumas, sends more manuscript to the printer in three months than M. Reybaud has done in his whole life. Here, of course, quantity alone is taken into consideration. If we look to quality, we might, perchance, find that Jérôme Pâtuross alone would make fifty of Dumas's flimsy volumes kick the beam. Without, however, instituting an impossible comparison between M. Reybaud and the most prolific and unscrupulous of modern French novelists, we may be permitted to regret that the former writer has not, in some degree, emulated the industry of his accomplished relative, Madame Charles Reybaud, unquestionably one of the most pleasing French authoresses of the day, from whose graceful pen we have annually, for many years past, been accustomed to expect, and to receive, at least one or two volumes.

Although she is far from faultless as a writer, we are disposed to allot to this lady a high position in the ranks of living French novelists. Possessed of less vigour of intellect, less power of pen, and less genius than George Sand, on the other hand her views of society, and its destinies, are brighter and more cheerful, her probings of the human heart less deep and remorseless. It is not, however, our intention in any way to assimilate her to Madame Dudevant. They belong to different categories, and it were easier, upon the whole, to establish between them a contrast than a comparison. Both are adepts in style, and consummate mistresses of the pathetic, but, as artists, their walks are different. George Sand is, in some sort, the creator of what may be termed the romance of *tendency*—Madame Reybaud's *forte* is the *Roman-de-mœurs*. She deals in pictures of society. Her touch is light and elegant; and, whilst adorning a tale, she rarely neglects an opportunity of pointing a moral, or striking at a prejudice. She is of the school of De Balzac, but no servile copyist, and has wrought out a path of her own. Her best works frequently remind us of Charles de Bernard, and she is most successful when treating the class of subjects he usually preferred. The forty small volumes, containing about as many novels and tales of various lengths from three volumes to a few pages, which compose the whole of her works, are certainly not all of equal merit. But if not always successful in rivetting the reader's attention by dramatic incidents and striking situations, upon the other hand she is never careless or tedious, and, by her skill as a narrator, she often imparts interest to a common-place story. She is happiest on French ground, and in the nineteenth century; those are the scene and time of her masterpieces. Thence she has occasionally wandered to remoter periods and places; to Spain, and to the West Indies, of which latter region she is, we believe, a native. In Haiti, the Havannah, or Martinique, she excels in descriptions of tropical scenery. "Madame de Rieux," "Marie d'Enambuc," and "Mademoiselle de Chazeuil," are good specimens of her colonial tales. Occasionally she avails herself of an historical foundation, as in "Geraldine," an episode of the persecutions of the Pro-

testants in the Cevennes. But it is in Paris that we like her best, or in some French country-house. Although the plots of her tales are seldom intricate, she rarely fails to sustain strong interest to the very last page, and in more than one instance she has displayed great originality of invention and ingenuity of construction. One of her characteristics is the peculiar art with which she handles improbable incidents, so as to make the reader temporarily forget their improbability. We have an example of this in her novel of "Les Deux Marguerites" (one of her longer tales), which abounds in clever pictures of French life, and in touches of truly feminine delicacy, but whose most prominent circumstance, on which the plot chiefly hinges, is certainly not natural. A young man of five-and-twenty, of refined tastes and generous impulses, satiated with the pleasures of Paris, and engaged to a lovely and accomplished girl of his own rank in life, falls desperately in love with the daughter of a street-sweeper, whose sole attraction is great personal beauty—beauty so remarkable that it shines through rags and squalor. Breaking off, for the sake of this broom-bearing Venus, his intended marriage, he attempts to educate her, with the intention of making her his wife, and although her dulness resists instruction, it cannot dispel his infatuation, which yields at last only to the painful conviction that the beautiful Marguerite prefers the worsted epaulet and ruddy cheeks of Pierre Pierrot, a corporal of grenadiers, to all the refinement and elegance of the aristocratic Raoul d'Agleville. The chief improbability of the story lies in the tenacity of Raoul's passion or caprice, in the teeth of vulgarity and ridicule ten times sufficient to disenchant a lover, especially when that lover is a Frenchman. As a whole, although it contains some admirable scenes, "Les Deux Marguerites" can hardly be considered one of Madame Reybaud's happiest efforts. A still more striking instance of her subjugation of the improbabilities is to be found in her tale of "Le Fada," one of a collection of six short novels, published under the title of "Valdepeiras," the name of the Provençal country-house where they are supposed to be narrated by a party of friends. Although in some degree marred by the unpleasant nature of the concluding incident, "Le

Fada" is unquestionably a most dramatic and singular tale, and without commending it, or allotting it any other than an inferior place amongst Madame Reybaud's works, we yet may briefly sketch its plot, as highly characteristic of the author's powers and constructive faculties.

Two ladies, who have never seen each other during the ten years that have elapsed since they parted on leaving school, meet at the *Maison des Bains*, a sort of boarding-house at a French bathing-place. One arrives as the other is about to depart: they have but a few hours to be together; these they employ in confiding to each other the principal events of their past lives. Madame de Villejazzet, whose maiden name is D'Ayala, and who is of Spanish origin (Madame Reybaud loves a semi-Spanish or a Creole heroine), had seen her prospect of happiness blighted at an early age. Ardently attached to a young Spaniard named Vasconcellos, who evidently reciprocated her passion although he had not yet distinctly declared himself, she was hourly expecting his proposals, when his sudden departure for Bordeaux, without ever bidding her adieu, otherwise than by a message through her mother, plunged her in grief. He had been resident in her mother's house, and, now that he was gone, the love-sick girl often sat and mused in the apartment that had been his. In an old desk she discovered fragments of letters from Vasconcellos to a confidential correspondent, and, by putting them together, acquired confirmation of her belief that he loved her. One entire letter had got mislaid at the back of a drawer: it was from this same correspondent, a lady resident at Bordeaux, dissuading Vasconcellos from sacrificing himself by a union with a portionless girl, whom she represented as masking interested views under a well-feigned appearance of candour and simplicity. It was by the insidious arguments contained in this letter from a former mistress, that Vasconcellos had been alienated, at least temporarily, from Lucy d'Ayala, and decoyed to Bordeaux. This letter Mademoiselle d'Ayala preciousely preserved. Soon her mother received one from Vasconcellos, couched in affectionate terms, announcing his departure for Mexico on business, and fixing his return at a somewhat distant date. Hope again

revived in Lucy's breast: in less than another year it was finally extinguished by news of her lover's death of yellow fever, at Vera Cruz. In the interval a great change had occurred in Mademoiselle d'Ayala's circumstances. An old relative had left her a magnificent fortune. But her happiness lay buried in Vasconcellos's grave. After a while she accepted, without loving him, a husband of her father's selection. Then her parents died, her husband ill-treated her, she obtained a divorce, and was now wealthy, independent, and unhappy. Such was the tale of Lucy de Villejazzet's sorrows. Madame de Rambert had been less severely tried, although she too had had her afflictions. Her principal grief at that moment was on account of her sister, who had been for some time the object of the assiduities of M. de Vieville, a man of amiable character, agreeable exterior, and moderate fortune, and in all respects a suitable match for the young lady. But a handsome widow, whom De Vieville had known and admired during her husband's life, has recently arrived at the *Maison des Bains*, and by her grace and coquetry has enveloped him in a net of fascination. He has become the slave of her caprice, and has entirely ceased his attentions to Madame de Rambert's sister, who is miserable at this desertion. It was evident, said Madame de Rambert, that he intended to marry Madame Vanbergem. Mad. de Villejazzet started at the name.

" 'Madame Vanbergem!' she exclaimed, turning very pale, 'Madame Heloise Vanbergem!—'

" 'You know her! How do you know her name?'

" Madame de Villejazzet re-opened the letter she had found in Vasconcellos's room.

" 'See,' she said, showing the signature, 'it is here.'

" 'Yes, it is she! it is indeed she!' cried Madame de Rambert, in bitter surprise; 'this woman, then, is destined to cause the unhappiness of all I love. You will not remain here, Lucy; you will not live with her, surely! In this house there is no escape from the other inmates, and even were you to leave it, you would continually meet Madame Vanbergem. Spare yourself this pang! Come with us.'

" 'No, Matilda; no!' replied Madame de Villejazzet, who had become suddenly pensive; 'I will meet this woman—I will revenge both your sister and yourself. It is not impossible.'

" 'You are very handsome, and certainly M. de Vieville might fall in love with you.'

" 'Oh! no, no; she does not love him, you tell me; that would be a poor vengeance! I have a better in view. This woman desires above all things to marry a rich husband?'

" 'He must also be young, handsome, and above all, clever; she said so before me. She will never marry a man of whom she cannot be in every respect proud; to obtain her love he must flatter her vanity. Let a lover present himself, younger, richer, and in better position in the world than M. de Vieville, and he will carry the day.'

" 'I will find her a husband,' said Madame de Villejaret, with a bitter laugh."

The husband whom the vindictive Spaniard finds for her enemy is her brother, *le fada*. By a series of most singular and ingenious artifices and manœuvres, in the contrivance of which Madame Reybaud struggles valiantly, and not unsuccessfully, against her chosen adversary, improbably, Madame de Villejaret brings the widow, who is poor and a fortune-hunter, to bestow her hand on a young man whom she has scarcely seen, never spoken to, but whose exterior is agreeable, and whom she believes to be very rich. It is not till she has been united to him (after jilting for his sake the lover whom she has decoyed from Madame de Rambert's sister) that she discovers him to be a *fada*, and that the large inheritance, which she had too hastily concluded that he enjoyed, had gone to his sister. What a *fada* is, may best be told in the words of a character in the tale.

" 'A *fada*, Madame," said the notary, "is a poor creature, innocent as the newly-born babe, the growth of whose intellect has not kept pace with that of his body. In our country there are many families afflicted with this misfortune. A *fada* is not like a madman, he does harm to no one, he loves those who take care of him, and obeys them. Sometimes he is capable of learning something. Victor can read; it is true that he does not understand what he reads; he is like a child of five years old. He is gentle, careful of his person, may be taken anywhere, and allowed to dine at table."

Madame de Villejaret's revenge is complete. The ambitious and cold-hearted female fortune-hunter subsists thenceforward on a small pension allowed her by her sister-in-law. There

is little moral to be traced in the tale, for if retribution falls on the unprincipled intriguer, who had destroyed another's happiness, upon the other hand nothing but repugnance can be excited by the spectacle of Madame de Villejaret's consummate dissimulation and persevering hatred. The revolting character of the main incident of the story is manifest enough; but what is far less so, and what we have not space here to display, is the consummate skill with which Madame Reybaud carries out her design. Improbable as the whole tale appears, told in a few words, as we have had to tell it, it is so clearly wrought out that, throughout it, we are nowhere startled or shocked in an artistic point of view, although we unquestionably are both shocked and startled by the disagreeable *dénouement*. We have not, however, brought forward the tale to recommend it, but as a specimen of the writer's skill. Its taste is more than questionable, but its talent is not to be denied; and it is due to its authoress, since we have thus displayed her in one of her least favourable aspects, to state that her offences against good taste are excessively rare, and, when they do occur, are wholly free from that license and indelicacy which stain the pages of many French romance-writers of the present day.

In justice to Madame Reybaud, we turn to more unexceptionable specimens of her writings. "*Sans Dot*"—a tale which may best be rendered as *The Dowerless*—and "*Le Dernier Oblat*" are two of her best novels. An *oblat* is a child devoted from its cradle to the cloister, and educated in that view. The reason for which Esteve de Blanquefort has been thus consecrated to a religious life, even from before his birth, is so similar to M. Van Amberg's motive (in the late Countess d'Arbouville's well-known and charming "*Histoire Hollandaise*"), for the dislike and persecution of his daughter Christine, that it is not unlikely the one story suggested the other—unconsciously, in all probability, to the writer. We fancy that we also trace a certain resemblance in the characters of Madame Van Amberg and the Marchioness of Blanquefort. Such coincidences are unimportant when occurring between writers of such unquestionable originality and ability as Madame Reybaud and Madame d'Arbouville.

In "*Le Dernier Oblat*" are depicted

the repugnances and sufferings of an ardent youth, formed by nature for an active career, but doomed by his mother's fault and his father's severity to life-long seclusion. He escapes from his convent, after ten years passed within its walls, assumes a layman's garb and a false name, and lives in the world long enough to become enamoured of its joys: then he is discovered, captured by emissaries of his superior, and immured in a dungeon. Thence he is released by the first French revolution; he witnesses the death upon the scaffold of the woman he loves, condemned and murdered as an aristocrat, and enters, this time voluntarily, an Italian convent, to seek the repose of spirit hitherto denied him. The story is very slight, but its interest is strong, and it is told with surpassing skill and delicacy. "Sans Dot" is of a different stamp. Although not without touching passages, it lacks the melancholy charm which the author's genius has diffused over every page of the "Oblat," but, on the other hand, it contains clever incident, well-contrived situations, and characters shrewdly hit off. With English readers it would probably be the most popular of all Madame Reybaud's novels, and some of its chapters are certainly equal to anything she has written. We may cite chapter xv.: the description of life at *Les Flambers*, a country-house in Provence, as an admirable specimen of painting by words—as a class of picture such as only a Sand or a Reybaud could produce. The character of De Ramsay, the deformed physician, is a masterly creation, and it is a homage to the skill of the authoress that we are never once tempted to smile at the poor cripple's passion for the young and beautiful heroine, from the moment, early in the book, when it first becomes evident to the reader, up to the closing scene, when he proves the unselfish sincerity of his love by sacrificing his life to ensure her happiness. "Sans Dot" is an exceedingly clever and well-written novel, of good moral tendency, and may safely be recommended. It is not favourable to cite short extracts, unaccompanied by long explanations of the plot. Indeed, Madame Reybaud's long works are generally ill-adapted for extracts; unless it be, here and there, of a page or two of description, in which she is sometimes as minute and graphic, although rarely

as lengthy, as Balzac himself. Her shorter tales, although none of them are equal in ability to "Sans Dot" and the "Oblat," offer greater facilities to the reviewer desirous of backing his criticism with extracts. Amongst them, "Georges" and "Lena" are both cleverly told and well constructed. "Georges" is particularly striking, but turns on a painful incident. "Lena," unnecessarily tragic in its latter portion, commences gaily enough. Its first four chapters contain the germ of an excellent farce or *petite comédie*. In the gardens of the hot springs at Aix, in Provence, two Parisian intimates unexpectedly encounter. Both are gay, dissipated, extravagant, and in debt, and both would gladly repair their damaged fortunes by a rich marriage, but their chances of achieving this are very different, for there is a good twenty years' difference in their ages. The senior, Darblade, a would-be young man of forty-eight, is first in the field. He has fled from the voluptuous joys of Paris in quest of an heiress, and has been some time at Aix when he meets Count Raymond de Paleville. Madame Reybaud is a keen satirist when she pleases, and she has taken her sharpest pen to sketch these two dandies of the Italian Boulevard: Darblade, the elderly fop, retaining all the vices but none of the generous impulses of a young man; Paleville, on the other hand, young in years and of handsome person, but aged in heart at five-and-twenty, prematurely depraved, cold-blooded, and calculating. In the confidential conversation that ensues, Darblade declares his intention of closing his bachelor career, and intimates that he has already in view the lady who is to have the honour of converting him to matrimony. In return, the Count tells him how, during an excursion on the coast near Marseilles, he has rescued two ladies from a trifling danger, magnified by their fears. The ladies are aunt and niece; the former, a childless widow of fifty, has a hundred thousand francs a-year, which her niece will inherit at her death. Meanwhile, should the younger lady marry, her relative, who loves her as her own daughter, will give her a splendid dowry. Paleville, anticipating total ruin from a law-suit in which his father is engaged, has resolved to marry, and is now in quest of the ladies, of whom he had for a while lost sight.

"And is it in hopes of meeting the object of your flame that you have come to Aix?" inquired Darblade.

"It is with the certainty of finding her here."

"What! this young girl ——?"

"Is here. And, doubtless, you are acquainted with her."

"Possible," interrupted Darblade, rather uneasily. "Her name? Will you tell me her name?"

"A sweet Sicilian name: Lena Perovani. And her aunt is the Baroness of Rochemaine."

"At these words, Darblade bit his lips under his mustache, and a movement of the blood, which he could not master, diffused a carmine tint over his countenance. Count Raymond looked at him with astonishment."

"How purple you are!" he exclaimed; "are you going to have an apoplectic stroke? The name of Lena Perovani has disturbed you." Then, gazing hard in Darblade's eyes, he added, laughing, "Is it possible that you are my rival? Is it, perchance, by a marriage with the beautiful Lena that you propose to close your bachelorhood? For a wig-pate like yours, the idea is not bad. What! is this the mysterious secret of which you would only reveal the half?"

"I do not deny it," replied Darblade, endeavouring to look dignified; "like yourself I am in love, and Mademoiselle Lena Perovani is not a woman one could think of seducing; my intentions are honourable."

"I believe so, indeed!" cried the Count, derisively; "you would marry a girl of twenty, lovely as an angel, and with millions in her apron! A moderate expectation really, for a man of your venerable exterior, and whose whole fortune consists of debts. Come, come, you are mad, my good fellow! But all that is at an end, and you will, of course, abandon your project. Candidly, now, you cannot think you have any chance against me."

"Darblade shook his head with a bitter laugh. The Count resumed—

"Show yourself and make up your mind to play the part of my confidant, or you will make yourself ridiculous."

"Your confidant! What need have you of a confidant?" muttered Darblade.

"What need! I promise you that your office will be no sinecure. You will have to give your arm to the aunt, to read the papers to her, to play at piquet with her, and to chant my praises to her, apropos of everything. Decide, then, whether it shall be peace or war between us, an exchange of good offices by which you shall be no loser in the end, or a rivalry which will inevitably result in your disgraceful defeat?"

"During the utterance of this half-serious, half-bantering speech, Darblade experienced an internal transport of fury, jealousy and hatred. But he felt that an open contest with the Count was impossible; and, restrain-

ing the gall that ran from his heart to his lips, he quietly said, 'Let us be friends!'

"Be it so!" replied the Count. "Your functions begin this very day, my 'virtuous confidant'; you shall accompany me when I go to pay my respects to the Baroness of Rochemaine, at whose house I suppose you have already had the honour of being received."

"Darblade bowed assent. Then the Count, suddenly abandoning his air of railleury, spoke in a sharp and serious tone.

"'Tis well!" he said, 'I rely upon you; but no treachery. You know me, Darblade, you know that I am tolerably skilful with the sword, and that I have come pretty well out of two or three duels. Now I warn you, that at the very first sign of you playing me false, I will make you give me satisfaction, and, upon my honour, I will kill you.'

"The old lion again bowed, and presenting to the Count, with an assumption of careless tranquillity, his half-empty cigar-case, 'Come,' he said, 'take another cigarito.'"

The Count, however, sees no reason to mistrust his confidant, whose conduct is most exemplary, and who, with infinite patience and resignation, amuses the aunt, whilst Paleville makes fierce love to the niece. Madame de Rochemaine, an affectionate, simple-hearted person, tenderly attached to her orphan relative, proposes formally adopting her as soon as they shall respectively have attained the age stipulated by law. In a few months the one will be fifty, the other twenty-one, then the adoption is to take place, and a dowry of forty thousand francs a-year will be secured to Lena. The Count learns all this, rejoices, and presses his suit; Lena, artless and inexperienced, loves him before she suspects what is passing in his heart. Suddenly, Paleville is called away to Paris on urgent business connected with his law-suit, and leaves Darblade to watch over his intended. A month later, when on the eve of again quitting Paris for Aix, to ask the hand of Lena, and whilst actually engaged in boasting of his good fortune in a letter to a confidential friend of his own stamp, he receives three letters, all with the Aix postmark. The first which he opens is one of those circular-announcements of a wedding, customarily sent in France. Throwing it down with a gesture of astonishment and fury, he tears open a letter from Darblade. It is a Roland for his Oliver: a suitable pendant to the conversation in the gardens at Aix, and runs as follows:—

"Congratulate me, my dear friend, I am married; since yesterday the Baroness of Rochemaine is Madame Darblade. For a moment, as you know, I had meditated another union, but that was a piece of folly of which your presence soon cured me; I lowered my flag before your superior merit, and accepted, with due self-denial, the part you allotted to me in the pretty romance of your amours. I have done still more; to facilitate your marriage, I have not hesitated to precede you in the family of your selection. It is of me that you will now have to ask the hand of the beautiful Lena, since her adopted mother is my wife. Madame Darblade will give her dear daughter three thousand francs a year, which appears to me sufficient; love like yours does not calculate, I know; to you it will replace everything and render you happy with a bare competency.

"We shall expect you at Rochemaine early in September; remember that you solemnly promised to be there in time for the thrush-shooting. I intend to invite some of my Paris friends to stay with me, and you will help me to do the honours of my castle; for here am I transformed into the lord of a

castle! To every one according to his deserts, my dear fellow; for me, the old bachelor, the old wig-pate, a marriage of interest; for you, the elegant young man, the ardent lover, a marriage of inclination. We shall both be happy, you with your love, I with my money. Farewell, my dear Raymond."

This retort courteous for Paleville's sneers at Darblade's pretensions to a young heiress extinguishes the mercenary Count's passion for Lena. He gets himself attached to a distant embassy. His poor, confiding victim goes mad. After an interval of twelve years, they again meet, under very extraordinary and tragical circumstances. This latter portion has less merit than the earlier one. The tale had been better finished in the same strain in which it began. And this we should have thought would have been a matter of no difficulty, even to a writer of less unquestionable ability than Madame Charles Reybaud.

THE STEPLADDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFYFFEL.

A sparrow caught a big blue-bottle
Fly upon a weeping willow.
He buzzed—Phil held him by the throttle.
"O let me go, there's a good fellow."
"No," says the murderer—"not at all;
For I am big, and you are small."

A sparrow-hawk pounced on Herr Sparrow,
Enjoying his repast. Like fun,
He plunged his talons in his marrow.
"O let me go! What have I done?"
"O," says the murderer, "not at all;
For I am big, and you are small."

An eagle spied the sport, and, lo!
Dropped in to have a bit of dinner.
"O, please your Majesty, let me go:
Have mercy on a worthless sinner."
"Pooh!" says the murderer, "not at all;
For I am big and you are small."

While yet the king the bones was picking,
An archer served him out his gruel:
An arrow in his gizzard sticking
Made him exclaim—"O Lord, how cruel!"
"Tush!" quoth the archer; "not at all;
For I am big, and you are small,"

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

FROM the days when Prince John (of despicable memory), and his rude Anglo-Norman companions, amused themselves in jeering, and plucking the long hair of the Irish princes who came to Waterford to show them courtesy, a sort of vulgar-minded fashion has prevailed amongst intellects of small calibre to hold up the Irish to ridicule. Formerly strangers have found poor Paddy (alas! not now) a "fellow of infinite jest," carelessly gay amid all his troubles, and full of rich, broad humour. Unfortunately, humour, while it furnishes amusement, does not inspire respect, especially when not appreciated, or thoroughly entered into. While some have laughed heartily, others have laughed contemptuously, and, by *their* prejudiced perceptions, Paddy has been viewed only as an absurd biped, and he has been made responsible, not only for his own *peccadillos*, but for many other imported and imputed eccentricities. Petty wits have made him a convenient personage on whom to affiliate all kinds of fictitious extravagances. Whenever there was any piece of "admirable fooling" to relate, "an Irishman said this," or, "an Irishman did so and-so," always came germane to the matter. We have seen blunders attributed to Paddy, which we have recognised at once as the sayings and doings of the ancient Greek buffoon, in "*Hierocles Facetia*," Scholasticus, who stood before a glass with his eyes shut, to see how he looked when he was asleep; who wore his cloak wrong side out because there was a hole on the right side; who, when a ship was sinking, and the other passengers fastened themselves to planks and spars, tied himself to the anchor; who, when he wanted to sell his house, carried about one of the bricks as a sample; who when saved from drowning in a river, vowed he would never again go near the water till he had learned to swim; who hearing that a raven would live 200 years, bought one to keep and ascertain the truth; who on hearing that one of two brothers was dead, and meeting the survivor, accosted him with—"which of you two is dead?—is it you or your brother?" How often have these stories been palmed off upon "an Irishman."

To detail outré anecdotes, and make Pat the hero, is a common practice; but his *debonnaire* good humour has borne him through many a storm of ridicule; and he is accustomed to the hacknied tales of Cockney tourists, told in bad English and worse taste, of his superstitions and his "bulls;" and he despises them just as complacently as a noble Newfoundland dog disregards the yelping of little curs. But it is a sad thing that good humour should be overtaxed. Though Paddy may bear with the quizzing of John Bull, as a relative and next-door neighbour, *that* is no reason why he is to be made the butt of Monsieur Crapaud, Mein Herr Sauerkraut, Signor Maccaroni, or any other foreign power whatever.

We have just met with a book of German metrical legends, compiled, or collected by Dr. H. Döring (published at Jena, 1840), which, among some pretty pieces contains a tale of which St. Patrick is made the hero, so transcendently extravagant and ludicrous, that we cannot refrain from entering a protest against it. Surely there are plenty of obscure and doubtful saints on the Continent, on whom a burlesque miracle might have been fathered, "*pour rire*," without crossing the sea to cast ridicule on a veritable and venerable preacher of Christianity like St. Patrick, the pious and zealous missionary of ancient Ireland. Langbein, the Saxon comic poet, is the author of this precious morceau, which we shall translate from the German, as literally as the shackles of rhyme will allow, that the reader may form his own opinion on the subject of our complaint:—

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

In olden time St. Patrick lov'd to play
With a tame goat, whose antics pleas'd him well;
For Puck was wondrous clever in his way,
And maa'd with voice clear as a silver bell.

The good old man his tricks inspir'd with glee,
 Lone hours of leaden dulness oft bewitching ;—
 And the strong pet was sometimes useful—he
 Drew wood and water to the convent kitchen.

ne day Puck came not home. A cruel thief
 Had kill'd and eat him for his own refection.
 When he was miss'd, the saint, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
 Sent out his men to search in each direction.
 But all their toil was vain :
 Back they return'd again
 With heavy news : they had sought all around ;
 But neither goat nor thief was to be found.

This was a thunderbolt to Patrick. All sensation
 Suspended seem'd—like mile-stone mute he stood.
 But the next Sunday to his congregation
 He preach'd a sermon on this deed of blood.
 The thief was present, and essay'd to look
Quite nonchalant ; but like an aspen shook.

This man for thefts had been suspected long :
 The saint gaz'd on him with a frowning brow ;
 Then, with a voice like lion's, bold and strong,
 He cried, " Puck, Puck, where art thou ? Answer now."
 Wonder of Wonders ! Yet, 'tis truth I tell 'ee,
 The goat maa'd audibly in the thief's belly.

Away the robber ran ; but short his flight—
 He was pursued, and taken by the collar ;
 And, spite of struggling, dragg'd by men of might,
 And placed before the saint, in shame and dolour.
 Then, kneeling down in penitential plight,
 He own'd how he, a most audacious sinner,
 Had cook'd the goat, and made a hearty dinner.

" Wretch !" exclaim'd Patrick, in dire wrath, " the skin—
 Where hast thou hid the skin—or did'st thou eat it ?"
 " Nay, reverend sir ; let your men search within
 My barn, beneath a heap of sand they'll meet it."
 Off at a sign the saint's prompt servants started,
 And soon brought safe the skin of the departed.

The Bishop bade his servants set the hide
 In guise as worn by Puck before he died,
 Then hold it to the mouth of the foul thief—
 His lifted crosier in his hand displaying,
 With loud authoritative voice he cried,
 " Come from thy living tomb, and end my grief !
 Come hither, Puck ! thy master's voice obeying."

Immediately the thief, who was as thin
 As herring out of season, 'gan to swell
 Like a big drum ; and what an awful din
 Was heard inside him, tongue can never tell.

His mouth split open, right from ear to ear ;
And, to the folks' delight (as did appear),
 Out thro' that wide extended door,
 The pretty goat, whole as before,
Sprang forth, and jump'd into his ready skin ;
 Around his master all his antics plying ;
 While prone the thief fell, in convulsions dying.

St. Patrick turn'd him to his congregation,
And spoke, with joyful heart, his exhortation :
" Taught by this warning, meddle not, I charge ye,
With anything pertaining to the clergy."

Now, we would fain ask the candid reader, would not this *jeu d'esprit* have been every whit as funny (since fun is the aim) had it been pointed with some less respectable and less celebrated name than St. Patrick's? What is there in it so characteristically Irish, that it must needs be saddled upon the patron saint of Ireland? For our part, we think it would have been more appropriately attributed to the Swiss recluse, St. Goat-herd (we beg his pardon for a natural slip of the pen ; we recollect the right spelling is, St. Gothard). It is true that sundry legends, quite wild enough, have been, ere now, related at home of St. Patrick ; but all must yield the palm to Herr Langbein's extravaganza, which certainly " bangs Banagher, though Banagher bangs the world."

M. E. M.

CONVERSION AND PERSECUTION IN IRELAND.

It is no longer merely upon Protestant authority we may learn that the very foundations of the Romish system are shaking in Ireland. The danger has now become so great and pressing that the chiefs of the Romish party themselves have been forced to utter aloud and public, "an exceeding great and bitter" cry of alarm, and to call, with urgent importunity, upon the whole body of the faithful to aid them, not in extending the border of the Church, but in preserving its very citadel.

The fact is notorious, and cannot be any longer denied or dissembled, that through the South and West of Ireland, where, some years ago, the sway of Romanism seemed most extensive and most secure—where "the strong man armed" appeared to keep his palace, and where "all his goods" were "at peace"—there is now a general revolt, spreading every day wider and wider. *The face of the country is becoming Protestant*, in a region where, some time ago, Protestantism only existed in a few small and decreasing congregations, scattered, like the outposts of a retreating army, here and there amidst a host of enemies. Schools are filled; churches are rising; and still the call is for more instructors, for additional pastors. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

This is the deliberate statement of the prelates and clergy, to whom the spiritual care of those districts is entrusted. This is the uniform report of all, however differing among themselves in matters of opinion, who have visited those districts, and inquired into the great religious revolution taking place there.

Now, what say the heads of the Roman Catholic Church upon this subject? Do they deny the facts? Far from it. But, then, they can account for them. And their account of the matter is, that *the population of the South and West of Ireland are being bought over by hundreds and thousands to an outward conformity to Protestantism, which they abhor as much as ever in their hearts.* This is the account given by Irishmen, of Irishmen; by

Romanists, of Romanists; by priests, of the people whom they have themselves reared, and made what they are. And certainly, every one must acknowledge that it is, at the least, an account not over-flattering to the character and tendencies of the Romish system.

But, is it true? When such an assertion is made, we naturally look for proof, and abundant proof. It must strike every one, at the first glance, that a wholesale system of bribery, like that imputed to the Protestant clergy, cannot be carried on without affording ample means for speedy and complete exposure. If thousands are daily being bribed, against their consciences, to an outward profession of what they hate in their inmost souls, it cannot be a matter of much difficulty for a wealthy and powerful body like the Romish priesthood, to get some hundreds of them to "peach" upon their corruptors. We have large and recent evidence in the "Achilli case" (to go no farther) of the resources of Romanism upon such occasions; and that no sacrifice of money, or of private character is allowed to weigh one atom in the scale, when the interest of the Church is in the balance on the other side; that nothing is thought a sufficient obstacle to prevent the Church from taking vengeance upon a recreant son who has dared to injure her.

Well, in this instance, where proof, if it existed, might be so easily procured, no shadow of anything like good proof has, up to this hour, been produced. The parties accused have come forward publicly, and asked for proof. One by one, according as the charges were made, the slanderers were challenged to make them good; and, ever as the challenge was repeated, the slanderers have either declined the trial, or adduced such evidence as convicted themselves. Let us take one instance. It was said that the present Archbishop of Dublin had publicly owned and protested against the practice of bribery on the part of the Protestant clergy. His Grace was claimed as an honourable exception to the character of the rest of his clergy—as

a man too honest, and too straightforward to take part in such an immoral procedure himself, or to wink at it when practised by others. Now what were the facts?

The garbled passage alleged in evidence was no confession of the existence of any such system of bribery, but a prospective warning against giving the least colour to such a charge. That advice was given by the Archbishop in 1847; and, in 1850, he tells us himself, how well that advice was attended to.

"His Grace stated, he would not undertake to prove that no instance of bribery had occurred; but he had made *most rigid inquiry*, and none had come to his knowledge. But he was prepared to prove that the greater number of converts had not only obtained no temporal advantage, but had been exposed to the most merciless persecution. He could also prove that several priests had given out that such and such bribes were offered as the price of conformity; and had been so far believed, that people had come to the Protestant minister, offering to conform 'for a consideration,' though there was no foundation for any such notion, except the priests' assertion; and that he could produce instances of a bonus having been offered to the converts to induce them to return to the Romish communion."

The priests then have, indeed, produced *one* respectable witness, but his testimony is point-blank against them. "Hast thou appealed unto Whately?—unto Whately shalt thou go!"

But, meanwhile, the priests *are* giving some good evidence that they believe at least in the *efficacy* of the means which they charge their opponents with employing. The evil, they say, has been caused by the Protestants buying over the people; and the simple remedy which they propose is to buy the people back. This is a practical commentary upon the old text of "*La Religion de l'Argent*." Surely the golden age is returning to Connemara, when the agent of the "Defence Association" and the agent of the "Irish Missions" shall regularly attend her fairs to buy up converts and buy them back, and the question between rival Churches shall be decided by the length of their respective purses! If the priests really know their men, we wish them joy of their bargain.

But we have strong hopes that they are mistaken; and we have good ground

for such hopes; for the truth is, that the conversions to Protestantism have been made, in the face of such a pitiless and universal persecution, as nothing but the strong resolve of a determined spirit could face for a day. No one, we believe, who has not felt, or, at least, witnessed it, can adequately conceive the rigour of a persecution waged by a whole neighbourhood against a detested minority. The severity of a persecution carried on by a government is nothing to this. This is one which allows no respite—which meets a man everywhere and at every moment—in daily insults and nightly outrage; in every shape of galling annoyance from the very persons to whom he would naturally turn for sympathy or shelter; which follows and pursues him, turn where he will—which sticks to him till death, and then embitters even his last moments; and, when it has harassed out his life, breaks its spite upon the lifeless carcass of one to whom it would fain deny one minute's rest in this world or the world to come.

Now, it is in the face of such a persecution as this that the present conversions have been made. "Many converts," writes the incumbent of Louisburgh, "had been driven from the parish by starvation; numbers were in abject distress, and several had died, leaving destitute widows and children." At Westport, three heads of families declared themselves converts, and "they were at once deprived of employment." At Belmullet, the rector assures us, that "starvation, misery, and ejections are the lot of the converts." At Cong, there were 700 converts. "None were employed by Roman Catholics; and they had in consequence been, for the most part, obliged to leave the parish. Almost all the adults had thus quitted it." At Sellerna, where the converts were 980, the rage of their opponents was still more furious. "They have been frequently pelted with stones, and some brutally beaten. The priests have threatened any Roman Catholic with excommunication who should dare to employ a convert; and they are now forbidden to speak to them except in the way of insult and abuse." At Spiddall, the converts had to go "in parties of fifteen or twenty, for mutual defence." In short, in all places where conversions have been made, the same tale of unrelenting bigotry has to be told. It is still through a "great

fight of afflictions" that these poor men enter into the Protestant Church.

Under these circumstances it is that a society has been formed in Dublin for the protection of the rights of conscience, having for its president that very Richard Whately who was appealed to as evidence for the existence of systematic bribery on the part of the Protestant clergy. An account of its nature and objects has been published, and to that paper we desire earnestly to call our readers' attention.*

We believe that the demands upon its small funds are now large, and are likely soon to become still larger. Many symptoms convince us, that the power which holds many Roman Catholics still in outward thralldom to their Church, is not so much within as without them. It is a kind of spell, composed partly of terror, partly of family connexion, partly of political or national feeling against Protestantism. Anything which strengthens these forces strengthens incalculably the power of Romanism; anything which weakens them tends to break that spell. And, it is evident, that such a spell as this may, at any time, break suddenly and for ever. The facility with which, as all seem to allow, the Irish emigrants throw off the trammels of Romanism, almost as soon as they touch the American soil, seems to show that the faith of their forefathers must have lost its hold upon their minds, even before they crossed the sea; otherwise, mere outward circumstances could hardly account for a change so sudden and so complete.

"*Celum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

And if these views be correct, is it not manifestly our part—first, to afford no pretext to the priests for changing this great religious struggle into a political one; and, secondly, to protect those who are inclined to receive the truth from that odious "Reign of Terror," by which they are kept in bondage to error?

It seems now nearly certain that the fierce political agitation of 1828-9, was blown up to that extraordinary heat which characterised it, by priestly zeal, in the hope of checking a religious

movement towards Protestantism very similar to the present. And we have no doubt that the "Catholic Defence Association" is an attempt to revive the old game. Indeed there are few things more remarkable in the wonderful policy of the Romish Church in Ireland, than the dexterity with which, from the time of the Reformation downwards, its leaders availed themselves of national animosity to further the cause of their religion. Their sudden change of tactics upon that occasion was surely one of their most distinguished pieces of generalship. Up to that time theirs was the English Church, forced upon an unwilling population by the English sword, supported by English influence, and inheriting, in consequence, all the hatred which our turbulent forefathers had learned to bear against English rule. It certainly required some skill, and as certainly no small share of audacity, for a Church, which had been till then so circumstanced, to throw itself at once upon the sympathies of such a people, and enlist upon its side all those national feelings which had so long been arrayed against it. Yet this is what the Church of Rome accomplished. Of course she could not have accomplished it without the grossest mismanagement on our part. Such a change of position, in the face of an adroit and watchful enemy, would have been ruinous to those who ventured on so bold a measure. But, in the unhappy circumstances of those times, there was too much to favour its success. The English Government were deceived by the apparent facility of the Reformation in Ireland. They plucked up Romanism with ease out of their own shallow garden of state endowments and court patronage, and then flung it carelessly, with all its parts entire and full of sap, to root itself in the rich, deep, and unoccupied soil of popular favour.

Now, we cannot help regarding it as a circumstance to some extent favourable to Protestantism, that, under the auspicious directions of Cardinal Wiseman, the tactics of the Romish party seem to be undergoing a new change. The truth is, that England was always the Pope's grand aim, and Ireland only a "pis aller." He has now great, in-

* "First Annual Statement of the Society for protecting the Rights of Conscience."—Dublin: 1852.

deed extravagant hopes of the conversion of England, and, therefore, thinks it high time to begin to soften the bitter hostility against everything English which he has so long and carefully cherished in his Irish sons. This is a delicate game, and it is accordingly played delicately. The Roman fisherman has a fine hand in his gentle craft, and knows well how to humour the Irish trout before landing it. The cry of "Ireland for the Irish" is still, indeed, kept up nearly, if not quite, as loudly as ever. Nay, ever and anon, we hear the old trading grumble of Repeal coming, as it were, from under ground, from the ghost of a defunct agitation. But meanwhile steps are taken, silently but rapidly, in a very different direction.

"This way, my lord; for this way lies the game."

"Nay, this way, man. See where the *the hunters* stand!"

Mr. Henry Wilberforce is thrust upon "the Association" by its priestly rulers in spite of the feeble efforts of a lay opposition; and the Very Rev. Dr. John Henry Newman is promoted to the highly dignified and proper position of head of the Catholic University in *nubibus*. Thus, the chief part of whatever is going, whether "solid pudding" or "empty praise," goes to "distinguished English Catholics." The *utile* and the *honestum* are both theirs; and poor Paddy is deprived not only of the *gain*, which he likes well, but of the *fame* too, which he likes better. Mr. Wilberforce wants money, and he gets it. Father Newman wants celebrity, and he gets it. He is elevated into a rare and congenial atmosphere of the pure science of theology, as a kind of "*chimæra bombinans in vacuo*," and fed to the full upon "second intentions" and non-natural senses.

Now, whatever be the effect of this change of policy, it can hardly fail of proving eventually injurious to Romanism. If the attempt to break down the anti-English feeling fail, it must end in a general disgust to the Church which has engaged in that attempt. If it succeed, it will entirely efface from the minds of Irishmen one of the strongest sources of hostility against the Protestant religion. Meanwhile it may be hoped that the necessity of co-operation with their new converts in England, will tend to mitigate the brutal and vulgar ferocity of the Irish agi-

tators. Yet this hope must not be too sanguine. Experience has already shown us, but too clearly and in too many instances, how quickly the sensitive fastidiousness of high English culture disappears under the influence of Romanism, and what a portentous "alacrity in sinking" is soon acquired by a few plunges in its muddy waters.

But our chief object in alluding to this subject is to show that the mixing up the cause of religion with politics, is a course dangerous in the long run to even the most skilful managers. The political breeze is apt to shift suddenly, and even the readiest mariner may hardly be able to shift his sails in time to save the vessel from being overset. Let us keep the one object of religious truth continually before our eyes, as the single mark, and "all other things shall be added unto us."

The single circumstance, for example, of a large body of the Irish-speaking population of this country becoming Protestant, will do more to break up the old association between our faith and foreign tyranny, than a thousand political manœuvres. And the effect of such a conversion has accidentally been increased tenfold, by the arts of the Romish priests themselves. The people had been taught to blend under one name and in one idea the Protestant and the Englishman; they had actually no other term but "*Sassenagh*" to denote a Protestant. They had been persuaded that we worshipped Martin Luther as a saint, or rather put him in the place of Christ. This was going too far. When, at last, the Irish were taught to read, the imposture could not escape detection. The people could not be kept from the only books within their reach, our Bible and our Prayer-books; and these spoke for themselves. The people were undeceived, and their faith in the deceivers was shaken. Now, the priest had, to a great extent, become the embodiment of their religion, and whatever shook their faith in the priest prepared them for a change in religion. Then came the potato blight; and that shook their faith more extensively. Comparatively few could read; but all could understand that the food of the nation had perished. The priests had promised to work wonders. Chemists and agriculturists might say what they liked, but the priests' prescription was Masses and holy water. Now, to pro-

mise such a miracle as this was running a fearful risk. "There is no jesting," says an old proverb, "with an empty stomach."

This was bringing the question of the efficacy of a Mass to a severe test; and when the peasant plainly saw that the solemn rite could not save a single rood of ground from the vegetable pestilence, he naturally began to doubt whether his father's soul in purgatory had fared much better than his potatoes for all the prayers of the Church. Then came universal penury. The people had no longer money to pay for the rites of the Church; and priests, no more than laymen, cannot live without money. Horrible was the bargaining between buyer and seller, when the commodity was eternal life, and the price the means of present existence! Many of the priests, we believe, fled from the scene of such a dismal market altogether. Others stood their ground, and hardened themselves as they best could to the necessities of the case. But, either way, their influence was subverted. The people had been trained to love them as sharers with themselves in past hardships, as friends in adversity, as their patrons

and protectors. They saw them now in a different character; and they began to shrink from them as strangers. They fled for relief to the Protestant pastor, and they found it. They heard from him no vaunting promises of miracles, but they heard promises which were kept. They saw the men who had been traduced as base hirelings sharing their own and their children's bread with the people who had been taught to curse them. And these seemed to them "Notes of the true Church" more significant than Bellarmine ever assigned.

Let this lesson not be lost upon us. Indirect means, falsehood, and fraud, and political artifice may serve a turn, but they will not last. Plain truth and honesty, going directly to their end, though with a slow pace, will eventually win the race against all the nimble doublings of ingenuity. And if the Protestant Church of this realm does but hold her ground, witnessing to the Truth, not only in the purity of an orthodox faith, but in the purity of a consistent practice—"speaking the Truth in Love"—we have no fears for the ultimate result.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

THE Elections are over. Speculation is busy in calculating the probable loss or gain to Lord Derby's ministry by the result of them. If the returns have not been as favourable as his most sanguine friends hoped for, they have, at least, strengthened his hands more than his enemies anticipated. This is, however, a question which cannot be solved until some divisions in the House shall have tested the sincerity of the professions made at the hustings. But there is one characteristic of the past elections in Ireland, suggestive of future events of greater magnitude than the existence of a ministry, and already ascertained, as a terrible reality, more portentous than the most signal election triumph—viz., the part taken by the Roman Catholic priesthood in the recent struggle.

The last election, in which the Romish clergy took a very prominent part, was the general election of 1826. They and their flocks were then struggling for the Emancipation Act. The sympathies of a large portion of their Protestant fellow-countrymen were with them. Their rights had long been limited to the elective franchise, and on their moderate use of that privilege their claim to more extended privileges was rested. The iron rule of preceding years had withheld the priests from agitation, and they were novices in the art. Everything tended to make them moderate, and give probability to the anticipations of their friends. The point they then were contending for was gained in 1829. But have the results promised and hoped for prior to 1829 been realized in 1852? What a Utopia was to have followed the great measure of emancipation! All spirit of acrimony and antagonism between Protestant and Roman Catholic was to disappear. The common good of their common country was alone to be considered, and the distinction of creed was to disappear for ever from the hustings. Such interference of the priests as the election of 1826 exhibited, mild and moderate as it was when contrasted with recent scenes, was never to recur. In a struggle to ac-

quire equality—to gain the point, that the profession of what they believed a sacred truth should not be discouraged by depriving the professor of the rights of a citizen—the interference of the priests was pardonable, nay, natural and commendable. But that step once gained, the pretext for such interference would be for ever removed; the pious clergyman would retire to his proper sphere, apart from the turmoil of politics; the worldly passion for temporal influence would never tempt him from his sacred calling; priestly power, sectarian ascendancy, would never be dreamed of. Alas! what a gloomy contrast do recent events exhibit to such promises. We have seen the professing ministers of Christ's heavenly religion rushing into the most violent vortex of worldly passions, with the desperation of gamblers, and the fierceness of savages. We have seen the followers of the Apostle of peace holding up to their flocks the most terrific excitements to bloodshed that human imagination could devise, and glorying in their efforts to kindle a blaze of popular frenzy, which the civil power would be unable to confine or extinguish. We have seen the teachers of the Gospel of truth inculcating falsehood as a duty, and advocating doctrines Machiavelli would blush at. We have seen the distinction of creed paraded and enforced, and the name of religion prostituted to temporal purposes, with a barefaced audacity that can find no precedent for two centuries.

That this is no over-statement, will be readily admitted by any one who has observed the events of any of the violently contested Irish elections, or even bestowed the most cursory attention on the newspapers of the last month. It is easily accounted for. For years past Irish Roman Catholics have not only enjoyed an equality of privileges with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, but their favour has been especially courted, and their power exaggerated, by successive Ministers. Instead of the want of sympathy, recent events have placed the priests in direct antagonism to their fellow-citizens.

The cant of fifty years "such things are impossible in the nineteenth century," has concealed their policy, and cemented their power; they have become adepts in agitation, from the conivance, nay, encouragement, of many ministers. They have nothing to gain by moderation—they hope everything from an exhibition of their power. Accordingly, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, from the Causeway to Cape Clear, the country has been inundated with sacerdotal election-agents: each priest taking the part he is best suited to fill, from the grave dignity of a statesman whose word carries weight, to the meanest office of the humblest understrapper. John of Tuam leads the way with a pastoral address, on the 4th of July, and swarms of reverend fathers drag doubtful voters to the poll in every poll-booth to the close of the last election.

To understand the full force and moral of this universal system, the reader must look even beyond Ireland, and observe the striking feature which pervades the whole election—the adaptation of the means resorted to by the Roman Catholic clergy to the end to be effected in each instance, uncontrolled by any other consideration than the probability of success.

The mildest form of priestly interference is to be looked for in England. Take an example from the address of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Clergy to the Electors of Middlesex. This has excited some indignation in a portion of the English press. In Ireland we should have considered it an instance of singular moderation and forbearance; and the clergymen who confined themselves to such a degree of interference, would probably have been held up as bright examples to their brethren. It was but a short and very mild paragraph of advice and suggestion—not even savouring of the arrogance of spiritual teaching—to the Roman Catholic electors of Middlesex, to vote for the candidate who had done some service to their Church. The doctrines that eternal damnation would be the inevitable penalty of voting against Mr. Osborne, or that it was a sacred duty to violate every promise to his anti-Catholic rival, would have only excited the ridicule and provoked the indignation of the Middlesex electors; and as the prejudices of the rabble are anti-Roman, any attempt to rouse them into

violence was, of course, out of the question. Therefore, all that could be attempted was what was attempted—such a gentle pressure from "the Church" as might fix the votes of some apostates from Protestantism, or perhaps a few scrupulous Roman Catholics.

The next degree of priestly interference is to be found in the commercial cities and counties in the north and east of Ireland. Take Dublin as an example. Here a large section of the mob were capable of being worked on; but their adversaries, too, were numerous, and the law was too powerful to allow any considerable effect to be produced by intimidation. A considerable number of the Roman Catholic electors were enlightened and liberal, and it would endanger their votes to venture on any public denunciations of Divine vengeance, or wholesale dispensations with the obligation of truth. Still there was a much more extensive field of religious prejudices to work upon than an English constituency could afford. Accordingly we find the papal candidate (Mr. Reynolds), on the eve of the election, walking in procession round Marlborough-street chapel, holding a canopy over Bishop Cullen's head; but he does not venture to come forward as the champion of awakened Catholicism, and at the hustings professes himself no more than an advocate of religious equality. There are no placards of a very violent or revolting character, no universal preaching of political sermons; but the clergy content themselves with a zealous canvass, and the inculcation, privately or in chapel, of doctrines proportioned to the faith or ignorance of their several hearers.

But in the southern and western counties there was a field where "the Church" could avow its principles, unchecked by any considerations of expediency, and its ministers could revel in the uncontrolled exercise of priestly domination. The mask is put aside; the candidates rarely even profess liberal opinions; they are the champions of Catholicism—the servants of the Church—to fight for it against all enemies, on all occasions, and are, in return, supported by its clergy at all hazards.

In some places the unbiassed wishes of the electors, the personal popularity of the Conservative candidate, or his having been first in the field, had ob-

tained him a number of promises, sufficient to secure his return in any constituency of average morality. This was the case in Waterford county, for example. That result is to be avoided *per fas et nefas*. Instantly every chapel resounds with the awful doctrines which had shunned the light since the sixteenth century, that the good of the Church is paramount to the obligation of any promise; that faith is not to be kept with a heretic candidate when a Catholic is in the field. Principles as immoral as those which released Elizabeth's subjects from their allegiance, or prompted attempts on the life of Henry IV. of France, are unblushingly promulgated. Take the following mild specimen as an example, bearing in mind that it is selected, not from the secret preaching of a country priest to his ignorant flock—not from the excited harangue of a clerical demagogue to his rabble auditory—but from the published letter of an influential divine in the Roman Catholic Church, widely circulated as the text upon which the less restrained and less responsible were to enlarge and improve; prepared deliberately in the closet, with all the caution of a statesman writing for the public, and all the plausibility of a casuist prepared for dispute. The Rev. R. B. O'Brien, of Limerick, was applied to in a published letter, dated 8th July, from one of his flock, evidently to give an opportunity for reply to the question, What are the moral and religious obligations of the promise of an elector? The following are extracts from his answer:—

"Let me suppose, that at the time of the promise, the voter was convinced of the eligibility of the individual who sought his suffrage, and that subsequently he became better informed, and believed that the candidate's return would be mischievous. *The answer is obvious.* He has unknowingly acted against God, and cannot double his fault, by knowingly repeating the transgression. *His moral and religious obligation is to pay no attention whatever to the promise, unless to lament it.*" "If circumstances arise after the promise, that demand a different person, what of the promise made? I suppose you anticipate my reply—*The fulfilment of the promise is an act against God.*"Men may be saved by their invincible ignorance from the guilt of performing such promises, but it is only ignorance can save them."

How such texts have been worked upon is well known. The member for Carlow borough owes his success, as has been confidently stated, to the effect of the wholesale dispensations given by the bishop to release Roman Catholic voters from their promises to Mr. Browne. Every southern election affords numerous similar examples.

But though casuistry can explain away the rules of morality, and sanctify the guilt of falsehood, it does not alone supply a sufficient motive to the voter. If left to his own judgment of what is for his political benefit, he will vote as he promised. Some motive to action more powerful than his sense of public duty, or his perception of his worldly interests, is to be supplied. It is ready to the priest's hand. He wields the invisible terrors of another world. He is the ambassador of God to man. He holds the keys of heaven, and can interpret the will of Providence respecting every action of human life. It is a mortal sin to vote against the advocate of the Church. The priest can—and will—withhold the comforts of religion from the impious wretch who is guilty of such a sin. If the superstition of the voter himself cannot be worked on, the religious feelings of his wife and family are brought to bear against him. If even this should fail, he is in danger of being an outcast among his priest-ridden neighbours, branded as an excommunicated heathen, hated and persecuted with the bitter animosity which ignorant bigotry is sure to exhibit. Thus by the hopes and fears which a priest alone can excite in an uneducated and superstitious community, without one single consideration which affords a legitimate or proper motive for his vote, is the elector persuaded, frightened, driven, to vote against what his unbiassed inclinations led him to desire, and his common sense tells him is for his advantage. Lest this should be thought an exaggeration, we give the following specimens. Hundreds of the same kind are familiar to every reader of an Irish newspaper. The two first were posted on the walls and chapels throughout Tipperary:—

"HELL BROKE LOOSE!

"The demon of persecution is up in England! Bloodshed, sacrilege, and fire have commenced the reign of terror! Roman Catholic chapels have been demolished;

those who worshipped there have been butchered. But more horrible than all, the sacrament of redemption—the body and blood of the Saviour—has been violated and trampled in the mud. *Hell has opened and belched forth armies of devils to desecrate and murder. This is the work of the Derby government, who drew the sword against the altars of Christianity, and who, if they can get power to do so, will not leave one of them in these United Kingdoms.*

"Up, Irishmen, for the old faith! Link your strength around the sanctuary. This is no time for cabals or feuds. Who would place his hopes in the smiles of an Orange landlord, while the holy God of heaven spreads forth his arms to shelter the faithful defenders of his church? Who would support Jocelyn Otway, the supporter of Derby and his hell crew? Who would vote for Jocelyn Otway, that wants to go to Parliament to help in the destruction of the Catholic Church. *The traitor who will do so, never let him enter a chapel door; let his memory be to you like the memory of Judas; keep from him, for the devils of hell are his companions, and no saint in heaven will pray for him in his dying hour.*

"VOTE FOR SCULLY AND SADLIER.

"Do your duty to God and man, and trust in Him alone who can defend you, who can wither in a moment the hand that would attempt to strike you in persecution.

"HURRAH FOR THE BRIGADE!"

In the same county appeared the following:—

"SLAUGHTER OF ROMAN CATHOLICS.

"Men of Tipperary read this! The bloody bigots of Stockport, urged on by the Derbyites, attacked the innocent children of Roman Catholics, when quietly leaving their schools, and followed them to their homes, and flinging them from the windows into the streets, and butchering them and their unoffending parents, wrecked and destroyed their houses and furniture, destroyed the two Roman Catholic chapels, burned the organs, vestments, and all their sacred furniture, wrecked the houses of the priests, destroyed their libraries, which cost £800, and trampled on the most Holy Sacrament of the altar.

"Will you vote for Jocelyn Otway, a supporter of the Derby Government, that sanctions this?

"Will you vote for Jocelyn Otway, a supporter of the Orange Government, who will hang and transport all your bishops, priests and nuns?

"Will you vote for the villains who are swimming this moment in the blood of your Catholic brethren, and making bonfires of your chapels?

"Will you vote for the bloody Derbyites, who say there can be no peace for Ireland until Popery is extirpated?

"Will you vote for the devils who are burning every image of the Crucifixion, and of the Holy Mother of God, that they can lay their hands on?

"Which will you follow Christ or anti-Christ?

"Choose at once—will you vote for Jocelyn Otway, and bring down heaven's curse on yourselves and children?

"Vote for Scully and Sadleir.

"Vote for the true soldiers of your creed and country, who will help the Irish Brigade to trample on the Derbyites, the persecutors of your religion."

The following is a Mayo placard, carried in procession at a meeting in Westport, where the Rev. Dean Bourke presided and spoke, and some twenty or thirty P.P.'s and C.C.'s constituted the intelligence of the meeting:—

"Massacre and sacrilege at Stockport.

Irish Catholics wounded in their beds.

Twenty-four houses wrecked and burned.

The Priest's house burned.

The chapel sacked and pillaged.

THE TABERNACLE BROKEN OPEN AND THE HOLY OF HOLIES SPILT ON THE GROUND.

In consequence of Lord Derby's proclamation.

Catholics of Ireland! whoever votes for a supporter of Lord Derby's government,

votes for the massacre of his

countrymen,

the violation of the house of God, and the POLLUTION OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF HIS REDEEMER.

Down with Lord Derby and M'Alpine."

There is scarcely a constituency in Ireland where the priests have any influence in which some similar document respecting the Stockport riots has not been placarded by the clerical agitators; it would be tedious to repeat more of them. It would be easy to give numerous samples of clerical speeches, which exceed even these placards in atrocity. The following is from the speech of a Rev. Father Maw, at Tralee:—

"If there be a Catholic elector of this borough, who will dare to go forward and register his vote for the English enemy, pass him by with scorn and contempt. Do not be seen to walk with him—to talk to or associate with him. Let him fester in his corruption. . . . Electors of Tralee—you—the honest electors—who have always upheld the independence of your town—assemble in a body to-morrow; go to those unfortunate wretches, and make them acquainted with the consequences of their guilt!

. . . . Let me suppose one of those wretches prostrated by sickness—suppose the hand of death heavy upon him—and a mee-

senger comes to me to attend him in his dying moments. If there were no other priest in the way I would be bound to go. I dare not refuse to attend him; but I confess I would be sorry in my heart to be called upon to attend the deathbed of such a being,

Overpowered by the impression that I was about to visit a perjured wretch, who, for a miserable bribe, betrayed the dearest interests of his country and his religion, and borne down with the harrowing reflection that God, in his just anger, might leave such a wretch to die in his sins, I would fear that my mission would be fruitless—that I could have no hope of converting a heart so hardened, *so lost to every sense of duty and religion, as to vote in support of those who would trample on the Lord of Hosts.*"

A Father Maher, at Carlow, playfully observed—"The view into the other world of those Catholics who vote for Mr. Brown is far from affording consolation; let them go and be damned." So violent were the sermons in Banagher chapel, that it was found necessary to march out the military attending at mass there, and the same thing happened in many other places. These clerical harangues are full of suggestions of probable special visitations of God's vengeance; as, for example, that the preacher should not be surprised if the rebellious voter should fall from his horse and break his head, if his house should be prostrated, his haggard burned, or the like. Of what terrible significance is this! But we forbear detailing further specimens of this revolting oratory. We have given the above samples, lest a general description should be thought overdrawn; and, after reading them, most readers will admit, that no language can be too strong for their diabolical atrocity. Be it observed, the examples are not taken from newspaper tirades, but from speeches and documents, the responsibility of which it is impossible for the priests to escape from.

These are the public acts which have seen the light. But this is but a small portion of the agency employed. Who will estimate the amount of private perversion and intimidation? If such be the open avowals of the sacerdotal party, what must be their secret acts? Judge by the results. Take the common case of a voter who has promised—willingly promised—his support to the anti-papal candidate. See that man

first pointed at in unmistakeable allusions from the chapel altar; see him then visited by a select band of some half dozen ruffians, "*to warn him of the consequences of his crime,*" that his character, his property, his life, are in danger; see him assailed in private by his spiritual guide, and solemnly told that not merely his temporal but his eternal welfare is at stake; hear the awful announcement made to his wife and family, and hear their terror-stricken and earnest expostulations; see him fly for protection, as a last resource, to the guarded house of his landlord or some wealthy neighbour; watch the priest even there assailing him, with the cross in his hand, cursing him as an apostate from his God, and with a fatal significance in his whisper, threatening him as an enemy to his country. Remember that voter has seen an obnoxious neighbour shunned, hooted, pelted; he has heard of noonday bludgeonings and midnight visitations. Picture then what he, blinded by superstition and agonised with fear, must brave if he votes according to his inclination; and it is easy to account for the hundreds, nay, thousands, who have entreated for God's sake to be released from their promises.

Are we to be surprised at the atrocities which in some instances have followed such denunciations and such acts—the riot-swept streets, ransacked houses, battered churches, bludgeoned voters? Such events as the Cork and Limerick riots are not the objectless outbreaks of an excited populace, they have as definite a purpose as the locking up of an individual voter, and that purpose is intimidation. Yet it is not in acts of violence that the great characteristic of the Election is to be found. It is the union and universality of the exertions of the Roman Catholic clergy that are especially ominous.

We do not impute any peculiar malignity to the Roman Catholic priests engaged in these things. The most terrible feature of the case is, that all this is done by men most of whom act conscientiously under a sense of duty. The spirit that prompted the monkish brutalities of Dunstan, or the stern rebellion of Thomas à Becket, is here again developed after the lapse of centuries. It is the Parliament now, it was then the Crown, that the Church aimed at controlling. The

priest is taught, and believes, that the aggrandisement of his Church is the holiest cause that can employ his energies, the purest motive that can influence his actions; a duty to God in comparison to which his relative duties to man are of imperfect obligation; in fine, an end so good that no means conducing to it can be bad. He has also the keen sense of individual interest in the struggle. The Church is personified in the order to which he belongs; whatever increases her influence gives him power and riches. His motives, when he embarks in politics, thus combine the two strongest springs of human action—endow him with the vague and holy zeal of a crusader, and the selfish acuteness of a pirate. He represents at once the passions of Godfrey of Bouillon and Ralph the Rover. An absorbing enthusiasm supplies energy, and an intense self-interest gives him perseverance: both mislead and blind his moral sense.

It is not pretended that these fanatical exertions were made against the Government candidates because the general policy of the ministry is disapproved of. It is admitted—nay, boasted—that it is a question of *religion* merely, and that all English parties, all parties who have the remotest chance of holding the reins of government, are equally opposed to the principles which the priests' nominees are pledged to uphold. It is, indeed, generally conceded, that if the religious element were removed, the ministerial candidates would have been returned, in almost every instance, by overwhelming majorities. It is not, and cannot be, denied that the policy of Lord Derby is for the practical benefit of Ireland. But all that is a feather in the scale when weighed against the supposed interests of "the Church." The most inveterate prejudices are crushed beneath the car of the same devouring idol. The unknown stranger, the hated Saxon, the hostile alien, if he have only the merit of religion and the passport of the priests' approval, is unhesitatingly preferred before the fellow-townsmen, the patriot of Irish name and lineage, even though the former be a man of no standing or a notorious dolt, and the latter be recommended by known public services, high station, and exalted genius. The example set in the return of Lord Arundel for Limerick a few months

ago, has found many imitations in the recent election. Witness Mr. Gartlan, a sufficiently fierce demagogue, put aside in Dundalk for Mr. Bowyer. See the instances of Mr. Craven in Dublin, Sergeant Shee in Kilkenny, Mr. Townley in Sligo, &c., &c. The painful but irresistible conclusion is, that the material interests of the country, the most cherished predilections of the people, every suggestion of political prudence and every dictate of patriotic prejudice, must yield to the interests of the priesthood, and be sacrificed to the good of the Church.

In some constituencies the candidates coming forward under the priests' patronage made a profession—how absurdly incongruous!—that they are friends of civil and religious liberty. But when the party were unquestionably secure of a majority, the candidates were spared this piece of hypocrisy. The increased pretension of the Roman clergy in the last few years has had one good consequence—it has had some tendency to unmask the real policy of their order, and its supporters. Our readers, who are not in the habit of looking into Roman Catholic periodicals, may not be aware of the extent to which this has been done. From others, we select the following extract from the *Roman Catholic Magazine*, the *Rambler*, published in September, 1851, without any reference to an election. It affords a curious key to the varied professions of the Romanist candidates, and the measures adopted by their clerical supporters:—

"Still, let our Catholic tolerationist be ever so sincere, he is only sincere because he does not take the trouble to look very closely into his own convictions. His great object is to silence Protestants, or to persuade them to let him alone; and, as he certainly feels no personal malice against them, and laughs at their creed quite as cordially as he hates it, he persuades himself that he is telling the exact truth when he professes to be an advocate of religious liberty, and declares that no man ought to be coerced on account of his conscientious convictions. The practical result is, that now and then, but *very seldom*, Protestants are blinded, and are ready to clasp their expected ally in a fraternal embrace.

"They are deceived, we repeat, nevertheless. Believe us not, Protestants of England and Ireland, for an instant, when you see us pouring forth our liberalism; when you hear a Catholic orator at some

public assemblage, declaring solemnly that this is the most humiliating day in his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principle of religious freedom, especially if he says anything about the Emancipation Act, and the toleration it *conceded* to Catholics—be not too simple in your credulity. These are brave words, but they mean nothing; no, nothing more than the promises of a parliamentary candidate to his constituents on the hustings. He is not talking Catholicism, but nonsense and Protestantism; and he will no more act on these notions in different circumstances, than *you* now act on them yourselves in your treatment of him. You ask, if he were lord in the land, and you were in a minority, if not in number, yet in power, what would he do to you? That, we say, would entirely depend upon circumstances. If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you; if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you; possibly, he might even hang you. But be assured of one thing, he would never tolerate you for the sake of the 'glorious principles of civil and religious liberty;' if he tolerated you—and most likely, as a matter of fact, he *would* tolerate you—it would be solely out of regard to the interests of the Catholic Church, which he would think to be best served by letting you alone.

"A Catholic temporal government would be guided in its treatment of Protestants and other recusants solely by the rules of expediency, adopting precisely that line of conduct which would tend best to their conversion, and to prevent the dissemination of errors. Still, an adoption of the *policy* of toleration is far different from an adoption of one of the most barefaced falsehoods of Protestantism. Few things, indeed, have worked the Church more harm in England and in Ireland than the occasional borrowing of the tricks of the age, into which we have sometimes permitted ourselves to be deluded. Never are we guilty of a more fatal mistake than when we seek to conciliate Protestants by assuming their garb, by practising their devices, and by repeating their phrases, with the view of inducing them to imagine that Catholicism is more akin to Protestantism than they have hitherto supposed. If our claims are true, they (Protestants) say to themselves, why do we not assume our rightful position? Why are we so anxious to make the Church wear the garb of the world? Why do we stoop, and cringe, and bow before that enemy whom we are sent to conquer and annihilate? Why are we ashamed of the deeds of our more consistent forefathers, who did only what they were bound to do by the first principles of Catholicism."

It is, of course, not to be expected that the members selected by constituencies under such influences as we have

been describing, would be such as ought to be entrusted with the legislation for a great and free people; but some of the extravagancies of the recent elections have been even painfully ludicrous. We have had one candidate, Mr. Lucas, gravely canvassing a great county under the *patronage of the Virgin Mary!* and parading his "devotion to the Mother of God" as his great recommendation in his address and speeches. We have seen a large commercial town reject a Roman Catholic gentleman, who filled a high official station, but who was guilty of being a Whig, and prefer before him a newspaper proprietor whom he had prosecuted. Perhaps some men will think the insult a just retribution.

But the question remains, what is to be done under such circumstances? If the number of the members nominated by the priesthood was so considerable as to exercise any great influence on the legislature, or if the independent electors in such constituencies were in such hopeless minorities as to afford no promise of raising themselves from their present debasement, and showing themselves worthy of political privileges, this would, indeed, be a grave question. But this election may be fairly taken as the test of the utmost which the Romish clergy could effect. They have strained every nerve, and yet the number of creatures they have been able to return is so small, that it must be powerless in the senate. The only means by which the Brigade can hope to effect anything is by a compact of mutual assistance with some other section of unscrupulous politicians. In a great many instances, the Brigade members were returned by very narrow majorities; and in many cases, where their majorities were considerable, the contest has shown that, if the constituency was prepared, and the respectable electors awake to their interests—and if the events of this election do not arouse them, their slumber must be profound, indeed—the battle might be won. The contest was fought under great disadvantages. The Stockport riots and the tone of feeling in England afforded a plausible pretext for the falsehoods so plentifully circulated; the old alliance between the priests and the Whigs was not wholly dissolved. The thorough-going partisans of the late ministry, for the most part, voted for the Papal candidates;

many moderate men abstained from voting against them, and the circumstances having sometimes brought into the contest, on the other side, men who felt or professed very strong opinions, gave a reasonable pretext for so doing. But the tactics of the clergy are such as will not bear repetition. Men get used to being threatened with damnation, and cease to mind it; mobs get tired of being roused to violence, and begin to fear the consequences. The power of common sense and the vigour of the law must, in the end, prevail. There are hopes for the most degraded and priest-ridden constituencies in Ireland, if only the liberal and independent electors are true to themselves. But the victory is to be won only by strenuous and continued exertion—it may be after repeated contests and defeats. Men must not be intimidated by the imputation of extreme opinions. The gross misrepresentations of Irish constituencies, as consisting of only two violent factions, cannot deceive even the English readers of the most anti-Irish portion of the press. Let the firm moderation of Irish Protestants continue to give them the most convincing contradiction.

Such a course is the only safe and sure remedy for the evils we have described. Any attempt to disfranchise electors for ignorance, bigotry, or intimidation—no matter how much these may unfit them for the franchise—or any attempt to exclude the priesthood or any other class from interference in elections, no matter how indecent their conduct or malignant their influence may be—could unquestionably be justified only by extreme necessity and danger to the state. For the evils which this election in Ireland has so glaringly exhibited, as for others, the constitution will work out its own cure. The more grievous these evils the more imperatively does public duty require every upright citizen to exert himself to counteract them. Let no man who can acquire a vote be without it, and let no man who has a vote abstain

from using it on every future occasion. Above all, let the Irish proprietary labour to establish such feelings of mutual good-will between themselves and their tenantry, as will entitle them to exercise that legitimate influence which independent and educated men should possess with their more dependent and less enlightened neighbours.

The election has unmistakably told us what we have to expect if we fail in these duties—unconditional submission to priestly dictation in its most insulting forms. Take as a sample, not the worst instances—not the grossness of the Kilkenny or King's County contests—but what has occurred in the case of Archbishop MacHale himself. The following is from the account of the Galway election in the *Freeman's Journal*, an unimpeachable witness:—

"Every man in the Court-house uncovered when his Grace made his appearance, except the Tory party; but they were soon compelled to follow the example of the rest, as the people in the body of the house, provoked by their insolence, could scarce be restrained from proceeding to violence."

Hear that! and read this churchman's comments on the chastisement of those insolents who did not instantly uncover to him on the public hustings. Hear his address when proposing—or rather commanding—the election of the candidate he nominated:—

"I did not," he said, "come here to walk under the banners of Galba or Metellus, but I come here to raise up the banner of the Church."

And accordingly, on the rights of the Church he spoke—her rights to have processions of the host, processions of her robed priesthood, every exhibition of her pomp and power, familiar as "her liberties" in the days of darkness, "ere that excrescence of Christianity," we use Archbishop MacHale's own words, "the Protestant Church, disgraced the world."

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TYRONE POWER; A BIOGRAPHY.—PART I.

"And part, like Ajut, never to return."—CAMPBELL'S "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

IN the course of almost every man's life, incidents occur, little to be expected or foreseen, and which strike the individual himself as very extraordinary when they happen. It is thus with me in the present instance. I am undertaking a task I never anticipated, and one not likely, in the probable course of events, to have fallen to my lot. If I had been told ten or twelve years ago, "You will be the biographer of Tyrone Power in 1852," I should have replied, with an incredulous smile, "It is much more likely he will be mine;" supposing (which I do not) I can ever become a subject sufficiently important for such notice. He was younger than I by several years, and I never saw any man in whom the elements of long life, health, and prosperity, appeared more promisingly developed. But "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." It was impossible to foresee the astounding casualty which, on that fatal night, in March, 1841, terminated suddenly a brilliant career, and buried, in the unfathomable depths of ocean, life, hope, energy, genius, and untiring perseverance. What Dr. Johnson, with some exaggeration of feeling arising from the memory of long friendship, said of the decease of Garrick after his retirement from the stage, may, with more strict fidelity, be applied to the untimely catastrophe of Power in the full tide of his popularity. "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

By this rude shock, as paralysing as it was sudden and unexpected, his family were deprived of the successful exertions which brought with every year increasing happiness and indepen-

dence; society lost an enlivening and accomplished ornament; and I, with others, mourned for a friend of long probation, and a professional auxiliary, whose place has never been supplied. For a considerable time, the fact was disbelieved, and such was the prevailing impression of the good fortune attached to the name of Tyrone Power, that it was still confidently expected, the "President" would be heard of long after all reasonable ground of such expectation had ceased to exist.

More than eleven complete years have passed over since that destroying tempest, and not even the smallest vestige of the ill-starred vessel, or aught that it contained, has been disclosed to human eye. It is now scarcely possible the veil can ever be removed, or any particulars ascertained. The event will stand recorded in its shroud of doubt and darkness, among the impressive tragedies of history, and will often be referred to, and called up in illustration—

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

While reverting to the fate of Power, we are reminded of the similar misfortune which closed the career of Theophilus Cibber, in 1759. He perished with all the other passengers, who were extremely numerous, in a packet-ship, which was wrecked on the passage from Parkgate to Dublin—a transit of little more than one hundred miles, but in those days not unfrequently occupying a fortnight. Edward William Elton, too (an actor of some celebrity), it will be remembered, was lost in the *Pegasus*, when returning from Edinburgh to London, on the 19th July, 1848. This unlucky steamer

struck on the Gold Rock, and of fifty-five souls on board, six only were saved.

I have scarcely ever known any public person respecting whose private history so many mistakes were made, or so many idle stories circulated, as in the case of the subject of this memoir. Having had repeated opportunities of ascertaining, from long personal intimacy, how much of this was pure invention, and how much more a jumble of error arising from circumstances to be explained in due course, I have often been amused with the absurd questions I have been asked, and the extravagant assertions I have listened to. Among other things, I have frequently had bets referred to my decision, as to whether Power was or was not an Irishman? To this, I have invariably answered that he was; having the best authority for so saying, namely, himself. The sceptics on this point might have been satisfied with internal evidence. None but a real "boy of the soil," could have delivered the pure native vernacular with his unexaggerated ease, his agreeable careless fluency; or could have twirled a stick, and danced a jig as he did, "with natural grace, beyond the reach of art." Such minute distinct traits and features are unattainable by foreign painters, who overdo and caricature the national peculiarities which baffle imitation. They lay on heavily and vigorously with a pound-brush, but cannot finish in with the delicate touch of a fine sable pencil. I never yet saw an English actor who could embody faithfully Irish character, or convey the full effect of Irish fun. He may fancy that he understands, he may think that he feels and enjoys, but he cannot act them. The same remark may, with equal justice, be extended to the efforts of our Anglo-Saxon brethren in delineating the Baillie Jarvies, Dominie Sampsons, and Caleb Balderstones, of the great Scottish novelist. These horrible mutilations, or unjustifiable homicides, are sufficient to disturb the mighty master in his rest, and provoke him to haunt the perpetrators for the rest of their natural lives.

Fortunately, Mackay is still in existence to counteract the libel on his own countrymen; but, for the present, we must trust to our reminiscences of Jack Johnstone and Tyrone Power, for an adequate stage conception of genuine Hibernian humour—the richest, the most varied, and the most exhilarating of all imaginable humour, when truthfully and tastefully depicted; but when (as Shakspeare says) "overdone, or come tardy off," in an equal proportion, wearisome, vulgar, and anti-national. For many of the whimsical mummeries perpetrated on the stage, under the delusion of their being illustrations of Irish character, the actors are often less responsible than the authors, who are generally as happy in their rendering as they would be, if set down to translate an original chapter from the "Annals of the Four Masters," or a poem from the true Milesian erse of "Flaun Mainistreach."

William Grattan Tyrone Power, was born near Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, on the 2nd of November, 1797—a soil favourable to the growth of theatrical genius; the same county having given birth, at an earlier and a later period, to Dorothea Jordan and Charles Kean. The father of Power, a gentleman of the same county,* was married to Miss Maria Maxwell, the orphan daughter of a Colonel Maxwell, who fell in America, in one of the many battles fought during the disastrous war waged between Great Britain and her revolted colonies. Soon after his marriage, he left Ireland for the New World, with a view of seeking, in a far distant land, a more tranquil home than the disturbed state of the European continent promised on this side of the Atlantic.

He also hoped, by a steady system of economy, to repair his fortune, which had been seriously diminished by his own, as well as by ancestral improvidence. Soon after his arrival in America, he fell a victim to one of the local fevers incidental to the climate, leaving his young widow and infant (who had remained in Ireland until he felt his way with some certainty) to commence

* The Powers of Waterford are a very numerous sept. Doddsley's "Annual Register," for 1790, contains the following entry; but whether the "unfortunate gentleman" was any relation of Tyrone Power, we have not been able to discover:—"Mr. Power, son to Richard Power, Esq., one of the candidates for the county of Waterford, in consequence of an election dispute with Captain Grumbleton (appropriate name), of the 18th Regiment of Dragoons, went out with that gentleman, and was shot dead on the field."

a long and arduous struggle with the world, deprived of their natural protector, and relying on very slender means. Mrs. Power, finding herself, by the death of her husband, left quite alone in a disturbed country, became desirous of seeking that security for herself and child which Ireland no longer afforded. With this determination she left Waterford early in the memorable year of 1798, on her way to Dublin and England. The insecurity of the roads rendered many precautions necessary for the safety of a "lone woman," travelling in a post-chaise in such perilous times. With the hope of preserving as much property as possible, in case of being stopped, she took the precaution to sew into the lining of the great-coat worn by ladies in those days, the greater portion of her ready money, jewels, and portable valuables. The journey proceeded prosperously until the travellers reached the town of Wicklow, where their progress was arrested by a kind of barricade, which had been thrown up across the road. A crowd of half-drunken, rudely-armed savages surrounded the carriage, and directed the inmates to alight. On this order being complied with, they went systematically to work to remove everything, inside and out, that appeared to be of the slightest value, finishing their inquisition by requiring the lady to divest herself of her ornaments, purse, and watch, and, at the same time, compelling her to remove her coat, to satisfy themselves that nothing worth adding to the plunder was concealed beneath its ample folds. On her returning to the post-chaise, one of the band, with a slight touch of humanity to which the others were strangers, threw the great-coat in at the door, remarking that the poor lady was shivering with cold and fear, and required it to protect her infant from the wintry night air. One of the hags, however, who, like familiar demons, are always to be found in the train of such parties, counteracted his good intention, as, with a howl of execration, she snatched the garment away, screaming to the trembling mother, to "let her child shiver as theirs had done; for it was their time now to take a turn of the good things." This republican sentiment, too congenial for opposition, was received with universal applause. The crone bore off her booty in tri-

umph, ignorant that she had obtained the lion's share, while the poor traveller continued her journey in silent resignation, too happy to have escaped the still more dreadful misfortune of personal insult and outrage.

Mrs. Power used frequently to relate this adventure in after years, with other curious scenes and anecdotes connected with that eventful period. Her conversation was replete with interest, as she had been personally acquainted with Grattan, Curran, the Emmetts, and many more among the leading men of the day, equally distinguished by political and literary ability. On arriving in Dublin, she disposed of a small property of her own in the neighbourhood of that city, with the proceeds of which it was her intention to settle in South Wales, and devote herself entirely to the education of her son. But ill fortune again pursued her. The vessel in which she crossed the channel was wrecked upon the Welsh coast; but so near the land that, at low water, the passengers were able to wade on shore. Mrs. Power carried her infant in her arms, and bestowed the rest of her moveable treasures in two capacious pockets, fastened round her waist. These obsolete receptacles resembled in shape the outline of a violoncello, and were nearly as large as saddle-bags. Totally unknown to the existing generation, they are sometimes mentioned with regret by a few lingering grandmothers, who remember to have seen and used them in their youth. While struggling to reach the land, Mrs. Power sunk into a quick-sand, from which she was dragged by the arms, but with the sacrifice of the unlucky pockets, containing, besides a considerable sum of money, papers of the utmost importance, the want of which materially affected her own and her son's prospects in after life. At length she reached Cardiff, and settled in a cottage near that town, where, for some years, she enjoyed the repose and tranquillity she was in search of, but failed to attain without considerable risk, and the loss of property she could ill afford to spare.

Tyrone Power was ushered into the world precisely at the period when the French Revolution had unsettled men's minds, and spread abroad a general feeling of indefinite alarm. New and startling theories were unhinging the whole fabric of society, while a vague

impression prevailed that great changes were on the eve of completion ; but whether for good or evil, or how to be effected, no one pretended to be sufficiently oracular to decide. In early infancy he was doomed to suffer severely from the calamities of the times, and to commence experience of that series of vicissitudes—that alternation of fortune—which chequered the whole of his career. The resources of a small country town, in a corner of South Wales, afforded in those days but few advantages for education ; but, as he was originally intended for the army, deep reading was considered superfluous in a profession which demands acquirements of a more active and practical character. The embryo actor's studies, left pretty much to be regulated by his own taste and bias, became somewhat desultory and incongruous. A competent knowledge of the French language, a smattering of German, and a mass of undigested lore, indefatigably collected from the novels, plays, and romances of a circulating library—these may be set down as comprising nearly all the learning he mastered in his youth. Generally well-informed, without pretending to profound erudition, he made up by natural quickness of observation for the deficiencies of scholastic discipline. An inherent fondness for study, and an honest ambition to be distinguished, led him, as he advanced in life, to repair the gaps in his early education. It seems probable that, if he had been spared a few years longer, he would have devoted the greater portion of his time to the pen. In an entry in his diary, dated 1839, he says:—"Bentley came in to-day with a work, as promised ; wishes me to do something for him. But what can I do, worn as I am by six days' acting in every week ? I will not give the public the lees of my mother-wit, such as it is, but wait till I can devote my mind to one thing, and fairly test my strength. A man wants me to become editor of a magazine. Heaven help him ; he little knows my habits." This may account for his having done so little in literature after "*Lo Zingaro*," "*The Lost Heir*," "*The Prediction*," "*The King's Secret*," and the "*Impressions of America* ;" all of which were received with marked favour by the public, and proved sources of considerable profit both to himself and his publishers.

It was expected of him in later years, with more refined taste, more confidence and vigour, and better arranged stores of acquired knowledge, that he would have taken a high place among our popular writers. Strong pecuniary temptations were frequently held out to him ; but his contemplated plans, whatever they might have been, were annihilated by the power which admits of no appeal, and grants no suspension of time when the final summons is issued.

An active and romantic imagination, inflamed by deep researches among the stores of the *Minerva* press, had its full effect in forming the mind of a youth, whose fervid spirit was neither regulated by severe studies, nor sobered by a more strict system of management than could be expected from an indulgent mother to an only child. His earliest thoughts glowed warmly with patriotic aspirations for the welfare of his native land. Innumerable sonnets, odes, and desultory attempts at versification, attest his innate attachment to the country, in which some envious detractors have denied him a right of heritage. All these juvenile effusions, exhibit also the feelings of a generous heart, poured out without reserve, before necessity and intercourse with the world had taught the inevitable lesson which all must learn, of restraining impulse within the chilling rules of expediency.

Circumstances connected with domestic affairs, tending to unsettle his mind, and prevent him from looking forward to any fixed pursuit, particularly fitted him for the stage—an uncertain career, full of charms and alluring pictures for the youthful imagination, when viewed on the surface, where all appears smooth, glittering, and attractive ; but which, when reduced to practical reality, has more of the cares and anxieties of life, more heart-burnings and disappointments, more difficulties and objections, with a greater share of the bitterness of hope deferred, than any other profession to which the energies of man can be devoted. We speak not here of the unjust stigma and degradation, which narrow-minded bigotry has in all ages endeavoured to affix as distinctive badges on the professors of the histrionic art ; as under the feudal tyrannies, the collar of slavery marked out the hereditary serf. Much of this has been

swept away by the influence of individual character, and the general spread of education—that impartial remover of prejudices, and sovereign auxiliary of truth. But the barriers which oppose theatrical success are manifold and peculiar. More numerous and complicated than those which beset the avenues to any other art, because this single art presents an amalgamation of all the rest. Inferiority is linked to a life of endless drudging labour. Washington Irving, for the sake of a smart dictum or two, eulogises the lot of obscure actors in the lowest ranks—utility men, eating lords, silent senators, and conspiring plebeians. These he calls happy fellows, leading enviable lives, full of pleasure, above the fear of a hiss, and below the hope of applause. The sentences are well turned, but the conclusion is erroneous. Such a state of being is vegetation rather than existence—animal endurance, and not intellectual enjoyment. Happiness is a condition of superior order, springing from the exercise of mental faculty, the just perception of moral excellence, and acknowledging little kindred with physical insensibility. There is no royal road to distinction or independence on the stage. No highway to fame and fortune but that which can be laid open by genius and perseverance. Here private patronage and personal influence are powerless. They can neither induct the aspirant into a comfortable sinecure, nor maintain him in a prominent position. He can only force his onward progress by a rare combination of endowments which are accorded to few, and to that chosen few the crowning opportunity is often denied. Men cannot create opportunity, but opportunity, proffered or withheld, can make or mar the fortunes of men. Of the crowds who gaze upwards with longing eyes towards the summit of Fame's ladder, by far the greater number are doomed to struggle at the base, or are able to surmount but very few of the ascending steps. Ability and good fortune have, ere now, promoted the unknown soldier to a marshal or a monarch ; but he forms the exception, not the rule. Countless thousands faint and perish in the race,

while a selected unit reaches the goal in triumph.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

There was at Cardiff, when Mrs. Power settled there with her son, a gentleman of the name of Bird, distantly connected with the family through his wife—a person of high respectability, who conjoined the triple avocations of bookseller, publisher, and postmaster. He was also printer to the theatre, and very popular with the *corps dramatique*, from his liberality in giving them ready credit when funds were low, and shares at a minimum point. The intimacy with Bird gave rise to an erroneous report, propagated afterwards with all the activity of malice, that Power was born a Welshman, and brought up as a printer—two facts, highly honourable in themselves, and which an independent spirit, such as he possessed, would never have shrunk from acknowledging, if they had been true. The country of Caractacus, and the employment of Benjamin Franklin, reflect credit and not disgrace on all who can claim fellowship with either.

Our young theatrical candidate was first introduced to the mimic scene, and became inoculated with the dramatic fever, by witnessing the performances of a company of rather limited pretensions (then under the management of a Mr. Adamson*), in the small theatre of the obscure Welsh town in which he resided. That narrow temple, with its humble officials, and scanty auditory, appeared then in his eyes gorgeous and influential, as did in after years the splendid fanes of Drury-lane and Covent-garden. The various characters he saw there portrayed, however faintly limned by inefficient strollers, inflamed his imagination, entirely occupying his dreams by night, and his thoughts throughout the day. An actor he determined to be, and nothing else. It was useless to contend with destiny. Hopeless of obtaining his mother's consent, he secretly escaped from home, and followed the wandering troop to their next des-

* Mr. Adamson is still alive, hearty, and respected. He resided lately in Bedford-street, Covent-garden. An examination of his repository of scarce prints has often gratified the curious virtuoso.

tion. His personal recommendations consisted of extreme youth, a gentlemanlike deportment, a light, active figure, an intelligent face, natural good humour, and abundance of ready wit. These qualities soon established him in the good graces of the manager and the whole company, with whom he became a general favourite. But his "vaulting ambition" received an early check, in being compelled to begin at the beginning. Instead of astonishing enraptured audiences at once, as he fondly anticipated, in the graceful Prince of Denmark, or the ambitious Thane, he was condemned to the obscurity of Voltimand and Donalbain. Forty years ago, the world was still in a state of slow progression, and moved on according to rule. Rudimentary knowledge was considered necessary before excellence could be reached ; a plodding mistake, incompatible with modern genius, and utterly swept away by the high-pressure speed with which all impediments to rapid promotion are now surmounted. But the young actor, though disappointed, recovered his spirits, and took to his work with such dogged resolution, that he became shortly elevated to the rank of "walking gentleman" of the company—a well-known professional designation, as important as it is unpopular, being usually linked to a small salary, incessant study, and no applause. Yet the "walking gentleman" has heavy responsibilities. He is expected to dress fashionably, to have a clean shirt ready for service at a moment's notice, to be provided with white kid gloves, and externally, at least, to bear some resemblance to the numerous class of which he is set forward as a type. On more than one occasion, young Power was enabled to gratify his ardent longings in characters of a loftier grade, including Norval and Romeo. After wandering for two or three years with different companies, he found himself, in 1815, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, where he made his appearance as Alonzo, in Sheridan's play of *Pizarro* ; and whither his destiny had led him (as it soon appeared) for a very important object. This was announced as his first appearance on any stage, but it is certain that he had acted before. He was here under the management of Mrs. Shatford, well known as the proprietress of a snug,

profitable circuit, including Salisbury, the Isle of Wight, Lymington (Hants), Poole, and St. Heliers, Jersey. Of this eccentric old lady more amusing anecdotes may be told than would fill a volume. But with many oddities she had a kind heart and liberal disposition, as the members of her company, including our young Hibernian, repeatedly proved. Here he remained two years, acquiring practice in a varied round of characters, for many of which he was eminently unfitted. Among others, he essayed Harlequin, and in one particular emergency (at Lymington) was thrust on, sorely against his will, for an aged Irishman in a wig—Kenrick, in the *Heir at Law*, a rapid, lacrymose part of little consequence, and no humour ; the legitimate property of a Mr. Grant, who was suddenly taken ill, and unable to appear. If he produced no effect on the audience, he was much laughed at by his brethren, and joined heartily in the joke against himself. In 1816, at Jersey, he was inducted into the Masonic body, but he proved a careless brother, and never achieved high honours in the ancient craft. At this time he began to be wearied by the endless drudgery of his novitiate, and to form plans for escaping into another course of life. The distaste he felt for the calling he had selected from a youthful impulse was strengthened by the opposition he encountered with his own connexions, and by finding that it proved a formidable obstacle to an attachment he had formed for a young lady resident at Newport, a Miss Gilbert, the orphan daughter of a gentleman of the island, and connected with some of the oldest names in the south of England. Miss Gilbert's ancestors had been settled in the Isle of Wight, and possessed property there and in the neighbouring counties, from a period which dated up to the Norman conquest. Her guardian (Dr. Thomas, an eminent physician of Salisbury), and the few surviving members of the family were unwilling to give the hand of their kinswoman to a young player, as yet unknown to fame, of unascertained position, with a doubtful income of some fifty pounds per annum, irregularly paid, and no immediate prospect of an improving exchequer. First love, however, laughs at all prudential calculations ; and though its course may not run smoothly, often contrives to reach the winning-

post, in defiance of frowning guardians, cold-hearted relatives, and even the terrors of the Court of Chancery. The young couple were married in January, 1817, at which time he had only reached nineteen, and his bride was a year younger—an early period of life to commence struggling with the cares of the world, when but slightly endowed with its substantial goods, and with scarcely a helping hand to assist in smoothing difficulties. By his marriage he became entitled, in right of his wife, to a small fortune, on her coming of age. In the meantime he did not entirely renounce the

stage, but occupied himself, partly in writing, in acting occasionally, when he could get an engagement, and in looking out for an opportunity to settle himself permanently, either at home or abroad.

Before the expiration of the year in which he married, Tyrone Power visited Dublin, for the first time, in a professional capacity. Soon after landing on his native shores, his feelings found vent in the following verses, which are touching, from the deep sentiment of loneliness and desertion they convey, even if they possess no other recommendation :—

“ Restor’d to my country, no kinsman to meet me ;
In the land of my fathers a stranger I roam :
No voice with sweet ‘cead mille failthe’ doth greet me,
To cheer with fond welcome the wanderer home !
Yet, can I forget thee, my country ? Oh, never !
But with life the devotion I bear thee can end :
From my heart no unkindness, remembrance can sever,
Of the land that my forefathers died to defend !

“ Perhaps yon fair spot, where wild flowers are growing—
Where the shamrock and lily so modestly bloom—
To my father’s best blood its rich verdure is owing,
Whilst grateful their blossoms o’ershadow his tomb.
Still dear to these eyes are yon hills proudly swelling ;
And though cold is my welcome, and soon I depart,
Yet how distant soe’er be the land of my dwelling,
The land of my birth shall be nearest my heart.”

Power was engaged by the Dublin manager, Mr. Frederick Jones, to sustain the principal heroes in youthful tragedy, and genteel or light comedy. His juvenile appearance, easy, gentlemanlike deportment, and natural vivacity of manner, all suited well for the line he had chosen. On the 10th December, 1817, he made his *entrée* at Crow-street, in the character of Romeo, which he repeated on the 15th, followed by the very opposite part of Jeremy Diddler, in *Raising the Wind*. His success at the outset was neither brilliant nor encouraging, and the tomahawk of criticism fell rather heavily on his immature efforts, as will be seen by the following notices which appeared in some of the leading journals :—“*Freeman’s Journal*, Dec. 11th, 1817. A Mr. Power, from one of the English theatres, appeared for the first time as Romeo. We did not observe any striking fault in his performance, except that he was not perfect in the text—a fault, by the way, of all others the least excusable in an actor; but we cannot compliment him upon any dis-

play of talent. He went through the character in an unassuming and quiet way, and at least did not disfigure it by the rant, and pretension, and grimace, which so frequently disfigure the attempts of provincial performers.” An Aristarchus, disposed to be indulgent to a young candidate, might have detected a reasonable indication of talent in the very absence of these vulgar blemishes. The same paper thus notices his second appearance :—“Dec. 17th, 1817. Mr. Power performed Jeremy Diddler the same evening, with very considerable dexterity. His dress, however, was remarkably ill-chosen : it had nothing of a distressed gentleman or decayed fop about it. The hat looked as if it had been taken off the head of a ploughboy, and the coat and pantaloons like the tawdry holiday suit of a vulgar country buck, which by some accident had been almost ripped asunder. His voice is weak and husky, and his person, though well formed, is small. *In despite of all these deficiencies*, he was so agile, so flippant, and so lively, that

he kept the house in constant laughter, and if he will only dress the character a little more consistently, and endeavour to add distinctness to the very great rapidity of utterance which he already possesses, he will certainly make a popular Diddler." The *Evening Post* announced their opinion as follows:—"Dec. 11th, 1817. Last night *Romeo and Juliet*. Romeo by a Mr. Power, his first appearance. But he must deliver the text correctly before we can stop to speak of him. Even the speech in the mouth of every schoolboy, 'I do remember an apothecary,' was mangled most unmercifully." "16th Dec., 1817. Mr. Power, though not a bad Jeremy Diddler, should not be altogether so shabby. He looked rather like a vulgar pickpocket than a reduced gentleman scheming for his breakfast. But he has capability, and will be useful. Still we must regret that though many are called to the theatre, few it is likely will be chosen." The *Saunders*, of December the 11th, merely notices his first appearance, in conjunction with Miss Whitaker, as having been successful with the audience, and promises a full critique another time. When he repeated *Romeo*, on the 15th, they were silent, from which we may suppose they had nothing favourable to record. On the 20th, his performance of Col. Mannering and Diddler extracted only the following caustic summary:—"Mr. Power did some justice to Col. Mannering, but he seemed to be too hoarse for the necessary effort in the dialogue." These meagre annotations, while they convey no very exalted impression of acute judgment on the part of the official expounders of genius and dispensers of reputation, were sufficient to damp the ardour of the young actor, who thought and felt there was more in him than the critics of the newspapers were disposed to discern. But, nevertheless, he fought on, determined to win if possible, and gained ground slowly with the audience, despite this "heavy blow and great discouragement," as Metternich said first, and many have since repeated. Power and Charles Kean are two remarkable instances of actors who have achieved high eminence and reputation, in the face of early verdicts which pronounced sentence of hopeless mediocrity against each. It is laborious, but infinitely satisfactory, to force the reversal of a hasty

or biased opinion by determined perseverance. The surmounted difficulties of a rugged path afford more agreeable recollections, when we look back on them, than if we had gained the summit of the hill without obstacle or exertion, by a well-appointed railroad. The mariner who steers his vessel through an archipelago of icebergs, which threaten to run him down at every advancing step, and anchors her safely in harbour at last, has achieved a greater feat than he who has glided luxuriously before the unvarying trade-wind, without pulling a brace, or altering half a point of his course from Madeira to Barbadoes. As one of Nature's truest poets observes—

"W! wind and tide fair l' your tall,
Right on ye send your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' bath to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way."

Power continued through the season to appear in a variety of important characters, including *Doricourt*, *Gratiano*, *Young Philpot (Citizen)*, *Bronzely*, *Sparkish*, *Sir Brilliant Fashion*, *Colonel Briton*, *Plastic*, *Howard (Will)*, *Jack Phantom (Frightened to Death)*, *Richard (Innkeeper's Daughter)*, *Florian (Foundling of the Forest)*, *Lothair (Miller and his Men)*, and *Henry (Deserter)*. Here were, at least, diligence and versatility, if excellence was yet wanting. Once only he tried his hand at an Irishman, *Lieut. O'Connor*, in *Sheridan's farce of St. Patrick's Day*; but the opportunity afforded no scope, and appears to have passed without notice. On one occasion, on Monday the 26th January, 1818, he went completely out of his line, and undertook *Trappanti*, in *She Would and She Would Not*, a low comedy part, full of humour and situation, and almost entirely depending for effect on what experienced actors technically denominate, "knowledge of stage business." None but an old practitioner could be expected to grapple with this Prince of Spanish valets, this concentrated theatrical embodiment of *Guzman d'Alfarache*. Miss Kelly, an actress never surpassed and seldom equalled in her peculiar line, was then in the progress of a very successful engagement. She was anxious to appear as *Donna Hyppolita* in *Cibber's* old comedy—a character she had studied and acted with peculiar felicity. The play was announced and in rehearsal, when Johnson, the favourite

low comedian of long-established popularity, took suddenly ill. The manager and the lady-star were in despair, when Power stepped boldly forward, and volunteered to "go on," as the language of the green-room terms it, for Trappanti at the shortest possible notice. It was considered important not to postpone or lay aside the piece, and the offer was accepted. He himself laughed at what he called the absurdity of the thing, and repeated again and again that he was only induced to undertake it out of respect and consideration for the lady. It is difficult to trace events arising out of a combination of incidental causes to their real source, but it is not unlikely that Power's hap-hazard performance of Trappanti on this evening may have originated impressions in his mind which led to his ultimate success and extraordinary attraction, in a line totally opposed to that in which he originally started. *She Would and She Would Not* is one of those old-fashioned comedies, repudiated by modern taste, which are made up of intrigue, bustling incident, and perpetual equivoque, produced by the plots of valets and chambermaids to assist young ladies and gentlemen in following their own inclinations, to the utter confusion of fathers, guardians, and conscientious employers. The morality and practical instruction of this school are as questionable as the fun and its effects are irresistible. In plays of such a class, a correct delivery of the text is the pivot on which every movement is founded. At rehearsal, great pains were taken to impress on Power the necessity of being perfect, accompanied by endless reminiscences of John Banister and his peculiar excellence, all which he over and over again admired, laughed at, and professed to adopt, always winding up with, "But if you get anything like the meaning of the words, it is more than I expect." When night arrived, he went through the performance without flinching, perfectly collected and easy, but unconscious of the words, which were whispered to him by the other actors in an under tone, or conveyed through some invented question, which forced into his memory the apposite reply. All along he was lively and animated, as if he had enacted the character an hundred times, and kept winking slyly and complacently at the heroine of the piece, as

much as to imply, "I am getting on capitally at last!" In short, if the mind and manner of Trappanti could be adequately conveyed without the small dramatic essential of the author's text, the delineation of Power that evening was perfection. Miss Kelly complimented him highly, observing that he had hitherto been in a theatrical dream, but would now wake and find himself a gifted low comedian. He seemed to shrink from this conviction of his own capabilities, and when reminded of Jack Johnstone, and how from an operative walking lover he became transformed into the most truthful and humorous Irishman the boards had ever seen, he replied, "Yes, yes, I know all that, but Johnstone had a 'natural brogue,' and other advantages in the line, which I have not. I am deeply sensible of these flattering commendations, but I must beg leave to differ from them entirely." And so he toiled on for some years longer, *invité Minervâ*, against nature, before he was fortunate enough to discover the true vein which ultimately placed him above competition. On the 10th of March he repeated Trappanti, and closed his performances in Dublin for that season on the 27th May, as Sir Brilliant Fashion, in Murphy's comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, for Mrs. Edwin's benefit. Candour presses the admission that his first visit to the Irish metropolis held forth but little prospect of his future eminence, and that he was generally supposed to have mistaken his bent.

Soon after this he began to be infected by a singular annoyance which accompanied him from time to time, and place to place, for several years. There was an erratic member of the Thespian fraternity, moving in an inferior grade, who to indifferent acting on the stage, conjoined the unenviable merit of practically and successfully illustrating the character of Jeremy Diddler in general society. His real name was Powell, which he occasionally changed for Power and other promising pseudonyms, as they appeared suited to the different parts he aspired to fill. Under the designation of Power, he succeeded in levying considerable contributions in Wiltshire and the parts adjacent from the friends and connexions of his namesake's wife. The trick was not unravelled until a benevolent clergyman journeyed up to

London to relieve more effectually, with advice and purse, the unfortunate and ill-treated lady whose distress had been portrayed with such touching pathos. Mrs. Power was completely mystified by the condolences of her old and valued friend before she was enabled to undeceive him, and a fruitless search was then instituted for the ingenious swindler, the real Simon Pure. A few years after this, just as Tyrone Power was stepping on the stage for his benefit, at the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham-street, London, he was seized *vi et armis* by a myrmidon of the law, on a charge of basely deserting his wife and children, and leaving them to the tender sympathies of the parish. It was in vain that he declared an *alibi*, proving that he was here, not there. Equally fruitless was his appeal to the manager—who knew that he was Sosia, not Mercury—and to the fact that his wife and half-a-dozen undeserted babes were at that moment occupying the largest private box in the house. The son of Agrippa was inexorable, and clutched his prey with unrelenting grasp until the arrival of the abandoned Ariadne, who failed to recognise her truant Theseus in the captured “Val-mondi.” This was the last time the genuine Power suffered seriously from the humours of his Welsh double, although he continued ever and anon to receive letters from all parts of the kingdom, threatening exposure of his barbarous conduct, with sundry visits from starving families. More than once, a few detracting scribblers exhumed the real delinquent from his cold bed, or re-imported him from the congenial air of the colonies to vex the reputation they were unable to blemish or retard.

During his early career, Power was not seconded by the smiles of fortune, but endured many rude buffets from that fickle goddess with a stout heart and a buoyant, joyous temperament, until at last his indomitable perseverance was rewarded by the most brilliant success. It has been already stated in another biographical sketch,* that he was often heard to say “In the first years of my life, I courted the old blind lady with the miraculous wheel! Oh, how I courted her, by day and night, with my tongue and pen! and the old jade

never would listen to me. But her eldest daughter *Miss Fortune*, an ugly, cross-grained brute, took such a fancy to me, that I could not shake off her kind attentions. Run where I would, north, east, south, or west, there was *Miss Fortune*, and be hanged to her, always ready to meet her darling Tyrone!” Another time, when a friend expressed surprise at his cheerfulness under circumstances of depression and difficulty, which might drive many a man to melancholy—perhaps, suicide:—“*Suicide!*” exclaimed Power, “pooh, suicide is a coward, a cur; but a really brave man seldom makes fussy complaints; he meets misfortune firmly, and treats dangers and difficulties as a set of troublesome scoundrels that he ought to conquer, not to fear. The eldest daughter of *Dame Fortune* may persecute, but by *Saint Pat*, she shall never subdue me.” Power, at this time, had ample stimulants to exertion, in the love of an amiable partner, with two infant children, and the prospect of an increasing family. During the season of his after prosperity, he alluded to his early struggles and privations, with complacency, if not with a regretful satisfaction. When in Ireland in 1839, affluent and popular, standing well in the opinion of the world, and at the top of his profession, in his own peculiar line without a rival; fêted and courted by the aristocracy of the land, he alluded to his first visit of 1817, in his diary, and says:—“I do not think I was ever happier. Certainly, I had more work and far less money; but I had youth, hope, health, bounding spirits, with sanguine expectations, and a young wife whom I loved, and who made my home happy and cheerful, whenever I returned to my small domestic circle.” There is another entry in this diary, and, unfortunately, the only additional one preserved, which curiously illustrates the change in his fortunes and his feelings on tracing back youthful reminiscences. This extract is dated August the 6th, 1839, when he was taking Mrs. Power to the Isle of Wight, on an excursion for her health. Speaking of his arrival at the Dolphin Hotel, at Southampton, he observes:—“With what varieties of fortune is this town associated in the

* See “Lives of the most celebrated Actors and Actresses,” by Thomas Marshall.

incidents of my life ! I have frequently acted here when my yearly income scarcely reached £50. I brought my wife here to see my poor mother, just before our wedding. Twenty-two years have passed away, and here we are again, my income upwards of £6,000 per annum, my family of seven children, healthy and good, well-educated and affectionate ; my two sons in America allowed more for their yearly expenditure than their mother and myself possessed for six years. All this my own parent lived to see accomplished by her son's industry and Heaven's blessing, assisted by a good and virtuous wife, whose encouraging and sustaining aid was never wanting. At this very hotel my mother put up, when on her way to France with her newly-wedded husband, now nearly half a century back ; and here is her son, after being left a beggar through that husband's extravagance, rich beyond the expectations of ambition, and happier than rich, in contentment, and health, and hope." On his return, he adds :—"My short holidays of a week have been spent calmly and cheerfully ; revisiting scenes last beheld under very different auspices ; renewing recollections of early life, and finding, on examination, how like a dream is all the past, which nevertheless has oc-

cupied the best period of existence—the one which makes or mars life's journey." From Dublin, Power proceeded to Margate, where he was engaged by Mr. Saville Fautit, during the summer of 1818 ; his line being still the light comedy. His first and second appearances were Doricourt in the *Belle's Stratagem* and Howard in the *Will*. Letitia Hardy and Albina Mandeville by Miss Sally Booth. On the occasion of Knight's benefit, he was asked, and with much difficulty consented, to attempt Looney Mac-twolt in the *Review*. This was, unquestionably, his first essay as a comic Irishman, and most reluctantly he encountered it, having, as yet, no inward perception of his own ability in the line destined in a few years to open to him the avenue to fame and fortune. From Margate, at the close of the season, he migrated to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and joined the company which opened there, under the management of Mr. De Camp, on the 28th December, 1818. The following address, written by Power, was spoken by the manager, as Sylvester Daggerwood, a character in which he had previously obtained much favour with the public of the great carboniferous emporium.

"From Dunstable, vile spot, just 'scap'd with life,
Myself, my angel babes, and lovely wife ;
In vain we toil'd to take the natives in,
They shunn'd our play-house worse than death or sin ;
In vain th' united talents we combine
Of the three graces, and the muses nine ;
For so paternal love hath named my joys,
Nine beauteous babes—six girls, three lovely boys !
All gifted with rare talent, figure, duty,
Their father's matchless wit, their mother's beauty !
No more I'll say to you, their candid judges ;
If false I've spoke, condemn us all for fudges !
My wardrobe next should claim some small attention,
Oh ! subject sad—I faint at the bare mention !
Oh, Dunstable ! thou sink of all my glory ;
But, pshaw !—I'll wipe my eyes and tell my story.

[Pulls out a ragged pocket handkerchief, and, pointing to it, continues :

'Tis your old friend, since leaving you unfriended,
I've brought it back, in hopes 'twill here be mended ;
Nay, e'en my coat so joys once more to meet you,
It opens wide its hundred mouths to greet you.

[Turning his elbows towards the audience.

My hat, too, robb'd of that bright edge of lace,
Which once so gaily glitter'd round my face ;
But though my face be of the gold bereft,
I feel a joy that still some brass is left :

For through that brass, made by your favour bold,
 I hope once more to bind my brows with gold !
 But see how I'm digressing from my tale ;
 My wardrobe was the theme, 'twill never fail,
 Until the crack of doom my tongue will wag on 't,
 While Nunky's shop at Dunsty long will brag on 't !
 For there, alas ! without more grief and sighing,
 My robes of state in lavender are lying !
 So cheap they went, too, that, as I'm a sinner,
 King Richard's royal suit scarce rais'd a dinner.
 Whilst—"to what uses may we not return !"—
 Poor Hamlet's black scarce one day's fire would burn.
 To you, where coals are plenty, this sounds funny,
 But coals at Dunstable will weigh down money.
 Again digressing—pray once more excuse it,
 And your kind patience I'll no more abuse it.
 But for my wardrobe, thus at once produce it.

[Pulls out a very small and shabby bundle from his pocket.

A small reserve I've made to grace to-night,
 And but for these, we'd been in luckless plight ;
 But this, my grinning coat, will tell you best,
 If thus the manager, how fares the rest.
 But you shall see them. Boy !—Now, nerves be steady—
 Take them the wardrobe—bid 'em all make ready :
 For me, since flattering hope has deign'd once more,
 On her bright wing to waft me to your shore,
 Cheerly I'll say, 'Daggerwood's sorrow's o'er,'
 I come, no factor for another's gain,
 But now sole monarch—favour'd be my reign
 O'er these, a gallant and a veteran band,
 In whose support I crave each friendly hand.

[Scene opens, and discovers the entire Company grouped in characters.

Thanks, gentle citizens, and worthy friends,
 Your kind encouragement all terror ends :
 This general applause and cheerful shout,
 Have rais'd the drooping spirits of my rout !
 And now, with heart and voice, let's loudly sing,
 'Prosper Newcastle, and long live the King !'"

Then followed tumultuous shouts of applause, concluding with the National Anthem in full chorus. At this distance of time the merit of an occasional theatrical address, cannot be fairly estimated by the ordinary standard of poetic pretensions. The points read flatly now which, in the delivery, produced their full effect, from the manner of the speaker, and the aptitude of local allusions. These things are trifles for the moment, which ring out a pleasing sound, and are ever after silent. "Then why revive them?" a peevish critic may demand. We can give no better reason than this:—The volume of any life is made up of trifles, while the great events are "few and far between." If we deal only with the latter, the most important biography would dwindle into a paragraph. At Newcastle, Power remained until the close of the season. In June, 1810, his eldest son was born there, and there also commenced his acquaintance with

the writer of this memoir—an acquaintance which soon ripened into the most friendly intimacy, and continued with mutual advantage to the close of his life. Long and frequent were their morning strolls when there was no tedious rehearsal, and many their evening conversations on the non-play nights, at his hospitable fire-side, enlivened as it was by the presence of an accomplished lady. There the two aspiring actors, as "yet but young in deed," pondered over mutual plans and prospects, building castles in the air, and running riot in the regions of imagination, but neither catching the most distant glimpse of that futurity which was destined to see one, manager of the Metropolitan Theatre of Ireland, and the other, the most universal favourite and most attractive auxiliary that ever graced those boards, or was welcomed by that warm-hearted public, as the representative of their national character. Had either of those coming events,

which cast no shadow before them, been predicted by some cunning gipsy or pretended astrologer, they would have been received with an incredulous smile, even as some old-fashioned, matter-of-fact dogmatists are still to be found, who are bigoted enough to reject the infallibility of clairvoyance, with the well-proved moral and social advantages of enlightened mesmerism.

From Newcastle, Power passed on to Scotland, and performed for a short time with Ryder's company, in Dundee, Perth, and Aberdeen. Towards the end of the year 1818, he came into possession of his wife's small fortune, and now considered the opportunity arrived to put into action his plans for leaving the stage. He cast about in all directions to ascertain how he might apply his talents to the best advantage. His first idea was to seek service in Austria, where he had an uncle holding high rank in the army of the Emperor. Had he been still a single man, this was, undoubtedly, the most promising course to adopt; a wife and infant child, however, were serious impediments at the outset of a military career. The stage, under any circumstances, he determined to leave for ever. He was still young enough to commence life over again. The ambitious dreams, and romantic inspirations which had been his first incentives to seek distinction in the mimic world, had long faded before its galling servitude and sordid realities. He soon found that the scenic gold was mere tinsel, the glittering jewels paltry counterfeits, and the mouthing, pompous heroes, frequently no better than utterers of base coin. The experience of provincial companies, and provincial audiences, was little calculated to keep alive the ardour of enthusiasm. It seems more than probable that he would have abandoned the theatrical race before he had accomplished a single heat, but for a spirit of independence which shrank from encroaching on his mother's very limited means, while he felt that he was capable of supporting himself and family by his own exertions. The "*res angustæ domi*" no longer compelling him to trust exclusively to the stage, he entered into a speculation with an officer of rank in the British army for the settlement of Algoa Bay, in the Cape territory, where a large grant had been recently acquired from the Crown. The

scheme was wild and Quixotic, sufficiently imprudent and unpromising, but a vigorous mind cares little for difficulty or danger with health and strength in possession, and fame and fortune in perspective. Energetic youth seldom halts to calculate the height of a mountain or the depth of a river, but presses boldly on to win the prize rendered more valuable from the frequency with which it eludes the extended grasp.

Leaving his wife and child to the care of trusty friends at home, Tyrone Power sailed from England for the Cape of Good Hope in June, 1820. During his entire absence he kept a regular diary, but this, with nearly all his other papers, has disappeared. It contained much interesting and authentic information, which would have materially enhanced the value of these pages. The only existing records are a few verses, written at sea, descriptive of his feelings on quitting Europe, and the ties from which he was about to be separated by a boundless distance, and an indefinite period.

Soon after his arrival at Cape Town, he set off on an exploring expedition, to ascertain and report on the nature of the inland country it was proposed to settle. He was accompanied nearly to the frontier by Major O'Reilly, then, and until a very recent date, Brigade Major at the colony. Mr. Power's eldest son, when serving in the Commissariat department in New Zealand, in 1848, met with a retired officer there, Capt. Campbell, who, in 1820, happened to be a subaltern, stationed with his party at the most distant outpost then existing within the confines of the British territory. Captain Campbell described to him how he had first seen his father. He was alone, crossing a plain in the direction of the post, riding one horse, and driving another before him. He brought letters of introduction to the officers, and remained with them several days, to collect information, arrange his further proceedings, and obtain trustworthy guides. All were delighted with their guest, of whose mirthful disposition, agreeable converse, personal vigour and intrepidity, the captain entertained a very vivid recollection. One anecdote, in particular, exhibited the latter quality in all its Hibernian recklessness. The traveller and two companions were out on a shooting expedition, and were

beating the edge of a ravine in the neighbourhood of the fort, in search of small game. Presently a gleeful shout was heard, and Power was seen rushing through the tangled, scrubby bush, in pursuit of three lions, whose siesta he had disturbed, and who were now trotting peaceably towards the plain. Disregarding the warning cries of his associates, he fired his whole broadside without hesitation, two barrels loaded with shot, into the rear of the retreating enemy, screeching and yelling at the same time to his friends to join in the fray. Fortunately, the monarchs of the desert were too magnanimous, or too lazy, to resent the impotent insult, or were dismayed and panic-struck by the sharp attack of their pursuer, as Hector quailed at the approach of Achilles. Whatever was the cause, they made off to the jungle at a steady pace, to the infinite regret of our sportsman, who, on being remonstrated with on his imprudence, which compromised the whole party, simply stated that he had always understood and believed savage animals would fly from man unless they could spring on him unawares ; that he had promised his wife the first lion's skin he could get, and he thought this opportunity too tempting to let it slip through his fingers. Another anecdote may be related here, which exhibits the same cool determination, exercised on a more profitable occasion. While in Table Bay, an officer of one of the ships, who could not swim, fell overboard, and was sinking fast. Power, without a moment's hesitation, and not having the dread of sharks before his eyes, plunged into the sea, and sustained the drowning man until a boat was lowered, which rescued both. This officer had served during the late war in more than one hard-fought action. On a particular occasion, he, with a party, was carrying an enemy's vessel by boarding, when a gallant young midshipman, a mere stripling, fighting by his side, had his hand pinned to the gunwale by the thrust of an enemy's dirk. The officer, at the risk of being cut down himself, when nearly defenceless through his humanity, sustained the lad, while he extracted the dirk, saving him at the same time from falling between the two contending vessels. After the action, the young midshipman presented his preserver with the dirk, requesting that he would keep it, to be

bestowed on any one who might, in the chances of war, protect his life in an equally imminent danger. The dagger thus came, by legitimate inheritance to Tyrone Power, accompanied by a similar condition, and still remains in possession of his eldest son. An all-seeing Providence had decreed that, in the perils of the deep, he should not be rescued, as he had saved another. On that awful night, and in that dread hour which terminated his existence, no mortal hand was permitted to be stretched forth to aid the "strong swimmer in his agony;" no human succour assisted him to wrestle with the fury of the tempest, which swept before it all evidences of its own destroying might.

A few days after the lion hunt, the traveller, accompanied only by Caffre guides, continued on his way, and penetrated farther into the interior of Southern Africa than any white man who had visited those unexplored regions before him. During his absence, a quarrel suddenly sprang up between the aborigines and the settlers, which, with other difficulties, prevented, for several months, the possibility of his return. During this contest, the native barbarians perpetrated every description of atrocity ; but although he was alone, unprotected, and known to be a countryman of their mortal enemies, he was neither molested nor maltreated in the slightest degree. In after times, he always spoke with astonishment and gratitude of the hospitable reception he had invariably met with. This, in a great measure, resulted from an intimacy he had formed with Macomo, now one of the prominent leaders in the present war. By this formidable chief he was adopted and protected, and, on parting, Macomo tattooed one of his arms as a memorial of their friendship. The writer has often examined this reminiscence of his travels, which Power was naturally enough proud of exhibiting. For many months his friends in the settlement were without tidings of him, and his family in England received no letters. It was generally concluded that he had perished by the hands of the savages, or in one of the many casualties incidental to such a distant peregrination. It is much to be regretted that his journal has been lost. It contained an interesting picture of the country at that period, and a variety of personal anec-

dotes, intermingled with romantic adventure. It was not without general astonishment, and many warm congratulations, that he was seen one morning, nearly a year after his departure, riding quietly into Cape Town, on a broken-down horse, sunburnt, and with matted hair and beard of lengthened growth, his wardrobe and camp equipage consisting of the scanty covering on his back, surmounted by a Caffre carosse; his arms and legs protruding from his threadbare integuments, and not altogether unlike Robinson Crusoe, except that his external case, instead of goat-skins, presented a suit of many hues, the remains of patched and faded broadcloth. What he had seen of the interior of the Cape colony had not impressed him favourably as to its future prospects. His energies were damped by personal experiment, and the immediate speculation in which he was interested stood still for lack of funds. The mainspring was broken, and all the machinery disordered. He saw that the land which he had explored offered but a narrow field for his own exertions, and anything but a safe home for his young wife, and the family that might be expected to grow up around him. Even if he had been inclined to risk his own life and fortunes, he hesitated to expose tender beings dependent on him to such a state of lawless barbarism. The untutored savages, from a chivalrous feeling not unknown even among those rugged sons of nature, brutalized, idolatrous, and ignorant as they are, had spared the solitary traveller who ventured among them alone and confident, but they were likely to feel little respect or consideration for the intruding settler who seizes his portion of their land with the air of a master, and, as even they had penetration enough to discover, comes to reduce them to a state of inferior dependence. He lost no time, therefore, in preparing for his departure, and embarking on board the

Jason brig, once more turned his face towards England. He was disappointed, but not crushed; baffled, but still high in hope, stronger and more confirmed in vigorous habits, wiser and more experienced, if not richer, than when he left the country to which he was now anxiously retracing his steps. His voyage home appears to have been slow, but otherwise propitious; and his book of songs contains no complaint beyond an earnest invocation to *Æolus* for a favouring breeze, or any breeze at all. The monotonous tediousness of a protracted calm at sea, with the long, sickening heave of the ocean swell, and the flapping of the heavy sails against the mast, are worse even than the exciting roar of a tempest. Reader, if you wish to illustrate in your own practice (as we have done in our young days) the acme of this abomination, get, by some means or other, into a seven days' calm in the Bay of Biscay. It is not easily managed, but requires interest with the clerk of the weather. After this experiment, you will never again look with complacency on a fishing-smack, or a ferry-boat, while the sight of even a stagnant pond will make you feel qualmish for a fortnight.*

The vessel, in her ordinary course, passed in sight of St. Helena, but without touching at that island. While the passengers in the cabin were drinking a glass of wine to the health of the ex-Emperor, word was sent down that an eagle was seen from the deck, cleaving the air in flight from the frowning rock. All remarked that this was a curious incident, and some said it was an omen of something. On arriving at Falmouth, they learned that, on that very day, the once mighty Napoleon had expired in his lonely corner of exile. Many will smile and scoff at this strange coincidence and its assumed application; but, let the fact be translated as it may, it stands recorded by Power, in some

* The late Mr. Stephens, father to the Countess Dowager of Essex, had such a horror of navigation that nothing could seduce him into a boat. Once travelling in Scotland, he had to go from Edinburgh to Perth and Aberdeen, *via* the Queen's Ferry, and so across the Firth of Forth. On arriving at the Ferry, and being told for the first time that it was necessary to embark in a boat to cross to the other side, he flatly refused, and no entreaties could prevail on him. Ringing the bell, he summoned the waiter of the hotel, and demanded—"Waiter, have you any bridges in this infernal country?" "Yes, sir." "Where is the nearest?" "At Stirling, about twenty-five miles up the Firth." "Very well. Then order me a chaise and pair immediately." And so he travelled about fifty miles round, rather than quit *terra firma* for half an hour.

verses which were written at the time, and on the spur of the moment. With the enthusiasm of youth he mourned over the departed glory, whose bright-

ness hid its deformity, and rendered to dazzling genius the tribute which a purer virtue only should have commanded:—

"Soul of the brave! thou art fled;
But, perchance, thy great spirit triumphantly rode
On the wind-driven cloud, that roll'd o'er my head,
While borne to its final abode.

"As I gaz'd on the rock of thy rest,
Griev'd that such dwelling so long should be thine;
Little my heart would have mourn'd,
Had I known how, on wing to be bless'd,
Thy spirit its prison indignantly spurn'd,
Far happier and freer than mine,
In the hour when we drank to thy liberty
Our voices were heard—thou wert free;
As a curse we breath'd on thy jailers that day,
The death-angel proudly had borne thee away,
And left them to watch o'er thy tenantless clay.

"I heard the tale with incredulous smile,
When they told me the bird of thy pride was nigh;
I saw him cleave the yielding air—
I saw him float o'er the prison isle;
But I deem'd not the lordly eagle was there
To waft thee on to thy native sky.
In the hour of thy birth thou wert mark'd by fate;
And who, that hath noted thy changing state,
Will refuse to hold belief with thee,
That thou wert the child of destiny?
For thee she form'd th' imperial throne,
And the dungeon rock was all thine own,
And a jailer was made for that task alone.

"Farewell! there's one who mourns thy fate,
Though not a monarch legitimate;
And he hath learn'd to scan thee well—
Thy might and weakness, both could tell:
Yet feels, and owns the truth with pain,
Take thee for all in all, in vain
May we look to see thy like again."

"Written on landing at Falmouth, in June, 1821, having passed St. Helena on the day of Napoleon's death, but without hearing of that event until our arrival in England."

We preserve these verses as a memorial of the sentiments of the writer, who will write no more; not as indicative of any coincidence with the enthusiastic admiration they embody as regards the subject. Reaction and changes of opinion on the character of Napoleon Buonaparte appear to be as regular as the return of a comet after a given number of rotatory gyrations. Long regarded, and justly so, as the most inveterate enemy England had ever encountered—a foe who would have exterminated her if he could; whose unquenchable hatred far exceeded simple national antipathy, and whose far-urine apoplexy, in reference to his darling object, was, "*Delenda est Carthago*;" no sooner did the chances of war place him in our

hands, than upsprang a legion of ready sympathisers, whose tender natures transformed him into a martyr, bewailed his sufferings in ode and elegy, and finally elevated him to the honours of a demi-god. But all this inflated admiration has subsided, and is sobering down to the level of truth. It seems probable that the universal and far more reasonable fiat of unimpassioned posterity will be, that he was a bold, unscrupulous soldier of fortune, fashioned for the times in which he lived, endowed with almost superhuman ability and boundless personal ambition. It was said by Madame de Staël (and the saying mystified many who wondered without conviction), that he was not a man at all, but a system,

"What does she mean?" whispered Lord Brougham to Sir James Macintosh. "Mass! I cannot tell!" replied the latter. If he was a system, it was a system of exclusive selfishness. He cared much more for himself than he did for any one else. He was not to be depended on; and it was undoubtedly both prudent and proper to keep him safely, when once caught, rather than to let him loose again, to unhinge society, and, as Lord Hastings says, in "*Jane Shore*," of the Wars of the Roses—

"To set once more that scene of blood before us."

Many years later than 1821, Tyrone Power, when returning from his second visit to America, happened to be the fellow-passenger of Louis Napoleon, now Prince President and Autocrat of what is called the French Republic. During the whole voyage from New York to England, Power was confined to his berth, in consequence of injuries received by a fall from his horse, just before sailing. Louis Napoleon evinced a marked partiality for the invalid, whose acquaintance he sedulously cultivated, and passed much of his time in conversing with and reading to him. This intimacy and friendship continued after their arrival in England. An entry in the only diary now remaining, thus speaks of this remarkable personage, at a dinner-party of distinguished guests, comprising, amongst others, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Alfred Paget, Count D'Orsay, and the French Prince. "At half-past seven all the party arrived punctually. We were very merry—conversation never flagged. At eleven, coffee. After this we played Russian bagatelle like boys. At two in the morning all drove off, having enjoyed a delightful evening. Prince Louis evidently made a favourable impression on the English noblemen. Indeed, his

manners are so gentle and unassuming, that it would be difficult not to like him. As a matter of course all gave him precedence on leaving the drawing-room when dinner was announced.* He is not unlike his great uncle, whose portrait hung opposite to him where he sat. I observed him eye it attentively, and, as I thought, with a melancholy expression. What blighted hopes and defeated ambition must one glance have conjured up." In another place, speaking again of Louis and his cousin Lucien, he says, "They appear quite confident in the hope of another revolution in France, and the return of their family to supreme power. They have persuaded themselves that they represent a principle, which, though held back for a time, must, sooner or later, inevitably lead to the race of Buonaparte being recalled by the united voice of the nation." These opinions are curious and interesting now, having been uttered with confidence so long before the event, and when their fulfilment would have been pronounced nothing short of miraculous.

When Tyrone Power returned home in 1821, after wasting more than twelve valuable months in his African expedition, he was in his twenty-fourth year, and found himself again entirely thrown on his own resources, without any certain support or defined position. He could scarcely afford to waste any more time in doubtful experiments. He had tried to escape from the stage, but to the stage he was now doomed to return. He, therefore, once more resigned himself to the fate it seemed impossible to avoid, but still without the slightest inclination for the line of acting in which he was soon to distance all competitors, and with no perception whatever of his own peculiar strength.

J. W. C.

* This might be a well-bred compliment to a stranger, rather than an absolute acknowledgment of superior rank.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. ;

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING HOW CHANCE IS BETTER THAN DESIGN.

It was not the custom of the day for the lady of the house to present herself at dinner when the party consisted solely of men, so that my mother's absence from table appeared nothing remarkable. To her, however, it did seem somewhat singular that, although she descended to the drawing-room in all the charming elegance of a most becoming costume, not one of the guests presented himself to pay his respects, or, as she would have said, his dutiful homage. It is possible that my father had forgotten to apprise her that the company of a dinner-party were not usually in that temperate and discreet frame of mind which would make their appearance in a drawing-room desirable. In his various lessons, it is more than likely that this escaped him ; and I believe I am not far wrong in wishing that many other of his instructions had shared the same fate. The fact was, that in preparing my mother for the duties and requirements of a novel state of society, he had given her such false and exaggerated notions of the country and the people, she had imbibed a hundred absurd prejudices about them which, had she been left to her own unguided good sense and tact, she would have totally escaped ; and while, as he thought, he was storing her mind with a thorough knowledge of Ireland, he was simply presenting her with a terrifying picture of such inconsistency, incongruity, and wrongheadedness, that no cleverness on her part could ever succeed in combatting.

It is perfectly true that the courtly deference and polished reserve of old French manners, its thousand observances, and its unfailing devotion to ladies, were not the striking features of Irish country-house life : but there was a great deal in common between them, and, perhaps, no country of Europe in that day could so easily, and with such little sacrifice, have conform-

ed to the French standard of good breeding as Ireland ; and, I have little doubt, that if left to herself, my mother would have soon discovered the points of contrast without even troubling her head, or puzzling her ingenuity over their discrepancies. However that may be, there she sat, in all the attractive beauty of full-dress, alone and in silence, save when the door of the distant dinner-room opening, bore to her ears the wild and vociferous merriment of a party, excited by wine and conviviality.

I know not, I can but fancy, what thoughts of her own dear land were hers at that moment—what memory of delicious evenings spent amidst alleys of orange and lime-trees, the rippling fountain mingling its sounds with the more entrancing music of flattery ; what visions rose before her of scenes endeared from infancy, of objects that recalled that soft, luxurious dalliance which makes of life a dream. I can but imagine that of this kind were her reveries, as she sat in solitude, or slowly paced up and down the immense room which, but partially lighted up, looked even larger than it was. To cut off every clue to her family, my father had sent back from England the maid who accompanied her, and taken in her place one who knew nothing of my mother's birth or connexions, so that she had not even the solace of so much confidential intercourse, and was, utterly, completely alone. While in Wales she had been my father's companion for the entire day, accompanying him when he walked or rode, and beside him on the river's bank, as he fished ; scarcely had they arrived in Ireland, however, when the whole course of life was changed. The various duties of his station took up much of his time, he was frequently occupied all the day, and they met but rarely ; hence, had she adopted those

old habits of her native country—that self-indulgent system, which surrounds itself with few cares, fewer duties, and, alas! no resources!

So fearful was my father that she might take a dislike to the country from the first impressions produced upon her by new acquaintances, that he actually avoided every one of his neighbours, hesitating where or with whom to seek companionship for his wife—some were too old, some too vulgar, some were linked with an objectionable “set,” some were of the opposite side in politics. His fastidiousness increased with every day; and, while he was assuring her that there was a delightful circle into which she would be received, he was gradually offending every one of his old neighbours and associates. Of the great heap of cards which covered her table, she had not yet seen one of the owners, and already a hundred versions were circulated to account for the seclusion in which she lived.

I have been obliged to burthen my reader with these explanations, for whose especial enlightenment they are intended, for I desire that he should have as clear an idea of the circumstances which attended my mother's position as I am able to convey, and without which, he would be probably unjust in his estimate of her character. In all likelihood there is not any one less adapted to solitude than a young, very handsome, and much-flattered French woman. Neither her education nor her tastes fit her for it; and the very qualities which secure her success in society, are precisely those which most contribute to melancholy when alone. Wit and brilliancy, when isolated from the world, being like the gold and silver money which the shipwrecked sailor would willingly have bartered for the commonest and vilest articles of simple utility.

Let the reader then, bearing all this in his mind, picture to himself my mother, who, as the night wore on, became more and more impatient, starting at every noise, and watching the door, which she momentarily expected to see open.

During all this time, the company of the dinner-room were in the fullest enjoyment of their conviviality—and let me add, too, of that species of conviviality for which the Ireland of that day was celebrated. It is unhappily

but too true: those habits of dissipation prevailed to such an extent, that a dinner party meant an orgie; but it is only fair to remember, that it was not a mere festival of debauch, but that native cleverness and wit—the able conversationalist—the brilliant talker, and the lively narrator, had no small share in the intoxication of the hour. There was a kind of barbaric grandeur in the Irish country gentleman of the time—with his splendid retinue, his observance of the point of honour, his contempt of law, and his generous hospitality—that made him a very picturesque, if not a very profitable feature of his native country. The exact period to which I refer was remarkable in this respect; the divisions of politics had risen to all the dignity of a great national question, and the rights of Ireland were then on trial.

It is not my object, perhaps as little would it be the reader's wish, to enter on any description of the table-talk—when debates in the house, duels, curious assize cases, hard runs with foxhounds, adventures with bailiffs, and affairs of gallantry, all followed, pell mell, in wild succession. None were above telling of their own defeats and discomfitures. There was little of that overweening self-esteem which in our time stifles many a good story, for fear of the racy ridicule that is sure to follow it. Good fellowship and good temper were supreme, and none felt that to be offence which was uttered in all the frank gaiety of the bottle. Even then the western Irishman had his distinctive traits; and while the taste for courtly breeding and polished manners was gradually extending, he took a kind of pride in maintaining his primitive habits of dress and demeanour, and laughed at the new-fangled notions as a fashionable folly, that would last its hour and disappear again. Of this school was a certain Mr., or, rather, as he was always called, “Old Bob French,” the familiar epithet of Bitter Bob being his cognomen among friends and intimates. I am unwilling to let my readers suppose even for a moment that he really deserved the disparaging prefix. He was, indeed, the very emblem of an easy-tempered, generous-hearted old man, the utmost extent of whose bitterness was the coarseness of a manner that, however common in his own county, formed a strong contrast to the tone of the ca-

pital. Although a man of a large fortune and ancient family, in his dress and appearance he looked nothing above the class of a comfortable farmer. His large loose brown coat was decorated with immense silver buttons, and his small clothes, disdaining all aid from braces, displayed a liberal margin of linen over his hips; but his stockings were most remarkable of all, being of lamb's wool, and of two colours—a light brown and blue, an invention of his own, to make them easy of detection if stolen, but which assuredly secured their safety on better grounds. He was a member of Parliament for a western borough; and, despite many peculiarities of diction, and an occasional lapse of grammar, was always listened to with attention in the House, and respected for the undeviating honour and manly frankness of his character. Bob had been, as usual, an able contributor to the pleasures of the evening: he had sung, told stories, joked, and quizzed every one around him, and even, in a burst of confidence, communicated the heads of a speech he was about to make in the House on the question of reform, when he suddenly discovered that his snuff-box was empty. Now, amongst his many peculiarities, one was, the belief that no man in Ireland knew how to apportion the various kinds of tobacco like himself, and Bob's mixture was a celebrated snuff of the time.

To replenish his box he always carried a little canister in his great-coat pocket, but never would entrust the care of this important casket to a servant; so that, when he saw that he was "empty," he quietly stole from the room, and went in search of his great coat. It was not without some difficulty that he found his way through the maze of rooms and corridors to the antechamber where he had deposited his hat and coat. Having found it at last, however, he set out to retrace his steps; but, whether it was that the fresh air of the cool galleries, or the walking, or that the wine was only then producing its effects, certain is it Mr. Ffrench's faculties became wonderfully confused. He thought he remembered a certain door; but, to his misery, there were, at least, half-a-dozen exactly like it: he knew that he turned off into a passage, but passages and corridors opened on all sides of him. How heartily did he curse the architect

that could not build a house like all the world, with a big hall, having the drawing-room to the left and the dinner-room to the right—an easy geography that any one could recollect after dinner as well as before. With many a malediction on all new-fangled notions, he plodded on, occasionally coming to the end of an impassable gallery, or now straying into rooms in total darkness. "A blessed way to be spending the evening," muttered he to himself; "and, maybe, these rascals are quizzing me all this time." Though he frequently stopped to listen, he never could catch the sounds of a conviviality that he well knew was little measured, and hence he opined, that he must have wandered far away from the right track. In the semi-desperation of the moment, he would gladly have made his escape by a window, and trusted to his chance of discovering the hall-door, but, unfortunately, the artifices of a modern window-bolt so completely defied his skill, that even this resource was denied him. "I'll take one 'cast' more," muttered he, "and if that fails, I'll lie down on the first snug place I can find till morning." It became soon evident to him that he had, at least, entered new precincts; for he now found himself in a large corridor, splendidly lighted, and with a rich carpetting on the floor. There were several doors on either side, but although he tried them each in turn, they were all locked. At last he came to a door at the extreme end of the gallery, which opened to his hand, and admitted him into a spacious and magnificently furnished apartment, partially lit up, and by this deceptive light admitting glimpses of the most rare and costly objects of china, glass, and marble. It needed not the poetising effects of claret to make Bob fancy that this was a fairy palace—but perhaps the last bottle contributed to this effect—for he certainly stood amazed and confounded at a degree of magnificence and splendour with which he had never seen anything to compare. Vainly endeavouring to peer through the dubious half light, and see into the remote distance of the chamber, Ffrench reached the middle of the room, when he heard, or thought he heard, the rustling sounds of silk. It was in the days of hoops and ample petticoats. He turned abruptly, and there stood directly in front of what,

in his own description, he characterised as "the elegantest crayture ye ever set eyes upon." Young, beautiful, and most becomingly dressed, it is no wonder if my mother did produce a most entrancing effect on his astounded senses. Never for a moment suspecting that his presence was the result of an accident, my mother curtsied very low, and with a voice and a smile of ineffable sweetness, addressed him. Alas! poor Bob's mystifications were not to end here, for she spoke in French, and however distinguished the City of the Tribes might be in many respects, that language was but little cultivated there. He could, therefore, only bow and lay his hand on his heart, and look as much devotion, respect, and admiration, as it was in his power to express at that late hour of the evening.

"Perhaps you'll accept of a cup of tea?" said she at length, leading the way towards the table, and as Ffrench said afterwards, that he never declined drink, no matter what the liquor, he readily consented, and took his place beside her on the sofa. Full of all my father's lessons and precepts about the civilities she was to bestow on the Irish gentlemen and their wives, the importance of creating the most favourable impression on them, and ingratiating herself into their esteem, my mother addressed herself to the task in right earnest. Her first care was to become intelligible, and she accordingly spoke in the slowest and most measured manner, so as to give the foreigner every possible facility to follow her. Her second was to impose as little necessity on her companion for reply as it was possible. She accordingly talked on of Ireland, of the capital, the country, the scenery about them, the peasantry—everything, in short, that she could think of, and always in a tone of praise and admiration. The single monosyllable "oui" was the whole stock of old Bob's French, but, as he often remarked, "we hear of a man walking from Ballinasloe to Dublin, with only tuppence in his pocket; and I don't see why he should not be able to economise his parts of speech like his pence, and travel through the French dictionary with only one word of it!" Bob's "oui" was uttered, it is true, with every possible variety of tone and expression. It was assent, conviction, surprise, astonishment, doubt, and

satisfaction, just as he uttered it. So long debarred from all intercourse with strangers, it is not improbable that my mother was perfectly satisfied with one who gave her the lion's share of the conversation. She certainly seemed to ask for no higher efforts at agreeability than the attention he bestowed, and he often confessed that he could have sat for a twelvemonth listening to her, and fancying to himself all the sweet things that he hoped she was saying to him. Doubtless not ignorant of her success, she was determined to achieve a complete victory, for after upwards of an hour speaking in this manner, she asked him if he liked music. Should she sing for him? The "oui" was of course ready, and without further preface she arose, and walked over to the piano-forte. The fascination which was but begun before was now completed, for, however weak his appreciation of her conversational ability, he could, like nearly all his countrymen, feel the most intense delight in music. It was fortunate, too, that the tastes of that day did not rise beyond those light "chansonnettes," those simple melodies which are so easy to execute, that they are within the reach of comprehension of the least educated ears.

Had the incident occurred in our own day, the chances are that some passionate scene from Verdi, or some energetic outburst of despised love or betrayed affection from Donizetti or Meyerbeer, had been the choice, and poor Bob had gone away with a lamentable opinion of musical science, and regret for the days when "singing was preferred to screeching." Happily the ballad was more in vogue then than the bravura, and instead of holding his ears with his hands, Bob felt them tremble with ecstasy as he listened. Enjoying thoroughly a praise so heartily accorded, my mother sung on song after song—now some bold "romance" of chivalry—now some graceful little air of pastoral simplicity. No matter what the theme, the charm of the singer was over him, and he listened in perfect rapture! There is no saying to what pitch of enthusiasm he might have soared, had he felt the fascination of the words, as he appreciated the flood of melody. As it was, so completely was he carried away by his emotions, that in a rapture of admiration and delight he threw

himself on his knees, and seizing her hand, covered it with kisses.

"You're an angel; you're the loveliest, sweetest, and most enchanting creature ——" He had got thus far in his rhapsody when my father entered the room, and throwing himself into a chair, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Bob! Bob!" cried he, "is this quite fair, I say?" And the old man, at once alive to the bantering and ridicule to which his adventure would expose him, got slowly up and resumed his seat, with a most ludicrous expression of shame on his features.

"There is no necessity of introducing one of my oldest friends to you, Josephine," said my father. "He has already done so without my intervention, and, I must say, he seems to have lost no time in pushing the acquaintance."

"He is quite charming," said my mother. "We had an old Marquis de Villebois so like him, and he was the delight of our neighbourhood in Provence."

"I see what it is now," muttered Ffrench, "you are cutting me up between you; but I deserve it well. I was an old fool—I am ashamed of myself."

"Are you going away?" cried my mother.

"What is she saying?" asked he.

"She asks if you have really the heart to leave her," rejoined my father, laughing.

"Begad you may laugh now, Watty," replied he, in a half angry tone; "but I tell you what it is, you'd neither be so ready with your fun, nor so willing to play interpreter, if old Bob was the same man he was five-and-thirty years ago! No ma'am, he would not," added he, addressing my mother. "But may be, after all, it's a greater triumph for you to turn an old head than a young one."

He hurried away after this; and although my father followed him, and did all in his power to make him join his companions at table, it was in

vain; he insisted on going to his room, probably too full of the pleasant vision he had witnessed, to destroy the illusion by the noisy merriment of a drinking party.

Trivial as the event was in itself, it was not without its consequences. Bob Ffrench had spread the fame of my mother's beauty and accomplishments over Dublin before the following week closed, and nothing else was talked of in the society of the capital. My father seeing that all further reserve on his part was out of the question, and being satisfied besides that my mother had acquitted herself most successfully in a case of more than ordinary difficulty, resolved on leaving the rest to fortune.

From all that I have ever heard of the society of the time, and from what has reached me by description of my mother's manner and deportment, I am fully convinced that she was exactly the person to attain an immense popularity with all classes. The natural freshness and gaiety of her character, aided by beauty, and the graceful duties of a hostess—which she seemed to fill as by an instinct—made her the object of universal admiration, a homage which, I believe, it was not difficult to see was even more pleasing to my father than to herself.

Castle Carew was from this time crowded with visitors, who, strangely enough, represented the most opposite sections of politics and party. My father's absence during some of the most exciting sessions of parliamentary life, had invested him with a species of neutrality, that made his house an open territory for men of all shades of opinion; and he was but too glad to avail himself of the privilege to form acquaintance with the most distinguished leaders of opposite sections of the House; and here were now met the Castle officials, the chiefs of opposition, the violent antagonists of debate, not sorry, perhaps, for even this momentary truce in the strife and conflict of a great political campaign.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STATE TRUMPETER.

THE 27th of May, 1782, was the day on which Parliament was to assemble in Dublin, and under circumstances of more than ordinary interest. The great

question of the independence of the Irish Legislature was then to be discussed and determined; and never was the national mind so profoundly excited

as when that time drew near. They who have only known Ireland in a later period, when her political convulsions have degenerated into low sectarian disputes—irregular irruptions, headed by men of inferior ability, and stimulated solely by personal considerations—can scarcely form any idea of Dublin in the days of the Volunteers. It was not alone that the Court of the Viceroy was unusually splendid, or that the presence of the Parliament crowded the capital with all the country could boast of wealth, station, and influence; but that the pomp and parade of a powerful army added brilliancy and grandeur to a spectacle which, for the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the genius and capacity of those that controlled them, had not its superior in Europe.

The position of England at the moment was pregnant with anxiety; at war with two powerful nations, she had more than ever reason to conciliate the feelings and consult the wishes of Ireland. The modern theory of English necessity being Irish opportunity, had not the same prevalence then as in our own day, but still it had some followers, not one of whom more profoundly believed the adage, or was more prepared to stake fortune on the issue than our acquaintance, Anthony Fagan.

If the Grinder was not possessed of very sage and statesmanlike opinions on politics generally, he was, on Irish questions, fully as far advanced as the patriots of our own time; his creed of "Ireland for the Irish," comprising every article of his political belief, with this advantage over modern patriotism, that he was immensely rich, and quite ready to employ his wealth in the furtherance of his conviction. He was no needy adventurer, seeking, as the price of a parliamentary display, the position to which mere professional attainments would never have raised him; but a hard-working, slow-thinking, determined man, stimulated by the ambition that is associated with great riches, and stung by the degradation of low birth and proscribed religion.

Such men are dangerous in proportion as they are single-minded. Fagan, with all his sincerity of purpose, failed in this respect, for he was passionate and resentful to an extent which made him often forget everything else but his desire of a personal reparation.

This was his great fault, and, strange enough, too, he knew it. The working of that failing, and his iron efforts to control it, made up the whole character of the man.

The gross corruption which characterised a late period of Irish history was then comparatively unknown. It is very possible that had it been attempted, its success had been very inferior to that it was destined to obtain subsequently, for the whole tone of public feeling was higher and purer. Public men were both more independent in property, as well as principle, and no distinction of talent or capacity could have dispensed with the greater gifts of honesty and good faith. If there were not venality and low ambition, however, to work upon, there were other national traits no less open to the seductive arts of a crafty administration. There was a warm-hearted and generous confidence, and a gratitude that actually accepted a pledge, and acknowledged it for performance. These were weaknesses, not likely to escape the shrewd perception of party, and, to the utmost, were they profited by. The great game of the government was to sow, if not dissension, at least distrust, in the ranks of the national party—to chill the ardour of patriotism, and wherever possible, to excite different views, and different roads to success, amongst the popular leaders of the time. There came a day, when corruption only asked to see a man's rent-roll, and the list of his mortgages, when his price could be estimated, as easily as an actuary can calculate an annuity, when given the age and the circumstances of the individual. Then, however, the investigation demanded nicer and more delicate treatment, for the question was, the more subtle one of the mixed and often discordant motives of the human heart!

The Duke of Portland was well calculated to carry out a policy of this kind, but I am far from suspecting that he was himself fully aware of the drama in which he acted. He was a plain, straightforward man, of average good sense, but more than average firmness and determination. He came over to Ireland thoroughly impressed with the favourite English maxim, that whatever Irishmen wish is assuredly bad for them, and thought, like the old physicians of the sixteenth century, that a patient's benefit was in the ex-

act proportion to his repugnance for the remedy. I am not quite sure that this pleasant theory is not even yet, the favourite one, as regards Ireland, which, perhaps, after all, might be permitted the privilege so generally accorded to the incurable, to take a little medicine of her own prescribing. Be this as it may, I am convinced that the Duke of Portland was no hypocrite, but firmly believed in the efficacy of the system he advocated, and only made use of the blandishments and hospitalities of his station to facilitate connexions which he trusted would at last be concurred in, on the unerring grounds of reason and judgment. Whatever people may say or think to the contrary, hypocrisy—that is, a really well-sustained and long-maintained hypocrisy—is one of the rarest things to be met with, and might even be suspected never to exist at all, since that the qualities and gifts necessary, or indeed indispensable to its attainment are exactly of an order which bespeaks some of the first and greatest traits of human nature, and for that reason would make the game of dissimulation impossible; and I would be as slow to believe that a man could search the heart, study the passions, weigh the motives, and balance the impulses of his fellow-men, for mere purposes of trick or deception, as that a doctor would devote years of toil and labour in his art for the sole aim of poisoning and destroying his patients.

Few men out of the lists of party took so great an interest in the great struggle as Tony Fagan. With the success of the patriotic side his own ambitions were intimately involved. It was not the section of great wealth, and there was no saying to what eminence a man of his affluence might attain amongst them. He not only kept a registry of all the members, with their peculiar leanings and party connexions annexed to it, but he carefully noted down any circumstance likely to influence the vote, or sway the motives of the principal leaders of the people. His sources of information were considerable, and penetrated every class of society, from the high world of Dublin, down to the lowest resorts of the rabble. The needy gentleman, hard pressed for resources, found his dealings with the Grinder wonderfully facilitated by any little communication of back-stairs doings at the Castle, or the secrets of the Chief Secretary's office; while the

humble ballad-singer of the streets, or the ragged newsmen, were equally certain of a "tester," could they only supply some passing incident that bore upon the relations of party.

If not one of the most brilliant, certainly one of the most assiduous of Fagan's emissaries, was a certain Samuel Cotterell—a man who held the high and responsible dignity of state trumpeter in the Irish Court. He was a large, fine-looking, though somewhat over-corpulent personage, with a most imposing dignity of air, and a calm self-possession of manner, that well became his functions. Perhaps this was natural to him; but some of it may well be attributed to his sense of the dignity of one who only appeared in public on the very greatest occasions, and was himself the herald of a splendid ceremonial.

From long association with the Viceregal Court, he had grown to believe himself a part, and by no means an insignificant part, of the Government; and spoke of himself as of one mysteriously, but intimately mixed up in all the acts of the State. The pretentious absurdity, the overweening vanity of the man, which afforded so much amusement to others, gave no pleasure to Fagan—they rather vexed and irritated him; but these were feelings that he cautiously concealed, for he well knew the touchy and irritable nature of the man, and that whatever little information could be derived from him was only come-at-able by indulging his vein of self-esteem.

It had been for years his custom to pay a visit to Fagan, on the eve of any great solemnity, and he was snugly installed in the little bow-window on the evening of the 26th May, with a goodly array of glasses, and a very formidable square decanter of whiskey on a table in front of him. Fagan, who never could trust to the indiscreet propensity of Polly to "quiz" his distinguished friend, had sent her to spend the day in the country with some acquaintances; Raper was deep in a difficult passage of Richter, in his own chamber; so that the Grinder was free to communicate with the great official, unmolested and undisturbed.

Most men carry into private life some little trait or habit of their professional career. The lawyer is apt to be pert, interrogative, and dictatorial; the doctor generally distills the tiresomeness of

the patient into his own conversation; the soldier is proverbially pipe-clay; and so, perhaps, we may forgive our friend Cotterell, if his voice, in speaking, seemed to emulate the proud notes of his favourite instrument; while his utterance came in short, broken, abrupt bursts—faint, but faithful imitations of his brazen performances in public. He was naturally not given to talking, so that it is more than probable the habit of “staccato” was, in itself, a great relief to him.

I will not pretend to say that Fagan’s patience was not sorely tried, as well by the matter as the manner of his friend. His pursuit of politics was, indeed, under the greatest of difficulties; but he laboured on, and, like some patient gold seeker, was satisfied to wash the sands for hours, rewarded with even a few grains of the precious metal at the end of his toil.

“Help yourself, Sam. That’s the poteen—this here is Kinahan,” said the Grinder, who well knew that until the finish of the third tumbler, Mr. Cotterell’s oracle gave no sound. “Help yourself, and remember you’ll have a fatiguing day to-morrow!”

“A great day—say rather a great day for Ireland,” tolled out the trumpeter.

“That’s to be seen,” replied Fagan, caustically. “I have witnessed a good many of those great days for Ireland, but I’d be sorely puzzled to say what has come of them.”

“There are three great days for Ireland every year. There’s the opening, one; the King’s, two; St. Patrick’s, three——”

“I know all that,” muttered Tony, discontentedly.

“St. Patrick’s three; and a collar day!” repeated Sam, solemnly.

“Collars, and curs to wear them,” growled out Tony under his breath.

“Ay, a collar day!” and he raised his eyes with a half-devotional expression at these imposing words.

“The Duke will open Parliament in person?” asked Fagan, as a kind of suggestive hint, which chanced to turn the talk.

“So we mean, sir—we have always done so. Procession to form in the Upper Castle Yard at twelve—battle-axes in full dress—Ulster in his tabard!”

“Yes—yes; I have seen it over and over again,” sighed Fagan, wearily.

“Sounds of trumpet in the court—flourish!”

“Flourish, indeed!” sighed Tony; it’s the only thing does flourish in poor Ireland. Tell me, Sam, has the Court been brilliant lately?”

“We gave two dinners last week—plain dress—bags and swords!”

“And who were the company?”

“Loftus, Lodge, and Morris, Skeffington, Langrishe, and others—Boyle Roche, the Usher-in-waiting. On Friday, we had Rowley, Charlemont——”

“Lord Charlemont! did *he* dine with the Viceroy on Friday last?”

“Yes, sir; and it was the first time we have asked him since the Mutiny Bill!”

“This is, indeed, strange, Sam; I scarcely thought he was on such terms with the Court!”

“We forgive and forget, sir—we forgive and forget,” said Sam, waving his hand with dignity.

“There was young Carew, also.”

“Walter Carew, the member for Wicklow?”

“The same—took in Lady Charlotte Carteret—sat next to her Grace, and spoken to frequently—French wife—much noticed!”

“Is *he* one of the new converts, then?” asked Fagan, slowly; “is he about to change the colour of his coat?”

“A deep claret with diamond buttons, jabot and ruffles, Mechlin lace——”

“And the Duke, you say, spoke much with him?”

“Repeatedly.”

“They talked of politics?”

“We talked of everything.”

“And in terms of agreement, too?”

“Not about artichokes. Carew likes them in oil, we always prefer butter.”

“That is a most important difference of opinion,” said Tony, with a sneer.

“We thought nothing of it,” said the other, with an air of dignity; “for shortly after, we accepted an invitation to go down to Castle Carew for a week.”

“To spend a week at Castle Carew?”

“A half state visit.”

“With all the tag-rag and bob-tail of a court—the lazy drones of pagantry—the men of painted coats

"Grieved to hear it, Mr. Carew," was the grave, sententious reply.

"I don't believe you, Tony. When a man can lend, as you can, on his own terms, he's never very sorry to hear of the occasion for his services."

"Cash is scarce, sir."

"So I have always found it, Tony; but, like everything else, one gets it by paying for. I'm willing to do so, and now, what's the rate; ten, fifteen, or are you Patriarch enough to need twenty per cent.?"

"I'm not sure that I could oblige you, even on such terms, Mr. Carew. There is a long, outstanding, unsettled account between us. There is a very considerable balance due to me; there are, in fact, dealings between us, which call for a speedy arrangement."

"And which are very unlikely to be favoured with it, Tony. Now, I haven't a great deal of time to throw away, for I'm off to the country to-night, so that, pray, let us understand each other at once. I shall need, before Monday next, a sum of not less than eight thousand pounds. Hacket, my man-of-law, will show you such securities as I possess. Call on him, and take your choice of them. I desire that our negotiation should be strictly a matter between ourselves, because we live in gossiping times, and I don't care to amuse the town with my private affairs. Are you satisfied with this?"

"Eight thousand, in bills, of course, sir?"

"If you wish it!"

"At what dates?"

"The longer the better."

"Shall we say in two sums of four thousand each; six months, and nine?"

"With all my heart. When can I touch the coin?"

"Now, sir—this moment if you desire it."

"Write the check then, Tony," said he, hurriedly.

"There, sir, there are the bills for your signature," said Fagan. Will you have the goodness to give me a line to Hacket about the securities."

"Of course," said he, and he at once wrote the note required. "Now for another point, Tony; I am going to ask a favour of you. Are you in a gracious mood this evening?"

The appeal was sudden enough to be disconcerting, and so Fagan felt it, for he looked embarrassed and confused in no ordinary degree.

"Come, I see I shall not be refused," said my father, who at once saw that the only course was the bold one. "It is this: we are expecting some friends to spend a few days with us at Castle Carew, a kind of house-warming to that new wing; we have done our best to gather around us whatever our good city boasts of agreeability and beauty, and with tolerable success. There is, I may say, but one wanting to make our triumph complete. With her presence, I'd wager a thousand guineas that no country mansion in Great Britain could contest the palm with us."

Fagan grew deadly pale, as he listened, then flushed deeply, and a second time a sickly hue crept over his features, as, in a voice barely above a whisper, he said—

"You mean my daughter, sir?"

"Of course I do, Tony. A man needn't read riddles to know who is the handsomest girl in Dublin. I hope you'll not deny us the favour of her company. My wife will meet her at Bray; she'll come into town, if you prefer it, and take her up here."

"Oh, no, sir—not here," said Fagan, hurriedly, who, whatever plans he might be forming in his mind, quickly saw the inconvenience of such a step.

"It shall be as you please in every respect, Fagan. Now, on Tuesday morning——"

"Not so fast, sir—not so fast," said Fagan, calmly. "You haven't given me time for much reflection now; and the very little thought I have bestowed on the matter suggests grave doubts to me. Nobody knows better than Mr. Carew that a wide gulf separates our walk in life from his—that however contented with our lot in this world, it is a very humble one——"

"Egad, I like such humility. The man who can draw a check for ten thousand at sight, and yet never detect any remarkable alteration in his banker's book, ought to be proud of the philosophy that teaches him contentment. Tony, my worthy friend, don't try to mystify me. You know, and you'd be a fool if you didn't know, that with *your* wealth, and *your* daughter's beauty you have only to choose the station she will occupy. There is but one way you can possibly defeat her success, and that is by estranging her from the world, and withdrawing her from all intercourse with society. I can't believe that this is *your* inten-

and patched characters; the women painted too, but beyond the art of patching for a reputation."

"No; in half state," replied Cotterell, calmly, and not either heeding or attending to this passionate outburst; "two aid-de-camps; Mr. Barrold, private secretary; Sir George Gore, and about thirty servants."

"Thirty thieves in state livery—thirty bandits in silk stockings and powder!"

"We have made mutual concessions, and shall, I doubt not, be good friends," continued Sam, only thinking of what he said himself. "Carew is to give our state policy a fair trial, and we are to taste the artichokes with oil. His Grace proposed the contract, and then proposed the visit."

A deep groan of angry indignation was all that Tony could utter in reply. "And this same visit," said he, at last, "when is it to take place?"

"Next week; for the present we have much on our hands. We open Parliament to-morrow; Wednesday, grand dinner to peers and peeresses; Thursday, the judges and law officers; Friday, debate on the address—small party of friends; Saturday we go to the play in state—we like the play."

"You do—do you?" said the Grinder, with a grin of malice, as some vindictive feeling worked within him.

"We have commanded *The Road to Ruin*," continued Cotterell.

"Out of compliment to your politics, I suppose?"

"Holman's Young Rapid always amused us!"

"Carew's performance of the character is better still—it is real; it is palpable." Then, suddenly carried beyond himself by a burst of passion, he cried—"Now, is it possible that your heavy-browed Duke fancies a country can be ruled in this wise! Does he believe that a little flattery here, a little bribery there, some calumny to separate friends, some gossip to sow dissension amongst intimates, a promise of place, a title or a pension thrown to the hungry hounds that yelp, and bark, and fawn about a Court—that this means government, or that these men are the nation?"

"You have overturned the sugar-bowl," observed Cotterell.

"Better than to upset the country," said the other, with a contemptuous

look at his stolid companion. "I tell you what it is, Cotterell," added he, gravely; "these English had might and power on their side, and had they rested their strength on *them* they might defy us, for we are the weaker party; but they have condescended to try other weapons, and would encounter us with subtlety, intrigue, and cabal. Now, mark my words—we may not live to see it—but the time will come when their scheme will recoil upon themselves; for we are their equals—ay, more than their equals with such arms as these! Fools that they are not to see that if they destroy the influence of the higher classes, the people will elect leaders from their own ranks; and, instead of having to fight Popery alone, the day is not distant when they'll have to combat democracy too! Will not the tune be changed then?"

"It must always be 'God save the King,' sir, on birth-days," said Cotterell; who was satisfied if he either caught or comprehended the last words of any discourse.

It is difficult to say whether the Grinder's temper could have much longer endured these assaults of stupidity, but for the sudden appearance of Raper, who, coming stealthily forward, whispered a few words in Fagan's ear.

"Did you say here?—*here*?" asked Fagan, eagerly.

"Yes, sir," replied Raper; "below in the office."

"But why there? Why not show him up stairs? No, no, you're right," added he, with a most explanatory glance towards his guest. "I must leave you for a few minutes, Cotterell. Take care of yourself till I come back;" and with this apology he arose, and followed Raper down stairs.

The visitor, who sat on one of the high office-stools, dressed in the first fashion of the day, slapped his boot impatiently with his cane, and did not even remove his hat as Fagan entered, contenting himself with a slight touch of the finger to its leaf for salutation.

"Sorry to disturb you, Fagan," said he, half cavalierly, "but being in town late this evening, and knowing the value of even five minutes' personal intercourse, I have dropped in to say—what I have so often said in the same place—I want money."

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tion—I can scarcely credit that it could be *her* wish. Let us, then, have the honour of introducing her to that rank, the very highest position in which she would grace and dignify. I ask it as a favour—the very greatest you can bestow on us.”

“No, sir; it cannot be. It's impossible, utterly impossible.”

“I am really curious to know upon what grounds, for I confess they are a secret to me!”

“So they must remain, then, sir, if you cannot persuade me to open more of my heart than I am in the habit of doing with comparative strangers. I can be very grateful for the honour you intend me, Mr. Carew, but the best way to be so is, probably, not to accompany that feeling with any sense of personal humiliation!”

“You are certainly not bent on giving me any clue to your motives, Fagan.”

“I'm sorry for it, sir; but frankness to you might be great unfairness to myself.”

“More riddles, Tony, and I'm far too dull to read them.”

“Well, then, sir, perhaps you'd understand me when I say, that Anthony Fagan, low and humble as he is, has no mind to expose his daughter to the sneers and scoffs of a rank she has no pretension to mix with; that miser as he is, he wouldn't bring a blush of shame to her cheek for all the wealth of India! and that, rather than sit at home here and brood over every insult that would be offered to the usurer's daughter by those beggarly spendthrifts, that are at liberty by his bounty, he'd earn his name of the Grinder by crushing them to the dust!”

The vehemence of his utterance had gone on increasing as he spoke, till at the end the last words were given with almost a scream of passion.

“I must say, Fagan,” replied my father, calmly, “that you form a very humble, I trust a very unfair, estimate of the habits of my house, not to say of my own feelings. However, we'll not dispute the matter; good evening to you.”

“Good evening, sir; I'm sorry I was so warm; I hope I have said nothing that could offend you.”

“Not when you didn't mean offence, believe me, Fagan. I repeat my hope, that the friends and acquaintances with

whom I live are not the underbred and ill-mannered class you think them; beyond that I have nothing to say—good evening.”

Probably no amount of discussion and argument on the subject could so palpably have convinced Fagan of the vast superiority of a man of good manners over one of inferior breeding, as did the calm and gentleman-like quietude of my father's bearing, in contradistinction to his own passionate outbreak.

“One moment, sir—one moment,” cried he, laying his hand on my father's arm; “you really believe that one humbly born as Polly, the daughter of a man in my condition, would be received amongst the high and titled of Dublin without a scornful allusion to whence she came—without a sneer at her rank in life?”

“If I thought anything else, Fagan, I should be dishonoured in making this request of you.”

“She shall go, sir—she shall go,” cried Fagan.

“Thanks for the confidence, Fagan; I know you'd rather trust me with half your fortune without a scratch of my pen in return.”

Fagan turned away his head, but a motion of his hand across his eyes showed how he felt the speech.

To obviate the awkwardness of the moment, my father entered upon the details of the journey, for which it was arranged that Fagan was to send his daughter to Bray, where a carriage from Castle Carew would be in waiting to convey her the remainder of the way. These points being settled, my father once again thanked him for his compliance, and departed.

I should be only mystifying my reader most unjustifiably should I affect any secrecy as to my father's reasons for this singular invitation; for although the gossipry of the day could adduce innumerable plots and plans which were to spring out of it, I sincerely believe his sole motive was the pleasure that he and my mother were sure to feel in doing a piece of graceful and generous politeness. MacNaghten's account of Polly had strongly excited their curiosity, not to speak of a more worthy feeling, in her behalf, and knowing that Fagan's immense wealth would one day or other be hers, they felt it was but fair that she should see, and be seen, by that

world of which she was yet to be a distinguished ornament. Beyond this, I implicitly believe, they had no motive nor plan. Of course, I do not pretend to say, that even amongst his own very guests, the men who travelled down to enjoy his hospitality, his conduct did not come in for its share of criticism. Many an artful device was attributed to this seeming stroke of policy, not one of which, however, did not more redound to my father's

craft than to his character for honourable dealing. But what would become of "bad tongues" in this world if there were not generous natures to calumniate and vilify! Of a verity, scandal prefers a high mark and an unblemished reputation for its assaults, far better than a damaged fame and a tattered character; it seems more heroic to shy a pebble through a pane of plate glass than to pitch a stone through a cracked casement!

CHAPTER IX.

A GENTLEMAN USHER.

Among the members of the Viceregal suite who were to accompany his Grace on this visit, was a certain Barry Rutledge, a gentleman-usher, whose character and doings were well known in the times I speak of. When a very young man, Rutledge had been stripped of his entire patrimony on the turf, and was thrown for support upon the kindness of those who had known him in better days. Whether it was that time had developed or adversity had sharpened his wits, it is certain that he showed himself to be a far shrewder and more intelligent being than the world had heretofore deemed him. If he was not gifted with any very great insight into politics, for which he was free to own he had no taste, he was well versed in human nature, at least in all its least favourable aspects, and thoroughly understood how to detect and profit by the weaknesses of those with whom he came in contact.

His racing experiences had given him all the training and teaching which he possessed, and to his own fancied analogy between the turf and the great race of life, did he owe all the shrewd inspirations that guided him.

His favourite theory was, that however well a horse may gallop, there is always, if one but knew it, some kind of ground that would throw him "out of stride;" and so of men. He calculated that every one is accompanied by some circumstance or other, which forms his stumbling-block through life; and however it may escape notice, that to its existence will be referrible innumerable turnings and windings, whose seeming contradictions excite surprise and astonishment.

To learn all these secret defects, to

store his mind with every incident of family and fortune of the chief actors of the time, was the mechanism by which he worked, and certainly in such inquisitorial pursuits it would have been hard to find his equal. By keenly watching the lines of action men pursued, he had taught himself to trace back to their motives, and by the exercise of these faculties he had at last attained to a skill in reading character that seemed little short of marvellous.

Nature had been most favourable in fitting him for his career, for his features were of that cast which bespeaks a soft, easy temperament, careless and unsuspecting. His large blue eyes and curly golden hair gave him, even at thirty, a boyish look, and both in voice and manner was he singularly youthful, while his laugh was like the joyous outburst of a happy school-boy.

None could have ever suspected that such a figure as this, arrayed in the trappings of a courtly usher, could have enclosed within it a whole network of secret intrigue and plot. My mother had the misfortune to make a still more fatal blunder; for seeing him, in what she pardonably enough believed to be a livery, she took him to be a menial, and actually despatched him to her carriage to fetch her fan! The incident got abroad, and Rutledge, of course, was well laughed at; but he seemed to enjoy the mirth so thoroughly, and told the story so well himself, that it could never be imagined he felt the slightest annoyance on the subject. By all accounts, however, the great weakness of his character was the belief that he was

decidedly noble-looking and high-bred, that place him where you would, costume him how you might, surround him with all that might disparage pretension, yet that such was the innate gentlemanhood of his nature—the least critical of observers would not fail to acknowledge him. To say that he concealed this weakness most completely—that he shrouded it in the very depth of his heart, is only to repeat what I have already mentioned as to his character, for he was watchful over every trifle that should betray a knowledge of his nature, and sensitively alive to the terrors of ridicule. From that hour forward he became my mother's enemy—not, as many others might, by decrying her pretensions to beauty, or by any deprecatory remarks on her dress or manner, but in a far deeper sense, and with more malignant determination.

To learn who she was—of what family—what were her connexions—their rank, name, and station, were his first objects; and although the difficulties of the inquiry were considerable, his sources of knowledge were sufficient to overcome them. He got to hear where and by whom the marriage ceremony was performed—the name of the packet in which they had sailed from France—the titles by which my mother and her companion were inscribed in the passenger list—and, in fact, to trace back their mysterious journey to its origin in an ancient chateau belonging to the Crown of France. Beyond this, in all likelihood, he could not go; but even here were materials enough for his subtlety to make use of.

The Viceregal visit to Castle Carew had been all planned by him. He had persuaded the Duke that the time was come when, by a little timely flattering, the whole landed gentry of Ireland were in his hands. The conciliating tone of the speech which opened Parliament—the affectedly generous confidence of England in all the acts of the Irish Legislature had already succeeded to a miracle. Grattan himself moved the address in terms of unbounded reliance on the good faith of Government. Flood followed in the same strain, and others, of lesser note, were ashamed to utter a sentiment of distrust, in the presence of such splendid instances of confiding generosity. My father, although not a leading orator of the House, was, from

connexion and fortune, possessed of much influence, and well worth the trouble of gaining over, and, as Rutledge said, "It was pleasant to have to deal with a man, who wanted neither place, money nor the peerage, but whose alliance could be ratified at his own table, and pledged in his own Burgundy."

Every one knows what happens in the East when a great sovereign makes a present of an elephant to some inferior chief. The *morale* of a viceregal visit is pretty much in the same category. It is an honour that cannot be declined, and it is generally sure to ruin the entertainer. Of course I do not talk of the present times, nor of late years. Lord Lieutenants have grown to be less stately; the hosts have become less splendid. I have some faint recollection of a recent Viceroy's progress, where the names of his entertainers ranged through the ranks of a very humble squirearchy, and numbered a parish priest amongst the rest. But in the days I speak of here, there were great names and great fortunes in the land. The influence of the country neither flowed from Roman rescripts nor priestly denunciations! The Lions of Judah, and the Doves of Elphin, were as yet unknown to our political zoology; and, with all their faults and short-comings, we had at least a national gentry party—high-spirited, hospitable, and generous, and whose misfortunes were probably owing to the fact that they gave a too implicit faith to the adaptiveness of English laws to a people who have not in their habits, natures, or feelings the slightest analogy to Englishmen! and that, when at length they began to perceive the error, it was already too late to repair it.

The Viceroy's arrival at Castle Carew was fixed for a Tuesday, and on Monday evening Mr. Barry Rutledge drove up to the door just as my father and mother, with Dan MacNaghten, were issuing forth for a walk. He had brought with him a list of those for whom accommodation should be provided, and the number considerably exceeded all expectation. Nor was this the only disconcerting event, for my father now learned, for the first time, that he should have taken his Grace's pleasure with regard to each of the other guests he had invited to meet him—a piece of etiquette he had

never so much as thought of. "Of course, it's not much matter," said Rutledge, laughing easily; "your acquaintances are all known to his Grace."

"I'm not so sure of that," interposed my father, quickly: for he suddenly remembered that Polly Fagan was not likely to have been presented at Court, nor was she one to expect to escape notice.

"He never thinks of politics in private life; he has not the smallest objection to meet every shade of politician."

"I'm quite sure of that," said my father, musing, but by no means satisfied with the prospect before him.

"Tell Rutledge, whom you expect," broke in Dan, "and he'll be able to guide you should there be any difficulty about them."

"Ma foi!" broke in my mother, half impatiently, in her imperfect language. "If dey are of la bonne société, what will you have more."

"Of course," assented Rutledge. "The names we are all familiar with—the good houses of the country." Carelessly as he spoke, he contrived to dart a quick glance towards my mother, but to his astonishment she showed no sign of discomfort or uneasiness.

"Egad, I think it somewhat hard that a man's company should not be of his own choosing!" said MacNaghten, half angrily. "Do you think his Grace would order the dinner away if there happened to be a dish at table he didn't like?"

"Not exactly, if he were not compelled to eat of it," said Rutledge, good-humouredly; "but I'm sure, all this time, that we're only amusing ourselves fighting shadows. The mere etiquette required a certain rule to be observed; just tell me who are coming, and I'll be able to give you a hint if any of them should be personally displeasing to his Grace."

"You remember them all, Dan," said my father: "try and repeat the names."

"Shall we keep the lump of sugar for the last," said Dan, "as they do with children when they give them medicine? or shall we begin with your own friends, Rutledge? for we've got Archdall, and Billy Burton, and Freke, and Barty Hoare, and some others of the same stamp—fellows that I call very bad company, but that I'm well aware

you Castle folk expect to see everywhere you go!"

"But you've done things admirably," cried Rutledge. "These are exactly the men for us. Have you Townsend?"

"Ay, and his flapper, Tisdall; for without Joe he never remembers what story to tell next. And then there's Jack Preston! Egad you'll fancy yourselves on the Treasury benches."

"Well, now for the Opposition," said Rutledge, gaily.

"To begin: Grattan can't come—a sick child, the measles, or something or other wrong in the nursery, which he thinks of more consequence than 'all your houses; Ponsonby won't come—he votes you all very dull company; Hugh O'Donnell is of the same mind, and adds, that he'd rather see Tom Thumb, in Fishamble-street, than all your court Tom Fooleries twice over. But then we've old Bob Ffrench—Bitter Bob; Joe Curtis —"

"Not the same Curtis that refused his Grace leave to shoot over his bog at Ballyvane?"

"The very man, and just as likely to send another refusal if the request be repeated."

"I didn't know of this, Dan," interposed my father. "This is really awkward!"

"Perhaps it was a little untoward," replied MacNaghten, "but there was no help for it. Joe asked himself, and when I wrote to say that the Duke was coming, he replied that he'd certainly not fail to be here, for he didn't think there was another house in the kingdom likely to harbour them both at the same time."

"He was right, there," said Rutledge, gravely.

"He generally is right," replied MacNaghten with a dry nod. "Stephen Blake, too, isn't unlikely to come over, particularly if he finds out that we've little room to spare, and that he'll put us all to inconvenience."

"Oh, we'll have room enough for every one," cried my father.

"I do hope, at least, none will go away for want of—how you say, place?" said my mother.

"That's exactly the right word for it," cried MacNaghten sily. 'Tis looking for places the half of them are. I've said nothing of the ladies, Rutledge; for of course your courtly habits see no

party distinctions amongst the fair sex. We'll astonish your English notions, I fancy, with such a display of Irish beauty as you've no idea of."

"*That* we can appreciate without the slightest disparagement on the score of politics."

"Need you tell him of Polly?" whispered my father in Dan's ear.

"No; it's just as well not."

"I'd tell him, Dan; the thing is done and cannot be undone," continued he in the same under tone.

"As you please."

"We mean to show you such a girl, Rutledge, as probably not St. James's itself could match. When I tell you she'll have not very far from half a million sterling, I think it's not too much to say, that your English Court hasn't such a prize in the wheel."

"It's Westrop's daughter you mean?"

"Not a bit of it, man. Dorothy won't have fifty thousand. I doubt, greatly, if she'll have thirty; and as to look, style, and figure, she's not to compare with the girl I mean."

"The Lady Lucy Lighton; and she is very beautiful, I confess."

"Lucy Lighton! Why, what are you thinking of? Where would she get the fortune I'm speaking of? But you'd never guess the name: you never saw her—perhaps, never so much as heard of her. She is a Miss Fagan."

"Polly—Polly Fagan, the Grinder's daughter?"

"So, then, you have heard of her," said Dan, not a little disconcerted by this burst of intelligence.

"Heard of her! Nay, more, I've seen and spoken with her. I once made a descent on the old father, in the hope of doing something with him, and being, accidentally I believe it was,

shown up stairs, I made Miss Polly's acquaintance, but with just as little profit."

"You'll have more time to improve the intimacy, here, Rutledge," said my father, laughingly, "if MacNaghten be not a rival 'near the throne.'"

"I'll not interfere with you, Barry," cried MacNaghten, carelessly.

Rutledge gave one of his usual unmeaning laughs, and said, "After all, if we except Ffrench and Curtis, there's nothing to be afraid of; and I suppose there will be no difficulty in keeping them at a safe distance."

"Bob Ffrench cares much more for Carew's Burgundy than for his grand acquaintances," interposed MacNaghten; "and as for Curtis, he only comes out of curiosity. Once satisfied that all will go on in the routine fashion of every other country visit, he'll jog home again, sorely discontented with himself for the trouble he has taken to come here."

"I need scarcely tell you," said Rutledge, taking my father's arm and leading him to one side, "I need scarcely tell you, that we'd better avoid all discussion about politics and party. You yourself are very unlikely to commit any error in tact; but of course you cannot answer for others. Would it not, then, be as well to give some kind of hint?"

"Faith," broke in my father, hastily, "I will never attempt to curb the liberty of speech of any one who does me the honour to be my guest; and I am sure I have not a friend in the world who would tamely submit to such dictation."

"Perhaps you are right. Indeed, I'm sure you are," broke in Rutledge, and hastened his step till he joined the others.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—JERDAN AND MISS MITTFORD.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is almost a science in itself. Books of the kind are written as no others are written. They are not written for instruction—few or none are instructed by them. They can scarcely be said to be written for amusement. The author states a higher object in general; and, what is more to the purpose, the reader is seldom amused. Are they confessions? Perhaps so; but why confessions to a public, who—though they may keep a secret, to which they but pretend to listen, while in fact they are dozing—do not affect any power of absolution? On this class of books we place no reliance whatever. Veracity there often is in matters as unimportant as the ordinary records on the tombstones in a country churchyard, but seldom anything which can be called Truth. We really wish that the writers of this class of works would, if they have the talent for it, write Fiction, limiting and bounding their imagination by any circle of actual outward fact they please; but that such outward circle of facts, so limiting and bounding a work, which is as purely of fiction as if it were called a romance, should be the names and dates of some provincial family, whose ancestors ascended the magisterial bench, or the pulpit, or the scaffold, and who had among its Penates, bishops, and judges, and captains, still worshipped as the Lares of some consecrated domestic hearth, is, we think, imposing a severe and useless restraint on the artist who is tempted to portray himself in all his phases of character. TIME, perhaps, is of the essence of a story. PLACE, too, as we cannot well imagine an absolute “nowhere,” any more than an everlasting “now,” there must be, and the time and place when and where the self-describing hero of romance was actually born, may do as well as any other. So far we have no cause of quarrel. But what earthly reason is there for telling us that his grandmother’s name is Dorothy, and adding that in one particular family it was spelled and pronounced so as to come to the eye and ear like Darathy? What occasion is there for communicating to the world that his father, a

worthy man, dead many years—not indeed forgotten, because to be forgotten he should have been at some time or other noticed or remembered—was distinguished for a louder laugh than any one in his neighbourhood? Why in things like this should the historian of his own infancy and puerilities be limited by actual fact. Is not the actual fact altogether indifferent? If the person writing such things be not consciously engaged in making out from fragmentary recollections a picture which is not altogether inconsistent, and does not betray at once the process by which it is fabricated, is he not unconsciously so engaged? Is not the credulous Imagination itself, a faculty very active with the very dull and very ignorant, occupied with a dream of its own, inventing traditions, and believing what it invents—*fingunt simul creduntque*? Bacon has called revenge a “wild” justice, as though to tell us that the perpetration of some savage act of retribution by a person thinking himself deeply wronged proved the existence in such person’s mind of a sense of justice, which if better trained and cultivated would produce other and less bitter fruits. Autobiography may in the same way be called “wild” fiction. The perpetration of a work of the kind is proof of the author’s inherent talent for Fiction, which, properly educated, might have exhibited itself in works, such as Lucian’s “Liar,” or Lucian’s “True History.”

We have been led into this train of thought, not by its being peculiarly applicable to any of the modern works that have fallen into our hands. Modern books, and particularly those which we have named at the commencement of this paper, would rather lead us to modify the tone of our remarks. We were not even thinking of such insane sinners as Rousseau or Cardan, the curse and plague of every one with whom they were connected in the ordinary course of life. We had rather in our view the saints of ancient and of modern times—the Donna Teresas and Madame Guions. Your mystic is always mythical—and the wings of rapture and rhapsody being

unable to sustain the devotional high-flyer, he falls, like that spiritual voyager described by Milton, among tumultuous clouds of fire and nitre, and—

“That fury stayed,
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea
Nor good dry land, nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying.”

It is hard to say, when we read such books as Santa Teresa's or Madame Guion's Life, how much of the language is mere metaphor. That what they relate never occurred is often absolutely certain, but whether they believed it to have occurred, or, rather, whether they wish us to understand them to be relating occurrences, is, we think, more than we have always the means of determining. Madame Guion tells us that she was caused to perform frequent miracles for the sake of a maidservant, who had come into her service under such peculiar circumstances that she thought her brought to her by more than the ordinary dealings of Providence:—“It seemed also as if our Lord gave her an absolute power over her body and soul. How much soever she was indisposed, as soon as I said to her, ‘be healed,’ she was so; and as for her pain, I bore the most of it. It seems as if our Lord had given me some share of experience for her of what he himself had suffered for man. Surely a small part thereof would have consumed ten thousand worlds. He showed me, in a dream, her resistances, under the figure of sundry animals, coming out of her body, whose outsides appeared pure, bright, and transparent as glass, but all unclean within. Hereby I knew that she had passed through the first purification or cleansing of the outside, for which reason she passed in the world for a saint, but far from being inwardly purified. While on that account I suffered, I saw those animals destroy one another till there remained only one, which devoured all the rest; yet itself appeared to have all the iniquity of the others in it. What I could not tolerate in her was her regard for *herself*. I saw clearly that the devil cannot hurt us, but so far as we retain some fondness for this corrupt *self*. This sight was from God, who gave me the discerning of spirits, which would ever accept what was from Him, and reject what was not; and that not from any common methods of judging, not from any out-

ward information, but by an inward principle which is his gift alone.”

Now, in this narrative, which is one of a hundred such, of Madame Guion's, who can say how much is true—how much is conscious fabrication—how much the work of imagination, acting alone, as it were, independent of any conscientious control of the moral power, which would lead the narrator to distinguish between what with reference to matters of fact is ordinarily called by articulately-speaking men, truth and falsehood. Were the agonies that she describes in what seems to us audaciously blasphemous language, agonies of mind which she herself suffered, or is this but a mode of describing the torments which she contrived to inflict on her husband and children, and all who had to witness the strange madness in which she lived? Was the dream, in which she tells us of having seen her rebellious catechumen, a dream of the night, in which the objects seen had to her own mind at the time an outward reality; or was it a vision of the day, in which she knew herself to be embodying in picture and metaphor her theory of a poor young woman's conduct, who, as she was obliged to submit to the humours of the strange creature whose bread she thus earned, may, no doubt, in a very true and in a very inoffensive sense of the word, be described as influenced by a regard for self? Was the language in which she describes the poor girl's various passions—or those which she ascribes to her in dream, reverie, or lie, as so many animals rending and tearing each other—descriptive of what actually rose up before the eye, or was it but a mode of translating thoughts into words, for those likely to prefer this kind of metaphor to a more sober style? Was she herself thinking, not of any actual fact, but of those likely to read what she wrote? She, at all events, was scarcely in the danger, even were this the case, of her friend the Bishop of Geneva, who, it would seem, in describing a very inconsistent sort of person, wrote very differently about her at different times. We hope her solution of the bishop's varying letters is not the true one, though it is probable enough:—

“He wrote,” she says “in my favour to such as he thought would show my letters,

and quite the contrary in the letters which he thought I would never see. It was so ordered, that those persons having shown each other their letters received from him, were struck with indignation to see in him so shameful a duplicity. They sent me those letters that I might take proper precautions. I kept them two years, and then burnt them, not to hurt the prelate by them."

But we must lay aside Madame Guion and turn to the books which the accident of the hour has laid upon our table; and first comes William Jerdan—the autobiography of William Jerdan, member of several learned societies, author of "The National Portrait Gallery," "Voyage to the Isle of Elba," "The Paris Spectator," "The Rutland Papers," "The Perth Papers," &c. &c. &c.* In our ignorance we know very little about the extent of authorship involved in editing books of the kind. Few of them can bear the voyage from England here. They may be good or bad for anything that any one here knows or—we had almost said—cares. Mr. Jerdan has, however, other claims on the public than those of a successful author. He has been for some two score years or little less, the editor of a publication—half newspaper, half magazine—called the *Literary Gazette*," which every week gives an account of new books—one of those publications for which, almost independent of any merit in the execution, general convenience causes a very large circulation. In the character of editor of this work, Mr. Jerdan obtained a good deal of information on subjects of current literature; held correspondence with many of the writers of the day, and now publishes his recollections, which cannot be without some interest, even were we less disposed than we are to regard with some sympathy this "good-natured man with an ill-natured muse," with whom fortune appears to have been at the close of his days at cross-purposes. Mr. Jerdan is now in his seventieth year. His place of birth made him almost a southern Scot, or next-door to a northern Engländer. Well, a man must be born somewhere—even though it be a debateable land, where nations have a right to contend for the honour. The scene is well described

in a passage, which shows the author had the power of writing a good deal better than one would be led to think who had read much of the *Literary Gazette* in his long-age day.

"If the spot of birth could implant a love of the beautiful in nature and perfection of pastoral scenery, that love must have been inherent in me, for I first saw the light in a room which hung over the Tweed, opposite to its junction with the Teviot, and certainly one of the sweetest rural localities upon the face of the earth. The mansion itself was one of those large old-fashioned houses, with the pressure of two centuries resting upon its roof, and with apartments large enough—after the family moved into a modern cottage residence, built closely adjoining in a pretty garden off the river—to be converted into places for town meetings, dancing schools, ball-rooms, and warehouses. It rejoiced in the name of 'Lang Linkie,' and is still, I believe, in existence as a distillery, and no ornament to the site. The new cottage was also most beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed, opposite a lovely island, or 'Ana,' on the fork between the rivers. Old Roxburgh Castle was just beyond; Fleurs, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Roxburgh, up the river on the right; and the Eildon Hills in the distance. There was a sweet garden, high brick wall, and fine fruits, not common elsewhere. Close by was the old family residence of 'Lang Linkie,' the gable end of which was washed by the river, as was the garden-wall of the new abode, with the cheerful town-mill immediately below, with a picturesque 'cauld,' or weir."—Vol. I. pp. 8, 9.

We pass over the genealogical details and references to family documents and such things, proving that the Jerdans ranked with the gentry of their locality—that there were traditions of property greater than that which they enjoyed in the day of William Jerdan's father. Jerdan's father did not add to the family means, whatever they had been, or were. The son speaks of his father's easy temper and large family. He had been once active and young, and somehow or other got appointed as purser to an East Indiaman. This was an event in the family; and what with delays in procuring or arranging his outfit, the poor fellow found on his arrival in London to join his vessel, that she had already sailed. His imagination, however, had been ex-

* "The Autobiography of William Jerdan," &c. Vols. I. and II. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

cited by the thought of the East—to return back after all the fuss made about his going out, would have set the neighbours laughing and inquiring; and he managed in some way or other to get to the East—not the purser of an East Indiaman, but a private gentleman. His voyage was attended with some useful results to his children, as he made acquaintances there who got appointments for some of them. When he returned home, which appears to have been very soon, he indolently fixed himself on a few paternal fields, which gave him but slender means of support. The world, we are told by Mr. Sadler, is peopled with the children of the poor—not of the rich. Rich or poor, however, men will marry; and the father of Jerdan did not escape the common lot. His wife was “handsome and possessed of very superior talents”—vague words. We wish to know what they meant. She was like all the Scotch, proud of her family; and she had, it would seem, something to be proud of, though something which it is not everyone would wish to say too much about. “Her progenitors claimed descent from a no less exalted and improper ancestor than a certain(?) Abbot of Melrose, and the natural son of a certain King James”—and her son William tells how a daughter of his own bore a strong resemblance to one of the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. These kings and abbots were pleasant fellows in their day, and those of the race of Stuart as likely to have added to the population of Roxburghshire as if they were peasants. The Stuart side of the house of Jerdan had some narrow escapes of being hanged in revolutionary days for their loyalty to dethroned kings; but luckily they had Hanoverian friends, and thus were saved. Domestic faith believes all these things, and is not without its reward. Every family has its legend, and thus pretensions are equalised. The hereditary cacothetes, if not cured, is rendered tolerable.

To pass from the heaven of heraldry, and the signs which adorn the celestial globe, down to earth and its every-day business; to descend from fancy to fact is often an abrupt step—one from the sublime to the ridiculous. Here we have no such difficulties—we land at once on ground where there is firm footing. We find John Jerdan,

pater ipse, the Baron Baillie of Kelso, sovereign of the town and neighbourhood—an ancient office, and not undignified before the country was divided into county jurisdictions, with its separate sheriffs and staff of officers for each. The Baillie represented the Duke of Roxburgh, and as his judge sat in the town-hall, and administered justice indifferently. At one end of the justice-hall sat the Baillie; he occupied the centre of a semicircular bench raised on a dais, elevated a little above the general height of the floor. On the same bench, and at a few yards' distance from the presiding magistrate, sat the Baillie's fool—one of those privileged, half-daft creatures, who are found everywhere, and who, before the operation of the poor-laws removed them from the sight of the public, were, from their helplessness, and from the occasional shrewdness of the queer things they said and repeated, very general favourites. Baillie Jerdan's fool, sitting on the magistrate's bench, was going rather further than most of his tribe succeeded in getting; but he was not without his use, and he knew the way to the Baillie's heart. He listened with decorous attention to every word of wisdom, and he would often applaud the judge's decisions, to the great amusement of all present. Willy Hawick was the name by which he was known; and Willy Hawick was even more liked, we should imagine, than Willy Jerdan, the Baillie's own son. Hawick could be made angry, and he resented any one's laughing at him or trifling with him. The Baillie one day brought home two China mandarins, which he placed on a high shelf in the parlour. There they rested, as grave as if they were assisting our friend Andrews to sell tea; but they did not rest there long. Willy Hawick got offended at their shaking their heads and making faces at him, and he made short work with them. Hawick was missed one day from the magisterial bench; it was a dull day, and the Baillie, we may well imagine, came home earlier than usual, to see the fragments of his mandarins, which Willy Hawick had smashed to pieces.

Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor at John Jerdan's; and our author has no doubt that Willy Hawick was the original of Goose Gibby. It would seem likely enough, if there were not fools of the kind everywhere. In the

appendix to this volume, a story is told of Scott's walking one day with Sir Adam Ferguson; and, meeting one of them, a dialogue ensued:—

Scott.—“Weel, Andrew, how are you?”

Andrew.—“Weel, vera weel; thank ye sheriff for speiring.”

Scott observed to him that he was well fed and well clad, that he had plenty to eat and a good coat to his back; “and, Andrew, I am glad to see you seem to be one of the happiest creatures on the face of the earth.” Alas, Andrew was as unhappy as his neighbours; with all these sources of happiness, he was not merry Andrew.

“Na, na! sheriff, I would be very happy if it were not for that damned bubbly-jock (turkey-cock). The bairns use me well enough; but they cannot help roaring and shouting when they see that cursed brute chasing me about, with his neck a’ in fury, and his gobble-gobble going enough to frighten the devil. He is after me every day, and makes me perfectly miserable.”

Scott turned to Sir Adam, and said, “Ah, Ferguson, in this life of ours, be assured that every man has his own bubbly-jock.”

The early chapters of this book are not without their interest for every reader; but there must be some still living to whom the pictures of his father, and his father's associates, are likely to give peculiar pleasure. The society in which the family moved was the best the district could afford. They appear to have had all the advantages which a recognised family must have, in the part of the country where they have been placed for generations; and their income being small, did not tend to separate them from society in the same way as such a circumstance otherwise would, as Mr. Jerdan's position, as chief magistrate of the district, secured him social attentions from leading persons there.

Jerdan was educated at the parochial (not the parish) school. All the boys of the place, above the very poorest, were educated at this school. The fee “was ten or fourteen shillings a-year, paid in quarterly half-crowns or three-and-sixpences. There was also a *douceur* at Candlemas; and the boy who brought the largest sum as a present was nominated by the master captain of the school.” This part of the system Jerdan finds it difficult theoretic-

cally to defend; but the school worked well, and not the worse for the good humour into which the master and school were thrown by the way in which the appointment was made, and by the fruit and holiday which followed or accompanied the appointment.

We have heard in our day a good deal about schools, and are likely to hear yet more. It may be worth while to think for a moment on the constitution of this one which Jerdan describes. The teacher of the school was chosen by the clergy and owners of property in the parish, who secured him a small stipend. This gave him a footing; but comfort, or even adequate support, was made to depend on the character which he could establish for the school, and his own exertions. Idleness, or occupation of any other kind, was fatal to success. This gave a chance of a good schoolmaster, and almost a certainty that a bad one could not remain long, even where the persons in whom the appointment rested might be indisposed to remove a man once appointed. There was no distinction arising from the rank or the religion of the boys. The children of the gentry, farmers, tradesmen, and in some cases even of farm-servants, mingled cordially together. At school the only question was, who had his lessons best; at play, who was the most active, or strong, or expert. Presbyterian, Antipresbyterian, Burgher, antiburgher, Papist, Quaker, all were there. Antipædobaptists, with faces as dirty as if there was not a river in all Scotland, looked without one feeling of envy on our young hero, whose very name, brought, we suppose, by some crusader from Palestine, told of the cleansing water of the “Jordan.” Pleasant times they were, those of school and of playtime. Then the school is within half a mile of a boy's proper home, and when his schoolfellows are every one of them those with whom he has been familiar from early infancy.

Now with the Antibaptist no one fell out—none insisted on hat-worship from the Quakers—what the Burghers or Antiburghers believed or disbelieved was a secret to the other boys, and probably was not very distinctly revealed to themselves. If presbyter was but priest writ large, nobody in Kelso school knew the fact; and Jerdan thinks that through the length and breadth of the land, schools could be

found on the principle of that at Kelso. Perhaps so; but Jerdan forgets that at Kelso people paid for their schooling, and that the difficulty which embarrasses people is, that of settling what kind of education the State should provide for people who will pay nothing for it. It is highly likely that to provide merely secular education would be a wiser course in the State, than to provide none, but this does not seem a principle agreed upon, nor would proposing to provide this, therefore, leaving peculiarities of religion to be taught at home, remove the difficulties that perplex the question.

Master succeeded master at Kelso, and Master Jerdan learned a little from each. White tried to teach him Euclid, but the young gentleman's talents were of too practical a kind to do much with him. Like children of less tender years, he was disturbed by utilitarianism, the spirit that is for ever speaking "out of season;" and our hero first asked himself, *cui bono?* and having received a short, impertinent, and yet satisfactory answer, he forthwith proposed the same question to his master, who, instead of answering, told him he had better try to learn Latin, and to Latin accordingly he went.

One Taylor was the Latinist of the establishment, an amiable man, who found means of establishing himself elsewhere, and left Jerdan and the Kelso squad to the care of a Mr. Dymock.

Dymock looked cross, but was quiet, and a good teacher. Jerdan learned some Latin from him. In after years Dymock removed to Glasgow, where he edited some schoolbooks, and Jerdan reviewed them in the *Literary Gazette*. How far Jerdan was qualified for this task, it may be of moment to make known, because we believe the public mind to be very much influenced by notices of books. Let our readers have the critic's own account of this:—

"I overcame the Latin language by drudgery; the Greek by love of its soft and sonorous structure. Yet Horace, in the foremost order, and Livy and Pliny were well liked: Ovid and Theocritus hardly less for their poetic mellifluence; but Cicero was hated; Virgil, Lucian, only coldly tolerated; Homer not much admired; Anacreon delightful (especially after I discovered that his opening poem could be sung to the tune of Maggy Lauder), and Pindar and Hesiod detested as if they had been Nero and Herod. I was fond of mathematics, but owing to the

reason above stated, the want of an instructor to inform me of the whys and wherefores, made very little progress in that important branch of science."—Vol. i. pp. 21, 22.

Jerdan ascribes his turn for literature to an accidental circumstance. Some arrangements connected with the education of a boy sent from India rendered it desirable that, for the sake of emulation and companionship, he should have some fellow-student, and Jerdan was selected for this purpose. His success in obtaining school distinction led to this selection. He thinks his character was early spoiled by the implied flattery of this preference, and by flattery of the same kind, which it would appear always followed him. We suspect the character was his own, born with him, not so much the creation of circumstances as he thinks.

"To this sort of flattery and preference (followed as will afterwards appear by similar misleading appliances at important periods in my life) I attribute much of my character. In short, I repeat, I was a spoilt child, as will appear in the sequel with everybody, till I came to man's mature estate. I was spoilt, as related, in infancy and boyhood; I was spoilt by the kindness of merchants with whom I spent my debut years in London (Messrs. Samuel Turners, father and sons, City Chambers); I was spoilt by an uncle resident in town, Mr. Stuart, Surgeon, R.N., who supplied my purse far too liberally; and I was more than spoilt by Mr. Cornelius Elliott and his family, under whose auspices I studied law and pleasure for about three years in Edinburgh, at the dangerous epoch of twenty to twenty-three years of age."—Vol. i. p. 23.

Jerdan was early placed in an attorney's office, a writer's, as they are called in Scotland. He tells of some odd persons he met there, among others he met Mr. Haig of Bemerside, the representative of an old border family.

There is an old prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, which is understood to predict an undisturbed male inheritor of the name of Haig, to the lands of Bemerside. We remember instances of the fulfilment of this prophecy under circumstances where it seemed likely that the believers in "True Thomas" should either give up the theory of their prophet's inspiration or find another interpretation of the words—

"Whate'er befa', whate'er betide,
Haig will be Haig of Bemerside."

Jerdan adds to these instances of an

unexpected realisation of the prophetic announcement, the fact that the mother of the Laird of Bemerside had twelve daughters successively, when a son at length appeared to justify True Thomas's reputation as a prophet.

In the year 1800, David, William, and Frederick Pollock visited Scotland. There was some indistinct relationship between them and the Jerdans, which brought them together. Jerdan's friend of the party was Frederick Pollock. To him this volume is dedicated, and the inscription records the feelings of a friendship which has lasted for more than half a century. To the influence of the Pollocks, Jerdan ascribes his going to London, and determining on trying his fortune there, instead of going to Edinburgh to pursue his legal studies.

In 1801, then at the age of nineteen, young Jerdan made his way to London, and was engaged as a clerk, at the salary of fifty pounds a-year, in a merchant's office. Whilst here he became acquainted with some young men, who in after days became Lord Mayors of London, and he dined at their inauguration dinners at Guildhall. The young men were Scotchmen, who are everywhere prosperous, because everywhere industrious and well conducted. Between them and Jerdan there was, it would seem, some relationship, or claim of relationship, and Jerdan, who had promised to admit his cousinship to the Lauries and Piries, if ever they became Lord Mayors of London, was as proud when that impossibility, as he once thought it, actually occurred, as if he had ascertained, through antiquarian research, that Gog and Magog had been born on the banks of the Tweed.

Counting-houses are counting-houses, and very like each other. Turner's (City Chambers) was that in which Jerdan's noviciate was passed. Jerdan found in his master's office a clerk in a brown, brick-dust Quaker garb; a man punctual and precise. He occupied one desk, and near him, seated on a high stool, was our author. The desk opposite was occupied by Charles Turner, a partner in the establishment; and his father, the senior member of the firm, saw parties in an inner apartment. Jerdan was, it would seem, not expert at accounts, was idle, and was caught making verses. This would never do; and so the merchants with whom he was, looked out for some different employment for him; but when

he was banished from their place of business they felt his poetical talents were not such as to be altogether unworthy of their drawing-room, and there he met Antigua merchants connected with the house and other good society.

Many a long day after Jerdan had the Turners called to his remembrance. When the British Association visited Dublin, in 1835, Sir John Tobin placed a steamer at the command of such of the members as went by Liverpool, and one of the Turners was there representing the owner of the vessel. He recognised Jerdan among the company of wise men who came to Dublin to instruct and to be instructed; and he remembered how hard it was to teach Jerdan. There were old stories, not to be told to every one, of how Jerdan had spoiled a cask of Madeira by doctoring it in some inartificial manner. He had broken several dozen of eggs into it to fine it—a capital error—and not a dear joke; it would seem in the office that the laugh it excited was worth more than the wine that was lost. Turner told the story; said that he was glad to hear that Jerdan, though no witch at fabricating Madeira, was not incompetent in other things, and that he had attained a high position in his country's literature.

With the Pollocks, Jerdan was intimate during the period of his London life. At this time, it is probable that Jerdan's talents were estimated as highly as theirs, and his opportunities seem to have been, at least, as good; but they were diligent, a fixed course was rationally conceived for them, and the studies calculated to secure success industriously and perseveringly pursued. All were successful; one is Lord Truro, who held the Great Seal of England; another, is Chief Baron; a third died a Chief Justice in India; to another, Jerdan ascribes our Khyber victories, which would have been defeats, he says, but for the suppression of mutiny among our troops, through his sagacity. On what precise facts he has formed his opinion we are ignorant. "The youngest of the brothers was John, who now discharges the duties of an official appointment in a manner to show that there is no degeneracy in his case."

Jerdan had a good many young friends, and, as almost always occurs, a society was formed for the purposes

of mutual improvement, where they read papers, and had *viva voce* discussions. When Jerdan is led to think over the success in life of his early companions, as compared with his own course, which, whether attended with much enjoyment or not, seems not to have ended in much prosperity, he complains of his lot having been cast in literature. Under no circumstances, as society is now constituted, can literature give such support as the bar gives, nor has it any splendid prizes such as the bar, or the church, or the military profession present. But at the bar, or in the church, or in the military profession, the eminently successful men are those who are distinguished for accomplishments, which, till the word literature had changed its meaning into one more connected with trade than with letters, would have been described as literary. But in any, even the lowest view of the word, Jerdan has, in a great degree, we should think, to blame himself. If a man can point to no permanent work, that he has written, if he has not been diligent in learning any science, or art, or branch of information, which he is to teach through the medium of printing; if his diligence be merely that of recording what other men have been doing; of analysing the books which other men have been writing; of aiding in the circulation of what may be more properly called advertisements than dignified with any higher name, is it reasonable to complain that he does not obtain a higher reward? that he is not paid, as those are paid by society who benefit it, not alone by the kind of toil which has occupied his, Jerdan's, head and time, but by actual brain-work; of which he was, by no means, originally incapable, but which was not, it so happens, at any time, so far as we know, his occupation?

Sir Thomas Wilde was one of Jerdan's early associates. Wilde began as an attorney, and succeeded in attaining his great eminence by "unswerving firmness and untiring application." Jerdan tells a queer story of himself and Wilde. At one of the evening meetings of their little club, if it is to be so called, the conversation turned on cyphering and decyphering; and Jerdan, who knew nothing whatever of the subject, said that nothing could be easier than to invent a cypher which could not be

detected. A wager was the instant consequence, and three Encyclopædias were shown to Jerdan, exhibiting the many cyphers that had been devised, and the fact that all had been decyphered and read. Jerdan was frightened for the result of his wager; but between sleeping and waking, when deep thoughts come on men, a cypher occurred to him, and he awoke satisfied that he had devised a mode of secret writing which would defy the most acute investigator of such mysteries. He told it to one of his friends and made him a convert; he then went with the discovery to Wilde; Wilde, too, listened and believed; and among them the matter was thought too important to waste it on a tavern dinner and the victory of a wager. They agreed that it should be communicated to ministers, and Jerdan got a letter of introduction from one of the Scotch county members to Lord Sidmouth, and he and Wilde saw Mr. Sergeant Sidmouth's private secretary: they told their business. The secretary bowed, and appointed a day when he would be prepared to discuss it. In a week they again saw him: he seemed to have forgotten the whole business; but, on its being recalled to him, he said he *did remember the secret cypher of which he had a copy in his drawer*; and thus ended interview the second. Then came correspondences and conferences; then Jerdan fell sick, and then he went to Scotland, and Wilde became the master of the spell that was to command ministers and secretaries. Jerdan's illness was fever, and it would seem that it was of that fierce sort which erases from the brain much of what had seemed to be securely deposited there. He forgot all about the cypher; or if it passed through his mind, it was but in the way of a passing thought—as of a dream that had in some way or other failed. Oddly enough, many years afterwards he was editor of a newspaper (*the Sun*), and this compelled frequent communication with the Treasury and Secretary of State departments. On one of these occasions he had a conversation with one of the officials, who, seeing him looking at a paper written in cypher, told him with a smile he was welcome to read it. Jerdan said he could not read it, as he had not the key; but that he was perfectly acquainted with the principle, and "was, indeed, the inventor of the design." When Jerdan

stated the principle, it was admitted that he was right ; and he was told that this mode of writing was used in the Foreign Office whenever secrecy was required.

We next have Jerdan in a writing-office in Edinburgh, copying law papers for a master as idle as himself, and relieving himself from this unwilling industry by becoming a Freemason, in a lodge that sat late and drank hard, and brought together some pleasant persons, whose names are not wholly forgotten. Then came rumours of invasion, and we have Willy in regimentals ; then came not alone reviews and field-days, but what was in Jerdan's mind, to eclipse all other things, the *Edinburgh Review*, and Scott's Works, and Blackwood ; and a total change, consequent on its great literary celebrity, came over Scotland.

Business, however, must be minded, and Jerdan's was as yet that of the Edinburgh attorney's office. His health was poorly, and this was an excuse for his doing little : something, however, he did. He and his master prepared between them a deed to be executed by " Dame Janet Grant, of Preston Grange, Countess Dowager of Hyndford." The name and title struck Jerdan's fancy. Southey and Longfellow had not yet satisfied the public with hexameters, and this came to the young clerk's ear very like verse " measured by the yard, not the foot." He repeated it, and the title seemed to grow longer and more romantic with every repetition. Who could she be ? What was she like ? That such a woman—woman ! is that the word ?—that a feudal lady of such rank should have in her earthly walk to go through the ordinary business of life ; and to appear in an attorney's office was too bad—was not to be thought of : could his master prevent this ?—

" The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the soul to love."

The old Timotheus of Thistle-street had some fun in view ; and, instead of getting Dame Janet to trot in her pattens to his office, sent his young clerk to her to witness her signature of the document—nay, the arrangement was, that Jerdan should breakfast with the grand lady. He went, full of curiosity

and expectation ; and wonder and love were passing away into the feelings of fatigue, by which too great excitement is ordinarily followed, when the lady at last made her appearance. The witch in Christabel, when seen by lamp-light, never produced a greater revulsion of feeling—

" Behold her bosom and half her side,
A thing to think of, not to tell ;
And she is to sleep with Christabel."

Something not unlike, in some of its effects, was the sight now presented to the eyes of the young clerk—

" Her hair is white, her beard is gray,
A thing to think of, not to say ;
Clerk Jerdan eats her bread to-day."

Clerk Jerdan recovered from his amazement, but could scarcely forbear laughing. He had seen Macbeth acted, and she was for all the world like one of the witches in Macbeth. Woman is everywhere good-natured, and old ladies are always ladies. She cross-examined Jerdan, made out the joke which was played—one which she greatly enjoyed, and sent him home with a pleasant letter to his master.

A question of title now arose in the office which required some personal examination of parish registers through a considerable tract of country. Jerdan had been poorly in health, and this was felt to be an occupation which might be well performed by him, and would give him the chance of benefiting by country air. The matter seems to have been well arranged by the solicitor for whom Jerdan was acting. To collect and collate the pedigrees of some obscure paupers, and to ascertain their intermarriages for a considerable period, was our hero's task. All who could tell anything about the matter, were brought together to a solitary hostelry, where the scene of inquiry lay, somewhere in the upper districts of Peebleshire and Tweeddale, where our hero was directed to entertain them in capital style, and he obeyed his instructions fully. A favourable impression thus being made, and all being learned by him which could be useful in directing his investigations, he moved on from manse to manse among the clergy, and transcribed every entry in their registers which related to the names he wanted.

" Never was task more gratifying. The *bonhomie* of the priests, and the simplicity of their parishioners, was a new world to

me, whilst they, the clergy, men of piety and learning, considered themselves as out of the world altogether. The population was thin and scattered, the mode of living primitive in the extreme, and the visit of a stranger, so insignificant as myself, quite enough to make a great sensation in these secluded parts. I found the ministers ingenuous, free from all puritanism, and generally well informed. Several of them had furnished the accounts of their parishes for the valuable Statistical Account of Scotland, projected and executed under the auspices of Sir John Sinclair; and since immensely improved in the publication of Messrs. Blackwood. A similar work would be of deep interest to England; but I must not wander from Tweedshaws, and the mossy uplands where it bubbles into light, whilst Clyde and Annan rise at a little distance from the Tweed and each other; and a small circuit of earth is the mother of three beautiful rivers, which flow in three different directions, adorning and enriching the south and west of the kingdom, till they fall into different seas. The triplex lega, which are the arms of the Isle of Man, might be their symbol.

"The examination of the parish books was a labour of love, and source of endless amusement. They mostly went as far back as a century and a-half, and were, in the elder times, filled with such entries as bespoke a very strange condition of society. The inquisitorial practices and punitive powers of the ministry could not be exceeded in countries most enslaved by the priesthood of the Church of Rome. Forced confessions, the denial of religious rites even on the bed of death, excommunication, shameful exposures, and a rigid and minute interference in every domestic or private concern, indicated a state of things which must have been intolerable. High and low were obliged to submit to this offensive discipline and domination. The laird, like the hind, had to mount the cutty-stool in atonement for his amatory transgressions, and backsliders of inferior station were visited still more severely for their moral lapses and 'heinous sins.'"—Vol. i. pp. 69-71.

Jerdan seems to have got tired of legal studies; for within the next year or two we find him a surgeon's clerk in the Gladiator guard-ship. His stay in the Royal Navy was not of any great length; nor are any of his recollections of the few months he passed there worth recording. He witnessed the wreck of a boat, and saw the dead bodies of some of the men who were lost, when he was walking a few days after on shore. He was present at a court-martial, but does not feel it necessary to tell us of the offence, or the evidence, or the sentence. The only operation

he saw performed in the surgical way was the flogging of a man through the fleet: the criminal was taken in a boat alongside each ship, and at each received a number of lashes, till the attending surgeon certified that nature could endure no more. The Irish are strange fellows everywhere—made to be laughed at by wits like our author. In the vessel with Jerdan was an Irishman of the name of Conolly, who found being flogged rather "agreeable than otherwise." He was always drunk; and being no favourite with the captain, was perpetually subjected to this salutary discipline.

While Jerdan was still on board this vessel, he contrived to get some verses into a Portsmouth newspaper. As soon as he had found that what he had written would actually be printed, he believed himself one of the great men of his age, and soon after contrived to get to London, and to find employment as a newspaper reporter. The creation of a newspaper is a serious thing, and wakens into excitement a thousand craftsmen of all kinds and characters—"projectors, proprietors, publishers, reporters, and news-venders." Such is Jerdan's enumeration; and many more might be added. The *Aurora* was the name of the new London morning paper on which Jerdan was now to engage. Each paper has its own *public*; its circle of friends; its knot of supporters; its party, from whom it receives its general politics, and whose views it is expected to illustrate and recommend, but for whom it is scarcely safe to make the effort of originating any very marked tone of opinion. The *Morning Advertiser* was the paper of the publicans; they supported it, and a numerous and influential class they were. It was thought that the West End hotel-keepers and taverners were an interest strong enough to be represented in a paper of their own; and hence the *Aurora*, a gentlemanly paper, with something of aristocratic pretensions. Meeting was held after meeting—consultation on consultation, which generally ended in arrangements for dinner and supper-parties, to talk the matter over quietly. When the arrangements were completed, a grand dinner announced that all was right; and in a few days after the *AURORA* dawned on the world. Good paper, good print, Jerdan tells us it was. The editor was a poet; and at the dinner

which heralded the dawn of the new paper, he sang some rhymes, his own composition, of which the chorus is preserved—

"All hail to *Aurora*, the pride of the day,
Each blessing her progress attends;
The town and the country both welcome her ray,
As onward her footsteps she bends!"

Jerdan was one of the staff of reporters, and a queer set they seem to have been. The business of reporting and newspaper editing seems to have been then very much in the hands of the Scotch and Irish—more, we should say, in that of the Scotch than the Irish; but both beat English competition from the field. Their editor, who had been originally intended for the Kirk, was well informed; and a picturesque figure, with his blotted paper, his pot of porter, and his tobacco-pipe before him, as at midnight he meditated his *leaders* for the next day. A Mr. Cooper, the author of a volume of poems, was one of the staff of reporters, as also was Mark — Supple, an Irish eccentric:—

"He it was, who, waking out of an intoxicated doze, and seeing Mr. Abbott on the treasury bench (the house being in committee), called out 'Master Speaker, as you seem to have nothing to do, I call upon you for a song, if you please.' The fierce indignation of the Chair rose hotly against this breach of privilege, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was sent up to the gallery to take the offender into custody; but Supple adroitly escaped by pointing out a peaceful Quaker, sitting two or three seats below him, as the culprit, and the affair assumed so ludicrous an aspect, that it ended in the worthy broadbrim being turned out in spite of his protestations of innocence, and without having fees to pay. Mark was, indeed, the licensed wag of the gallery, and to my apprehension and recollection possessed more of the humour of a Dean Swift, without acerbity or ill-nature, than any individual perhaps that has lived since his date. His drollery was truly Swiftish, and the muddling, snuffing, quaint way with which he drew it out, imparted an extra laughable originality all his own. Decorous people ought not to laugh at funerals, or the anecdotes of Supple related in the mourning-coaches which followed his hearse, would, much as he was really regretted, have convulsed Niobe all tears."—Vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

Monarchy is the only form of government for a newspaper. The *Aurora* was managed by a committee, and could not, therefore, but fail. Your committees are always arguing when

they should be acting; the most troublesome and wrong-headed man is usually the most persevering, and will have his own way by wearying down all opposition. Think of a novel written by a committee of tailors! an epic poem by a guild of schoolmasters! The hostellers who set up the *Aurora* knew little of anything, and nothing of the management of a newspaper. In politics they represented every variety of known opinions; and besides this, many of them had peculiar views which they wanted but an organ to make known, and so they wrote "leaders" themselves:—

"We were of all parties and shades of opinion; the proprietor of the King's Head was an ultra-tory, and swore by George the Third as the best of sovereigns; the Crown Hotel was very loyal, but more moderate; the Bell Inn would give a strong pull for the Church, whilst the Cross-Keys was infected with Romish predilections. The Cock-pit was warlike, the Olive Tree pacific, the Royal Oak patriotic, the Rummer democratic, the Hole-in-the-Wall seditious. Many a dolorous pull at the porter-pot and sapientious declination of his head had the perplexed and bemused editor, before he could effect any tolerable compromise of contradictions for the morning's issue: at the best, the sheet appeared full of signs and wonders."—Vol. i. p. 90.

Jerdan succeeded to the post of editor; bad was followed by worse, and the *Aurora* faded away. Then came *Pilots* and *Couriers*, *Suns* and *Stars*, *Times*, new and old; *Travellers* and *Oracles*—all edited, or sub-edited, or penny-a-lined by our hero, or the heroes of his book. Those who would hear the names of many of the nameless, cannot do better than look at this record of Jerdan's, in which they will find brief notices of the characters and fortunes of the labourers at the press in his early day. The gallery and the lobbies of the houses of Parliament were, from the nature of his occupations, our author's frequent haunts; and he appears to have been active in seizing Bellingham, whose assassination of Mr. Perceval it was his fortune to witness. At the day of Bellingham's trial, Jerdan had in his possession the pistols with which the murder was committed; and he still retains an opera-glass which Bellingham was in the habit of using, and by means of which he had made himself acquainted with Perceval's person.

We have a chapter of letters from authors he had reviewed with courtesy and kindness. They are of no great value.

On the 10th of May, 1813, Jerdan became editor of the *Sun* newspaper. He had a tenth of the property, a weekly salary, amounting to £500 a-year, and the "entire control" of the paper. It was conducted on Pitt politics, and supported by the ministry. His first "leader" appeared on the anniversary of Perceval's death. It was about Catholic Emancipation—against it; and Jerdan records a fact, not unlikely, but we never heard it before, that "the *Sun* was publicly stigmatised and burnt by the Romish party in Dublin." Jerdan owns to much that was violent and personal in his political writings, but after all, finds "more to be proud of than to repent." Of these political writings of his we know nothing whatever.

Jerdan's visit to Paris in 1814, and that of the allied sovereigns to London in the next year, are recorded. The chapters in which they are told are amusing enough, but do not present much for extract or abridgment, and with these terminates the first volume of Jerdan's autobiography.

The book is pleasantly written, mentions many familiar names, and is not unlikely to afford pleasure to many. There is, however, a total absence of power of any kind. It is not improbable that as the work advances and brings us more acquainted with Jerdan's friends and associates, in the compilation of the *Literary Gazette*, it may become more entertaining.

An appendix to the first volume gives, among other things, a dramatic poem, by Hood, entitled "*Lamia*," with which we have not had time to make ourselves acquainted.

Since we wrote the above sentences, a second volume of Mr. Jerdan's work has appeared. It carries on the narrative of his life to the establishment of the *Literary Gazette*, of which, after a good deal of experience in the management of political newspapers, he became the editor. It would not be easy, even if there were any great object in taking the trouble, to analyze this second volume. The book is one written *currente calamo*. The author works literally from hand to mouth; and he has acquired so much the habit of writing as the exigency of the instant requires,

that this book, which professes to contain the history of a life, seems to have been put together without any previous arrangement whatever. Half of the present volume is occupied with remarks on the observations on such of the public journalists as noticed the last. The verdict, he tells us, was favourable; but, he adds, his reviewers too often reminded him of the judge who, communicating to some old offender that the jury had acquitted him, felt it would be cruelly not to give some intimation of the danger he had escaped, and warn him of the dreadful consequences likely to occur from any repetition of the offence which, now that he was acquitted, it could not be felt as a violation of the merciful fiction of law, which assumes the innocence of an untried man, to say he most certainly committed. We have known a man tried for stealing books. He was placed in front of the dock, and behind him, yet untried, were a number of persons accused of one crime or another, whose turn was to come. The principal witness, the person whose books were stolen, was a priest—an Irish priest. He was asked what were the books, and he described them as misals and hymn-books—books belonging to his office. "What in the world could this man have wanted with them?" said the judge. "What trade or profession is he?" "I understand, my lord," said the witness, "that he is a hangman." It was but too true; the public executioner of the district—a provincial Calcraft—had become tired of his mode of life, and thought of retiring. He had heard many dying speeches and last confessions, and had a sort of taste for communications of the kind. He became partially insane, and he thought during the vacations of his office that he could make an honest penny by going through the country as a triar, and so he stole the priest's books. To see him on his trial was a source of very considerable delight to all of that class of persons who had lived in fear of the old culprit—not greater, it would seem, than to many of his old gangsmen the sight of an old reviewer reviewed—a devil bedevilled, an old schoolmaster stript and whipt, lashed and slashed—a "*sartor resartus*." We learn from Jerdan that all the reviewers in the empire are now reviewing him. We trust that it is in a good-natured spirit; for the

Literary Gazette, if not conducted with any great ability, was certainly remarkable for its general kindness of tone.

A good deal of this second volume is taken up with the author's defence against the reviewers of the first—more of it, in answers to charges which no man is likely to make. Whether Jerdan was Whig, Tory, or Radical, no man knows or cares. His effort is to show that he was consistently all three, as a man might plausibly prove himself a good Catholic, by showing that his creed united every heresy that ever was thought of. As to what the politics of the *Sun* might have been in the days of old—as to whether it held Catholics cheap, or was for or against Protection, can surely be a matter of no moment at this time of day. And after reading Mr. Jerdan's book, we really cannot tell what was his opinion then, or what is his opinion now, on any political subject. His position as editor of a London journal, whatever were his politics, made it desirable for persons connected with government to avail themselves of his power of influencing public opinion; and he appears to have been received with great courtesy, and thought of with regard by Canning and Huskisson:—

"At this time I had experienced a peculiar trait of Mr. Canning, which it may be amusing to record, and deemed somewhat characteristic. Near the beginning of our acquaintance, when we met in the Old Brompton lanes, he used, on giving me his hand, to place in mine only one, or occasionally two, of his fingers, and this I have reason to know was his general habit with those with whom he was not on more intimate terms; for Mr. Dundas, of whom I have spoken before, observed to me that I was becoming a great favourite, and had already got to three fingers! Such had been the case till now; when having found out the value of the prize, I was not a little delighted to have the whole hand of the man I so esteemed shaken with mine. I assure you I was proud enough of the distinction, which few shared, except the Huskissons, the Freres, the Ellises, the Backhouses, and other faithful and attached friends, the associates of his unreserved and confidential hours, and companions of those social enjoyments, the charms of which no words can paint."

This volume contains a good many playful epigrams of Mr. Jerdan's, which have been floating through periodicals, and which we are glad to see thus appropriated and preserved.

We cannot feel sorry for the accident which has brought us at the same time with Jerdan's book, Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*.* Jerdan has his value, but to come upon Miss Mitford's book after it, is like getting to the country and the sea-side, from the heat and dust of a city July. Here is a lady that has lived among books—books, the permanent dwellers in a family, as well as those that the book-clubs and circulating-libraries supply in their season, and for the season. The old are familiar—the new are welcomed. Ireland sends its tribute, American poets are recognised, poets sprung from the people find hearty sympathy; and here is admiration too for those who are styled fashionable poets. The chapters into which the book is divided give not alone large extracts from favourite books, but tell the circumstances under which the author became acquainted with them. The first chapter is as good a specimen of this as we could wish for. She begins by speaking of her own copy of the first edition of "*Percy's Reliques*," her love for the book itself, and for her very copy of the book; her delight in the fragments of old minstrelsy which it has preserved:

"This pleasure springs from a very simple cause. The association of these ballads with the happiest days of my happy childhood. In common with many only children, especially where the mother is of a grave and home-loving nature, I learned to read at a very early age. Before I was three years old, my father would perch me on the breakfast-table to exhibit my one accomplishment to some admiring guest, who admired all the more, because, a small puny child, looking far younger than I really was, nicely drest, as only children generally are, and gifted with an affluence of curls, I might have passed for the twin sister of my own great doll. On the table was I perched to read some Foxite newspaper, '*Courier*,' or '*Morning Chronicle*,' the Whiggish oracles of the day, and as my delight in the high-seasoned politics of sixty years ago, was naturally less than that of my hearers, this display of precocious acquirement was commonly rewarded, not by cakes or sugar-plums, too plentiful in my case to be very greatly cared for, but

* "*Recollections of a Literary Life*." By Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: 1852.

by a sort of payment in kind. I read leading articles to please the company; and my dear mother recited the 'Children in the Wood' to please me. This was my reward, and I looked for my favourite ballad after every performance, just as the piping bullfinch that hung in the window looked for his lump of sugar after going through 'God save the King.' The two cases were exactly parallel.

"One day it happened that I was called upon to exhibit, during some temporary absence of the dear mamma, and cried out again for the ditty that I loved. My father, who spoilt me, did not know a word of it, but he hunted over all the shelves till he had found the volumes, that he might read it to me himself; and then I grew unreasonable in my demand, and coaxed, and kissed, and begged that the book might be given to my maid Nancy, that she might read it to me whenever I chose. And (have I not said that my father spoilt me?) I carried my point, and the three volumes were actually put in charge of my pretty neat maid Nancy (in those days nursery-governesses were not), and she, waxing weary of the 'Children in the Wood,' gradually took to reading to me some of the other ballads; and as from three years old I grew to four or five, I learned to read them myself, and the book became the delight of my childhood, as it is now the solace of my age. Ah, well-a-day! sixty years have passed, and I am an old woman, whose nut-brown hair has turned to white; but I never see that heavenly-bound copy of 'Percy's Reliques' without the home of my infancy springing up before my eyes.

"A pleasant home, in truth, it was. A large house in a little town of the north of Hampshire,—a town, so small that but for an ancient market, very slenderly attended, nobody would have dreamt of calling it anything but a village. The breakfast-room, where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books, which, with its Turkey carpet, its glowing fire, its sofas and its easy chairs, seemed, what indeed it was, a very nest of English comfort. The windows opened on a large, old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, stocks, roses, honeysuckles, and pinks; and that again led into a grassy orchard, abounding with fruit-trees, a picturesque country church with its yews and lindens on one side, and beyond, a down as smooth as velvet, dotted with rich islands of coppice, hazel, woodbine, hawthorn, and holly reaching up into the young oaks, and overhanging flowery patches of primroses, wood-sorrel, wild hyacinths and wild strawberries. On the side opposite the church, in a hollow fringed with alders and bulrushes, gleamed the bright clear lakelet, radiant with swans and water-lilies, which the simple townsfolk were content to call the Great Pond.

"What a play-ground was that orchard!

and what playfellows were mine! Nancy, with her trim prettiness, my own dear father, handsomest and cheerfullest of men, and the great Newfoundland dog Coe, who used to lie down at my feet, as if to invite me to mount him, and thence to prance off with his burthen, as if he enjoyed the fun as much as we did. Happy, happy days! It is good to have the memory of such a childhood! to be able to call up past delights by the mere sight and sound of Chevy Chase or the battle of Otterbourne.

"And as time wore on the fine ballad of 'King Estmere,' according to Bishop Percy one of the most ancient in the collection, got to be amongst our prime favourites. Absorbed by the magic of the story, the old English never troubled us. I hope it will not trouble my readers. We, a little child, and a young country maiden, the daughter of a respectable Hampshire farmer, were no bad representatives in point of cultivation of the noble dames and their attendant damsels who had so often listened with delight to wandering minstrels in bower and hall. In one point, we had probably the advantage of them: we could read, and it is most likely that they could not. For the rest every age has its own amusements; and these metrical romances, whether said or sung, may be regarded as equivalent in their day to the novels and operas of ours."—Vol. I. pp. 1-5.

She then gives us from Percy the fine ballad of King Estmere, with some half-dozen other striking extracts from a book, which may be described as almost having created the modern schools of poetry.

The next chapter gives extracts from the poems of Davis, of Duffy, and of Banim, all read by her in a cordial feeling, all highly praised. The poems from these authors which she prints are "The Sack of Baltimore," "Maire Bhan Astoir," "Fontenoy," "Sogar-tha Aroon," and "Ailleen." It is fair to say that our estimate of the value of Miss Mitford's admiration is lowered by the fact that she does not think highly of the poetry of Moore.

Miss Mitford's recollections are of books, and the places where she read them. Three summers ago she passed a few weeks on the banks of the Thames, amid the most delightful scenery—on one side the cliffs of Buckinghamshire, on the other Berkshire, with its "villages, villas, and woods." We wish we had room for the singularly beautiful chapter in which she describes her walks and drives from Taplow, her head-quarters for July and August. The whole description is admirable, but her heart is here and

everywhere among books and flowers, and she is delighted to tell of any book new or old that has given her pleasure. Here she became acquainted with Mr. Noel's "*Rymes and Roundelayes*," a book of which we have first heard from these volumes. We give a few stanzas from a poem called "*A Thames Voyage*":—

"Steadily, steadily, speeds our bark,
O'er the silvery whirls she springs;
While merry as lay of morning lark
The watery carol rings.

"Lo! a sailing swan, with a little fleet
Of cygnets by her side,
Pushing her snowy bosom sweet
Against the bubbling tide!

"And see—was ever a lovelier sight?
One little bird afloat
On its mother's back, 'neath her wing so
white,—
A beauteous living boat!

"The threatful male, as he sails ahead,
Like a champion proud and brave,
Makes, with his ruffling wings outspread,
Fierce jerks along the wave.

"He tramples the stream, as we pass him by,
In wrath from its surface springs,
And after our boat begins to fly
With loudly-flapping wings.

"Gracefully, gracefully glides our bark,
And the curling current stems,
Where the willows cast their shadows dark,
And the ripples gleam like gems;
Oh, there's many a charming scene to mark
From the bosom of Father Thames."

—Vol. I. pp. 53, 54.

We have a paper on Cowley, which we must pass without extract, but not without praise. Then comes a law-book, read for the ladies, by a young barrister on a wet day. Is it a volume of trials? They often contain pleasant matter enough—a trial for murder, or libel, or witchcraft, or heresy, would not be always heavy reading. Law has its own romance, and if the witches had their Walpurgis nights, why so had the lawyers, when—

"The grave lord-keeper led the brawls,
And seals and maces danced before him."

And the books which record these things are, no doubt, law books. Phillimore's "*Reports*" are pleasant reading on a wet day for any lady or gentleman, fond of scandal, and who like a sample of what ecclesiastical courts have

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now and then to hear. The book, however, which was produced and read, to the delight of the ladies, was Anstey's "*Pleaser's Guide*," a good-humoured satire on law pleadings, by the son of the author of "*The Bath Guide*." Miss Mitford praises the book somewhat more than it deserves, still it is a pleasant piece of badinage. A book more of oddity than of humour.

We are among the poets in this book; and to Miss Mitford anything that has the charm of verse has attractions. She likes poems the better for not being much liked by others. There are those to whom faces obviously beautiful have no beauty. To be endeared to these there must be something that, if it does not repel, yet does not invite the general eye—a beauty to be found out which there is some merit in finding out; and thus an unrecognised poet is always something better from the fact of being unrecognised. An English book is better for having been printed in America than if it had come to our author in its first English garb. An American poet, somewhat more thought of than American poets will be when distance ceases to lend enchantment to the view—Longfellow—is one of Miss Mitford's great names. Longfellow would produce more effect if he wrote less, if he found his rhymes less easily, and if he sought to express with more condensation such body of thought as is in his poems, and if he omitted the sentimental and semi-religious element altogether. We transcribe from Miss Mitford a poem of Longfellow's, which she tells us is a favourite of Mrs. Barrett Brown-ing's:—

"THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

"Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

"I venture to add an anecdote new to the English public.

"Professor Longfellow's residence at Cambridge, a picturesque old wooden house, has

belonging to it the proudest historical associations of which America can boast: it was the head-quarters of Washington. One night the poet chanced to look out of his window, and saw by the vague starlight a figure riding slowly past the mansion. The face could not be distinguished; but the tall erect person, the cocked hat, the traditional costume, the often described white horse, all were present. Slowly he paced before the house, and then returned, and then again passed by, after which neither horse nor rider were seen or heard of.

"Could it really be Washington? or was it some frolic-maquarader assuming his honoured form? For my part I hold firmly to the ghostly side of the story, so did my informant, also a poet and an American, and as worthy to behold the spectre of the illustrious warrior as Professor Longfellow himself. I can hardly say more."—Vol. I. pp. 109, 110.

Some *vers de société* of Mackworth Praed's fill half a dozen pages. They have the air of what is called easy writing; are graceful in the cast of thought and expression, but are unlikely to leave anything for the memory to retain or cherish. Him she classes with fashionable poets. Then comes the peasant, John Clare. Her extracts from Clare's poems are among the best things in Miss Mitford's volumes. They seem to us very accurate descriptions of natural objects, and we think it not impossible, that Clare possessed some original power of imagination, which, under other circumstances, might have made him a poet; but accurate delineations of rat-holes, and rabbit-burrows, and birds' nests, are not enough to constitute any very high claim. Without such microscopic eye a man may be a poet; with it he may be none. Without an ear to distinguish the notes of the garden or forest birds, there may be true perception of music in its higher power; and with an ear that distinguishes and takes delight in the distinction of such warbling, the power of any higher perception may be absent. Clare, however, we think, was not deficient in a higher power than any which such works of his as we have seen exhibited. His was an unfortunate career; his first poem attracted the attention of persons disposed and able to serve him. Lord Exeter, hearing that he earned thirty pounds a-year by field labour, gave him an annuity of fifteen, assuming that thirty would be sufficient for his support, and that the annuity would enable him to devote

one-half of his time to intellectual pursuits. This did not do. Clare published more poems. Each successive volume was better than the foregoing; but the wonder was over, and his fate was now the ordinary lot—the better the poems the worse they sold. Few, we suppose, except Miss Mitford herself continued to read them; and, after all, what chance was there of any one doing so? Miss Mitford prints from one of his publications three poems, which we have no doubt are as accurate as if drawn up for a book of ornithology—the "Nightingale's Nest," the "Pettichap's Nest," the "Yellowhammer's Nest." We can understand these things as the mere sport of fancy, amusing itself by creating new combinations and transient associations from familiar objects. But to expect any wide or general sympathy with this kind of amusement would be to delude oneself hugely. To say the plain truth, we ourselves never heard of the pettichap before, and as some of our readers may be in the same circumstances, and attach more value than we do to minuteness of delineation, we transcribe a few lines:—

"THE PETTICHAP'S NEST.

"Well! in many walks I've rarely found
A place less likely for a bird to form
Its nest; close by the rut-gulled waggon-road,
And on the almost bare foot-trodden ground,
With scarce a clump of grass to keep it warm,
Where not a thistle spreads its spears abroad,
Or prickly bush to shield it from harm's way;
And yet so snugly made, that none may spy
It out, save peradventure. You and I
Had surely passed it in our walk to-day,
Had chance not led us by it! Nay, e'en now,
Had not the old bird heard us trampling by,
And fluttered out, we had not seen it lie
Brown as the road-way side. Small bits of hay
Pluckt from the old propt haystack's pleachy brow,
And withered leaves, make up its outward wall,
Which from the gnarled oak-dottered yearly fall,
And in the old hedge-bottom rot away.
Built like an oven, through a little hole,
Scarcely admitting e'en two fingers in,
Hard to discern, the birds snug entrance win.
'Tis lined with feathers, warm as silken stole,
Softer than seats of down for painless ease,
And full of eggs scarce bigger ev'n than peas.
Here's one most delicate, with spots as small
As dust, and of a faint and pinky red.

And they are left to many dangerous ways.
A green grasshopper's jump might break the
shells;
Yet lowing oxen pass them morn and night.
And restless sheep around them hourly
stray."

—Vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

Clare married—found any means which he could command from whatever source, inadequate to his support. He has become insane. His illusions are of a character unusually mild, and if absolute recovery be not probable, seem little likely to interfere with some kinds of mental exertion. Whatever he read and whatever he recollected, was impressed on his mind as if something he had himself witnessed. A friend of Miss Mitford, heard him relate the incidents of Charles I.'s execution, as if he had been himself present. Nelson's victories he would tell of, fancying that he had been one of his sailors, and present in the actions. Cyrus Redding visited him; found him, for the most part, free from all morbid delusion. Mr. Redding and Miss Mitford give specimens of poems which, it would appear, he continues to write, exhibiting all his former skill. There is some thought of printing these poems.

We have no choice but following our author, and hers is a capricious and desultory route. Think of her chapter about John Clare, the peasant poet, being followed by one on Samuel Johnson, and that on Johnson being prefaced by an account of her own performances at weddings in the responsible character of bridesmaid. The link of association is this; soon after one of these weddings, her father carried her to London. Boswell's book was then the book of the day; this led to her being shewn "Johnson's Evidences," and so we come to Johnson himself, of whom, however, she says little, and nothing that was not before known. She quotes some sentences about him from Channing, prints his famous letter to Chesterfield, and his effective verses on Levett's death.

Then come Herrick and Withers. In Herrick there is much that is excellent, and every gleaner from his works brings home something worth the pains of gathering. Withers has been over-praised, but there are a few passages which have been often imitated, and often reprinted. These Miss Mitford again gives us; in this

she is not to be blamed, as it is not improbable that her book will be greatly valued as a useful and pleasant selection of poems; she would have been unwise if she allowed herself, in all cases, to avoid reprinting poems familiar to the public. Many will look to these volumes for favourite poems which they have long known, and it would not do to have them always disappointed.

Some very beautiful poems of Joanna Baillie's are given here, and with them a few of Catherine Fanshawe's, a celebrity of a somewhat earlier—yet scarcely earlier—day. For Miss Fanshawe, our author claims the riddle always attributed to Byron, "'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell," or, as it is given here—

"'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell."

In this we suppose there must be some mistake, as the poem has been often printed in different editions of Byron. But we must conclude; and can we do it better than by puzzling our readers with riddles? Here is one by Miss Fanshawe:—

"Inscribed on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
Long time my First has stood;
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last
Till clothed with flesh and blood.

"My Second is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
With curious sights to pamper;
But 'tis a sight, which should they meet,
All' improvise in the street,
Ye gods! how they would scamper!

"My *tout*'s a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone,
The Salique law reversing;
But while the imaginary queen
Prepares to act this novel scene,
Her royal part rehearsing,
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper—man,
And she jogs after as she can."

—Vol. i. pp. 257, 258.

And here are three or four by Winthrop Mackworth Praed:—

I,
"I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All drest in fire and feather,
When loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together.
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of maravedis;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
For me and for the ladies.

"He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
Before he went to table,
To make his only sport the fight,
His only couch the stable,
Till he had dragged as he was bid
Five score of Turks to Cadiz;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
For me and for the ladies.

"To ride through mountains, where my *First*
A banquet would be reckoned;
Through deserts, where to quench their thirst
Men vainly turn my *Second*.
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
And dare the gates of Hades;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
For me and for the ladies.

II.

"Morning is breaking o'er brake and bower;
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower!
Call ye my *First* from her chamber now,
With her snowy veil and her jewelled brow.

"Lo! where my *Second* in gorgeous array,
Leads from her stable her beautiful bay,
Looking for her as he curvets by
With an arching neck and a glancing eye.

"Spread is the banquet and studied the song,
Ranged in meet order the menial throng,
Jerome is ready with book and with stole,
And the maidens strew flowers,—but where
is my *Whole*?

"Look to the hill!—is he climbing its side?
Look to the stream!—is he crossing its tide?
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—
Lady, forget him! yea, scorn and forget!

III.

"Come from my *First*, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering
drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;
So; forward and farewell!

"Toll ye my *Second*! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed
So,—take him to his rest!

"Call ye my *Whole*, ay, call
The lord of lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.

BY FITEGUNNE.

FIRST ROUND.

"I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king;
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing."—MRS. HEMANS.

"First read," says Lord Bacon, "and then travel to satisfy yourself of the truth of what you have read." It is to be feared that, as I foolishly neglected his lordship's advice, in passing into the United States of America with a very limited knowledge of the history, government, customs, and manners of its people, my present endeavour may be compared to an empty shell, creating a good deal of hissing as it flies through the regions of air, but finally falling to the ground without further effect than the dull noise it produces in its descent. Where there is little in-

formation there is often a great deal of curiosity.

With the view of increasing the one, and, at the same time, diminishing the other, I made arrangements to visit Brother Jonathan—packed my portmanteau, took a place in the St. Alban's stage, and sought a talisman to convert the paper currency of Canada into the all-powerful gold of America. I discovered a necromancer, sitting in an exchange-office; the thing was done in a minute—a flock of eagles, of the true American stamp, flew into my pocket; and it only remained for me to

go home and dream of that remarkable bird—the pet of Cæsar and Napoleon—who insatiable desire was ever to soar nearer and nearer to the sun.

Shall I harass the reader with relations of dismal nightmares, and fancied combats with this king of the feathered tribe?—Shall I practice upon his credulity by asserting that an eagle exhibited a frantic desire to deprive me of my eye-sight, but that, in seizing the monster by the neck, I frustrated his object, and had well-nigh choked him, when I suddenly became aware that I had been clutching the bell-ropes, and ringing the bell for my servant to come up and awake me? No! I will pass over in silence the heated fancies of the night, the cold realities of a morning's toilet, and beg the reader to behold me in an open stage, in company with half-a-dozen others, "and all agog to dash through thick and thin."

While much has been said about the clear skies and brilliant suns of Canada, while romances have been written, throwing a magic light over all things connected with the country, I believe many have forgotten to mention that the sky often assumes a very sulky expression, and the sojourner in our North American Colonies, who finds that biting winds and fierce storms of *poudre* have been made very little of, cannot reasonably be surprised at the treatment he receives from them.

It was on a winter's day of peculiar asperity that I found myself seated, where a moment ago I begged my reader to imagine me. There were four feet of snow in the streets of Montreal, forming a kind of causeway in the middle, while the footway was left comparatively bare. Long rows of sombre houses, shutting in sympathy and warmth with double windows, hung with icicles at eave-sill and all possible points, reared their snow-covered roofs against a dark and frowning sky; and a piercing, irregular blast whisked the small, sharp crystals down the necks, up the sleeves, and in the faces of such clerks, and unfortunate specimens of humanity, as dire necessity had called forth to snuff the morning air. It was,

in fact, a day for the inside of a comfortable room, not for the outside of a sleigh. The passengers sat like a parcel of resigned fowls, shrinking into their furs, while their noses and cheeks assumed a blue and unpromising aspect. We waited patiently until our driver, a diminutive man in a blanket-coat, who had been chewing and digesting a large quantity of tobacco in front of a stove for a quarter of an hour, came out of the Ottawa Hotel. After looking up the street and down the street, he deliberately drew on a very flimsy pair of gloves, lazily mounted the box, and took hold of the reins; a feeble touch of the whip to the leaders, a tinnabulation from their collars, and away goes the sleigh, sliding, jolting, and plunging in and out of the *cahots**—the passengers meanwhile exhibiting much uneasiness, and an insane desire to throw themselves out of this very uncomfortable *shandredan*.

On a bright winter's day how cheerful is the Canadian capital! how shines the sun! how sparkles the crystalised street with its *kaleidoscope* show! Sleighs of all kinds, adorned with divers beautiful robes, dash along, carrying many a fair and gallant freight. No team is without "the little fairy bells," and thus an incessant jingling seems to ring out the general gratification—

"How brightly shines the fairy land—
But all is glittering show!
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can cast on ice and snow!"

And as soon as the beam is withdrawn the show disappears, and what have we now?—gloom and ferocity! The long icicles that meet the eye wherever it turns, seem the serrated teeth of icy monsters, ready to devour the hardy adventurer who dares to traverse these frozen regions. A solitary sleigh rushes fiercely by, drawn by a beast that steams like a caldron. Dangling from its sides are great knots of ice, and a beard a foot long of the same strong material is hard and fast at the end of its nose. A heavy traineau† comes lumbering along; and what, in the name of wonder, does it contain? As surely as the Jew detests pork, nothing else but a load of frozen pigs, packed

* Undulations in the road or street, caused by the original unevenness, or the unequal deposit of snow.

† A large sleigh, used for transporting produce to the market.

close together, standing on their hind legs stiff and stark; the spare old *trapeau* bringing the cargo into market, stoops as he walks with the hood of his coat over his head, and endeavours to cover his shrivelled face with his gloved hand. We enter another street, and a broader one; perspective lines of low houses on each side run to a point in the horizon which bounds a dreary waste of snow—the white cloak of the mighty St. Lawrence; beneath he wears armour of adamant, but every spring goes into violent convulsions, and, tearing his stiff apparel into a million of pieces, assumes the flowing garb which it is his pleasure to run in during the summer and autumn.

Among the last objects that meet my view in the city of Montreal, are the blackened walls of the Canadian Houses of Parliament, now ironically termed the *Elgin marbles*. They stand, cold and desolate, a silent testimony to the advantages of responsible government. I had seen those walls under other circumstances. I had seen assembled, by gas-light, within them, the representatives of the people of Canada, and a faction sitting with triumphant smiles on their faces—a faction whose leaders, under pretence of commiseration for the injured, had introduced a measure tending materially to lengthen the purses of a considerable number of rascals, and to shorten those of their honest neighbours. These wolves, as the time of seizing their prey drew near, were gradually slipping off the sheeps' clothing they had at first appeared in, and were snapping and growling at the opposition. At length, one of the most artful of the pack snarled forth a term of reproach which properly belonged to his own brethren. An immediate uproar was the consequence, and the galleries were cleared.

Again I saw those walls, and a more fierce master than even *party strife* was in possession. The bells of the city that night rang out in wild discord; a fearful blaze had sprung up, and the roofs, tall chimneys, church spires, and the towers of the cathedral shone bright in the red glare of the burning Houses of Assembly! A mob had swelled the Place d'Armes, violent speeches had been made, and, at the instigation of a solitary voice, the crowd treaded its way quietly to the place where the Canadian Parliament was sitting. The lighted windows

showed that the debate still continued, but it was brought to a more speedy conclusion than was, perhaps, anticipated. Suddenly there arose a storm of yells and execrations, and at the same time a perfect tornado of sticks and stones demolished nearly every pane of glass in the building. Immediately afterwards a man entered the room, and, seating himself in the Speaker's chair, acted anew the part of *Oliver Cromwell*, by dissolving the house. It was no wonder that the members obeyed a summons so strongly supported from without. But there was also another enemy to be dreaded—a smell of smoke was succeeded by a *crackling noise*, and then by a *steady roar*—the western end of the building had been fired; a wind from the west was sweeping the devouring element impetuously through the building, and all the records of the Colony, as well as several thousands of valuable books, would soon be utterly consumed! Fire-engines came rattling up; wild figures in scarlet dresses carrying flaming torches, ran by the side of them; but the mob, so far from assisting to quench the flames, would not allow a single jet of water to fall on the devoted buildings. At length the measured tramp of advancing infantry was heard; and, amidst loud cries of "stand back," a regiment formed in line—a long row of umbered faces and red jackets, brilliant in the light, appeared suddenly fronting the blaze; and four hundred British muskets clashed upon the pavement. The engines now were worked with alacrity, but it was evident that nothing could save the houses. Finally, the loud thunder of the falling roof announced the appalling transformation of "*a good servant*" into "*a bad master*." An intensely black cloud contrasted awfully with the golden glow of the ruin in which fiery destruction sat enthroned, roaring like a thousand wild beasts; while a vast illuminated multitude drew farther back, and looked on in silence.

The picture sinks to be recalled at pleasure. The city of Montreal stretches in a long straight line behind, and a white wilderness rises before us. The snow descending helps to cool the ardour of the imagination. But why drag the reader from the extreme of heat to that of cold, which must needs be experienced by the traveller on the dreary road by St. John's across Lake

Champlain to Phillipsburg?—let me rather revert to the time of my first triumphant entry upon Brother Jonathan's farm, the boundary of which lies within a mile of the last-mentioned place. It was then a more genial season of the year, and Nature wore her "*gaye clothinge*."

The woods were as still as solitude itself, saving the chirping of the cricket, which is a constant companion of the American summer, and a miserable substitute for the feathered songsters of England. The evening varied apace, and the rich warm glow of sunset lingered on the topmost trees of the neighbouring hills, as I came to an iron stump on the side of the road. On three faces of this stump were names with which I was not familiar, but on the fourth were these words—"The Treaty of Washington."

"Here, then," quoth I to myself, "is the boundary of the possessions of the Queen of England, and a single stride will bring me into the land of liberty, the free and enlightened republic!"

At this point the sun went down, and after a moment's careful consideration concerning the importance of the step which I was about to take, left foot foremost, I entered the United States! I traversed a road overhanging with trees, until I reached a more open part of the country, where sheep, grazing in clover, gave rise to "drowsy tinklings," reminding one of Kent. I then took a road to the right, and found myself by the side of Lake Champlain.

The sky was faintly glowing with all the beautiful transitions of colour which lie between dusky red and pale blue; and the placid surface of the lake exhibited them in reverse order. I had been informed that if I pursued the road along the lake shore, I should arrive at the Highgate springs, where a hotel was to be found frequented by Americans; but a stream, too dark-looking to be fordable, brought me to a dead stop, and I was fain to retruce my steps. Meeting a fair sylph, I interrogated her as to the possibility of crossing *the Rubicon*, she informed me that her brother would "row me o'er the ferry;" and that young gentleman being produced, snatched up a small paddle from the beach, whipped it under his arm, plunged his hands into his pockets, and marched before me with an air of consequence worthy of

imitation by the rising generation of "*Young England*."

"Are there many people at the springs just now?" said I.

"Guess not," replied the boy."

"I suppose not many people ever do come in this direction?"

"Oh, I guess there's considerable travellers!"

Here my gondolier unlocked a thing resembling a coffin, or a pig-trough, which was chained to a stone on the bank a little higher up, and invited me to step in. I did so. The crazy craft rocked frightfully, and reminded me of a cruise which in days of childhood I had once rashly endeavoured to make in a tub.

"Do you call this a *canoe* or a *dug-out*?" said I, wishing to distract my attention from present danger by conversation.

"Oh, no!" returned the boy, "this is only a small *mas-sheen*" (*machine*).

He worked away like a Trojan, and soon landed me at the other side, with the parting advice "to keep on *strite a-head*!" I groped my way along an indistinct track; there was a good deal of wood growing by the side of it, and it was momentarily getting darker; and when I had almost concluded that I had missed the road, the lighted front of a house, surrounded by a verandah, broke suddenly on my view. I heard voices and the sound of a piano. There were people sitting outside and inside the windows. I marched in, and found, as I walked along a passage, that there were sitting-rooms on each side, in each of which were several ladies, and ladies only; so I walked straight on, and found myself in no less a place than the kitchen of the establishment! I believe I was foolish enough to use the English interjection of "waiter!" in answer to which a cynical man appeared, though evidently unused to such a summons, and leading me straight through the apartments of the ladies, introduced me to an uncomfortable little bar-room, lighted by a camphine lamp, where he handed me a book, and carefully examined my autograph when I had traced it. I was then shewn into a room, both small and hot, with a wash-hand stand in one corner, containing a jug and basin, about the size of a *large teacup and saucer*. Having performed my ablutions on the limited scale permitted, I descended, and not liking to thrust my society on stran-

gers, took a turn in the verandah. Presently two ladies, of youthful appearance, but composed demeanour (as well as I could discern), came to the door, I suppose to see who *the stranger* might be. One observed that it was "rather a dark night;" and the other admitted the fact, but "expected that there were a good many stars." As several more came out, apparently on the same errand, I determined to save the rest the pain of further uncertainty and calculation, by seating myself in one of the apartments. An elderly lady at the piano seemed to me to be trying to recollect some air. Two others put down their work to stare at me. A gentleman, swathed in heavy gold watch-chains, with an exuberant beard, approached me, and with a bow hoped that I would not think him *uncourteous* (uncourteous) if he should ask for the pleasure of my acquaintance; he wished to know if I would favour the ladies with my company in the next room. I said I had no objection, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the fair ones in question. I was introduced to a very young but very sharp demoiselle, who seemed to be the probe (if I may use the expression) of the rest. There were no gentlemen, save the one mentioned already, and during the progress of a dance, which they were falling in to execute, my partner (to whom I bowed on introduction with becoming humility) was seized hold of at intervals and smartly interrogated. A lady, whose appearance was neither very juvenile nor prepossessing, announced that a quadrille should be danced, and immediately took upon herself the office of mistress of the ceremonies. There were some slight pretty nothings between this lady and the gentleman before mentioned, in which the lady reverted to a description of a Saratoga ball which had appeared in the newspapers. It was "all humbug," according to the gentleman's account, but the lady replied, with confidential earnestness, that "it was no humbug at all, but the largest ~~and~~ she had ever seen in her life." After this polite, but, to me, perfectly unintelligible, jest, the gentleman, who appeared as much convinced of its truth as he was pleased with its wit, much refreshed, took his partner to her position; and after some scientific controversies as to which figure came first, the head couples set off briskly, and got

through without more than half-a-dozen mistakes. One or two of the young ladies present were very nice looking, although long and very slender waists gave a certain peculiarity to their figures. The effect of their charms, however, was much impaired by the singularity of their ideas and expressions, and their sing-song manner of speaking excited my surprise. Here I must bear witness to the truth of a very sensible remark—"We pardon in an individual speaking a foreign language, many peculiarities for which we make no allowance to one addressing us in our own tongue." This, I believe, will often account for the smiles, which the verbal eccentricities of our American neighbours call forth.

A dynasty of whist-players, to the number of four, succeeded the dancers, and I was vastly surprised to see that my friend, the waiter, a sharp, but gloomy and thoughtful middle-aged man, in a *white choker*, formed one of the rubber. I subsequently discovered him to be the proprietor of the hotel, who waited on his guests, and sat down and fraternised with them in the same breath. At rather a late hour I sought my couch, but not, alas! to sleep—for reasons which I shall not disclose. It was, at least, a considerable time before I was able to close my eyes. The morning broke in on me serene and smiling in the September sunlight, but at the same time came the violent ringing of a bell—after ascending the stairs, and traversing adjacent passages, it finally paused at my door. I endured patiently for the space of a minute the stunning sensation, under the impression that it was what Mr. Dickens terms "*an institution*" of the country. The *institution*, however, gradually declined, and at length faintly resounded from some distant part of the house; upon which I considered it better to take the hint, and get up, if I intended to take any breakfast.

I seated myself at a long table, but being the last to come down, saw none of my companions of the previous evening, save one or two of the domestics, who, after waiting on the guests, sat down and finished a work well begun. Breakfast had rather a dirty appearance, and would probably have been left intact by me, but for that invaluable sauce formerly used by the ancient Spartans. The manners of the servants were not elegant—for instance, on ap-

plying for a piece of toast, the individual asked planted his thumb in the middle of a piece which was left on a plate, and having, by this process, ascertained it to be cold, retired to the kitchen (which, by the way, opened into the breakfast-room), to get some fresh.

In front of the house, at the distance of a few yards, stood a dome, supported on pillars. A mineral well afforded water of medical properties beneath, and several parties were drenching themselves thereat. It was here that I found several of my acquaintances of "yestreen." I was requested to accompany them to what they called the "ball-alley." It rather surprised me that ladies should openly play at *fives*; but I was in some measure enlightened by the discovery that "ball-alley" meant "skittle-ground," the title having been sunk to avoid the taxes, and a *pin more* being added to avoid the imputation of having *nine pins*. It struck me that there was considerable novelty in seeing the weaker sex take a lively part in a game requiring no small amount of muscular exertion. Their dexterity, however, was quite sufficient to call forth admiration.

No sooner had the bell sounded for dinner, than the whole party rushed to the dinner-table. Two persons I had not before observed attracted my attention.

They were ladies of an American stamp, and of strange materials; both had long, masculine countenances and sallow complexions. Their hair, which was as black as their eyes, or as their ebony necklaces, was combed behind their ears. Both had huge rings on the right forefinger. Printed calico, of that quaint pattern which is to be met with in the bed-curtains of out-of-the-way hotels, was the material of their dresses. They sat erect, and moved their eyes in a slow, thoughtful, and melancholy manner; and, having gone through what appeared to be the sorrowful duty of eating, without uttering a syllable, retired from the apartment in severe gravity.

When I say, that I heard in the afternoon a lady asking a gentleman for a knife to "whittle a piece of wood," and that I saw a whole side of the table with their knives in their mouths, the reader will, by this time, have clearly discerned that my *English prejudice* is

perpetually on the alert to seize upon *American singularities*. As, however, the weakness will manifest itself, I console myself by reflecting that several distinguished pens have directed their *points with success* against such things, and that if "the Flying Shot" wings its humble flight in the same course, it is only following examples which have done much good to Brother Jonathan.

Here is the identical spot I had visited in the autumn; but were I not credibly informed of my whereabouts, I should say the place was not the same. The hotel, with closed shutters, looks miserable enough, and only half the size it was of yore; and the little dome, supported by pillars, which shelters the mineral well in front, stands lonely in the snow, like a diminutive "Tadmor in the desert." Three or four men in wide-awakes, who had stuffed their plaited inexpressibles into Hessian boots, and their hands into their pockets, loitered about the door of the bar-room. It was now necessary to take to wheels. So great is the variety of climate towards the spring of the year, that while there is a vast quantity of snow in Canada, a few miles south of the lines, you may possibly find winter on the wane. For the rest of the afternoon, there were few features of interest in the journey; a bleak horizon was perpetually before us; fields cut up and divided by the everlasting zig-zag fence, lay to the right and left, thinly garnished with quakerish-looking cottages, and backed by sterile-looking hills, covered with primitive wood. It was nearly dusk when we reached a turnpike, in front of which figures, similar to those observed at Highgate, lounged in similar attitudes. One of them addressed the gentleman on the box in these words:—"How is it with you, sir?" "Nothing but clothing," replied the gentleman. "How is it with you, sir?" he said to a second; and the second, in like manner as the first, answered—"Nothing but clothing, sir." After the same answer had been extorted by the same question from all seven passengers, the vehicle was allowed to proceed without further explanation. This was the custom-house; and it was *customary* to make an inquiry, which at first appeared to me to refer to the state of the health and spirits of the passengers on

finding themselves in the freer atmosphere of the Republic. We now passed through a village, composed of houses stuck down *independently*, that is to say, *without much regard to order*. Although precise in their appearance, there is a peculiarity about the habitations you meet with in the country districts: they are almost universally built of wood, and painted a dull white or buff; the roofs are steep, and thatched with shingle. Two stories is the average height, and the upper windows are sometimes larger than the lower, and not placed directly above them. One never sees the least attempt at ornament, either in the house or its environs; but the moment the paint gets dingy, a fresh coat restores the whited outside. No roses cluster round the porch; and creepers are not allowed to festoon the walls or come near them. As for horticulture, very little is practised; in the present state of the country, there is very naturally more taste for corn-fields than for gardens. Utility is the order of the day.

Some time after dark, we arrived at a large village; it contained two tolerably long rows of houses, facing each other in some kind of order, and terminating in a large square. The shops in the street were twinkling with light. We stopped at a hotel in the square; opposite was a characteristic specimen of republicanism. Six places of worship stood side by side, and this in a village possibly containing considerably under a thousand inhabitants! I shall not at present propose the question, whether their contiguity was the result of a spirit of *charity* or of *rivalry*.

Round the doors of the principal tavern or hotel in each village the idlers collect, "soon as the evening shades prevail," either to discuss the merits of their institutions and government, or to watch the arrival of the stage, and scrutinise the passengers as they step out. This class, in quickness and intelligence, are vastly superior to the frequenters of *Goldsmith's Ale-house*.

While some of them were endeavouring to inform themselves of our names and destinations, from the marks on the portmanteaux in the passage, we were ushered into a room heated to suffocation by a stove. Upon the walls were some homely subjects, portrayed in the most brilliant colours; contained in a gilt frame also was an enumeration of the virtues of some deceased person. It

began, like a church monument, with "sacred to the memory," and ended with chronology of birth and death. I found, in subsequent travels, that this modern edition of the Memphian mummy at the feast is no uncommon thing in the States. After a little, "mine host" brought in the book of arrivals, and the travellers inserted their names. While thus occupied, we were asked if we felt the rooms *warm enough*. All the party testified to the arduous exertions of the stove; but, for my part, I had not enough of the *salamander* in my composition to appreciate them. The tinkling of a bell, however, called us to a more temperate region, and all were presently seated in a long, low room, with a table to match. The table was illuminated by candles, in blue glass candlesticks. There were two or three plates of stale bread, cut in thin slices; four or five kinds of preserves; and six or seven species of highly indigestible cakes. Very excellent fish, tough beefsteaks, infamous tea, and worse coffee, were served by two demoiselles, with long and slender waists, dark eyes and complexions, who noiselessly did the honours. All the party sat mute, and nearly all ate as fast as they could, especially three silent men, whose chins were ornamented by a single tuft of beard, who *bolted* their supper, and then *bolted* themselves. As the stage was to start in the morning at half-past two, it was deemed expedient to retire to rest directly after supper. I have heard that American houses, except in the cities, are always tolerably destitute of furniture. In my bed-room, however, although there was only one wash-hand stand, there were three beds.

"Mister," said the host, suddenly entering the room, when I was about to make the final plunge into a feather bed, apparently stuffed with *quills* as well as feathers, "Mister, you ought to have been laid up *ner*' door, with yer two friends—there's three beds there. Maybe you wouldn't like to have some more travellers coming in here in the night?" I intimated as politely as possible that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the etiquette of nocturnal visiting. "Well," said he, "it can't be helped, no how, at present; but, since yere partic'lar, if any comes I'll take care they shall be gentlemen." Not wishing to rely too much on my friend's judgment in the matter, I was about

to secure the door, when, to my dismay, I found there were no means of doing so. I therefore barricaded it with a couple of chairs. It was pitch dark, when a considerable *rumpus* made me open my eyes, and led my sleepy fancy to imagine that the gentlemen had arrived. One gentleman had; but it was one who had claims upon our friendship. We had eaten together the "sacred bread and salt"—we had sat side by side at the festive board—it was, in fact, *the boots*; who, in obedience to the calls of his high and responsible situation, had come to warn me that I must no longer "steep my senses in forgetfulness;" and, to my horror, he shouted, "Get up, mister! the stage 'll be ready in ten minutes." To get out of bed, huddle on my clothes, grumbling inwardly—to rush down stairs and grope my way to a dark-looking object already filled with chilly and peevish passengers, was almost more than could be effected in the limited space of time allowed for the purpose. The stage trotted off at a slow pace; a snowy road and landscape were indistinctly visible, but a cold wind, freezing my face and sighing in my ears, was palpable enough. The heavenly bodies, however, showed themselves propitious, for a clear, spangled firmament spread its tremendous concave above; the constellation of Orion blazed on our course; and a segment of the moon appeared over a hill on our left—a silver or crystal Diana, flashing through skeleton branches of stunted pine. We were traversing the valleys of "the Green Mountains." These are covered with the trees and tangled underwood of the primitive forest. The bear and the ferocious cat-a-mountain haunt their lonely wilds. I have been told that packs of wolves, occasionally during the bright winter nights, disport themselves on the frozen surface of the lakes in the interior; and if one more daring or more inquisitive than the rest, finds *entrée* into the place where the poor settler has penned his fold, he instantly returns to his companions, and forward comes the whole hungry drove at a gallop. They are dangerous in a body, but singly fly at the approach of the hunter. The cunning displayed by them is ludicrous: when captured alive

they often feign death, meantime the half-closed eyes are watching the opportunity to escape, and if attention is withdrawn for an instant, they are up and off like the wind.

For a considerable time, my fellow-travellers appeared to be too cold or too sleepy to talk; at length, however, taking example by the moon, they brightened up. An American architect or engineer discussed the system of building railway bridges, told us what weight they were *calculated* to bear, what time they were *expected* to last, and how many *dollars* he usually made by them. He then scattered a few observations on house-building, and offered some remarks on the advantages of "*g' down cellars*,"* during which I gradually fell into a doze, and was wakened up with a severe jolt, caused by our pulling up suddenly at a country pot-house. It gave me the average impression of dirt and discomfort. There was a large stove in the bar-room (of course), and half a-dozen huge fellows were smoking round it. The red glare was on their heated faces, and their conversation was profusely larded with oaths and disgusting expressions. They took no notice of us whatever. Having exchanged four very fair horses for four very indifferent ones, we were once more on the road, and as the rugged outline of a distant range of mountains began to show against the sky, which was becoming faintly luminous in the east, we came to a final pause at the door of a hotel near the Vermont Central Railway line.

The process of writing our names in the book, by the light of a dim camphine lamp, was, as usual, superintended by the proprietor. He informed us that breakfast was ready. On passing the door of the bar-room to answer the little bell which summoned us, I observed a range of shelves, and three fellows asleep, one above the other, in a confusion of blankets and counterpanes. I should have mistaken them for heaps of rubbish, but the noise they made by snoring independently, led me to look closer, and I soon discovered a jacket of coarse material, and a black head of hair. The morning repast, and the room it was served in, reminded one of the previous evening;

* Go-down (underground).

and there were also two or three quiet-looking men, with tufts of beard on their chin, so like our friends of last night, that I made up my mind not to be surprised if I should meet *fac similes* at every new stage of the journey. Every feature bore a resemblance, except one, in their manners, with which I subsequently became more familiar, as it developed itself in other places. On getting up from the table, they began a *violent hawking and expectoration*.

This disgusting practice, coeval I suppose in its origin with the boasted independence of the subject, will probably endure about as long. I reason thus from having observed, that he who vaunted most his rights and privileges as an American citizen, was usually the greatest of spitters.

While employed in refreshing the inner man, in company with my fellow-passengers, who sat with their backs close to the stove until they found themselves in danger of combustion, at which crisis they changed front to rear, and brought their eyes into danger of being roasted out of their heads, some person, with the laudable intention of examining British manufactures, and at the same time diminishing the weight of a *Britisher's* baggage, abstracted a hat-brush and razor-strop from my hat-case. The generous consideration of the individual was further manifested by his kindly leaving me my hat. I was rather surprised at this trait of character in one who had exhibited others of a very *touching* nature. An intimation, "that if we didn't *happen* on to the platform where the cars stopped, they would be off *pretty sly* without us," made us rush with all expedition a distance of about a hundred yards, to what our guide called the *deopot* (depôt), where presently an engine, with a funnel like an inverted cone, dragging a train of four or five carriages, came spanking up, dropped one of them behind, and bolted off without further ceremony. The baggage and the passengers having been stowed away, I stepped in just as we were hauled off, and I found myself staggering along a kind of narrow room with a passage down the middle; there were seats on each side calculated to contain two persons each, conveniently contrived to turn over, so that every two couples might face one another if they pleased. I saw a vacant place at the

other end; towards it I bent my steps. I had to steer cautiously—here and there a leg straggled out, which it was necessary to avoid; then the motion of the train was so undulating and rickety, so much like a crazy craft in a storm, that to walk at all was almost as impracticable as to walk straight; and indeed one was just as likely to seize somebody by the throat for support as to catch hold of the end of the seat that he sat on. In the endeavour to avoid an error we often fall into a greater one, and I narrowly escaped falling into the stove—a low fat cylinder, from which the conductor had removed the lid while he fed it with wood; but at length I found myself sitting in the desired *location*, perfectly convinced that I was not on the Great Western Railway.

In England I had often observed the partiality for a close atmosphere. I had often seen the most strenuous opposition made to opening an atom of window or letting in a breath of fresh air. I now discovered the same feature in the character of Brother Jonathan. The morning was delicious, and the temperature but a few degrees below the freezing point, yet no one thought of moderating the insufferable heat of the interior; furthermore, the little narrow windows did not seem intended for ventilation, as I found great difficulty in opening one. I was about to put my head out of an aperture which I at length succeeded in making, when a printed caution against such proceeding met my eye. The penalty darkly hinted at was decapitation; and upon the whole, I thought it better to abstain from committing an act of *railway high treason*. I have seen a great deal of contempt for railway authority shewn by slightly altering the text of a notice—a liberty which cannot be too strongly reprehended. Now the caution, "*Passengers are requested to put their feet on the cushions*," is a perversion, and the inexperienced, by obeying it, may conscientiously believe that he is conferring a favour on the company, while he is in reality only spoiling their property. But the most outrageous alteration I ever heard of was observed in a first class carriage on the Dublin and Kingstown Railway: it was probably made during that recent eventful period of the history of Europe when republicanism showed royalty the door, and kings became better acquainted

with the outside of their palaces than they had ever expected to be. Ireland has long been the cradle of disaffection, and Dublin has nursed Repeal—that infant Hercules whose little fist was to have strangled a tyrannical government. It was probably that fist which put up this alarming prohibition, “*No king allowed in the first class carriages!*” Three letters, *s, m, o*, had been erased from before the hateful title, and thus an atrocious piece of treason was brought to light!!!

Our omnibus (for it resembled one) contained a crowd of fellows of various descriptions—some were Irish labourers, but the greater part American commercial travellers; their head-gear, of cloth, fur, and felt, had more variety than other parts of their costume, for the greater number wore what we might call the *uniform of America*, which, from its sombre hue, seems to tell of national calamity. The reader is probably aware that the native of the United States appears almost always in what we consider a costume for the evening.

All sat quiet, and stared at the strangers from “*Canniday*.” Their faces, in general, were careworn and dirty; and as for their beards and hair, perhaps the less we say about them the better. Few of them had any personal baggage, beyond a small carpet-bag, or something rolled up in a handkerchief; for, like the knight-errant of old, the speculating Yankee goes forth scantily equipped; travels in his best clothes, which are also his worst, and makes a journey from Boston to New Orleans without either shirts or hair-brushes.

If the costume of the gentlemen is plain, that of the ladies may be said to run into the opposite extreme. As soon as the morning was well advanced, a number of demoiselles came into the train, unattended by knight or *cavalier servente*. Although the snow was on the ground, they flaunted in gaudy French silks, more suitable for midsummer. Every little country village, no matter how lately emerged from the forest, poured forth its tribute of from one to half-a-dozen of these butterflies—*butterflies* I may well call them, poor things, for their beauty is about as evanescent, and their constitutions as frail! With flat chests, and waists of an unnatural length—so small, besides, as to be scarcely worth mentioning—

one cannot wonder if consumption finds many a victim amongst them.

The villages we passed seemed to bear a family likeness to each other, all the houses being of wood, and painted white, from the house of prayer, with its pyramidal steeple, down to the store of Zerubbabel Buggins, which contains such supplies of green grocery, haberdashery, and hardware manufactures, as the district may require for some time to come. There is a meagreness, want of comfort, and total absence of all ornament in these hamlets, which cannot fail to strike the simple English traveller, whose sanguine imagination pictures a “sweet Auburn” in the United States. Nearly everything serves the purpose of utility only.

It is only in large cities, and then rarely, that a combination of the ornamental and the useful takes place. None live for the present, all hug themselves in the prospect of a golden future; all are struggling to better their condition. Contentment in the present lot is seldom preached, and scarcely ever practised. Eternally scraping up the sand of the Pactolus, they have no time to delay on its banks. There is the restless energy of disposition, necessary for *heavers of wood and drawers of water*, and which, working on the vast resources of the country, must eventually raise it to unexampled wealth.

The sun is getting higher and higher, lighting up “hills and dales of snow.” In the summer, the country, no doubt, is picturesque; deep dingles, high, craggy eminences, narrow valleys, intersected by winding streams, follow one another in varying succession. But the glistening snow and flashing ice, which give a peculiarity to the prospect, are in themselves sufficient to beguile the attention. The pale violet tinge, which the shady side of the snow assumes under the auspices of a light-blue morning sky, cannot fail to be pronounced the most delicate of colours; nor less beautiful is the green lustre from the upturned edge of the blocks of ice, marking the course of the rapid stream.

The sun had reached its highest, when all the passengers stepped out of the train, and having picked their way over a number of prostrate beams of timber, arrived at the door of a wooden shed (it scarcely could be dignified by any other name). In half a minute more,

they were all seated at a long table, where a repast was already spread, called dinner, the hour being the good old English one of twelve o'clock.

At twelve o'clock, probably in compliance with a custom handed down from the time of Spencer, the American sits down to dinner, but gets up at ten minutes past. My fellow-passengers vigorously plied knife and fork, occasionally calling into aid more primitive contrivances, in order to get through the *business in hand* as speedily as possible; and although I worked with all expedition myself, having some foreknowledge of the American etiquette in these matters, in a very short space of time I found myself in a "banquet-hall deserted, whose guests were fled," with the exception of a small, bony, sharp-faced little urchin, who, at a short distance from me, sat with implements firmly clutched, and gave no quarter to the viands; suddenly he slid nimbly to my side, thrust his plate right across me, looked me full in the face, and said, with great rapidity, and in a tone of command rather than of entreaty, "Piece 'ham." "This is not ham," said I, referring to a dish on the other side of me. "Piece 'meat," returned the little creature, without turning his eyes from mine. I had a very good mind to give him a box in the ear; however, I gave him the "piece 'meat" instead, which he despatched in a second, and vanished like the diminutive goblin of a fairy tale.

Between watching out of the windows of the train, a constant repetition of the same scenery, and observing the people inside, who, sitting still and hardly exchanging a syllable, exhibited as little variety, the time passed but slowly. A slight diversion was got up by a little child, who began "mewling in the nurse's arms," or rather the mother's, and continued a gradual "crescendo" howling in the chromatic scale, to the point where an arranger of the melody would write *ff*, when the accompaniment of struggles and kicks was added.

The poor mother, after trying in vain to appease the little *Stentor*, handed it to a female friend or relation in the seat behind; but, as this also failed to produce any abatement of the noise or writhing, the lady in question handed it back again. They proceeded now to offer various bribes. The mother held up a little reticule she carried in her hand,

it was dashed aside; an apple was spurned, a pair of spectacles nearly suffered martyrdom, and various other articles were rejected with scorn. The roaring went on, if possible, rather more loudly than before, till just as the patience of every one had become nearly exhausted, and some looked anxiously at the window, as in contemplation of a forcible ejection, the mother bethought herself of a piece of gold, in the shape of a pencil-case, which was suspended from her neck. When the child saw the darling metal he clutched it, and suspended his noise from that moment.

In the thriving town of Concord, where we arrived at about two o'clock, I observed, under the shadow of the station-house shed, a kind of sink on four legs, over which a cock projecting seemed designed to afford water to the thirsty, to judge by two or three inverted tumblers which rested on the sink. That the supply of water was in danger of being applied to other purposes, seemed evident from a notice in raised gilt letters on the wall above, and I learnt that Yankees, who "travel some," are in the habit of snatching the opportunity of making their toilet in public, by the words—"Gentlemen are requested not to wash here!"

After leaving Concord, the country appeared under a new aspect. The hills, which guarded our narrow path in the earlier stages of the journey, now sank into undulating plains, well cleared and cultivated, while the snow here was barely sufficient to bide. The villages of Vermont were exchanged for the towns of New Hampshire; and while we were clattering past the long manufactories of Manchester, I thought the name a most happy one for so thriving a place. The town is prettily situated in a well-wooded valley, and a fine river tumbles roaring over "a linn" at a short distance.

It was "lovely eventide" by the time we reached Nashua, which is situated at the junction of the Boston and Norwich Railways. The sun threw an orange light on the houses and the snow, and a pale violet sky found sympathy in the shadows of the landscape. As I stood on the platform, while the baggage was removed to the train at the other side of the station, I saw a whole swarm of "the butterflies" I mentioned before, fluttering about, and making for a number of extravagantly

painted coaches, of so ancient a pattern that they seemed to have been driven out of old paintings. These prettily dressed and pretty young ladies appeared to be playing the children's game of changing seats at the approach of supposed majesty—each exhibiting a similar anxiety to get a seat, and a similar restlessness when possession had been obtained.

What could be the object of these manœuvres it was beyond my powers of discrimination to determine—one thing however, was plain, that an excellent opportunity was afforded for a display of personal attractions.

Once more stowed away, it was necessary to await the arrival of the train from Boston; and whilst I was idly looking out of the windows, I observed what I had seen once or twice before—another line of rails crossing us at right angles. There was neither signal-post, nor railway policeman with red and green flag, but trains were free to come up boldly and go a-tilting with one another. A fellow-traveller assured me that, a short time previously, he had been journeying on an American railway in fancied security, when suddenly he observed, to his utter horror and amazement, a locomotive, with its usual huge funnel and long reeling train of carriages, coming puffing up at right angles, intent on a flank attack. Both engines set up a screech, the one of despair, the other of triumph, and the next minute the attacking train ran bang through the end of the other, killing one or two passengers, and wounding half-a-dozen or more. But what signifies loss of life and limb? Railway policemen wouldn't pay, and the proprietors of scrip must make an honest livelihood; besides, it is a mere chance which causes a hostile *rencontre*. Therefore, "Go a-head!"

The cause of such carelessness plainly results from husbanding the means to obtain the end. In moderation such system is excellent. It enters very largely into Brother Jonathan's schemes. In fact, if there is an economical mode of doing anything the American is certain to discover it. Witness his method of putting up telegraphic wires, for instance. From New York to Boston there is but one wire; by which not only is intelligence carried from Boston to New York, but from Boston to all intermediate stations; for the Americans discovered, what I suppose Eng-

lishmen were not aware of—viz., that by sticking the two ends of the wire in the ground, the electric current takes a subterranean route to complete the circle, rendering a second wire superfluous. Their process of communication is also very simple. At one end slips of paper are drawn under a kind of die, to be marked with dots of different lengths at certain distances. These dots signify letters or words; and simultaneously at the place of destination, slips of paper are marked by a corresponding die in a corresponding manner. The men employed become so expert in deciphering these hieroglyphics that almost by the time the electric message has been delivered, they have translated the whole into the mother tongue (or rather, we should say, the brother tongue). It is, in fact, probable, to joke in American fashion, that these men will soon be able even to go a-head of the machine, and anticipate intelligence.

To continue a journey, which has probably become as tedious to our reader as it was to ourselves, is absolutely necessary. Trains and stories wait for nobody. The sun went down to rest, under a pale, green canopy, mottled with crimson, and streaked with one or two long, thin, horizontal clouds of a darker hue. The moon, "sweet regent of the sky," with a solitary star near her for company, seemed like a queen and her prime-minister about to call a general assembly of the dignitaries of the realm. The rest of the stars appeared slowly one after the other. Pieces of water reflecting them I saw, to my surprise, were not frozen. There was also very little snow, the ground presenting an unusually sombre appearance. We were, in fact, gradually escaping from the icy chain of the north. On we went through woods, fields, and dreary fens, where white vapours floated round brushwood and low bushes. Within the train there was as little conversation as ever, many were asleep, and as it was high time to follow so good an example, to sleep I went also. Awaking with a sense of cold, and a consciousness of noise and hubbub, I found myself at Norwich, and was presently hustled on board a steamer, which was to traverse Long Island Sound, and bring me to New York by morning's light. It was of the usual stamp, something like a row of houses afloat, with balconies round

the first, second, and third floors. It had two chimneys, two huge paddle-boxes, and a great piston of high action between.

The *salle-à-manger*, a long basement story, where supper was served, was provided with a vast number of berths, screened by curtains; at a kind of bar, "further for'd," were a number of odd-looking characters smoking, chewing, or drinking *slings* and *juleps*.

There was a corner devoted to washing hard by, the only place in the boat where basins were to be found; a black steward kept guard over the dirty apparatus, the sight of which made me internally resolve not to perform any ablutions till I got ashore. As there were few attractions below I sought the deck, anxious once more to behold the countenance of father Neptune; that deity, to judge by the creaking and groaning, and the undulating motion of the ship, was evidently getting his back up. I was

soon holding on tight, and looking over the ship's side, while the blustering wind "howled in mine ears," and furiously endeavoured to pitch my cap into the heaving sea. There was a dim sky and a foggy horizon; two light-houses feebly twinkled astern, and the red disk of the moon was low in the east. In order to eke out the scanty illumination the double funnel darted out forked tongues of blue flame. It was a wild night, and I gave a glance in the direction of the far distant British Isles, and thought how many long, long leagues lay between me and my native land; and I thought of the impertinence of the insect, man, to get afloat in his cockle-shells on such a chaos of waters; and finally, I thought it would be better to go to bed, so to bed I went. The sea roared, and the paddles thumped, but, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," I slept soundly and safely nevertheless.

CHINA—THE WAR—THE PEACE.*

The indications of coming change in the two great empires of the far East are so many, so striking, so pregnant with important results, that they may well dispose us to accept with interest any fresh knowledge regarding them. China, where all things were, for ages, stereotyped, is beginning to appreciate the advantages of progress. Her statesmen have slowly learned the unwilling lesson that their monarch does not "rule the world;" that "the flowery land" is not, in point of fact, the central empire; and that "the outward barbarians" are immeasurably their superiors in resources and power, in arts, in manufactures, in seamanship, and in war. These impressions, too, have not rested in sentiment, but have already led to alterations in policy and in practice. The best ports of China, long closed against the world, are now open

to all nations; and Christianity, in every form, is tolerated throughout its realms. The repugnance to anything foreign was, until of late, so fixed a principle in the Chinese mind, that when, during the war with us, a Russian officer, accompanied by Cossacks, arrived at Hamil, in Chinese Toorkistan, tendering his services to the government towards the discipline of their troops, the Emperor, notwithstanding that he had at that time ample assurance of their deficiencies, was yet so influenced by national antipathy to foreign interference, that he at once declined the proposed assistance, and ordered the Russian back to his own territory. Again, we remember reading in one of Basil Hall's books, that it was a law in China that "whosoever proposed an improvement in ship-building should be punished with forty stripes of the bamboo." This law was

* "The Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China." By the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff. London: Smith and Elder. 1852.

"The Tea Districts of China and India." By Robert Fortune. London: Murray. 1852.

"China during the War, and since the Peace." By Sir John Francis Davis, Bart., F.R.S. vol. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

enacted at the instigation of the shipwrights, who are a powerful corporation there; but was quite in harmony with the institutions of the country. Towards the close, however, of their instructive conflict with us, one of their leading ministers proposed that European officers should be got to drill their soldiers, and foreign artisans to teach them to build ships of war like ours. It is, too, a significant circumstance, that the *literati*—the most powerful class in China—who have been hitherto confined to their own stationary books, are beginning to direct their attention to the golden diggings of European literature. Lin, whose name was familiar to us during our negotiations with the Chinese, with the aid of interpreters, and of such books as he could procure, brought out a work in twelve volumes, entitled, “Statistical Notices of the Kingdoms of the West.” This is described as a strange mixture of truth and fiction, of history and fable, but yet as very much better than anything they had before. It embraces abstracts of a work on England, and of one on the United States, notices from missionary papers, translations from articles in our newspapers relating to China, and to the opium trade, with extracts from a work on gunnery, which last has a diagram, giving the point discussed in Sir Francis Head’s late book—the *dispart* of a piece of ordnance, that is, the angle of difference, between the line of the bore and the line of the upper surface of the gun, to be corrected by a raised sight over the muzzle.* The compilation also embraces what may be an object of interest to classical readers—the Chinese records of antiquity respecting the Roman Empire and Western Asia. The whole work was well printed in the summer of 1844, and circulated amongst the higher officers of the government at Peking and in the provinces. A copy was, as we find, obtained with some difficulty in Shanghai, which, after being examined by Dr. Gutzlaff, passed into French hands, and went to Paris. The Chinese are, no doubt, boastful,

bigoted, ignorant, and proud; their young Emperor has as yet shown only antiquated prejudices—and their country is rent by civil war; still the impulse has been given, and the people are advancing. They have made, as what we have mentioned shows, a marked progress since the peace; and the influence of European modes must be at once accelerated and increased by circumstances which no high pressure of despotism can control—by the rapidity of steam communication, by the fact that the transit from Europe to the Eastern seas is about to be rendered more easy by a railroad across the Isthmus of Suez, while the Pacific is being linked to the Atlantic by the rail route from Chagres to Panama; by the growing emigration of Chinese to California; and by the trade which is springing up, not only between China and that El Dorado, but between the hitherto exclusives and other countries along the western coasts of America. These considerations invest the subject of China with a deep and living interest, whether it be viewed in reference to politics, or to commerce, or to those higher objects which are dear to the heart of every true denizen of Christendom.

The course of events in Japan is likely to resemble that which has taken place or is in progress in China, and our reflections may, in the main, apply in the same manner to their future. The extension of the whale fishery in the Pacific has led to the more frequent resort of American vessels to the coast of Japan, and to communications between the governments. The United States, it is well known, have lately sent out an expedition to remonstrate with the Japanese on their exclusion of other nations; and although we apprehend they will find much difficulty in compelling a high-spirited and energetic people to change their views, there can be little doubt that they will ultimately succeed, and thus render at once good service to their own country and to other communities, but most of any to the Japanese themselves.

Having premised so much to engage

* Sir John Davis, from whom we take this information, observes that it was found practically applied during the expedition to Canton, in 1847, in the wooden sights attached to the guns within the batteries, captured and disabled on the 2nd and 3rd of April. “One of these sights,” adds Sir John, “was handed to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Brereton, who commanded the Royal Artillery on that occasion, and it has the number and range of the gun marked upon it.

the attention of our readers to the general subject of our article, we shall say something of the works which we have taken as our texts, and whose titles are subjoined. The first is a "Life of the late Emperor of China," a posthumous work of the learned and faithful Gutzlaff. It is a brief, but not a meagre, chronicle—very Chinese; and coming to us through the hands of one who was himself well acquainted with, and a principal actor in, the most material of the events to which it refers, it has its attraction and peculiar value. The next is Mr. Fortune's very pretty book, "A Journey to the Tea Countries of China," with notices of a visit to the tea plantations in the Himalaya Mountains. Mr. Fortune won the favour of the public by his former work, his "Three Years' Wanderings in China," on the appearance of which he was deputed by the Directors of the East India Company to proceed again to China, and, procuring there the finest varieties of the tea plant, with native tea-manufacturers and implements, to take them to the Government tea-plantations in the Himalaya mountains. This mission he seems to have thoroughly accomplished, and in doing so has seen enough of what was unknown, or little known before, to make a book which is sure to please. Tea is in these kingdoms a strictly popular topic; but we persuade ourselves that Mr. Fortune's book will owe its rapid circulation and extended fame less to his notices of the tea plant than to his horticultural and botanical remarks. It is a happy circumstance for that large section of the public who enjoy these pure, healthy, and useful tastes, that they have had so well-informed a botanist, and so accomplished an horticulturist inspecting and reporting on the vegetation of China, and on the novel plants, favourite flowers, and best collections of a great nation whose universal passion is gardening.

The last of the three works of whose information we mean to avail ourselves, is that of Sir John Davis. His small, plain octavos are the least pretending and the most important of all the books that have been published on the subject of China since the peace, perhaps ever. We cannot call to mind that we have had before, developments of Chinese character, at once so full and so authentic. This is the feature

of the work which strikes us most; others may rather dwell upon the treatment of the politics and prospects of China by one who is clearly qualified to deal with topics but little understood at home. There is another circumstance which we are not willing to omit, and which has made its own impression on us, although it is but a small one, in comparison to those we have just referred to. That is the well-placed and not unfrequent allusions to the classics. These, as we read, give us the impression of being in the presence of a cultivated mind, and at the same moment call our attention to the fact that, notwithstanding the boasted extension of a high degree of education—notwithstanding the famed classicality of our universities, the tomes of German commentators which encumber, the various readings which deface, our favourite authors, and the voluminous guesses of philologists, this simple evidence of the enjoyment of the classics is daily becoming less frequent than it was in times not long gone by.

The first of Sir John Davis's volumes, and, as we think, the more original, the more important, and the more amusing of the two, is in fact, a Chinese history of the war, being taken from state papers and other native documents whose authenticity is unquestionable. The mass of Chinese papers which fell into our hands during the war was entrusted to Gutzlaff, who, at the desire of Sir John Davis, supplied a regular series of translations, and abstracts from them for the years 1844, 1845. These have been again condensed for the present work, and we have now the *creme de la creme* in the first volume. The second volume gives the detail of diplomatic transactions, with the personal experience of Sir John, during his four years' administration in Hong Kong, and concludes with two chapters of considerable interest on Japan and the other Indo-Chinese nations.

When the war with China was beginning, there was a good deal said about our assailing the defenceless, and of the lion attacking the lamb; but the truth is, that until the Chinese were taught to respect us, they showed far more of the tiger than the lamb, and one of the good lessons which they learned was, to appreciate, if not as yet to practice, humanity in war. Our un-

dertaking was, as Sir John Davis observes, the farthest military enterprise of the same extent in the history of the world; surpassing, in that respect, the expeditions of Alexander and Cæsar in one hemisphere, and those of Cortes and Pizarro in another. When we consider that it was directed against a monarch who is said to rule over three hundred and sixty-five millions of human beings, that the Chinese themselves are by no means deficient in physical courage, that the Manchows and Mongols have been at all times famed for it, we feel how unjust it was to apply to our expedition anything like the language of disparagement, and that its achievements were, as all the world now knows, the triumphs of military genius, and of direct diplomacy.

When, in 1840, our force was approaching the coast of China, some alarm was felt in the maritime provinces of Canton and Fokien, but the equanimity of the people of Peking, or of the empire at large, was not in the least affected. They relied implicitly on their means of defence, and their whole bearing would afford Sir Francis Head a very admirable illustration of the value of mere national confidence. Even after the fall of Chusan, they talked only of making us feel "the celestial terror," and the reports from the heads of the different departments continued to be of the most satisfactory description. Admiral Berkeley, when a French visitation was spoken of, never said anything more consolatory. One of these official papers assures the Emperor that the draft of water required by our ships was so great, that they could never come near their shoaly coasts. "Hence," it was said, "the barbarians have taken Chusan, it being surrounded by deep water, but they can never approach near enough to the mainland to do us any harm." Another despatch states that "the English, though good at sea, have not sufficient activity to fight on shore; and that their soldiers are buttoned up so tight, that if once down they can never get up again." These and like grounds of assurance, appear in many of the papers; for instance, in that which follows, which was issued on hearing of the fall of Chusan, by Yukein, a Mongol Tartar, who was governor of Keangsoi province:—

"Since the barbarians contumaciously loiter in the seas of Chekeang, it is probable

that they will repair, after their defeat in that province, to our coast. I have, therefore, in conjunction with the commander of the troops, made arrangements to repel them. The country of these English is more than ten thousand *Le* distant from hence. Their traffic in opium, both at Canton and Macao, and their whole trade being cut off, they repaired to Fokien, whence they were also expelled, and they have now availed themselves of the wind to visit the northern shores. With no other resource than their ships, which require a draft of sixty cubits of water, they cannot approach our main, and therefore have taken Tinghae, encompassed on all sides by the sea. With us it is quite different; and every one of us may therefore without fear take care of his own gate, and not trouble himself about them. I look upon these enemies as mere bulrushes, having from my youth upwards read military treatises, and spread the terror of my name myriads of miles through Turkestan. Since the trade at Canton was stopped, I took precautionary measures; and if they dare to come to our shores, they will be like the moth in the candle, or the fish in the net. History proves that even our southern soldiers were victorious, and only want a leader to be so again. While, therefore, I guard the interior, the governor-general of the two provinces will take charge of the coast, so that every one may rest quietly on his pillow, and not let himself be disturbed by these robbers, who will instantly be put down by the military."—Vol. i. pp. 8, 9.

The sixty cubits of water mentioned as requisite for our ships, is more than treble the draft of a first-rate ship-of-the-line; and it was soon seen that our steamers—"vessels with wheels at their sides, moving as fast as the wind"—could come close in.

Yukein, who penned the above bravado, was a ruthless savage, and boasted that "he would flay the barbarians alive, and sleep on their skins." This vow he was, by an unhappy accident, enabled to accomplish in the case of one individual. Mr. Stead, the master of a transport, not knowing that Chusan had been evacuated by our force, entered the harbour, and on landing was enticed some distance into the interior. He was then seized and delivered over to Yukein, who had him tied to a stake in the middle of the public place, deliberately flayed alive, and then cut in pieces. We are happy to learn, that the most depraved of the natives were horror-struck at the spectacle. Vengeance was afterwards taken by the *Phlegethon* sloop-of-war, at the spot where Stead was

kidnapped, and Yukein met an appropriate fate. Sharing the panic of his troops, he fled at Chinhae and attempted to drown himself, but was dragged out, and on the following day, knowing that he could never again appear before his emperor, he had recourse to the *tertia sors* of suicide, and terminated his existence by swallowing gold-leaf.

About the same period, that is soon after the capture of Chusan, another paper was much circulated in China, which as it met with the highest approval at Peking, and indicates the sort of information on which the government was acting, may interest, as well as amuse, our readers:—

"The English barbarians are an insignificant and detestable race, trusting entirely to their strong ships and large guns; but the immense distance they have traversed will render the arrival of seasonable supplies impossible, and their soldiers, after a single defeat, being deprived of provisions, will become dispirited and lost. Though it is very true that their guns are destructive, still in the attack of our harbours they will be too elevated, and their aim moreover rendered unsteady by the waves; while we in our forts, with larger pieces, can more steadily return the fire. Notwithstanding the riches of their government, the people are poor, and unable to contribute to the expenses of an army at such a distance. Granted that their vessels are their homes, and that in them they defy wind and weather, still they require a great draft of water; and, since our coasts are beset with shoals, they will certainly, without the aid of native pilots, run ashore, without approaching very closely. Though waterproof, their ships are not fireproof, and we may therefore easily burn them. The crews will not be able to withstand the ravages of our climate, and surely waste away by degrees; and to fight on shore, their soldiers possess not sufficient activity. Without, therefore, despising the enemy, we have no cause to fear them. While guarding the approaches to the interior, and removing to the coast the largest guns, to give their ships a terrific reception, we should at the same time keep vessels filled with brushwood, oil, saltpetre, and sulphur, in readiness to let them drive, under the direction of our marine, with wind and tide against their shipping. When once on fire, we may open our batteries upon them, display the celestial terror, and exterminate them without the loss of a single life."—Vol. i. pp. 11-13.

At this time, and up to a much later period, the war-party was predominant in China—that is, the Emperor and

nearly all the high officers who were dependent on, or connected with, the government, and that extensive class, the *literati*, embracing all the candidates for public life, were so wholly for war, that it was hardly safe even to think of peace, much less to hint at negotiation. Some of the documents cited by Sir John Davis are in the Emperor's own hand. In one he says, "He will sweep the barbarians from the face of the earth. For this purpose the army will retake Tinghae, and Keshen is directed to arouse the patriotism of the nation, sending the heads of the rebellious barbarians to Peking, in baskets." In another, "the vermilion pencil" writes—"After the outrages of the barbarians at the Bogue, nothing remains but to exterminate them. As gods and men are equally indignant at such detestable beings, their destruction will soon be accomplished." Taoukwang further declares, that "such a nation as the English should not exist on earth." Had any Chinese Napier suggested a doubt as to the completeness of their defences, or ventured to point out the deficiencies of their arrangements, he would have been deprived, not merely, as in our free country, of the command of a fleet, but of his own head, with confiscation of property, and the sale of the members of his family as slaves. Very similar to this was the actual fate of Keshen, named above—the most illustrious statesman of China—when he ventured, though with much caution, and much "cooking" of facts, to direct the attention of the Emperor to something like a true view of his position. While, however, such was the bias of the upper class, it is very remarkable that the people took but little interest in the matter. Except at Canton, where the rabble was always troublesome, there was no appearance of aversion to foreigners in the lower orders, no indication of national rage against invaders. Contrary to all expectation, this indifference became more marked as our expedition neared the capital. Our troops never found any difficulty in employing Chinese as helps, and even the spies who appeared within our precincts, brought quite as much of information as they took away. It is true that when our forces approached to assail a place, the people in general fled, carrying what they could away. They had good reason to do so. Whenever we took a

town it was mercilessly plundered—not by us, but by Chinese gangs, comprising numbers besides those usually counted in the robber class. There can be no doubt that the main injury done to private property during the war was by the Chinese themselves. It is, then, a striking and suggestive fact, that our invasion of the proudest and most ancient of all existing empires, originating in a question, on which it must be admitted that they had good grounds for conceiving themselves to be in the right, elicited no national enthusiasm, no general exhibition of genuine patriotism, no strictly popular feeling against us. We shall not pause to philosophise upon the subject, but leave it as we find it, for the consideration of the reflective.

While the haughty Emperor and his Government were so well disposed to war, it is amusing to see the small expedients to which they had recourse to save their pride. Our invasion they termed "rebellion," the points at issue were represented as "questions of trade," and we were described not as a power coming to enforce redress, but as merchants making complaint. Whenever such awkward facts as a public defeat, and the taking of forts, are to be got over, the dexterous statesman is at no loss; but in his despatch describes the "barbarians as so untameable that they could not be restrained by their officers from taking the Chueuppee forts." He then goes on to add, "Since that, however, they had shewn repentance and fear, and were sending away their vessels of war. The only celestial favour they now asked was to be allowed to trade, as the whole nation had, in consequence of the stoppage of trade, been cut off from all means of gaining a livelihood."

The measures adopted by these rulers for our annoyance, and the plans which they entertained for embarrassing our Government, are at once characteristic of their ignorance, and amusing. They laid an embargo on all their vessels in every port along their coast, on the supposition that, as we had come from a great distance we must be in want of the necessaries of life. This system told only against themselves. There was a cessation of all trade; and, as a consequence, a dreadful defalcation in

the customs' duties. The merchants pleaded that "nothing could come of nothing," and the Government had to make up the deficit and to re-open the ports.

One of the most remarkable of the papers submitted at this time to the Chinese Government proposes that they should no longer confine themselves to the defensive; but that, marching through Russia, they should assail England. Sir John Davis conceives that this production bears internal evidence of coming from the hand of Commissioner Lin, and observes that, as usual, it would be quite unanswerable, but for the incorrectness of its assumptions. The paper opens with a sentiment suited to the feeling of the court:—"That it is due to the majesty of the empire to declare to the 'foreign eye' that unless he yields on a certain day, he shall be beheaded." It then proceeds to say:—

"What are the English, that we should so much fear them? It is true they have gradually taken possession of Calcutta, Madras, and other parts. They even conquered Java for a time from the Hollanders, fixed themselves at Malacca, and opened a port in the Straits. This, however, only shows that they are insatiable, but not invincible. We still remember the pride with which their ambassador (Lord Amherst) appeared, in the reign of Keaking. Since then, they have made themselves acquainted with all the particulars of our country, and hence it was easy for them to occupy Chusan. They would not, however, be satisfied with this possession, but pursue their plan of aggrandisement, as the Russians at Peking told us they would. To cede to them territory under such circumstances would be to reward robbers and give license to criminals.

"The present contest arose from nothing but the desire on our part to extinguish opium smuggling, and thus prevent the exportation of silver. If, therefore, we now grant them territory for the sake of peace, this will be only giving fresh vigour to the traffic, and bringing the empire to ruin. It is much better to fight to the last than wait our destruction with folded hands. While they carry on this trade they derive great wealth from the drug, and are thus enabled to continue their operations. We, on our part, keep only on the defensive, collect large numbers of troops, and incur great expenses: ignorant of the place where we are to be attacked, we have to keep a considerable army always ready to combat the enemy. While

* "English Ambassador."

our soldiers are reduced by alarms and watching, and dwindle away by sickness, they make the ships their home, live there comfortably, and fall upon us whenever it pleases them. This is the consequence of the defensive system carried on hitherto. Including Leaotung (coast of Manchow Tartary) there are seven of our maritime provinces liable to an attack by sea. At each of the ports we have, therefore, to keep up a force at an immense expense, and still cannot ensure the safety of the country, because we are weak at so many points. But it is not only that we have to fear for the outskirts of the empire: we apprehend still greater evils. The position which the barbarians took at Chusan being a central one, what was there to hinder their attacking the interior of our realm? There is the broad and wide Yangtse, on which they can sail as upon the sea; and if they discover the passage, we are in great danger. Though we hope the English may never adopt such a course, it is our business to ponder that they may reach Chinkeang-foo, and threaten Nanking; and who could foretell the consequences? Would not the supply of grain cease? Would not China be separated into two parts? To prove that these apprehensions are not groundless, we have only to refer to the Japanese, who pursued the same course.

"To keep on the defensive, would, therefore, prove our ruin, and exhaust our resources. To recur to the past, it appears that Kienloong spent on the Mahomedan war, 23,100,000 taels, and in the Kinchuen war about 67,700,000 taels, which shows their wasteful effects on the treasury. What will be the immense sums required on such an extended line of defence as our coast? We did not thus act when the treaty was concluded with Russia; for instead of waiting for the arrival of their forces, we became ourselves the aggressors, and then for ever inspired fear and respect for our empire. Hence our north-western frontier has never been disturbed, and we retain our ascendancy in Tartary. The only prudent course, therefore, is to show a bold front to the English at once.

"The Russians are now our friends; their territory is not very far from the English, and joins ours. We should, therefore, spend thirty millions of taels in raising a daring army, and march directly through the Russian country to England. By carrying the war home to them, and occupying their own country, we should for ever banish them from our shores. Since the Russians are the enemies of the English, they would support our undertaking, finding us, on our arrival in their country, with guns, and furnishing us with auxiliaries.

"Should this plan be rejected, it may be proposed to assault by water. It is well known that the Ghorikas are ready to attack the English in the rear, and the Cochinchinese to assist us, should we ourselves

attack them on the water. For this purpose a fleet might be fitted out, at a cost of about five millions of taels, containing larger crews and heavier guns than the English. With these we might venture to meet them, and the victory would be certain. We might then take possession of Singapore, and anchor in the Straits of Sunda, intercepting all their supplies, and capturing their vessels. Thus we should reduce the 'barbarian eye' to the greatest difficulties, and make him succumb. He would then ask for peace, and humbly submit to our decrees. Being so near to Bengal, we should also be able to stop the export of opium, and thus for ever extinguish the traffic."—Vol. i. pp. 83–88.

In conclusion, the writer asserts that their policy should be to take the offensive; their maxim "attack;" and that, should they scruple to hazard all their revenues in acting thus, "their losses and disgrace, and the silver to be exported for opium, would far exceed the cost to be borne in a war."

From another state paper it appears that the Manchow resident at L'hassa, who in fact rules Thibet for the Emperor of China, was in active communication with the Ghorikas, called by the celestials *Kih-urk-kih*—that in 1840, this people, hearing that we were at war with China, sent an envoy to Thibet, who gave the Chinese minister the accurate information that their country bordered on "London" (the English capital put for the English nation), and that as they had received many insults from these neighbours, they desired to join the forces, and share the triumphs of the celestial empire. It seems also that the Burmese and Cochinchinese were prepared to combine against us; but these respective parties prudently postponed engaging in any overt act until the Greek Kalends of Chinese success. Had however, defeat, instead of unvaried victory, attended our armies in China, we think with Sir John Davis, that "an array of enemies might have appeared in India equal to the most sinister anticipations."

It may be worth while to say a word or two on the military establishments of China, and on the actual condition of the army with which it was proposed to march overland against England, and at the same time to take India.

Our own antiquated prejudice on the subject of a standing army—that it is "unconstitutional"—is, it may delight Sir Francis Head to know, precisely the principle of the Chinese.

They hold that the army ought to be just sufficient to protect the state from violence or insurrection; and, accordingly, in time of peace, it is reduced to the very minimum—1,700,000 men—and changed into a sort of police; the officers receiving small pay, and making it up by allowing their men to go on furlough while they draw their rations.* The number of soldiers is thus far short of the names enrolled. When, moreover, war requires an addition to the army, the Chinese Government call out a strong body of militia, for the time being, placing it under the command of high civilians, and thus neutralising the military power of a single general. The long adherence of the Chinese Government and of our own to the system of maintaining the least possible force, may be traced to the same feeling—repugnance to expense. The condition of their country shows that this has been but a short-sighted policy in the Chinese; and we trust that the energy of our present ministers may save us from the experience of any like results.

The Chinese army is composed of two races—Chinese and Tartars. The former are not devoid of physical courage, and sometimes fight, single-handed, with determination, but, from want of training and of appointments, are of no value as troops. The account given of them on the occasion of Lord Amherst's embassy, in 1816, describes them nearly as they are at present. "We were received," says a passage in the "*Sketches of China*," of that date, "by an extended line of soldiers, who, in addition to their arms and accoutrements, each carried a lantern tied to his spear or match-lock. This military feature, however, was less amusing than certain watch-towers, formed entirely of mats, and painted so as to represent brick or stone." The men were dressed in the usual colours, blue, bound with red; but their swords, pulled with difficulty from their sheaths, showed blades "which were no better than hoop-iron, covered with rust." Their tactics are described by Lieut. Ochterlony, in his lively work, where he speaks "of their miserable deficiency in the ordinary rules of strategy, and the pertinacious folly with which they

cling to the idea that their popular system of warfare (that of fighting by demonstration, and expecting victory through the awe-inspiring influence of military pomp, instead of strength of arm and skill at the weapon) could be made to prevail against the spirit and steadiness of disciplined troops." Before an engagement, the soldiers usually availed themselves of the exigency to extort their pay; which, in our encounters with them, was generally found on the bodies of the slain. Thus, at Ningpo, six dollars were taken from almost every Chinaman who was killed. On receiving their pay, some deserted before the fight; and, to meet this difficulty, the Government circulated papers amongst them, promising rewards to such as would fight well. There were also silver medals destined for the victors, and provided for each division of the army, but the opportunity never occurred; and, though their leaders sometimes fabricated facts, and made false despatches, they could not venture to distribute medals. The militia was composed of these Chinese, while what we call their regulars were Tartars. They are bold and hardy, had some rough experience in Turkestan, and fought gallantly at Chappoo and Chinkeangfoo, neither giving nor accepting quarter. It was at these places that the memorable suicides and frightful immolations took place, which neither the entreaties of our officers nor the efforts of the ardent Gutzlaff could arrest. Haeling, the Tartar general who commanded at Chinkeangfoo, was a Manchow, of high descent, and was selected by the Emperor on account of his known ability. He had exhorted his soldiers not to let the English enter, except over their bodies; and the few who flinched were instantly executed, as appeared from their mangled corpses exposed on the ramparts. Haeling, after resisting until his faithful band was bayoneted to almost a man, retired to his house, and there deliberately burned himself to death on a pile of wood and papers, nothing being found of him but the skull, and the bones of the legs and feet.

It appears that the Emperor had in Tartary a large reserve called the Eight Banners, the last resource of

* Gutzlaff's "*Life of Taou-kiang*," pp. 136-7.

the Manchows. Of these, 5,000 were ordered up, and retained at Tiensten, to protect Peking, in the event of our attacking it. We take our account of this force from a work entitled, "Travels in Central Asia," cited by Sir John Davis, and lately published in France. It is by a Lazarist missionary, M. Huc, who had the information we refer to from a Tartar officer, whom he met near the Great Wall:—

"*Le Tchakar*," says M. Huc,* "est divisé en huit bannières—en Chinois *Paki*, qu'on distingue par le nom de huit couleurs. Nous lui demandâmes quel grade militaire il occupait dans la bannière bleue. Quand les bannières de Tchakar ont marché, il y a deux ans, contre les rebelles du midi (the English) j'avais le grade de Tchouanda. Au commencement, on pensait que c'étoit peu de chose; chacun disoit qu'on ne toucherait pas au Tchakar. Les milices des Kitai (Chinese) sont parties les premières, mais elles n'ont rien fait; les bannières des Solon ont aussi marchés, mais elles n'ont pu résister aux chaleurs du midi; alors l'Empereur nous envoya sa sainte ordonnance. Le jour même nous marchâmes sur Péking: de Péking ou nous conduisit à Tienstein,† ou nous sommes restés trois mois. Vous êtes-vous battus? avez-vous, ou l'ennemi? Non, il n'a pas osé paraître. Les Kitai nous répétaient partout que nous marchions à une mort certaine et inutile. Que ferez-vous disaient ils contre ces monstres marins? Ils vivent dans l'eau, comme des poissons: quand on s'y attend le moins, ils paraissent à la surface, et lancent de Si-koua‡ enflammée. Aussitôt qu'on bande l'arc pour leur envoyer des flèches, ils se replongent dans l'eau comme des grenouilles. Ils cherchaient ainsi à nous effrayer; mais nous autres soldats des huit bannières, nous n'avons pas peur. Les rebelles ayant appris que les invincibles milices du Tchakar approchaient, ont été effrayés, et ont demandé la paix. Le *Saint-maitre* (*Shing-chu*, or emperor) dans son immense misère-corde la leur a accordée, et alors nous sommes revenus dans nos prairies veiller à la garde de nos troupeaux."

As the division to which this officer belonged, named above "*La Bannière Bleue*," consisted of 5,000 men, we may infer that the whole of this Manchow reserve of the Eight Banners formed a force of not less than 40,000 hardy soldiers. Without, then, taking into account those cumbrous contingents, the Chinese militia,§ or noticing the Mongol levies, herds of nomades inured to fatigue, which might have been called out, it appears that the Emperor had in his Manchow regiments alone, no inconsiderable defensive force. He wanted but the one man who knew how to handle them. It is strange that so great a crisis in that vast empire did not educe a military genius; and yet, what would have all availed against our small, but firm phalanx, led by such a chief as Gough?

When we remember that, at the commencement of the Peninsular war, our commissariat arrangements were so defective that the Duke of Wellington had to re-model, we may rather say to create, that department, we shall not be surprised to find that the Chinese had been only about equally neglectful. Their government contractors, bound to supply provisions, like most of the officials there, embezzled the public money, and more conspicuously than the rest disregarded their agreements. The soldiers, consequently, supplied themselves at the expense of the people, by whom they were justly regarded as active enemies; and the war very soon became, amongst the middle and lower classes, rapidly unpopular. In regard to the *matériel* of war, their preparations were, as Sir John Davis remarks, "large, but inefficient." They had plenty of gunpowder, but it was weak; a large number of guns, but they were often most fatal to those who fired them. The pieces taken or destroyed during the war amounted to 2,356. Of these some were

* Tom. i. p. 52.

† Tiensten is at the northern extremity of the great canal, eighty miles from Peking, and fifty from the sea. It is the port and harbour for the grain and tribute junks for Peking.

‡ So they call our shells, "water-melons."

§ In the night attack made by the Chinese on Ningpo, while we were in occupation of it, and made with marked determination, there were some troops from southern China—a peculiar race of mountaineers called *Meaow tse*—who, on account of their reputed courage, had been brought from a great distance. Their principal seats are between the provinces of Kwel-chou and Kwang-se; and in the Chinese maps their borders are marked off like those of a foreign country, and the insulated space left vacant. The men do not shave their hair, like the Tartars and Chinese, but wear it tied up in the ancient fashion of the latter people, before they were conquered.

of Japanese copper, taken from one of their mints when iron was scarce, and proved to be of considerable value. They have no acquaintance with artillery practice, and their best troops were armed with matchlocks and bows. There has been since an effort to introduce the use of the musket in place of the bow, but the feeling is in favour of the latter; and the soldiers say—"The Manchows conquered China with the bow, and it can't be a bad weapon." Such, then, were the resources of Taou-kwang—*Reason's Glory*—while he was listening to the suggestion of raising a force of 300,000 men, and marching them through Siberia and Russia, to attack England.

In their good ports and extensive coasting trade the Chinese have the main material of a navy, but as yet their mandarin junks, or ships of war, are unworthy of the name. The late Emperor, who conceived that everything was to be done by edicts, issued an express direction that three line-of-battle ships, in imitation of the English, should be built within a given time. The official on whom this injunction was laid, knew, says Sir John Davis, as little of naval architecture as a "civil first lord," which the blue books tell to our cost, is not much. The *Melville* was at that time under repair in Chusan harbour. He pondered the possibility of obtaining the model, and if he had it, the further possibility of building one like her. The difficulties were insurmountable, and he had recourse to the Chinese solution of all perplexities—suicide. The "vermilion pencil" subsequently enjoined the building of vessels like our steamers, and was obeyed. A vessel was set afloat, to all appearance like one of ours, paddles, funnel, and all; but she had no engine, and the wheels were moved on the principle of a tread mill. Encouraged, perhaps, by such marked success, the Emperor, on the termination of the war, issued a rescript to put down piracy. Owing to the interruption of trade, the sailors had in large numbers turned pirates, and had become so bold as to sail up

the rivers, and cut out vessels. The Emperor directed his mandarin junks to pursue the pirates and encounter them at sea. They were not disposed to do so; but to save their lives and their commissions, they did put to sea, got up some sham fights, and reported victories.*

The progress of opinion and the working of the Government in China, may be further illustrated by even a rapid outline of the careers of some of their leading ministers. We shall take two, as representative men—Keshen, a Tartar, the earliest promoter of peace, and Lin, a Chinese, the first originator, constant supporter, and the latest defender of the war.

Keshen, a Manchow by birth, now recognised as the ablest man in China, was by nature gifted with a handsome exterior and engaging manners. He gained the first honours in letters, and, passing with distinction the various examinations, attained to high employment at Peking. We may observe that one of the sanitary principles of the Chinese Government is, that its appointments are given as the rewards of merit, at open and stated examinations, and from whatever quarter or class it may come. This system has been, for centuries, fairly adhered to, and was never avowedly or largely departed from, until about the close of the late Emperor's reign, when the defalcations in the revenue caused by the war, led him to consent to the sale of public offices. The very general dissatisfaction produced by that mistaken measure, has proved an active element in the present rebellion. In advance of his countrymen, Keshen was an advocate for progress. Progress, however, in China, the most backward of all states, must obviously have a different meaning from what it bears with us, where the term is now too often used to designate what would be revolution, and its own opposite, retrogression.

Like most of the mandarins, Keshen, loved money, and was unscrupulous in amassing it. Peculations, bribes, confiscations, exorbitant interest on ca-

* The mode in which the Chinese Government dealt with the pirates is characteristic. They offered to appoint Sapongtsae, the leader, to be a naval officer in the imperial service, if he would surrender his fleet. To this he assented, but before he could fulfil his part of the agreement our men-of-war destroyed his ships. Sapongtsae escaped to shore, was received with distinction by the governor-general, raised to high rank, and given immediate employment.—See Gutzlaff's "Life of Taou-kwang," p. 259.

pital, and enormous speculations in the Government monopoly of salt, all helped to fill his coffers, and to make him the richest subject in China. Whatever may have been his failings in these respects, he was, at all events, a sagacious and consistent statesman. On the opium question he was against any violent measures, either towards natives or foreigners, and maintained that a good coast-guard, with active exertions to prevent the importation of the drug, and a strict administration of existing laws would be sufficient. On this point he was overruled, and hearing of Lin's proceedings in the south, predicted the consequences.

When our squadron appeared at the mouth of the Peiho, the Emperor appointed Keshen to negotiate, and it is to the fidelity with which he discharged this duty, that we must attribute his fall. His great tact and perfect command of temper, made him well suited for the service. "He could," says Sir John Davis, "exchange fair phrases, protract discussions, and make promises innumerable, without keeping one;" and though the catastrophe of war became inevitable, he certainly postponed it much longer than could have been expected. To the great relief of the Emperor, he succeeded in having our squadron removed, and the negotiation transferred from the neighbourhood of Peking to the far south, at Canton.

Keshen, it appears, never made any very correct report of the communications he received from the English authorities. He dared not, perhaps, repeat the plain language of our despatches, and accordingly, our negotiators were made to express themselves after this manner:—

"We have received orders from our Government to complain to your honourable nation of the injuries suffered by our representative and the English merchants at the hands of the great officers of Canton. Our naval and military force being large, we have had to find a place for sheltering our ships and quartering our troops. The high officers of the provinces not only shut up the ports, but refused to forward our representations to the court. Hence we have been obliged to occupy Chusan. Commissioner Lin surrounded all the Europeans at Canton with his soldiers, allowed no intercourse, and deprived them of the necessaries of life until the opium on board the ships was delivered up, in default of which they were to suffer death. But some of the opium was taken

even from vessels outside the port, the commissioner having forced the owners by hunger and threats of death to give up all. He then insisted on a bond, making those on board any vessel which brought opium to China liable to the penalty of death; but the superintendent and merchants all refused to consent to this bond, upon which Lin and the governor Teng Tajin shut the ports to our commerce, at a time when the debts of the Hong merchants to our people amounted to several millions.' This was prepared by Keshen from the substance of the conversations which passed at the interviews."—Vol. i. pp. 28-29.

To this, the great Emperor condescendingly replies—

"The English barbarians complain that the degraded officers Lin and Teng did not adhere to their original assurances, and hence the present troubles. As their language is respectful and yielding, Keshen is appointed acting governor of Kuang-tung, carefully to search into these matters. If the barbarians will repent, become humble and submissive, they may still obtain a share of the tender favour of our celestial dynasty towards strangers. Let nothing be done with precipitation; but Keshen is to manage this affair faithfully, and realise my intentions. Respect this."—Vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

The presence, however, of the artful Commissioner Lin impeded the negotiation, and when, at length, a convention was agreed upon with Captain Elliott, by which Hongkong was ceded to us, while six millions of dollars were to be paid for opium, trade was to be opened in ten days, and official intercourse carried on directly, and on equal terms, the whole unpopularity of these, in fact, moderate, but to the unhumbled Emperor and his vain court, most galling terms, was easily directed against Keshen. "To give the English Hongkong," said they, "as a place to store up arms and build fortresses, and to allow them to continue trading at Canton, is beyond the bounds of all reason. Keshen," writes the vermilion pencil, "has received bribes from the barbarians. How great is the presumption and shamelessness of Keshen! Let him be degraded, and placed in chains, and brought to the capital under convoy, and let his property be instantly confiscated. Respect this."

"This," adds Sir John Davis, "was no empty threat, for on the same day commissioners were sent to the residence of

Keshen, and, according to an official report, seized and delivered into the hands of the imperial treasurer 682 Chinese pounds' weight of gold, 17,940,000 taels in silver, and eleven boxes of jewels. On a second search, by Muhchangah, the prime minister, additional effects were confiscated — 1,438 large ingots of Sycee silver, value about 60 dollars each, 46,920 taels in broken silver, 2,561,217 *mows* in land, besides houses, shares in pawnbroking establishments (the ancient mode of banking in Europe), and transactions in the salt monopoly. His fortune was at first rated at an amount equal to eight millions sterling, but exceeded it. Yet, without a trial, the whole vanished at the mere dictum of his despotic master. When he reached Peking as a common felon, with a chain round his neck, he could hardly obtain 100 copper coins to feed him in prison. His wives and women were sold by auction to the highest bidders.* —Vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

The unhappy statesman was condemned to death, but the sentence was altered to that of waiting in prison for execution. He lingered there for months, daily expecting capital punishment; meanwhile the rapid succession of such events as the capture of Amoy, the re-occupation of Chusan, and the taking of Ningpo, suggested an impression, that after all, Keshen was not far wrong, and the Emperor made him his personal attendant. On the peace of Nanking, it became clear that he had proposed the most advantageous treaty, and to compensate for his wrongs, he was appointed resident in Thibet,* his sovereign not venturing, on account of his still numerous enemies, to do more for him at that time. He is said, however, to have amassed there considerable wealth, and is, at present, governor of the large adjoining province of Syechuen.

It appears that throughout the war, and in all our negotiations, any moderate advice, and, ultimately, the peace itself, was attributable to *Tartars*, while obstinate persistence and unwillingness to yield, characterised the mandarins of Chinese extraction. Amongst the latter, none was so well

known to us as the Commissioner Lin, or, as Gutzlaff writes his name, "Lin-ti-tsen." He was a pure Chinese, if that term be applicable to a race whose moral standard is low, and of whom, we are assured on high authority, that "every Chinaman goes unwashed from his cradle to his grave."† Lin first attracted notice by a bold remonstrance to the Emperor, claiming a remission of taxes on behalf of the province in which he held office, and which claim was allowed. When the opium traffic became a subject of anxiety to the state, Lin was solicited to put it down, partly owing to his reputed firmness, and partly because he had already suppressed it in the province of Hoo-kweing, of which he was governor-general. On arriving at Canton, the great emporium of the drug, he issued notices, placing the innocent and the guilty alike under restrictions. The prisons were filled with wretches denounced, and often falsely, as opium-smokers. It was made known that dealers should be decapitated and smokers strangled. The latter were to be allowed six months to live in seclusion, when, if free from the propensity, they were to be respited, otherwise, they were to be put to death. The British representative, to save the lives of our merchants, gave up, in the name of his Government, all the opium they held, which was, at least professedly, destroyed; and, crowning his career of triumph, the commissioner decreed, that henceforth, the captain of any vessel entering the port of Canton, should give a bond pledging himself and crew to undergo capital punishment, with confiscation of ship and cargo, if any opium were found on board.‡

These measures, marked with energy and violence, were characteristic of Lin, and were at first successful. Opium-dealing was, for a while, put down, but two consequences ensued which placed the Government in greater difficulties than ever. There was a cessation of

* M. Huc, who saw him in Thibet, describes his appearance as follows:—"Keshen, quoique âgé d'un soixantaine d'années, nous parut plein de force, et de vigueur. Sa figure est, sans contredit, la plus noble, la plus gracieuse, et la plus spirituelle que nous ayons jamais rencontrée parmi les Chinois."—*Souvenirs d'un Voyage*, &c.

† Dr. Wilson, who had charge of our hospitals in China, expressly says so.—*Medical Notes on China*.

‡ Gutzlaff's "Life of Taou-kwang," pp. 159, 160.

all trade at Canton, and the empire was involved in war with England.

Up to the period of the late war, it had been the usage of the Chinese monarchs to issue commands to foreign potentates; and Lin, in his ignorance and presumption, went himself so far as to address a letter, with an assumption of superiority, to the Sovereign of Great Britain. Hence, too, all our early efforts for settling matters peacefully, were haughtily rejected. Such was the state of matters in 1840. When, however, our fleet appeared at the mouth of the Pei-ho, they underwent, as we have seen, a material change, and Keshen was sent to supersede Lin, and negotiate. The people of Canton have long been, and even still are, overbearing to foreigners; and Lin, notwithstanding the injury he had wrought there, was popular amongst them as the champion of ancient feeling and unyielding pride. He thwarted, by his machinations, the efforts of Keshen, circulating versions of his negotiations which were calculated to ruin him, and ostentatiously employed himself in training, at his own expense, a rabble regiment of volunteers, which were to meet the English. The confidence of the ex-commissioner and his party did not appear to be in the least diminished by the destruction of the Chueupeu forts, on the sudden termination of negotiations in January, 1841, when the Chinese lost several hundred men, and one hundred and seventy-three guns were spiked or otherwise disabled; nor yet on the 26th of the following month, when Sir Gordon Bremer laid his line-of-battle ships and steamers alongside the Bogue batteries, and crowds were assembled on the heights to behold the destruction of the British force. In a short time, however, their defences were a heap of ruins—their admiral, Kwan, was killed; multitudes were seen flying from the city; and Lin, with all his valiant corps, had vanished. Notwithstanding the embarrassment of his position, Lin counted on, and, perhaps, shared in, the unyielding prejudices of the Court, maintaining still that the barbarians must be exterminated. The postal arrangements of the Chinese are not bad. All parts of the empire, even its savage deserts, are regularly traversed by couriers. The Government had thus apparently the means of knowing the true state of facts, and, at all events,

they could not be misled as to the anxiety of large classes for peace. The people, oppressed by their own soldiery, and in many places plundered, as we have seen, by respectable robbers, were becoming almost disaffected, while the monied interest, which had been exposed to great exactions, and compelled to make, what was called, voluntary contributions, was not more contented. In despite of all these facts, with defeated troops and a failing exchequer, the Emperor, and the Court, and the *literati*, were, almost to the last, for war. Taou-kuang was, indeed, a paragon of indecision; his pride disposed him all along to war, while avarice—his strongest passion—and alarm, made him sigh for peace. When the facts that the public revenue was falling fast to zero, and that his stores of silver were disappearing, had, at length, made him desirous of peace, almost every Chinese of rank or influence at Peking was opposed to it; and the *Yusze*, or privileged censors, went so far as to pronounce the ministers who advised it traitors, and to blame the Emperor himself for supporting so ruinous a course. On this occasion, he called a council of the most influential of these mandarins, and on asking whether they were still for war, their answer was—“To the entire extermination of the English race!” The Emperor, addressing the august assembly, then said:—

“‘You know that all our armies sent against the hated race have been beaten; that the navy has ceased to exist; that not one general has proved successful, but that all are degraded, or sentenced to severe punishment. It need not be told you that the treasury is exhausted, and that we have nothing to replenish it, as the sources of revenue in all the provinces visited by this dreadful scourge have been dried up.’ To this a general assent was given. ‘Still,’ he added, ‘you are for the resumption of the war, and I applaud your zeal in behalf of the honour of my person. To accomplish this an army is necessary, and one much stronger and better appointed than any of the former ones. I, therefore, commission you’ (pointing to some of the most clamorous ministers) ‘to raise this army, to drill the men, and to place yourselves at the head. If you fail to exterminate the barbarians as you propose, you will have to undergo capital punishment instantly.’ Then, turning towards others, he remarked that the navy no longer existed, and that a new one, more powerful, and better adapted to

cope with the barbarians than the former, ought to be created: with this honourable enterprise he charged them. Finally, he requested that the rich individuals present should not only furnish the money for these undertakings in the first instance, but likewise bear the expenditure throughout the whole war; as the state could not afford to lose another sixty millions in a similar enterprise.

"This speech had an extraordinary effect: every one present was struck dumb. Taou-kwang requested his servants to come on the morrow, and give a decisive reply; but at this assembly every one was silent and grave. The Emperor asked the first who had so violently advocated war, whether he was ready to form the army, procure the means for its maintenance, and lead forth the troops to victory. A very polite excuse, expressing total inability to undertake such a task, was the answer. The second pleaded total ignorance of naval matters, having never even seen the sea; the third most emphatically declared, that he had not money sufficient for his own wants, and still less for such vast enterprises: every one advanced some obstacle or other; and amidst all the courtiers, not one was ready to lay down his life and property on the altar of the country.

"Taou-kwang had patiently listened, and then declared that their ardour in behalf of their country was mere pretence: to wage war was impossible; peace ought to be the watch-word of all, and if any one dared again to speak of war, he should be considered worthy of death."—pp. 199, 200.

Such was the comic scene which closed the tragedy of the war, while a single incident maintained the dramatic propriety of serious feeling. A mandarin named Wangling, declaring that he would not survive the disgrace of his country, went home from the council-table and committed suicide.

Lin, to whose story we now return, was sent into banishment. It is the practice in China, and possibly one which has contributed to the long continuance of its polity, that whenever a public officer is unsuccessful he is punished. If a general, it appears to be his business to die; and if a minister or high official, either to terminate his existence by taking gold-leaf, or to suffer exile. Thus the commanding-officers who survived the various engagements with us, all perished by their own hands, while Keshen, the civilian, was condemned to death;

and the aged Eleepoo, afterwards one of the honoured instruments of negotiating the peace, and who had been for many years governor of the most important provinces, was compelled, with his adherents and *employés*, to kneel for three days at the palace-gate before he could obtain a hearing, when they received sentence that they were to go as common convicts to the River Amoor, on the frontiers of Siberia, either to track boats, or to be sold as slaves to the fur-hunters. Lin, however, who was a favourite of the war party, and of that extensive class, the *litterati*, soon regained the good opinion of the Emperor, and was sent, first as treasurer, and afterwards as governor-general of the southern provinces of Yunnan and Kweichoo. While he held that appointment, an insurrection took place on the western frontiers of Yunnan, and Lin marched against the rebels, committing in his course such horrors as made even the hardened Chinese to shudder. "He inveigled," says Gutzlaff,* "the people into his power by false promises, and then butchered them or burnt them alive." The insurgents were at length quelled, but by tactics which were eminently Chinese. This people, as we have seen, rely for success in warfare chiefly on demonstration: that is, on "celestial terror," on their "awe-inspiring" numbers. If this fails, they have recourse to diplomacy and dollars. Thus, when the Ghorkas made an incursion into Thibet, they could not beat them, and therefore bought them over. Thus, too, in the memorable war against the Usbecks in 1826-7, in which several of the Tartar generals, who were afterwards employed against us, were distinguished, Taou-kwang finding that his army cost him £23,000 a-day, and that the patriotic gifts, which he had commanded all corporations and wealthy individuals to offer on the altar of their country, were falling off in numbers and amount, directed that no money should be spared to seize the rebel leader dead or alive. Tekangie, the Usbeck chief, was, from that moment, exposed to a system of treachery and bribery which robbed him of his best friends. He was soon afterwards given into the hands of the Man-

* "Life of Taou-kwang," p. 244.

chows, and taken to Peking, where he was cut to pieces in the presence of the Emperor.

In like manner did Lin now quell the Mahomedans of the West. There was, indeed, a complaint made of his conduct in the war, and a commission appointed to investigate the affair; but the dexterous governor-general managed so well, that instead of censure, he received the peacock's feather. Lin, while at Canton, had made some slight acquaintance with European subjects. It was evidently somewhat slight, as he had suggested the invasion of England through Siberia; and also projected the more hopeful plan of a combination of the Russians, Cochin-Chinese, Siamese, and "the golden-footed monarch" of Burmah, with the Nepaulese, against India. He is unquestionably entitled to the praise of having been the first who endeavoured to direct the attention of the literary class of China to European literature.

Lin surrendered the government of his province, on the ground of bad health; and, for a while, retired. He was, however, called on again, in the year 1850, to suppress an insurrectionary movement in Kwangse; but was attacked by illness, and died on the way. He had been long the idol of the various sections of the war party; and it was, no doubt, on this account that the unstable Emperor assigned him a station in Hades, under the title of "The Faithful Duke."*

Keshen and Lin, whom we have

thus outlined, are types of the races which divide, and of the parties which alternately rule, China. The Tartars are, like Keshen, true to the interests of their government, bold, and in their dealings comparatively direct. The Chinese, like Lin, factious, wily, treacherous, and false. Nearly every member of the war party—who were all Chinese—met, as we are told by Sir John Davis, with a violent death; while the Tartars—the great advocates for negotiation, and to whose plain-speaking with their sovereign the empire owes its safety—either, like Eleepoo, have died in peace, or, like Keshen and Keying, live in honour, the hope and the pride of the country. These modern instances, taken from a distant sphere, may point a moral, which might be pondered with advantage by some of the riven states of Europe, namely, that the fortunes of faction are insecure, while the triumphs of that paramount zeal for the prosperity of a land, which alone deserves the name of patriotism, are enduring.

Our paper has already passed its intended bounds; but before we close, we must observe, that although we have freely availed ourselves of the information contained in the works whose titles are given in our opening page, and have especially endeavoured to bring forward salient traits of Chinese character, there is still such an untouched fund of novelty and amusement in each of these volumes, that we must refer all, who can enjoy such a treat, to the books themselves.

* Gutzlaff's "Life of Taou-kwang," p. 242.

CLOUGH FIONN ; OR, THE STONE OF DESTINY.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fourth chapter of our tale opens after a lapse of thirteen years—thirteen years subsequent to the eviction of the Clough Fionn tenantry. The Dick Mulcahy of our fourth chapter would consider himself a slighted person, if his letters were otherwise addressed than to "Richard Mulcahy, Esq., Mount Victory, County of —," &c. He was no longer "Dick Mulcahy, living in the thatched farm-house at Ballycannavawn." He had quitted that humble place of residence, and had removed to a new, a large, and a tasteless mansion, he had erected on a farm two miles distant. To this his seat he had given the name of "Mount Victory," and the name so bestowed was typical of the success and triumph that had attended his onward course in life. How it came to pass that this significant title was bestowed on his aristocratic residence, as he was desirous it should be considered, will be understood by the reader from the sequel of the present chapter.

Dick Mulcahy had promised himself, when quitting his landlord, after closing the bargain for Clough Fionn, that he would, within ten years, "stand on his honour's shoulders," or "give up the ghost for good and all;" and he kept the engagement so made. In ten years he had advanced to the station of an extensive landed proprietor, in the actual sense of the term. Farm after farm he had obtained possession of, and for the most part as unscrupulously as that of Clough Fionn. Part of the lands he retained for stock and tillage; but the greater portion was sublet to minor cultivators at an exorbitant charge; and he created thereby a very considerable income. Ballycannavawn farm-house was, in a short time, too mean for his increased importance, and too narrow for his augmented fortune; and he had been three years, or somewhat more, the occupier of "Mount Victory" when we resume the thread of our narrative.

On his change of residence from

Ballycannavawn to Mount Victory, our successful middleman resolved to cut a figure, as he said, "in tip-top style, by Gog." He provided himself, "and nothing less, by Gog," with a cook, a butler, a footman, a groom, and an et cetera of servants; as many, in fact, as he had observed thronging the residences of "the quality," his designation for the gentry. He had no real occupation for one-half of his retainers, farther than to brawl at them, and rout them about "in tip-top style."

When "Richard Mulcahy, Esquire," had been resident for a period of fifteen months at Mount Victory, his immediate family was very limited. "Winny Reilly that was," and subsequently "Mrs. Richard Mulcahy, Esquire," as her husband described her, in the superscription of his letters to Mount Victory, had never been able to keep pace with her helpmate in his perilous road to distinction. When she had wedded the well-looking, sturdy Dick Mulcahy, her views extended no farther than to lead the life her mother had led before her—to superintend personally all the domestic concerns, while her husband held the plough, or headed his workmen in the field. The sensitive, unambitious Winny Mulcahy was shocked and terrified at the death of Sheela Donohoe and her infant. She would not, of herself, to gain possession of all the good farms in the land, be the cause of such a calamity, nor would she be hated by her neighbours to gain untold wealth. Richard Mulcahy, as he sprang up the eminence he had resolved to scale, was obliged to drag her up with him, calling her a "sneaking bog-trotter" the while. Every step upwards, was an unwilling effort on the part of the compelled clamberer, and ever as she was dragged forwards, she would cast her eyes below, and grieve for the home and the contentment she had left behind her. It was with a bitter sense of her own insignificance that she found herself the mistress of the pretending and unsuitable grandeur

of Mount Victory, so different from the homely and sterling reality of her paternal roof.

Dick Mulcahy "moulthered," as he called his frequent changes from one pupa state to another, on every successive gradation he made in advance—that is, little by little he added to the character of his costume, as his grade progressed ; finally, when he took possession of Mount Victory he plumed himself in a fashion that any of "the quality" might, in his own estimation, be proud of. His still broad-brimmed hat, was no longer of questionable fabric—it was the glossiest and most expensive beaver ; his coat was still of blue broad-cloth, but it was the very finest to be had for money, and the shining buttons were increased front and rear ; his vest was of flaming yellow cassimere ; his small-clothes treble-milled drab ; his top-boots were no longer dingy from neglect, but cleaned to perfection, and creaking as loudly as the call of the rail ; the chains and seals of two watches, the one in the right, the other in the left fob, dangled against both his thighs ; and when he rode out, his stirrups were of sterling silver, and his spurs of the same precious metal. Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, thus distinguished by his garb, could not be mistaken for a man of doubtful station.

While he strode into the chapel on Sundays in all this display of costume, and coughed loud, and looked sternly round him, as much as to say, "I'll cough when and where I like, and whether there be rheum in my chest or not," Mrs. Mulcahy crept thither in her usual modest, unostentatious manner, still wearing the long, blue mantle of former times ; the hood drawn over her snow-white cap if it rained, or lying back between her shoulders if the day were favourable ; and she would tell her beads in the old corner at the sanctuary-railing, in the same spot where she had received her "first communion."

For some years before her removal from Ballycannavawn, Mrs. Mulcahy had passed anything but a happy life. Her apprehension for her husband's personal safety was continuous. With every increased acquisition of property, she knew that he had created an additional number of enemies. Actual and rumoured attempts on life were frequent, and she dreaded that even in her sight, some deadly act of vengeance might be

perpetrated. Then, Dick Mulcahy despised "her sneaking, snivelling ways," so undisguisedly, that she cringed in his presence, and felt abashed before him. She was the mother of two children—a most promising boy, of an ardent, lively temper, and a girl, of a gentle, retiring disposition, like her own, but so affectionate, and so dependent on those connected with her, that to assist her and to love her appeared to be equally necessary for the child's existence. The boy in his fourteenth year was brought home lifeless, the result of a fall from his horse, and the poor mother trembled to think, the bereavement might be a judgment against the father. She was a melancholy, spirit-broken woman when she was forced to take up her residence at Mount Victory, and she did not survive much longer than a year after she had received the first letter addressed to her there by "Richard Mulcahy, Esquire," and directed to "Mrs. Richard Mulcahy, Esquire."

For some time before the good woman's death, her fond and gentle Winny, then her only child, had been an inmate of the head boarding-school of the county town. Winny had not been sent for to attend the internment, and at the opening of this, our fourth chapter, she still remained away, until "her education" should be finished, and until she should be fitted by years and by acquirements to bear her part in "the tip-top style" of her father's mansion. Thus it was, that in little more than twelve months after his establishment at Mount Victory, "Richard Mulcahy, Esquire" had no immediate relative residing with him. But exclusive of his "great stock" of thriftless and useless servants, kept principally for show, there were two inmates of this enviable dwelling not to be classed in the category of menials.

The first of these to be noticed was a young fellow of very attractive appearance ; he was fully six feet in height, athletic, but not clumsy in his person ; frank, manly, and we would say, graceful in his bearing—his face beaming with health, and energy, and joyousness of spirit ; his dark eye lively and full of candour, and a ready smile always on his lip. This young man, now in his twenty-first year, cheered by his youthful flow of spirits the otherwise solitary meals of our middleman ; he rode as good a horse as Richard

Mulcahy himself, and Richard Mulcahy was always well mounted; he dressed with more taste and as expensively as the great man did; he was the manager of farms and rent-rolls, and he was treated in every respect as if he were a favourite son of the proprietor of Mount Victory. This young fellow, so joyous, so cheerful, so expert in business, and looking so gentlemanly, was no other than Patrick Donohoe, the son of Murtoch Donohoe, of Clough Fionn, the same who, hand in hand with his father, had sworn to avenge his mother's death.

Patrick Donohoe was in his eighth year when the tenantry of Clough Fionn were dispersed from the settlement. He was then in effect an orphan, his mother dead and his father gone, no one could tell whither. To his wife's surprise, and to the great joy of her benevolent heart, the child was sought out by Dick Mulcahy, and given into her charge. Dick Mulcahy never published his motives for this act. It was said that what he had witnessed the day of the eviction had touched his heart, and that his generosity to the boy was exercised in atonement for the injuries he had inflicted on the parents. Others called his adoption of Murtoch Donohoe's son a matter of ostentation or caprice; but that he did adopt him is certain, and whether his motives were worthy or unworthy, it is equally true that he not only adopted the child in appearance, but in his affections. A certain circumstance which took place, three years after he had given Patrick Donohoe into Mrs. Mulcahy's care, drew his regard fully to the youngster, and those regards ripened day by day into attachment. Dick Mulcahy was very generally known by the nick-name of "Dick-na-Molloch," or Dick the Wicked; the reproachful epithet was used in Patrick Donohoe's presence, and he attacked the scoffer of his patron. He fought with two urchins at the same time, and, invigorated by the "ould blood" of the Donohoes, he was the conqueror. The origin and the result of the battle became known to Dick Mulcahy immediately following the encounter. He met the little fellow on his way home from the field of his victory; the boy was bleeding profusely, in consequence of the pummelling he had endured from two pairs of fists, furnished with very bony knuckles; and he was in company with

little Winny Mulcahy, who had been a terrified and weeping looker-on at the fray. Little Winny, using the softest words of commiseration, while the tears flowed fast, was employed wiping the streaming blood from Patrick's face, when her father questioned her as to the cause of the numerous wounds of her companion; and Winny gave the full details, omitting nothing. Dick Mulcahy slapped his champion on the back, said "he was a brave, honest fellow, by Gog, and a stout-hearted little devil," and he yearned more and more to the "stout-hearted little devil" from that day forward.

Dick Mulcahy was not one to do things by halves. He acted towards Patrick Donohoe with the utmost liberality; he sent him to school with his own son; he clothed his *protégé* equally as well; he made no distinction between them so far as outlay was concerned: and when his own fine boy met a premature death, his affection for his adopted son seemed to increase.

As for Patrick Donohoe, he well repaid his patron for his benevolence—his improvement at school was rapid, and his acquirements sterling. As he advanced in years he was prompt in the execution of all business entrusted to him; he was obedient, as if he really acknowledged a parent's authority; and when he had gained his manly strength, and before the time at which we commence the present chapter, he had twice saved Dick Mulcahy's life when periled by concealed assassins. If, during his childhood, Patrick Donohoe had ever thought of the oath he had sworn over his mother's corpse, it was only as a past occurrence of that time of life when we think little either of bygone or future evils. He did reflect on the matter in his manhood, but his teaching ran parallel with his feelings—he had been taught by religion, that the nature of the oath was sinful, and that its fulfilment would be criminal; his gratitude inspired the feeling which his religion sanctified.

The second person we feel bound to particularise, as distinct from the class of retainers at Mount Victory, was a woman considerably advanced in years; her name was Nancy Pendergast, abbreviated for general use to "Nance Pender." Nance Pender, having been asked on one occasion, what degree of relationship she bore to "Winny Reilly, that was," described herself as

"a forty-first cousin, or thereabouts, and no less." She was a stumpy woman ; her face so deeply pitted with the small-pox, that the play of the intellect on its surface was undistinguishable. She always appeared to be grave and steady—a kind of austere and sour gravity was in every little indent ; but there was something in the straightforward look of her grey eye that neutralised the acerbity ; her voice was that of one of the male sex, who might be hoarse either from excess or rheum : indeed, there was little feminine in her appearance if we except her garments.

While "forty-first cousin" to Winny Reilly, and that Winny Reilly was, and desired to be no more, than a plain peasant girl, Nance Pender's dress was of the coarsest stuff, and the residue of her costume agreeing therewith ; but at the epoch when we introduce her to the reader as an inmate of Mount Victory, she was attired in the most flaring coloured gown she could procure ; her stockings, instead of the former black worsted, were of white cotton, and her shoes were ornamented with old-fashioned silver buckles—while her dowd cap was replaced by one of the finest muslin, quilled to the front, terminating in a peak, and starched to a formidable degree of stiffness. She wore capacious pockets at her hips that swelled out her dimensions into most unclassical rotundity, and into these her hands and arms were generally thrust up to the elbows. By her own statement, she had, "ever sence she had shewed her nose on the face of the earth," lived with her "forty-first cousins" the Reillys. Previous to Winny Reilly's change of name, Nance Pender had been all in all to the young woman ; she continued to occupy pretty much the same position, after Winny Reilly had become Winny Mulcahy. She adhered to her "forty-first cousin" on her removal to Mount Victory, had continued to be her self-installed governess to the period of that good woman's death ; and subsequent to Mrs. Mulcahy's demise, she had assumed the control of every person and everything in and about the establishment of Richard Mulcahy, Esquire. Nay, she essayed to control the personal proceedings even of the great man himself. All this assumption of place and authority on the part of Nance Pender was more of an usurpation

than appointment, and it would be difficult to affix a title to her station. She could not be called the housekeeper, for that appellation would not define her self-imposed duties ; she meddled in every one's affairs, and would fain control the household and the master of the household. Nance Pender was distinguished by many peculiarities, but by one above the others. Her discourse was of a mixed character, part intended to reach the ear of the person she addressed, and part for her own information alone—both portions often at variance the one with the other—and farther, the soliloquy was generally quite as audible as the rest, although not intended to be heard. On some occasions this singularity had been noticed to her ; but eventually her listener, for his or her own sake, found it advantageous to allow Nance Pender her own fashion of speech, her real sentiments being best understood thereby : the intended soliloquy being for the most part the truth, the ostensible address, more or less a fiction.

If "true love never does run smooth," ambition is not without its difficulties and perils. Dick Mulcahy would be great and would be distinguished notwithstanding all obstacles ; and he was obliged literally to fight his way from Ballycannavawn to Mount Victory. All along his route, he was at dire enmity with his humble neighbours—the greater number having been evicted from their possessions, were his sworn and banded foes, and others, not having so direct a cause for aversion, yet joined his more positive enemies, urged thereto by the bitter feelings created by his treatment of them. By the time he had resolved on exhibiting silver stirrups and spurs, and was distinguished from mere pretenders to rank by wearing two watches at the same time, he expected the peasantry should stand uncovered when they addressed him, and cringe to him in low humility of speech and manner ; and many a bitter malediction was bestowed upon him when he had passed on, and that the humble man could vent the feelings of his wounded nature, undetected.

Many attempts were made, and at different periods, on Dick Mulcahy's life, while he forced his way onward ; but he was a bold and dauntless man, and as much feared as he was detested. Hitherto he had not only escaped harmless from the effect of the plots laid

against him, but he had even come off the victor. In one instance, he, with the aid of Patrick Donohoe and another, seized and brought to justice four armed men who had attacked him. On another occasion, three of the rural legislators of the period, who had been selected as the boldest of the fraternity then in league together, were surprised by himself single-handed, as they lay in ambush with their weapons poised for his destruction. He sprang upon them from behind, and with the first flash of his pistol one of the intended assassins fell dead; another in his retreat was wounded, as his cry of pain informed the assailant, and the third fled precipitately, leaving his rusty gun behind him. At this encounter, Dick Mulcahy left the dead man where he had fallen, and did not pursue the others; he did not even publish his success; he acted as much for effect as possible, and the result proved that, waylayers being always cowardly, further attempt upon him was dreaded. His triumph over those deadly foes gave a character of daring adventure to his progress that appeared to possess an attraction for him. By speech and bearing he affected to set all such enmity at defiance, and this characteristic boldness tended, no doubt, to his preservation.

Dick Mulcahy's contentions for eminence were not confined to the class he had injured or humiliated. His uncouth assumption of equality with the neighbouring gentry was either derided or repulsed; and both the derision and the rejection he resented rudely, and in character. From time to time he created, by the sub-letting of his land, a throng of serfs, known on the roll of county electors as "forty-shilling freeholders." With these at his back at contested elections, he jostled the aristocracy on the hustings; and whichever of the candidates had been the most fortunate suitor with Richard Mulcahy, might fairly reckon on risking his neck on the shoulders of the mob while being "chaired." Of a certainty, the conqueror might wince under the vice-like pressure of Dick Mulcahy's hand. No one will relish the hug of a bear, even if the bear intend friendship thereby; and the Parliament-man might well sigh with pleasure when enabled to escape to his duties from Dick Mulcahy's bear-like freedom.

Dick Mulcahy would be an orator on these occasions, and he would make speeches from the hustings—voluminous, impertinent rhodomontades these speeches would be, interrupted frequently by maledictions against his sore leg, as often as it gave him a twinge, and otherwise well besprinkled with oaths.

An anecdote told of him, when in the zenith of his greatness, will exemplify his aristocratic desires, and his method of establishing his claim to be ranked as one of "the quality." His large, tasteless house, was built in the same parish wherein one of his many landlords dwelt; and Richard Mulcahy, treated by this landlord as a tenant, but not an equal, was repulsed in his rough attempts at undue familiarity. He thereupon resolved to prove to this precise member of "the quality" that "he was as good as he was any day he blessed himself." He determined to outdo him in display of every sort. Mr. Lanigan had erected, at his own expense, and at his end of the parish, a Roman Catholic chapel. Dick Mulcahy erected another near his new dwelling, of greater size, and at double the cost: and, strange as it may seem, taking his relationship to the people into account, he canvassed for a congregation to attend the place of worship he patronised. Further, it is quite true that his adherents exceeded those of Mr. Lanigan, his landlord—the invited attending his chapel through fear of the inviter; this stimulant proving a greater incentive to say their prayers under his eye than any affection they might really have for their primary landlord.

The landlord purchased an altarpiece for his building, the fame of which reached the ears of the *parvenu*: he called on the person who had supplied the rival house of worship. The envied piece of art was a Madonna.

"D'ye hear me," said Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, of Mount Victory; "get for me, if it cost a full thousand—if it cost a thousand, upon my honour and sowl, get me a Virgin Mary able to knock the sowl out of Lanigan's Virgin Mary, or I'll knock the livers and lights out of yerself."

It will be seen by the details we have given, that in order to establish himself as a man of eminence in his new house, Dick Mulcahy was obliged to meet one description of opponents

weapon to weapon, and it was his own firm conviction that these trembled at his name. It will be seen, too, that to claim equality with the class above him, and into whose circle he would fain force his way, he was, as he deemed, compelled to wage a war of competition in his own peculiar way. He looked upon himself, in the terms of his new and aristocratic asseveration, "upon his honour and sowl," as the

conqueror of his opponents, high and low; and glorying in his triumph, whether real or imaginary, he named his grand new residence by the fit and appropriate name of "Mount Victory."

We have redeemed our pledge, to account to the reader why the mansion of Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, was so called, and we will close this chapter, the purpose for which it was written being accomplished.

CHAPTER V.

It was the end of September—the harvest had been drawn home, and piled in the haggard: the barn did not yet resound to the measured blows of the flail: the digging-out of the much-abused potato had not commenced; and there was a short interruption to the active employment of the farm labourers. The greater part of the wages earned by those who had cut down, and bound, and stacked the corn, remained with them, and it was a term of ease and comparative plenty with the Irish labourers at the period of our tale. Those of them who had families to feed, could afford a greater abundance, if not a greater variety, of fare. Scanty or ragged covering was replaced by new garments. Girls had new ribbons, and new gowns, and new mantles, and so forth. Broguemakers, who had been at work, "hammer and tongs," for the bare life, during three months, had now a large sale for the ponderous footshackles, we would almost defy a dandy to lift up, not to speak of attempting to move in. The felt batters' trade was in its zenith, and country folk might be seen returning from the market town—the man with three new hats, one within the other, surmounting his head, and, perhaps, a couple more topping the wife's cap, according to the number in family. Without being more minute as to the various modes for dispensing the earnings of the harvest, we would point out this particular season of the year, as the opening of the time designated significantly "after the harvest"—that time of revivication, to which the loitering and yawning shopkeepers of the towns and villages used to look forward, during many blank and profitless months, as the period to recompense them for the total torpidity of the summer.

If the greater portion of the harvest earnings was judiciously and legitimately expended, there was no inconsiderable share less profitably applied. Pipers threw off the drowsy inertness of the hot weather and the season of empty purses, and trudged from barn to barn, inducing the freshly-moulded boys and girls to dance to their music. We do not regard the pence paid to the piper as a blameable outlay—far from it. It is refreshing to see the toiling peasant gay and happy, while he astonishes his partner with the variety and intricacy of his "steps;" and we have never passed a knot of girls tidily trimmed up after the day's work, with their hands and arms round each other's necks and waists, chatting and laughing, as they moved towards the appointed rustic ball-room, without wishing them the full reality of their anticipated pleasure. We do not attach blame to the pipers for becoming unusually brisk in September; nor do we condemn the boys and girls for yielding to the enticement of the piper's strains—on the contrary, we regret, that for some years past such festive meetings have been few and spiritless, compared with former times, as a right well-spoken musician of our acquaintance has made known to us.

Exclusive, however, of meetings such as these, convened in obedience to the piper's signal note, we regret to say, that the public-houses, and the illicit and secluded cabarets of the days we speak of, had a greater share of the infrequent supply of money resulting from the harvest, than ought to have been the case.

The potency of the beverage used, enabled the owner of the peasant's scanty purse to be "as drunk as a lord" at small cost; and the increased frequency of inebriation produced in-

creased activity amongst the "Shanavests," as the illegal associates of "Bonaparte's times" were named, and to whom we have already made slight allusion.

The term "Shanavest," meaning "waistcoat-wearer," was assumed by the confederacy then existing, inasmuch as the members dispensed with the coat at their meetings. These "Shanavests" were almost entirely persons who had been evicted from their holdings, mixed up with others, who joined them "for the sake of the sport." They sprang up contemporaneously with the middlemen, and were banded together, by fantastic and uncouth oaths, to revenge their injuries. Other redress they did not hope for, and they reckoned that by spreading terror around them they would be able to arrest the increase of that class of which our friend Richard Mulcaby, Esquire, of Mount Victory, was the most distinguished of his locality.

Towards the end of September, as we have said, and two hours before the close of night, eight "Shanavests" were met together in a dell, or rather large pit, a natural excavation on the side of a barren, furze-grown hill, about four miles distant from Mount Victory. The pit was thickly overshadowed by hazel-trees, stunted ash-trees, hawthorn bushes, and brambles and briars; and these should be put aside with the arms to gain access to the hollow. The place was familiarly known as Ailleen na Glawn Tchea Saura, or Anglicé, "Nelly Glynn's summer-house." Any occupier of the pit might, if he ascended to the edge, and parting the bushes, peep out, gain the view of a low, dingy cabin, crumbling and rotten, and at two hundred paces distant. In this cabin lived Nelly Glynn. Here she entertained "without lave or license" all who wished to plot and drink secretly. The place of partial concealment we have described was an *al fresco* booth in connexion with her establishment, and hence its title, of "Nelly Glynn's summer-house."

The eight "Shanavests," assembled in "Nelly Glynn's summer-house," had been tippling in the cabin for a good part of the day, and had left it one by one to repair hither, on the entrance of two persons, whose presence was a restraint on the free interchange of their opinions. The place to which they had adjourned was well suited either for secrecy or enjoyment; there was suffi-

cient space to enable them to stretch their persons, in the long, dry grass, quite at their ease, and they were all within speaking distance, even when discoursing in low, guarded tones; their attitudes of repose were almost as varied as the individuals. One lay at full length on his back, looking upwards at the small bit of sky to be seen through the overshadowing screen of bushes. Another was on his face, with his forehead resting on his arms; another on his side, with his cheek reposing on his palm; a fourth sitting upright, and so on, as fancy or the sense of comfort might dictate. They had provided themselves with two goodly bottles of illicit whiskey, and these went from mouth to mouth occasionally, and the inspiring draught served to invigorate their intellects, and give keenness to their tongues.

Their discourse was in Irish: the use of this language offered the less chance of detection in case listeners should come unawares; and the interchange of thought in their native tongue was more fluent and less constrained than if they boggled at a meaning in one less understood. In our translation we shall endeavour to preserve the idiom, as well as the peculiar potency of idea.

"It is not of a nature to raise the wonder of any one," remarked Terence MacDonogh, "that the son of Murtoch Donohoe has the stately form, and the bounding footstep, and the bright eye; and that the colour of the sky, when the sunset makes promise of fine weather, is on his cheek; it is not a cause for wonder that he has the bold spirit, and the strong man's arm. He is well nurtured with health-giving food; he lies on a soft and yielding bed at night, and he is bravely clad. If the crop of a thousand acres was at his command to yield him golden money, he could not carry his head an inch loftier than he does."

"It was no evil day to him," remarked Seelsha Kavenagh, "that his mother, and his mother's unbaptised weenoch, were sent without the sacraments to their judgment. It was no evil day to him that his brave and honest father was forced from the home of his heart through the world, where the stranger met him at every turn, and where he died a roving madman, without neighbour or kindred to bewail him."

"The blood of the Donohoes is not the blood that is round his heart," rejoined Terence MacDonogh, "or Patrick the son of Murtoch, would eat and drink the hemlock's juice sooner than he would feed on the bounty of his father's and his mother's murderer."

"His father," rejoined Seelsha Kavenagh, "was the most lofty and the boldest on Clough Fionn; Patrick Donohoe is of his father's height, and he has his father's bravery and his father's strength, but he has not his father's blood. He is the dog that has power to overcome the bull in his raging fury, but that will whine, and cringe, and be thankful to the hand that feeds him. Oh! his father's blood is not at Patrick Donohoe's heart."

"Patrick Donohoe is a perjurer," said Yoman Soolivan, doggedly; "he is the breaker of the oath sworn over his mother's corpse. He gave his pledge to have blood for blood; and the hand that held his father's while that oath was given, is raised up now in its young strength and power, to ward the blow of vengeance from the man who sent his mother to her grave, and who has been the cause of woe to a hundred families besides. He is the right arm and the shield to his mother's slayer, and the bitter foe of his mother's friends—of the friends that would level her enemy with the dust."

"And but for him," said Simeon Maheffy—"but for his wakeful, watchful eye, and but for the safeguard of his bravery, placed between Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch and his fate, Dick Mulcahy would not now be alive to mock at us, and at the sentence passed on him for his evil deeds."

"Seelsha Kavenagh," questioned Terence MacDonogh, breaking in on the thread of the conversation, "you were a turner of the sod on Clough Fionn?"

"I first opened my eyes to the light of day on Clough Fionn hill," answered Seelsha Kavenagh; "I drew the milk from my mother's breast on Clough Fionn; the breeze of Clough Fionn played through my hair, and painted my cheek there, when I was a boy; the strength of manhood filled my limbs on the green sod of Clough Fionn; my home there was warm and happy; and healthy and comely children were born to me on the beautiful Clough Fionn hill."

He paused, and looked straight before him, as if gazing on the reflection of the past made visible to his sight.

"Make this known to me," Terence MacDonogh said, when the other had ceased speaking; but Seelsha Kavenagh did not hear the words addressed to him, and he continued in a pathetic tone indulging his reminiscence—

"Clough Fionn was a pleasant place to dwell. When the sun rose up in the east his early rays fell upon it; when the sun was in the south, the heat was tempered there; and when he shone in his glory through the evening clouds, his last light was given to Clough Fionn. It would have warmed the heart of a sorrowful man to see the children at their sports, and to see the lambs skipping from them—and to see the old men sitting in the evening breeze, and the young and the strong men at their labours—and the maidens milking their cows, and singing for them, to give the beautiful creatures pleasure—and to see the spinning-wheel at every threshold, or to hear the woollen-wheel humming within the door—no voice of sadness from one end of the hill to the other—plenty and mirth in every house. Clough Fionn, Clough Fionn, you were a spot of pleasure; through the land there was none like you. God be with you, God be with you, Clough Fionn of my heart!"

Seelsha Kavenagh paused again, overcome by the vividness of the picture his memory had wrought; but there was no interruption to the momentary silence. His hearers were affected by his simple pathos. And we may here remark, that, when the Irish language is used to portray the feelings, it is figurative and poetical, and cannot be translated into common-place language. Seelsha Kavenagh took up his theme—

"We were in our careless pleasantness, without a cloud upon the sky, without a fear for the morrow, or for the years between us and the grave. The storm gives notice of its coming—black clouds put out the sunshine, when the thunder and the lightning fill the ear with terror, and shiver the sturdy oak; and the wind moans and shrieks far off before it tears up the deep-rooted tree—but the storm rushed upon us at Clough Fionn, without a cloud or distant wind to warn us to the shelter;—and we were driven, the infant and the aged, the young and the strong—we were all driven before the tempest, and we were without home or shelter. God be with you, Clough

Fionn. God be with your pleasant days. Oh! my heart is sad and heavy when I think of you, Clough Fionn."

His voice subsided to a murmur, and he stopped. As before, there was silence for some moments; the continuation of his address was expected, but he did not resume his subject.

"You got no warning, Seelsha Kavenagh?" questioned Terence MacDonogh.

"No warning. The misfortune fell upon us when we least dreaded its coming."

"The country saying was, that Dick Mulcahy promised friendship to the people of Clough Fionn; and he was their betrayer and their scourge. I never heard it told how he came on you without warning—how it came to pass that you knew nothing of the evil, until the sheriff's order to depart away was held before your eyes. No warning given you to seek another home?"

"The people of Clough Fionn could tell little of the world's ways beyond their own hill-side; and what people called the law was a dark and unknown path to them."

"The law—hoh! the law," interrupted Yoman Soolivan; "what goes by the name of 'the law' is a scourge for the poor man's back, and a gilded robe for the great man's shoulders; and those who twine the scourge for the humble, put it into the great man's hands, and give him the authority of their power to use it without mercy. Did any of you ever know that the law gave a crutch to the lame, or food to the hungry, or a house to the shelterless head?"

"The law," said one who had not spoken before, and his remark was made with a levity of manner differing from the sombre character of discourse that had hitherto prevailed. "The law is a saddle, and it is clapped on the poor man's withers, let him plunge or dash his heels ever so rebelliously; and the great man mounts the saddle, and he drives the poor man with whip and spur, until the poor man is broken-winded and falls down, and can go no farther for his master: the saddle is never put on the great man's back, and the poor man set astride to ride him to the death, never."

"Never, never," assented the listeners with one accord.

"The law is never the poor man's friend," growled Yoman Soolivan;

"the law is the poor man's enemy ever. There is no law for the poor man but of his own making."

"None for the poor man but of his own making," was the reiterated sentiment.

"How came it to pass that you got no warning, Seelsha Kavenagh?" again questioned Terence MacDonogh.

"The little law that was for us was like a thing down far in the earth; we did not see it, and we did not hear it, and we knew nothing of its being there. A stranger came to give us notice, as we were told, after the blight came on us; and the notice he came to give was, that we were to leave our pleasant homes. The foolish people of Clough Fionn were without learning in those things. The stranger was not gone beyond our view from the hill, when Dick Mulcahy was in his place; and Dick Mulcahy took all the papers into his hands, and he said they were tokens that new leases were to be given of the land. We believed the words of Dick Mulcahy, and the ruin came upon us while we rejoiced over our good luck."

"Dick Mulcahy's name of 'Dick-na-Molloch' fits him to the skin," commented Simeon Maheffy.

"Seelsha Kavenagh," questioned Yoman Soolivan, "you were looking down at Sheela Donohoe's dead body, when the widower and the orphan swore to have blood for blood?"

"I was standing there, looking and listening, and it was a sorry sight."

"And Patrick Donohoe, the orphan of Clough Fionn, now puts his body between Dick Mulcahy and his sentence! Can any one here give a reason why Patrick Donohoe came upon us, in Nelly Glynn's cabin? My soul I pledge, he came here to spy upon us; his visit to Nelly Glynn's promises us no good; his gun is in his hand, and his dog is at his heel—but he has other business here, besides his sporting."

"I would pledge an oath that he has," assented Simeon Maheffy.

"He saw me," continued Yoman Soolivan, "and he measured me with his eye from crown to heel; he remembered me well, although as I came out, I drew the hat across my brow, and screened my face from his scoffing glance. Patrick Donohoe and I met before, and his memory told him of the time, and the place, and the man. Ay, and I saw his look searching keenly through and through another of the

company. Simeon Maheffy, you did not pass from Nelly Glynn's without his knowledge. You and I were once at this boy's mercy, Simeon Maheffy. He knew us then, and he knew us today, as the same he crowed over that shameful night; and I tell you, he is come here on no friendly errand to us, or any of us."

"Well do I remember the night you speak of, Yoman Soolivan," said Simeon Maheffy. "Had Patrick Donohoe been thoughtful of his mother's death on that night, the next day's sun would not shine for Dick Mulcahy."

"You, Simeon Maheffy, or you, Yoman Soolivan, never gave satisfaction why the sentence was not executed the night you speak of. Give the reasons now, Simeon Maheffy."

"We kept the knowledge for ourselves, Terence MacDonogh; the story would not bring us praise amongst our people."

"Relate it for the Shanavest men; relate the night's doings for them," growled Yoman Soolivan. The listeners to the story will learn from your words, how well and true Patrick Donohoe keeps the oath he swore on Clough Fionn hill, over his mother's corpse."

"Turn your eyes and look upon us," said Simeon Maheffy, "we are not puny, squeaking chickens from the egg—we are full-grown men, Yoman Soolivan and myself; and the stout hearts are ours; and our eyes are keen and steady; and we have the hatred for Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloeth in the marrow of our bones, and mixed up with the blood that gives us life; and good reason that we should, as all of you know right well. Dick Mulcahy was sentenced to die for his evil deeds, and no man opened his mouth to say, that Dick Mulcahy had not well earned his death wound. Yoman Soolivan and Simeon Maheffy said they would fulfil the sentence. The brotherhood of avengers knew that Dick Mulcahy was a bold man, and dangerous to meet; but Yoman Soolivan and Simeon Maheffy shook hands upon it, and said they would revenge the people's wrongs. And we took our post to perform our promise, behind the thick knock of furze in the borheen of Drumskeedy. The night was dark and lightsome by turns; and the wind whistled loud: we were listening for the tramp of Mulcahy's big horse. We knew he

could not go at a gallop as he always does, for the borheen was rugged and uneven, and we had piled a heap of stones across the narrow way, opposite to where we lay; our ears and our eyes were set sharp. On a sudden, and quick as the lightning comes, a footstep was behind us; Patrick Donohoe was there, with a blunderbuss lolling on his arm. 'Throw down your pistols, Soolivan and Maheffy,' Patrick Donohoe said, and he bent the muzzle of his weapon to a spot on the grass; he spoke low, but every word from his lips went through and through our ears. 'I knew I would find both of you here,' he said; 'I had word of your skulking plans, and of your place of cowardly concealment.' Yes, he called it cowardly—that was his word; Yoman Soolivan?"

"You have given his very words—word for word as he spoke them, you have repeated them."

Simeon Maheffy continued his narration—

"'You are safe in my hands,' he said to us, 'I will not betray you—but do as I command you to do;' and you would think that a grandee of the land gave out his orders—'quick, be quick,' he said, and you would think that he rose up in loftiness beyond man's height. We heard Mulcahy's horse coming at a distance. 'Stir yourselves, and begone,' were his words—'cast down your pistols instantly;' and he stooped and whispered the words. Easily, very gently, and without touching a thorn of the furze, that the scraping against the iron of the barrel might not give him notice of my mind, I drew out my pistol; I knew well that the report would open Mulcahy's ears, and turn him from us—and from his doom; but Patrick Donohoe was scoffing at us, while we were armed; and he was between us and the sentence on Mulcahy. Patrick Donohoe raised his foot, and from the kick of his boot the pistol flew from my hand. 'Soolivan, cast down your pistol,' he said; and Yoman Soolivan, looking at the blunderbuss, threw it down on the spot to which Patrick Donohoe pointed. 'Now get your crippled limbs under you, and scud like hares!' he said to us. 'Scamper, scamper,' he cried out, and hugging the blunderbuss to his breast, he clapped his hands, and cried out—as if he was chasing us with a hound—'Scamper, scamper!' he shouted, 'halloo!

holloo!' Yoman Soolivan and myself had a burning at our hearts, as we turned away. We heard Mulcahy coming up; we heard Patrick Donohoe hallooing to him; and we heard them laughing together, and every laugh was a blast of December wind upon us."

"The scoff of mockery was on Patrick Donohoe's lip to-day, when he looked through us," said Yoman Soolivan; "and I say his coming here promises no good."

"Patrick Donohoe said to you, Si-meon Maheffiy, that he knew of the time and the place to come upon you. Who is the foe with the friend's smile to make known to him the secret sentence; and the hour, and the place for execution?" asked the placid Terence MacDonogh.

"Years of my life I would give to know," answered Yoman Soolivan.

"Who is that shooping man, with the long, white beard, who came quick on the footsteps of Patrick Donohoe into Nelly Glynn's cabin?" Terence MacDonogh again queried.

"That man haunts us like a ghost for the three months that are past," remarked Seelsha Kavenagh. "He comes and he goes, like a spirit from the world beyond the grave; he is with you when you think not of him, and he is away like a shadow. I passed sorrowfully, some days gone by, along the road below Clough Fionn, and I looked towards the hill, and thought of the days that are past, and I saw that man with the white beard sitting on the spot where the Clough Fionn stone rested, when we were happy there; and he seemed to me to be sorrowing."

"That shooping man must give an account of who he is, and whence he comes," said Terence MacDonogh. "It is revealed to my mind that he is a spy upon us."

"Listen to the words from my lips, men of many wrongs," Yoman Soolivan said, impatiently. "The sentence has been long recorded against Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth. Patrick Donohoe is a rock in our way, to stop the doom from the doomed man. Patrick Donohoe is the rock of Fionn MacCowl to Dick Mulcahy. Murtoch Donohoe brought ruin on Clough Fionn by scattering the rock of destiny into pebbles. The son of Murtoch Donohoe must be shivered like the rock of Clough Fionn, that the sentence of Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth may be executed upon him."

There was a crash through the overhanging branches—some one rushed precipitately into the screened pit; the recumbent Shanavests started to their feet. In the centre of them stood the tall "shooling," or travelling, man, or, properly, beggar, to whom a slight allusion had been made shortly before by Seelsha Kavenagh.

Tall he was, but not in proportion robust, if judgment could be accurately formed, when looking at the long, grey freize wrapper that enveloped his person from his chin nearly to his heels; and this was secured by a belt of leather at his waist. A broad-brimmed straw hat was on his head, from which his long, and nearly white hair escaped in matted locks; a beard, the colour of his hair, descended to his breast; his face was haggard and hair-grown; his eye was keen, and wild, and menacing; as much of his limbs as were seen below his grey wrapper, were without covering. He rested on a long, white ash sapling, reaching beyond his shoulders, the lower extremity of which bulged out where it had been separated from the root. He spoke to the astonished Shanavests, in the same language they had used amongst themselves.

"There is not a man of you all," he said, waving his right arm round the circle, and turning his body to enable him to do so. "There is not a man of you all to ruffle one hair on the head of young Patrick Donohoe. I would place him standing here, with the eight of you around him, and he would be too powerful for you all. But, if Patrick Donohoe, the son of Murtoch of Clough Fionn, was a weeny sheeg, the blood is in him; and I would stand between you and him—not one amongst you shall dare to lift his arm against the son of Murtoch Donohoe. Listen to my speech all of you. There is not one here, nor if there were a thousand, not one of the thousand shall be the executioner of the sentence passed on Dick Mulcahy; none of you dare to meddle with the one or with the other. I stand between you and them; I lay my ban upon you, and I dare you to attempt it. I that stand here will puff your plots away with my breath, as if they were bubbles upon the stream."

The Shanavests stared at each other. There was an air of fierce assumption about the speaker that produced something like a superstitious awe. When

he had ceased his address, he leaned with both his hands upon his staff, and eyed them round and round.

The report of a shot was heard at a little distance.

"Mind what I have spoken to you," said the 'shooting man,' starting into energy. "No hand amongst you can do hurt to Patrick Donohoe, or to Dick Mulcahy; the man is not belonging to you that holds the fate of Dick Mulcahy or Patrick Donohoe in his keeping. Hold it in your mind that I tell you so."

Having so spoken, he mounted quickly up the sides of the screened pit, and passed from the view of the

assembled Shanavests. Three of the nimblest scrambled quick after him. The shades of evening were beginning to fall, but the lookers-out could see Patrick Donohoe a few fields off, and they could hear his cheerful voice encouraging his dogs through the stubbles; and the stranger visitant who had so unceremoniously entered, and so unceremoniously quitted "Nelly Glynn's summer-house," was following the same route as the sportsman.

We will leave Nelly Glynn's summer-house, and the Shanavests there assembled, and proceed to other matters connected with our story.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Dick Mulcahy's daughter, Winny, was in her seventh year, and Patrick Donohoe in his tenth, she had placed herself under the protectorship of the sturdy boy, her companion, and he had assumed the guardianship unhesitatingly, and with full confidence of his fitness for the undertaking. Winny Mulcahy was then a gentle-voiced, mild-eyed, and delicately-shaped little creature, who seemed almost too fragile for contact with the breeze, if it blew roughly—a flower that required shelter, that it might bloom—a tendril that must cling for support to some extraneous assistance, or be trodden on and perish. Patrick Donohoe, inheriting his father's character with his mother's features, was a bold, adventurous fellow, tall and robust for his years, uncalculatingly courageous, and agile as the unbroken colt; just such a one as little Winny needed in her shrinking helplessness.

The occasion which first called forth the exercise of Patrick Donohoe's valour in defence of his future charge, will not appear to the reader in any very brilliant light. To Winny Mulcahy, however, it seemed an act of prowess almost to be placed side by side with the achievements of Jack the Giant-killer, or other such redoubtable hero.

There was an overgrown "man-turkey," as Nance Pender named him, lording it over the farmyard of Ballycannavawn; which "man-turkey" appeared to agree with the owner of the premises, that a fierce strut, a loud gabbling laugh, and an inclination to be at cross-purposes with his neighbours,

were the necessary concomitants of greatness. This pompous, quarrelsome bird, took it into his head that some article of dress worn by Winny Mulcahy on a particular occasion had been put on out of special contempt of his taste. He attacked the offender most furiously: with a blow from his wings he flung her prostrate, and gabbling and cackling in his pride of conquest, he pecked at her face, and if she had not screened the vulnerable parts, he would have wounded her severely. There was a great commotion and hubbub on the occasion, the whole brood of turkeys collected round the fallen and screaming child, capering awkwardly, and flapping their wings, and otherwise clamorously expressing their full approval of the patriarch's proceedings. The little Winny, confounded with the magnitude of her danger, shouted her terror. Patrick Donohoe came luckily to the rescue. Cudgel in hand, he chased the whole squadron of turkeys in the very zenith of their antics: he seized the ogre "man-turkey" by the gorge, and belaboured his back until he drooped his plumage and cried for mercy; he then flung the half-choked tyrant to a distance, and raised the little trembler to her feet. He dried her eyes and stanchd her wounds with the corner of her own frock; and the rescued Winny, as she clung to him and sobbed her gratitude on his bosom, could not regard him otherwise than as her preserver from inevitable destruction. Patrick Donohoe professed his readiness, and doubted nothing of his ability, to protect her, not only against

"man-turkeys," but foes of all kinds and magnitudes. Winny Mulcahy firmly believed that his arm was of sufficient prowess to fulfil all that his tongue promised; and the late imminent peril being passed, she strolled away with him, her arms around his neck, and from that hour forward he was her knight, ready at all calls to fly to her aid.

It has been related in the fourth chapter, that one of the principal recommendations of Patrick Donohoe to Dick Mulcahy's special favour, was his appreciation of the boy's valour, as displayed in a battle against odds, fought in defence of his patron. Of this battle Patrick's almost constant companion, little Winny, was a spectatress, and his victory on this occasion outdid even that obtained over the "man-turkey." When her goldfinch escaped from her, Patrick Donohoe reclaimed the truant, after half a day's pursuit—tearing his jacket to flitters, and losing his hat during the chase—and innumerable other instances might be given, during the childhood of Patrick and Winny, sufficient to convince the weeny lady that the fearless boy was almost omnipotent. The tip-top apples from the highest trees of the orchard were made prize of for her special use, and, Eve-like, the more difficult to be had the more were they esteemed. Wild flowers of surpassing hue were to be plucked from inaccessible places: engineering skill was to be displayed in the construction of bridges over obstructing streams, which, although pronounced to be models in their way, yet could not be crossed without the engineer's assistance: rocks were to be removed, and smooth passages made, into little bushy dells where tiny rivulets made music. Daily and hourly Patrick Donohoe was at the service of Winny Mulcahy; every childish fancy of hers was satisfied as soon as formed, and Patrick Donohoe was the producer of every fresh gratification.

After two years of such dependence on the one side, and such effective devotion on the other, the children were separated. Winny Mulcahy was sent to the boarding-school of the county town; and, daily rising in the esteem of his patron, Patrick Donohoe was educated at home, with Dick Mulcahy's own son, until the lad's death; and subsequently with as much care as if

Patrick were Dick Mulcahy's own offspring. During four successive years, Winny Mulcahy and Patrick Donohoe renewed their former relationship, of protector and protected, during the summer and Christmas vacations. At the end of that period, Dick Mulcahy decreed that his daughter should remain altogether at school until her final return home; so that knight or lady met but once during five years; at the end of which time, when they did meet, Winny Mulcahy was eighteen, and Patrick Donohoe twenty-one.

As we advance in years, we look back at the period of our childish amusements with unmitigated delight. Vivid recollections come of every spot, and every incident, and every personage connected with our early pastimes. The retrospect brings nothing with it but unalloyed gratification; passion, or vice, or disguise had not been our companions in those days; innocence was with us, and her fellowship threw a halo of blessedness around us; and even in our olden days, the heart occasionally rejects its acquired ossification, and rejoices over the remembrances of childhood.

During their five years of total separation, Patrick Donohoe and Winny Mulcahy thought of their childish sports, and they thought of each other. To Winny Mulcahy's remembrance, Patrick Donohoe was the hero of her early adventures; and Patrick Donohoe, as he employed himself keeping in order and improving the works he had executed for Winny's special benefit and pleasure, remembered her as the slight but beautiful little creature who clung to him for support in every emergency, and whose gentle upturned eyes and quavering soft voice thanked him so eloquently, that it was supreme delight, as he recollected, to earn such plaintive gratitude.

And they thought of each other all along while they were asunder, until there came at last a consciousness on both that they ought not to think so constantly of the same person. And why did this consciousness arise? Both of them became aware that the reminiscences they had so long indulged in were first gradually, and at length fully leavened with a different feeling from that which had abided when the "man-turkey" had been conquered, the goldfinch reclaimed, or the pretty little

places discovered, and made accessible, wherein to sit and chat so freely and undisguisedly.

The head girls at Winny Mulcahy's school whispered amongst each other about love and about lovers; there were four of these matured young ladies, exclusive of Winny Mulcahy, abiding at the school. All of these declared confidentially, that they were possessed with gentle preferences of the heart—more imaginary than real, we will venture to affirm. As Winny listened to the vivid descriptions of bodily and mental qualities which had won the budding affections of her fair friends, she sighed, not audibly and avowedly as they did—but when she was alone, with her cheek upon her hand—and while surmising if the Patrick Donohoe of long ago, as she reckoned it, had grown up, as she had little doubt of, to surpass any of the descriptions she had heard. Her friends were somewhat displeased with her, and they regarded her as a rather discreditable acquaintance—not woman enough to be of their secret conclave, inasmuch as she would acknowledge no decided partiality for any “nice young man”—they did not venture, even in their most ardent moments, on any more endearing title, with reference to the objects of their selection. They proposed various “nice young men” to Winny Mulcahy; she gave a gentle “no,” accompanied with a slight motion of her head to their entire bill of fare. But her consciousness was awakened towards Patrick Donohoe; and, although regarded by the four enamoured young ladies, as a cold-bosomed creature, we must acknowledge to the reader, that her heart was as far gone as the heart of any among them, and probably the more so, as she kept its movements entirely to herself.

As for Patrick Donohoe, even before his twentieth year, he was an admirer of the rustic belles of his neighbourhood, and abundance of smiles and witcheries were bestowed on him. It is not to be supposed, that such a cheerful-hearted, fine-looking young fellow could keep his eyes from admiring, or his tongue from expressing his admiration of the many pretty faces he encountered; but he thought of Winny Mulcahy's matchless eyes, and of Winny Mulcahy's tiny pathetic voice, as the only eyes or voice to which his heart responded. And his breast swelled

with rapture as he thought of supporting, through life, the same little Winny Mulcahy, he had supported while they were children together; and who all her life long would need a devoted heart and arm to sustain her.

The recollection of each other, towards the end of their separation, by Patrick Donohoe and Winny Mulcahy, was attended by pain and sadness to both. Patrick Donohoe was proud and he was upright. His honest, manly nature told him, that he, an entire dependent on the bounty of the father, should not think of the daughter, as of late he had done; he promised himself he would not, and essayed to keep his resolution. It was a daily struggle terminating in a hopeless pang; but the daily struggle was unsuccessful.

When Winny Mulcahy acknowledged to herself in secret, that although she did not confide her sentiments to her companions as distinctly as they had done to her, yet that the symptomatic softness they had described, caused her heart to flutter as palpably as the heart of any of them; she was alarmed and she trembled. Would her father, her proud, domineering, and absolute father, sanction the preference she could not control? Her conviction belied her hopes. She admitted, too, that perhaps he should not hope. Winny Mulcahy, as well as Patrick Donohoe, resolved to combat her new sensation; but no more than Patrick Donohoe, did Winny Mulcahy succeed.

The state of feeling on both sides, which we have endeavoured to describe, was not altogether owing to the aroused perceptions of Winny Mulcahy, consequent on the nature of the confidences made by her school-fellows; nor on Patrick Donohoe's side, by the comparisons instituted between his early playmate and the blooming candidates for his favour; there was another person mainly instrumental in teaching them to feel tenderly, the one for the other.

When giving an account of the more immediate family of Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, of Mount Victory, we introduced the “forty-first cousin,” or “thereabouts,” of the defunct Mrs. Mulcahy, to the reader. It will be recollected that the name of the “forty-first cousin” was Nance Pender, the same who had fixed the appellation of “man-turkey” on the bird, the conquest of which had first convinced Winny

Mulcahy of her champion's prowess. We have stated that Nance Pender had been the confidential friend, adviser, manager, governess, in fact, of "Winny Reilly that was," and that she continued to be so, up to the death of "Mrs. Richard Mulcahy, Esquire," of Mount Victory. In this capacity, Nance Pender was intrusted with all Mrs. Mulcahy's most hidden thoughts. Amongst other secrets she learned, that "her forty-first cousin" regarded it as an event the most desirable, to bring about a union between her daughter and the son of Sheela Donohoe, of Clough Fionn. Mrs. Mulcahy, in her simple reasoning, came to the conclusion, that if this could be accomplished it would be in the nature of an atonement for the injuries inflicted by Winny's father, on the father and mother of the boy. From the first moment that Patrick Donohoe had been given into her care she loved him, and Patrick Donohoe loved her in return, with devoted and characteristic ardour. She indulged in the dream of retribution, and thought over it incessantly; and Nance Pender, entering fully into Mrs. Mulcahy's conscientious views, agreed with her thoroughly, and whispered to her "forty-first cousin" on her death-bed, that she would do her utmost to accomplish her dying wish.

Nance Pender was a frequent visitor at Winny Mulcahy's school. When there, she spoke of Patrick Donohoe as she really regarded him—as the prime of the land, in every sense of the word; and on her return to Mount Victory she did not fail to describe the beauty, and the elegance, and the gentle lovingness of Winny Mulcahy to Patrick Donohoe in the most glowing colours. Between her avowed discourse and her audible soliloquies, each time she went and came, she increased the mutual affections of the young people.

We will accompany Nance Pender on one of her visits to the school to see the "daather," as she called Winny Mulcahy, meaning thereby that her "forty-second cousin" was the daughter of the household over which she presided, the establishing by denomination a kind of ownership in Winny as well as in everything about Mount Victory.

It was almost a saturnalia at the school when Nance Pender made her appearance, on the particular occasion

we would describe. She came burthened with presents for all the inmates of the seminary, and had scarcely left herself room to sit on the quilt-covered bed-tick on which she had made the journey. To the directress of the establishment she brought a plump turkey, and a ham, and "a fine fat goose," and a pair of ducks, and vegetables, and butter and eggs, and so forth, not failing to inform those concerned that she had brought all, without "lave given, or, if 'tis pleasing to you, asked." She did not insinuate by these words that she had conveyed away the articles surreptitiously, but that she was so far mistress at Mount Victory that she might dispose of whatever she wished agreeably to her own fancy.

Let the reader look on for a moment, while Nance Pender stumps into the school-room, when the day's business is over, and the day-pupils gone home, puffing and blowing from the weight of a large square basket, which she holds by one side of the handle, the other being sustained by a servant of the house. This basket she deposits in the centre of the floor, and then thrusting her hands deep into her pockets, she looks round with knitted brows beetling beneath her quilled cap, as if she would quarrel with all the scampering, tittering maidens who are sitting around her.

"Squat on your hunkers in a round ring," she proclaims; "bad cess pursue ye all; ye'll make babbyrags of yer duds. Young woman with the black, staring eyes, and the holes in your cheeks, make room for the weenoch with the curly pate.—'Little Curly Pate is purty, ay is she, faith, whatever breed she comes of.'—Do you say your prayers reg'lar, Curly Pate, morning and night—do you, Curly Pate?"

None answering to the title of "Curly Pate," there was no reply to this query.

"I'll mark you, my damsel," wagging her finger at one whose mirth is the loudest. "I'll mark you, I tell you, to make your mother give you the doors. The broader the grin, the bigger the ownshuch."

"But we are all laughing, Nance, you say such droll things."

"Pursue your impudence; laughing at the dhroll things I say; bad cess attend ye; what manners you're getting for yer money.—'My blessing be on them to laugh. Laugh and be fat; they'll never do it younger. Laugh

in the spring; wait for the sleet to be in the dumps; and the sleet will come as sartin as the spring brings blossoms."—

While this part acknowledged colloquy, and part audible soliloquy, is going on, Nance Pender seated on the floor with her legs stretched out at full length, is unpacking the basket she had assisted to bear in.

"Laughing at the dhroll things I say; very purty manners for young ladies, morya. You ought to process the schoolmisthress that taught ye no better for yer money. I suppose ye all will be calling me a rumbunctious owld cat.—'And 'pon my faith, I believe I am or worse, if the truth was towld.'—"

"No, indeed, Nance, we will not; you are always merry, and kind, and good."

"Och, my dear! you're very cute for good an' all, Madam Silvertongue.—'Look at her, for the Lord's sake. What a brace of laughing eyes the ducky has in her head.'—But you'll find, Madam Silvertongue, I'm not the sthooocawn you think me, to be molified by getting honey on my bread.—'She won't get the greenest apple for all that, the little pusheen.'—"

"One—two—three—four—five—ten," turning round as she sat, and describing a circle with her heels, counting at the same time with her forefinger. "Ten as impudent young jackanapes —"

"Not jackanapes, Nance."

"I say ye are jackanapes, Miss, with yer head all a-fire.—'Tis a lie for me to say that to her. 'Tisn't fiery-headed she is, but she has the shining goold locks, gilded and polished to perfection.'—Ten saucy jackanapes ye are, the daather and all, no less. Well, there's ten hapes for ye. There's apples, and there's pears, and there's plums, and there's paste-cakes, and there's jam tarts, and there's gim-cracks of all sorts. 'Tis a mortal sin to give 'em to ye.—No, that's a big lie for you, Nance Pender, they're welcome to 'em if they were virgin goold.'—'Tis a sin and a shame for me; and 'tis a first-rate thrashing I ought to get for my pains.—'Well, well, look at the kittens for God's sake, how merry they are. Much good may it do 'em every sowl.'—The misthress ought to take me and put me outside the door by the shoulther for feeding such saucy scamps.—'Well, she daar, 'twould put her to the pin of

her collar to do it.'—Come over to me, Curly Pate. There, sit in my lap, you brat, and put down your head. Who gets this hape, Curly Pate?"

"Miss Mooney gets that heap," decides Curly Pate; and Miss Mooney pounces on her allotted portion of good things.

"Hah! the never may mend you, Miss Mooney, with the holes in your cheeks, the worst is yours, and proud I'm of it.—'There's neither best nor worst in it, if you were to spake the truth, Nance Pender.'—Joyful I feel, Miss Mooney, that the worst fell to your lot; you're the most rumbunctious of the whole gathering.—'Well, her coal-black eyes, and her heart-thraps of dimples, would kill a-body.'—"

Thus the appropriation goes on until all is distributed, Curly Pate acting as the blind goddess, Fortune, to the ring of "jackanapes," and when all are served, and all at the same time laughing, and talking, and enjoying Nance Pender's bounty, her out-spoken abuse and soliloquised good-nature keep them in the highest glee.

Before she left for home, Nance Pender, as on all previous visits, held private discourse with the "daather."

"I'll be going, Winny," she said, "in a couple of snaps, or thereabouts, and you never opened your mouth to say, 'Nance, how is poor Patrick?'—'Twould be the first question only for a raison she has.'—"

Winny's embarrassment, and the deep suffusion of her neck and temples, told she had heard Nance Pender's aloud and aside with equal distinctness.

"If you don't want to hear about him, you young slut, or if you don't care three owld rotten sthraws about him, who wants to force the knowledge on you, will you tell me? The misthress thought you to forget owld frienas, maybe—she couldn't give you worse breeding.—'It's long sorry she'd be that my tongue was nailed to my palate.'—'Twill be a good hour of the night afore the roof covers my sconce, and I'll turn my back on this hole of a town with a hearty good will. 'Twill be grate luck all out if I don't get up to the chin in the sludge near Laberty's house, or be smothered in it body and bones. The night will be grum, and I'll be thradging, if I don't want to lave the earth before my time.—'Tis small liking she'd have for

me if I kept my word.—'I'll lave you to yourself, my damsel.'

"It is not late, Nance; do not leave me so soon. You mistake—I have not forgotten old friends; I hope, Nance, that Patrick Donohoe is quite well."

"Time for you to ask, my lady; never you fear if 'twas two hours past the midnight when I showed my nose at home, I'd hear a fellow coming galloping, like a race-horse to the winning-post, and his arms would be round me to hug me, by the way 'twas out of entire regard to Nance Pender he was puffing so hard; but his first word would be, for all that, 'How is Miss Winny, Nance—how is Miss Winny?' 'Tisn't, 'How are you Nance?' he'd say; no such thing, the scapegrace curmudgeon.—'How is Miss Winny—how is Miss Winny? Is she as handsome as when she was little?' He thinks Miss Winny is handsome, the fool of a brat. 'How tall is she, Nance?—she's more than a head over you, Nance, I'm certain sure.' 'Bad cess to his impudence,' says I. 'Tell me all about Miss Winny, Nance;' and here he'd go on squeezing the heart's blood out of me all the while. 'Tisn't like my lady he'd be, with, 'I hope, Nance, Patrick Donohoe is quite well.' Avoch, Avoch—the boy has his heart in the owld, honest spot, and 'tisn't a gizzard he has like some of us.—'Only for the shame sake she'd hug me as hard as ever he did, and riddle me with as many questions, too.'—What do you think the scatharbrain done the last time I came to see you? And little welcome was for me, I go bail."

"Indeed, and indeed, Nance, my heart always leaps with joy when I see you."

"—'She's spaking the rale thruth, the little ducky diamonds.'—Avoch, 'tis aisy to say so; sweet words don't cost a shilling a-piece, nor a keenogue either. No matter, I was born to be heart-scalded among ye."

"You were about to tell me something that was done when you returned home after your last visit, Nance."

"Deary me, 'tis little you value himself or myself; but we'll be hand and glove together, ever and always, poor Patrick and Nance Pender. 'Come, Nance,' he says, 'stand there, I must measure with you; that will do, the top of your cap just touches my

chin. Now, Nance, my owld sweet-heart,' says he—and he takes me by the two shouldbers, my dear, if you please, nothing less, and he looks at me with his two coaxing, laughing eyes, till my hand was up to box his jawl for him.—'Nance,' he says, 'will you measure with Miss Winny the next time you see her, and bring me word does your cap go up as far as her face, or her lovely blue eyes.' Bad cess may pursue the gawk, to tell me that your eyes were blue, when they're as grey as a cat's eyes.—'He's in the right—as blue they are as the summer sky in the finest weather.'—I'll do his bidding whether you like it or not; howld up your head, if you please; ay, well he guessed it, the cap just goes to the grey eyes, sure enough. I tell you what it is, my good damsel, it isn't in this puddy town you'll light on the peer of Pathrick Donohoe; he's tall and he's portly; he steps out like any lord; and tisn't the matter of a crooked pin where the clay was got that made him, he's a born gentleman, as beautiful as ever stood in leather. I tell you he is, my damsel, and don't let me hear you say to the contrary, or I'll warm your lug for you."

"I suppose you are in the right, Nance; I have not seen him for a long, long time."

"The more your loss, I tell you, madam, whatever you may think; and he's noble and he's brave, and the two men doesn't walk Ireland able to face him hand to hand. And he doats on the little pusheen, and the little pusheen thinks well of Pathrick."

Winny held down her head, and taking her under lip between her forefinger and thumb, allowed it to slip away from the pressure, and then held it in the same way again, and let it slip away again; and this she did for some time, her face very serious the while, as she inwardly admitted, that the closing sentence of Nance Pender's observation was likely to be right.

Winny Mulcaby kissed her most affectionate "forty-second cousin" when they were parting; and Nance's concluding aside, as she turned to go away, caused Winny to blush almost to shame, for the go-between declared, that every one of the kisses should be delivered safely to the "scapegrace," Patrick Donohoe.

HANNA'S LIFE OF CHALMERS.

OUR narrative of Chalmers's Life* has brought us to the fifty-fourth year of his age. Chalmers had the fixed impression, that for the civilisation of mankind, the one great instrument was the teaching of Christianity—that, in truth, Christianity and Civilisation, if not two words expressive of one thought, differed only in this, that the first designates the principle of which the other would be the outward manifestation. By this teaching alone—if we have gathered rightly this great man's thought—could Man attain the conception of his true nature; and Society, become that which it has at all times been the hope and the belief of good men it is destined ultimately to be. Chalmers's was a wide view of Christianity. His doctrines were what have been distinctively called evangelical; and it is probable that in this word as definite a description of them as could be easily given is contained. But the peculiarities of sect he shrunk from as a small thing. No sectarian views separated him from any body of Christians founding their teaching upon the Bible. The Baptist and the Moravian found in Chalmers an admirer and an advocate. Among the Quakers, he could recognise, as engaged with him in the same cause, the Gurneys and the Frys. Everywhere and at all times he spoke with great veneration of the Church of England, her liturgy, and her parochial system. Wherever there was any machinery for inviting or compelling the attention of the people to listen to the truths of the Bible, taught either from the pulpit or through domestic visits, Chalmers saw in it a power engaged in aiding the principle of good in its war against the evil of the earth. With these views, it is not wonderful that his whole mind was given to what he called the cause of Church extension. His position as a clergyman of the Scottish establishment, would, it is probable, under any circumstances have made him think of this extended teaching of Christianity as a thing to be effected through the institutions of the country in which he found himself placed; but,

in addition to this, there were incidents in the history of Presbyterianism which made Chalmers think that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland had become connected with the State, under circumstances which enabled it, though deriving support from the State, to preserve entire independent freedom of action. Chalmers's affections, too, were bound up with the Church of Scotland. We see no reason to think that he felt any anxiety for the introduction of the Presbyterian system into any part of England where it had not before existed, or for its extension in places where it had; but in Scotland, whenever he spoke of Church extension, his views were confined to creating new Presbyterian places of worship. In Scotland he was anxious for the unity of the Church; and among the effects of laws carried in the General Assembly, through his influence, one was, that way was thus made for the reunion with the national Church of several dissenting congregations.

It is, of course, impossible for us to give in detail the battles with town-councils, and presbyteries, and boards of management, in which Chalmers's wide plans of benevolence engaged him. The best mode of securing the adoption of any measure, large or small, by the public bodies who have the power of practically effecting it, is to connect it with some job or other, and then it will be done. Chalmers was unsuccessful in moving the authorities of Edinburgh to his purposes. What public corporations could not, or would not do in Edinburgh, was done in Glasgow by a few private merchants. Chalmers had been for years urging on them the necessity of building, at least, twenty new churches. A difficulty in the way was this, that till a church was fully endowed, and had a parish attached to it, the Church courts did not admit its minister to the full status of his profession. He had none of the advantages and none of the assistances which a seat in a regular presbytery gave. The law of Patronage also vexatiously interfered. Where a place of

* No. CCXXXV., July, 1852.

worship was converted into a parish church, the patron of the original parish, of which it had been a part, claimed the presentation. In 1834, those difficulties were removed by legislation.

Evidence was each day received of the way in which Chalmers was estimated both at home and abroad. Literary societies were anxious to enrol him as one of their members. The Institute of France elected him a corresponding member; and Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D. In presenting him, the Professor of Civil Law mentioned his eloquence, his defence of Church establishments, and his *Bridgewater Treatise*. The mention of each was responded to by distinct rounds of applause from the students, and Chalmers was delighted at the high honour.

"We are here living for a few days with the Professor of Divinity at Christ Church, Dr. Burton, where we are entertained with 'all the elegance of lettered hospitality.' Since beginning this letter, which I have been forced to interrupt, I have been present at the great annual Oxford commemoration, where I have had the honour of being admitted as an LL.D. This entitles me to a doctor's robes, in which I have been invested, and of which I tell you, without levity, that I am not a little proud. The costume consists of a scarlet silk gown and black silk cap. I shall take a set of it with me into Scotland; and meanwhile, during my brief stay in Oxford, I walk about in a doctor's black gown, with the common University cap. We all dined to-day in full academic costume, with gown and bands. The most interesting introduction which I have had in Oxford is to Keble the poet, author of the 'Christian Year,' a work of exquisite beauty, and most worthy of your personal, nay, of your daily companionship, if you have not yet admitted it into your cabinet. Mrs. C. and I lived a few days lately within sight of Sir James's house in the Regent's Park. We thought much of you and of your predilection for all that is tasteful. The house is greatly to my liking, both in architecture and in a certain monastic style and situation which belong to it. Our ladies here join in best regards: they are quite fagged with their excursions among the halls and colleges of this wondrous place, this city of cathedra.—I ever am yours, with greatest regard,

"THOMAS CHALMERS.

"To Lady Stuart of Allanbank, Harrogate."

"I retain," says the Earl of Elgin, of whose kind attentions to him at this time, Dr. Chalmers cherished a lively and most grateful remembrance, 'a very pleasing impression of Dr. Chalmers's visit to Oxford in 1835. I do not know that I ever saw him

enjoy himself more thoroughly than he seemed to do on that occasion. With the exception, indeed, of the degree conferred upon him by the University, Dr. Chalmers's visit to Oxford was not marked by any very striking incident. What was chiefly interesting to one who esteemed and admired him was to witness the heartiness with which he entered into the spirit of the place, and the almost boyish delight which he seemed to experience, after the toils of his sojourn in London, in suffering his imagination to expatiate among scenes of academic grandeur and repose. I well remember his coming to my apartment at Merton, before eight o'clock one morning, and telling me of a sequestered court which he had found in a college, into which he had strayed on his way from Christ Church, and the earnestness with which he claimed credit for having thus discovered for himself a spot of surpassing beauty, which could, he assured me, be known to few. I remember, too, the serious manner in which, while we were strolling in the college garden, on the afternoon of the day on which his degree was conferred on him, he apologised for the extravagance of which he had been guilty in purchasing the robes of a Doctor of Civil Law, notwithstanding the precautions I had taken to relieve him from this necessity, saying, "You see I could not bring myself to leave the place, without carrying away with me some memorial of the academic costume."

"On the day following his arrival at Oxford, I was requested to endeavour to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to him to receive an honorary degree from the University; and I had afterwards the satisfaction of being present when it was conferred on him. Rarely have I witnessed as much enthusiasm in the Oxford theatre, as was manifested when he presented himself to go through the ceremony of admission. This was the more gratifying, because it was notorious that on some by no means immaterial points, his views were not coincident with those which obtained at the time with an influential section of the Oxford University public. Indeed, the only expression of regret which fell from him in my hearing during the course of his visit, had reference to the reserve which characterised, as he thought, the manner of some eminent men connected with a certain theological party, to whom he was introduced, and which prevented him from touching, in conversation with them, upon topics of highest import, with the frank and genial earnestness which was natural to him. This was, however, only a passing remark. Most assuredly there was no indication of lack of cordiality in his reception by Convocation. Dr. Chalmers was himself deeply affected by the warmth with which he was greeted; and I think I might almost venture to say that he looked upon this visit to Oxford as one of the most pleasing incidents in his career."

"I am not aware of any other Scottish clergyman being either invested with a doctor's robes at Oxford, or chosen as a Corresponding Member of the French Institute. In Dr. Chalmers two literary distinctions were thus united, neither of which had ever previously been bestowed upon a clergyman of the Scottish Establishment."—Vol. iv. pp. 4-7.

Chalmers's salary as professor was small; which was of the less moment, as the Town Council of Edinburgh was not able to pay it. Their insolvency—we use Chalmers's words—led to his publishing a collected edition of his works, as the easiest mode of driving the wolf from the door. As the successive volumes came out, they were reviewed by several of the religious and irreligious periodicals; and Chalmers was fool enough to read reviews written by men who were not wise enough to read his books. The question, however, between him and them was not always as to the merit or the want of merit in the particular works. Chalmers altered, and varied, and enlarged, and illustrated, and so thought he was bringing before the public new books. His reviewers would have it that they were no other or better than before; and the impression that the books were substantially old matter, not new, interfered mischievously with the sale—a matter of no light concern.

We find it impossible to afford room for Dr. Hanna's account of the patronage controversy in Scotland, or the negotiations which Chalmers had with the various parties in and out of power for the purpose of effecting by legislation his views of church extension, and introducing such a law on the subject of Patronage as would heal divisions in the Church, which already were beginning to exhibit themselves in such a way as to threaten disruption. Little was done by any of the leaders of political parties, though all gave hopes, and we sometimes think that if there had been no prospect of legislation at all, and if both sections of the Scottish Church had not relied on parliamentary support to carry out their respective views, there was nothing irreconcilable in the propositions at first contended for, though in no long process of time new views of the relation of Church and State, for which neither of the contending sections were originally prepared, became exhibited in the controversy. One thing, however, parliamentary legislation had done. It had

removed the difficulties of founding churches, and at the end of 1838, Dr. Chalmers announced to the General Assembly that two hundred churches had been added to the establishment, for the building of which two hundred thousand pounds had been subscribed.

In the same year Chalmers delivered a course of lectures in London on religious establishments, from which Dr. Hanna quotes some very eloquent passages. After this Chalmers visited France, read a paper on pauperism at the Institute, visited Guizot, was told that La Place had in his last illness heard Chalmers's "Evidences of Christianity" read, and that he spoke of the passages where Chalmers treats of miracles, expressing himself pleased that Chalmers did not "theorise on miracles, but treated them as on the footing of historical."

"*Wednesday, June 13th.*—Went to the Louvre. Had to show our passports. Gorgeous and large pictures in the anteroom. Struck with the picture of one of Bonaparte's battles in his retreat from Moscow. The expression of Napoleon very striking—as if solemnised by the greatness of the coming disaster, yet with an air full of intelligence, and serenity, and majesty, and a deep mournful expression withal. The long gallery of the Louvre superb; impressed at once with the superiority of its pictures. Very much interested in the Flemish pictures, of which there were some very admirable ones by David Teniers. I am fond of Rembrandt's portraits; and was much pleased in recognising the characteristics of Rubens, Poussin, and Claude Lorrain. I also remarked that in most of the Italian schools, with the exception of the Venetian, there was a total want of shading off; yet the separate figures, though not harmonised with the background, very striking in themselves. The statuary of painting perhaps expresses the style of the Roman and other such schools. There is a quadrangle recently attached to the east end of the gallery, filled with the models of towns, ships, and machinery; the towns very instructive. But the most interesting part of this department is the Spanish pictures, in all of which the strong emotions are most powerfully expressed. There is quite a stamp of national peculiarity in these works. The walls which contain them seem all alive with the passions and thoughts of living men. The freshness and force of the colouring quite remarkable, considering the age of the pictures."—Vol. iv. pp. 49, 50.

The fifth chapter of Dr. Hanna's "Life of Chalmers" opens with the following striking passage:—

"It is a favourite speculation of mine,

says Dr. Chalmers, 'that if spared to sixty, we then enter on the seventh decade of human life; and that this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above—the tabernacle in heaven. What enamours me all the more of this idea, is the retrospect of my mother's widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age as she enjoyed, spent as if at the gate of heaven, and with such a fund of inward peace and hope as made her nine years' widowhood a perfect feast and foretaste of the blessedness that awaits the righteous.' His own seventh decade—the wished for Sabbath of his earthly pilgrimage—was to commence on the 17th March, 1840, and to the General Assembly of that year he had long looked forward as to the time when he should withdraw from public life. Before doing so, he desired to make one effort more, his greatest and his last, on behalf of his favourite scheme. 'And now,' says he, writing to Mrs. Chalmers, soon after his return from France, 'as to my plan for the future, which is shortly as follows:—I long for retirement from public business, but not being able to relinquish it at present, my purpose is to earn a right to retire by the dedication of this summer and the next to church extension in the country, after which it is my earnest wish and firm intention to devote the work on others.'—Vol. iv. pp. 65, 66.

The plan thus announced he immediately commenced putting into execution, and began a tour through the south-western districts of Scotland. Chalmers had not before tried extempore preaching, but in this tour it became necessary. The object was to obtain funds for the erection of churches, and in this Chalmers was eminently successful. We do not think that without details, for which we have not room, we could dwell usefully on this part of the subject, but it certainly is wonderful how in a country, understood not to be rich, he obtained donations and annual subscriptions sufficient for the purpose of building and sustaining churches through so wide a range of country. Before setting out on his tour he had reckoned on raising £100,000, but difficulties arose which he had not anticipated, and he had to communicate to the General Assembly of that year that the sum contributed was £40,000. Most of our readers will probably think that this sum, which did not reach the generous expectation of Chalmers, was marvellously large as the collection of a single year:—

"At the earnest entreaty of the Assembly, Dr. Chalmers continued at the head of the Extension Committee for another year, nor did he retire from the great field of labour till two hundred and twenty churches—more than one-fifth of its whole complement—had been added to the churches of the Establishment. The following table exhibits the progress of church extension during the period of his convenership:—

In 1836 there were reported 62 Churches					
	and				
1836	do.	do.	26	do.	£65,626 1 11½
1837	do.	do.	67	do.	32,359 12 5½
1838	do.	do.	32	do.	59,311 6 0
1839	do.	do.	39	do.	41,188 1 4½
1839	do.	do.	14	do.	52,959 14 9½
1840	do.	do.	16	do.	26,055 8 0½
1841	do.	do.	6	do.	18,282 6 6
Grand Total,				222	£305,747 11 2½

Dr. Hanna dwells with natural exultation on the period of the history of the Scottish Church between the years 1834 and 1839, but we prefer giving Chalmers's own words, as our chief object in these papers is to exhibit his character:—

"We abolished the union of offices—we are planting schools—we are multiplying chapels—we are sending forth missionaries to distant parts of the world—we have purified and invigorated the discipline—we are extending the Church—and rallying our population around its venerable standard—we are bringing the sectaries again within its pale—and last, though not least, we have reformed the patronage; and our licentiate, instead of a tutorship in the families of the great as their stopping-stone to preferment, now betake themselves to a parochial assistantship or to a preaching station, with its correspondent home-walk of Christian usefulness among the families of the surrounding poor, as the likeliest passage to a higher place in their profession, even as it is the best preparation for the duties of their high calling. And not only is there the visible glow of this great and wholesome reform abroad over the country, or in the outer department of the Church, but in the business of its courts and judicatories, in the General Assembly itself, there is the same great and obvious reformation; so that, instead of the ecclesiastico-political arena which it once was, more at least than half its time is taken up with the beseeching cares of a great moral institute, devising for the Christian good and the best interests of men both at home and abroad."—Vol. iv. pp. 90, 91.

It is a painful thing to think of these things interrupted, and to find the proposed Sabbath of Chalmers's life broken by struggles of a kind from which circumstances admitted of no retreat.

The Church of Scotland had long

sought to be free from the bondage of Patronage. Great differences of opinion had long existed as to whether it was on the whole beneficial or injurious to the Church. To the extent to which it existed it is plain that it diminished the power of the dominant party in the General Assembly, whatever that party might be. The section dominant from 1834 to 1839 was the Evangelical, and on filling the vacant churches with Evangelical preachers depended in their view the efficacy of the establishment. The pastoral relation between a Minister and his Congregation was supposed to be formed by the minister's receiving from the particular congregation an invitation to take charge of the parish. This is the "*call*," in the language of Presbyterianism. Its use appears to have been from the early times of the Reformation. How it originated is not explained to us. It had become a mere form, when in 1834 it occurred to the General Assembly that it might be made use of in lessening what seemed the injurious effects of patronage, and they passed the following law:—

"The General Assembly declare, That it is a fundamental law of the Church, that no pastor shall be intruded into any congregation contrary to the will of the people; and in order that the principle may be carried into full effect, the General Assembly, with the consent of a majority of the presbyteries of this Church, do declare, enact, and ordain, that it shall be an instruction to presbyteries that if, at the moderating in a call to a vacant pastoral charge, the major part of the male heads of families, members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the Church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be moderated in, such disapproval shall be deemed sufficient ground for the presbytery rejecting such person, and that he shall be rejected accordingly, and due notice thereof forthwith given to all concerned; but that if the major part of the said heads of families shall not disapprove of such person to be their pastor, the presbytery shall proceed with the settlement according to the rules of the Church: And farther declare, that no person shall be held to be entitled to disapprove as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required, solemnly to declare in presence of the presbytery, that he is actuated by no factious or malicious motive, but solely by a conscientious regard to the spiritual interests of himself or the congregation."—Vol. iii. p. 360, 361.

The expectation of the majority who passed this law was, that such persons would in general be presented, as it

was known would not be opposed by any large portion of the congregation—that better clergymen would be appointed without any very serious infringement on the rights of patronage. It was urged in defence of the enactment, which enabled a majority to express their dissent, without assigning reasons, that there might be very good reasons which could not be assigned; that the very fact of strong dissent of a great portion of the congregation was itself a reason. A good deal of this kind of matter was urged with more eloquence than effect. The certainty is, that the requisite dissent would have been always expressed where a man was not an Evangelical; that such men as Robertson and Reid would have no chance against Mucklewath, or even Dominie Sampson. This, we suppose, would be admitted to be an evil by many, even of those whose sympathies are strong with the Evangelicals. We, ourselves, sharing these sympathies, are against the Assembly's plan, as calculated to bring into requisition turbid zeal, in preference to more sterling qualities, and as certain to lower the scale of education for the clergy, and to deteriorate the Church; but supposing us wrong in this—supposing it desirable that none but those whom, for want of another word, we may call in popular language Evangelical clergy, should be the clergy of Scotland, we think the *Veto Law*, as it was called, the least offensive and the most effective mode of carrying out such a project; but the project itself, we think, would be injurious to the learning, to the religion, and to the morals of the country. Its effect would be to separate the educated classes from the Church, and we think to sow the seeds of infidelity extensively among both. We do not say that this would have been the instant effect, but such would be the tendency, such soon would be the result. It is said, in one part of these volumes, by Dr. Hanna in expressing views with which he does not quite concur—"The late great change in the political state of the nation, effected by the extension of the franchise, now led many to put questions like these—were civil rights to be yielded to them, and rights that they prized more dearly to be withheld? Were they to have the free choice of their political, but no part whatever in the appointment of their religious guides?" This is the language of those

who would do away patronage altogether. Such was not Chalmers's object or wish. He wished it regulated, not destroyed. He wished to secure a good body of clergy to Scotland. This he thought would be best effected by the concurring act of the patron and the congregation. The voice of the congregation had been practically disregarded. Old forms of the *call*, always used, if not actually indispensable before admitting a minister to the charge of a parish, might, he thought, be rendered available, and to give them vitality the Veto Act became the law of the Church. What inconveniences or what evils it may have prevented we do not know. The Act was one self-executing. If the patron yielded to the expressed wishes of the congregation, nothing more would be heard of the matter; and this, it was assumed, would most often be the case, each party having, on the supposition, indisputable and co-ordinate rights, some compromise—a silent one, in most instances—would prevent the rights clashing. A case, however, soon arose in which the person presented dissatisfied the congregation, and in which neither he nor the patron were disposed to yield to the Assembly Act of 1834. Mr. Young was presented by the Earl of Kinnoull to the vacant parish of Auchterarder, in Perthshire. Young was not in orders. He held a license from his Presbytery, permitting him to preach as a candidate for the office. After he had preached on two successive Sundays more than five-sixths of the male communicants of the congregation expressed their dissent. After several appeals to the Church courts, asserting informalities in the proceedings, Young was rejected by the Presbytery, "so far as concerned that particular presentation." He appealed to the synod, but abandoned the appeal, and he and the patron brought a joint action against the Presbytery before the supreme civil court of Scotland, the Court of Session.

Of the pleading, in which the patron and presentee brought their rights before the civil court, we may omit all that relates to the patron, as the right to present was not disputed. In that pleading Young stated the facts of his having been presented, and of the refusal of the Presbytery to ordain or induct. It stated that the refusal was solely on the ground of the dissent of

a majority of male communicants. It denied the right of the General Assembly to make such a law as that on which the Presbytery acted; and it asserted that the Presbytery could not in this way transfer to others a right to judge of the qualifications of a presentee, the duty of receiving whom, if qualified, was thrown by the statute law of the kingdom on themselves. The pleading went on to state the presentee's possessing the legal qualification, and it prayed the court to affirm his right to the parish and church; to declare that the presbytery was bound to ascertain his qualifications, and if found possessed of the legal qualifications, to admit him; to declare that his rejection by the Presbytery, in respect of a veto of the parishioners, was illegal. It then prayed the Court, in the event of the Presbytery still refusing to induct him as minister of the church and parish of Auchterarder, to declare that he was entitled to the stipend, with the manse and glebe.

We are thus particular in stating the form and character of the original pleading, because some of the consequences which the plaintiff assumed to be involved in the illegality of the Veto Law of the Assembly, supposing it to be illegal, were denied by the Assembly at all to follow from the Presbytery's refusing, in obedience to the Veto Law, to ordain and induct—supposing them to persist in so refusing. The theory of the majority of the General Assembly was, that, in the event of the Presbytery refusing to ordain the presentee, and ultimately ordaining another to the parish, that other was the proper minister of the parish, but without the stipend. They said, however, that the stipend did not, in such case, belong to the presentee, but to a certain fund to which the statute law of the land gave the stipends of vacant benefices during vacancy. To relieve his case from these difficulties, Young's pleading was altered, and in its amended form confined itself to praying a declaration from the Court of Session that the Veto Act was illegal. In the juridical system of most countries, it would have been impossible to obtain a decision from a court of justice on a question confined, as by the reformed pleading that between the parties now was, to an abstract point of law. The practical prayer of the pleading being withdrawn, the court was not asked to

had always misgivings as to the extent of their own power. They feared the interference of the civil courts, for it seemed impossible to say that no civil right was interfered with, when a man appointed to a living, which gave him some two or three hundred a-year, by a person to whom the law gave the right of appointing, was, though educated for a particular profession, and competent to discharge its duties, refused induction. The theory of Presbyterianism, which ascribes a sort of resisting power to every unit of which the Kirk is composed, was supposed to interfere with the General Assembly's right to command the Presbyteries to ordain and induct. And to obviate practical difficulties, arising from this theory, the business of the settlement of a minister in his parish was conducted, when the Presbytery, whose proper duty it was, became refractory, by what were called "Riding Committees of the General Assembly." Robertson put an end to this anomaly. He succeeded in persuading a majority of the General Assembly that the condition on which Society existed among human beings involved subordination—that the particular Presbyteries should obey the General Assembly. The Presbyteries still resisted—nay, were obstinate. They argued—they argued very well. Even this did not vex Robertson, or in the slightest degree make him alter his course. They might argue on that particular topic, or any other they pleased, so that they did not disobey. Like the father of Jeannie Deans, they might dance as much as they pleased, so that it was in a room by themselves, for exercise and not for ostentation. They did argue and they did obey; obey indeed reluctantly, as was a property of their nature, but they obeyed. They did not adopt the old forms of scholastic disputations, but Robertson contrived to place them as an Oxford professor, examining for degrees in law, places his candidates to sustain, in form and figure, the wrong side of some transparent fallacy. We like these sturdy old Presbyterians of Robertson's day. We think they are ill-used by the historians of the General Assembly, and the doings of the Kirk. They were not asinine, but mulish. Robertson was a patient, skillful, painstaking muleteer, and a goodly sight it was to see how, with voice and whip, he contrived to break into pro-

cession pace, animals refractory enough to any other hand. Chalmers did not succeed so well. His appeal was to the instincts of their higher nature—

"Hail, offspring of the generous Horse,
That speeds like lightning o'er the course,"

was the spirit of Chalmers's address. They heard, and recalcitrated, and showed something so like mettle, as to give meaning and emphasis to his words. "Son of an ass," said the Historian, "son of an ass, be obedient to thy parent, even the General Assembly. She has power to control thee, which she does not wish ungraciously to exercise; but she has the power. Eat thy provender—bear thy burthen—be silent—bray not."

This is an awkward, unmanageable metaphor. We are unable to translate it into the true Robertsonian. All we mean to say is, that Robertson found the management of the Kirk more practicable than Chalmers did. The course pursued by Robertson was certainly wiser for its purpose than that of the majority who called Chalmers their leader, but whom it can be scarcely said that Chalmers led. Robertson never resorted to what is called the legislative power of the Church. He was favourable to patronage; and his belief was, that the popular element of the *call* but interrupted the exercise of undoubted legal rights, which he wished to exist without any modification of the kind, which an antecedent reference to the people's wishes for or against a particular presentee would create. As each particular case arose, the Assembly in his day disposed of it on its own merits, till the *call*, whatever it might have been at first, became but a form. Chalmers was, we believe, overruled by others when he consented to introduce what was called the Veto Act, or any general law on the subject. His own opinion was, that the *call* was plainly intended to be a substantial thing; that it had been reduced to a mere ceremony, by the Assembly itself being satisfied so to treat it; and that the Assembly could, by thenceforward treating it in each case that might come before them, as of serious and substantive value, easily redeem it from the character of an inconvenient and unmeaning ceremony. This course would have had, in all probability, the advantage of preventing, for a time at least, the interference of the civil courts.

The course adopted was an appeal to the House of Lords. We feel some difficulty in understanding the motive of the Assembly in thus appealing. The claim of being independent of the civil tribunals in matters relating to the ordination of ministers, is not easily reconcilable with appearing in the character of parties to a suit in the civil courts, arising out of a refusal to ordain. Suppose the proceedings in the Court of Session were to be regarded as involving virtually a protest against that jurisdiction, and that the position in which a particular Presbytery was placed, with respect to such matters, could be regarded as consistent with the independence of the Kirk, yet the circumstances were such,—the decree of the court being nothing but the judicial interpretation of an act of parliament,—that the Assembly might itself have at once annulled its Veto Law, and not forced or invited any decision of the civil courts on points which the decree of the Court of Session, however adverse, and however irreconcilable with the doctrines of the Church jurists, had left undecided. As far as the claim of being independent and supreme in their own province was concerned, that was as much affected by admitting subjection to one civil court as to another. If the Court of Session could have no control over them on that ground—and not on the ground of its own jurisdiction being a limited one—in what right could the House of Lords claim any? Was the spiritual right one which had efficacy, considered with respect to the Court of Session, and had it none with respect to the House of Lords? Did the Assembly, who obtained, no doubt, at some expense, an opinion from the Court of Session on a law point in a case in which it must be admitted they had no wish to consult them, merely want another from the House of Lords? If this was all, they might better not have consulted the auguries. They must have known—for even we know it, who are not Scotchmen—that they might better have stayed at home, than set out on such an expedition. We have the authority of Lord Jeffrey, when he was Lord Advocate, for saying, that of Scotch appeals little or nothing was understood by those whose decisions on such questions is called the judgment

of the House of Lords. The Assembly, we think, acted unwisely and inconsistently with its own claim of independence within its proper province, when, in the character of appellants, it sought the judgment of the House of Lords on subjects, which, by Doctor Hanna's account, and by the plain meaning of the words in which the finding of the Court of Session was expressed, were not conclusively decided against the Assembly, whatever might be the opinion of the Court.

We regret that we have been unable to procure any report of the arguments of counsel in this case, when it came before the House of Lords. Clark and Finnelly's report preserves the observations made by Lords Brougham and Cottenham, when delivering the judgment.*

The finding of the Court of Session was affirmed. The question, whether the Court of Session had jurisdiction over the cause, in the shape which it assumed when the plaintiff's reformed pleading was so framed as to omit praying any decree on the subject of his pecuniary rights, the existence of which rights, it seemed admitted by all, was that which alone gave the power of bringing the case into the civil courts, was altogether disregarded by the Court of Appeal. To our mind it continues to present difficulties. There are difficulties, too, connected with the extent of the jurisdiction of the Court of Session depending on the original constitution of that court. A broad view, however, seems to have been taken by the House of Lords. There are civil rights interfered with—there must be some way of coming at them—the Court of Session is the supreme tribunal in Scotland for such matters—if it is not, it ought to be so, as we know no other, and we will not allow plain justice, which,—if the presentee was entitled to this living, and we think he was,—has been undeniably violated in his case, to be interrupted by what we regard, and will henceforth compel all men to regard, as little better than antiquarian trifling. Admit the Kirk notions of law, that they may prevent this man obtaining the living, though they cannot give it to another; that they may refuse to ordain, though utterly unable to assign in what ingredients of legal qualifications the man

* 6 Clark and Finnelly, pp. 646-756.

presented is deficient; and this man will, because they refuse to ordain him, be robbed of his living. No magic of casuistry can alter this consequence. Such was the feeling of the Lords. We think there is much real force in this consideration; and we think it ought to have led to what, as yet, it has not in the Scottish Church—to separating the acts of ordination and of induction.

Ordination and induction being, in the case of the Scottish clergyman, contemporaneous acts, is attended with great inconvenience. No person could object to a Church refusing to ordain a man for the absence of any qualification that, as a Church, she saw a fitness in requiring. Of this, the Church, and the Church alone, should be the judge. The higher the standard fixed on, the better. But in this none should presume to interfere in deciding what it ought to be. Separate ordination from induction, and let ordination be refused by the Church, however unreasonably, as it may appear to the rejected candidate, or to others, the discretion of the Church should not be interfered with. This surely is giving as high powers as it is possible for man to claim for it, to the Church in its proper province of Ordination. It is giving it powers which it may abuse, but the denial of which to it, would be attended with a denial of its being in anything distinct from the State, which we think it is, and ought to be. Separate ordination from induction, and let the patron select, as in England, from ordained clergymen. This practically limits the choice in the best possible manner. If the Kirk has the power to do this, and does not do it, collision with the law courts is inevitable, but altogether arises from the fault of the Kirk. If she has not the power, what is the meaning of speaking of her independence?

The adverse decision of the civil courts led the General Assembly to endeavour to have the case dealt with by legislation, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of obtaining from the legislature its sanction to the Veto Law of the General Assembly. There was reason to anticipate a successful issue to this negotiation. Lord Melbourne was in power, and it was with the concurrence, and under the sanction of Lord Jeffrey, the Lord Advocate, that the Veto Law had been originally passed by the Assembly. "I have the strongest conviction"—

this is Jeffrey's language, in a letter to Chalmers, "that the Government must be much gratified by the Assembly adopting such a resolution as you mention, and I have little doubt that they would be anxious to give effect to it by any legislative measure which might be thought necessary for the purpose, though I must guard myself against the risk of being supposed officially authorised to announce such a resolution, or formally to pledge them to such a proceeding." This was in 1833. In 1839, Chalmers found himself the convener of what was called the "Non-intrusion" Committee. We verily believe that these hard words, and the sort of half-English in which our Scottish neighbours are forced to express themselves, do some injury to the success of very reasonable objects. People have not time or temper to learn a language. We think that could the thoughts which Chalmers wished to communicate, have been conveyed even in Latin, or in Greek, or in anything which, if it involved the trouble of study, had a compensation in the fact, that to understand it implied something of the grace of scholarship, there would be the certainty of his being listened to with willing courtesy; but this language of the Scotch Courts, both civil and ecclesiastical, was a dialect which, however expressive, and however well fitted for its own purposes, and however intelligible to persons having time and patience for the study, it was absolute insanity in any one to expect should be understood by any one beyond the pale of Scotland. Chalmers in some way or other heard that on some former Church affair, when a deputation was to wait on Lord Melbourne, he had expressed an impatient hope that "that damned fellow Chalmers was not amongst them." Lord Melbourne, however, had now himself suggested that a deputation from the General Assembly to London, would be the best way of managing the business. Such a deputation could not well be without that damned fellow Chalmers being among them.

While we feel the importance of the questions that were now agitating Chalmers's mind as he was tossing in the German Ocean on his way to London, yet we cannot but think, that actual well-defined sea-sickness would have been a relief to him from the studies in which he was engaged in his preparation for meeting with ministers

other than those to whom in Scotland inarticulately speaking men are fond of giving that name. Imagine him reading, in his agitated berth, Hugh Miller's Letter to Lord Brougham, and styling it "a very noble composition," and "Gray's Pamphlet, which I pronounce to be an admirable composition, and written with very great force of argument and expression;" and numberless others of the same kind, four hundred and eighty-two of which Dr. Buchanan records himself to have read, when addressing himself to his task of recording the ten years' conflict, as this prose Homer calls the modern Iliad, which has done so much mischief to Scotland!

On the day after his arrival in London, Chalmers saw Lord Aberdeen. He describes him as "friendly and intellectual." "I was a little damped. He rose in my estimation, though I saw how strong is the barrier in the way of a thorough understanding." Dr. Hanna does not give any account of the interview with Lord Melbourne, which it would appear the deputation had on the day before that with Lord Aberdeen, and at which it would appear that Dr. Gordon, and not Chalmers, was the spokesman. Chalmers contrived that the next day Gordon should play first fiddle at Lord John Russell's. "This would not, nor did not, prevent me from striking in when I chose." Poor Lord John, how little he looked! how small he spoke! but this was politeness; why should he speak while the fiddling was going on; thirteen of them rasping away together—a full baker's dozen! We suspect the Papal Aggression was nothing to it:—

"Thirteen of us moved to the Home Office at half-past four o'clock. Lord Belhaven said, that it was better that as Dr. Gordon was the speaker at Lord Melbourne's, he should be the speaker here too. Afraid somewhat, I think, of my effusions; but they will not be able to restrain them. Let me enumerate the thirteen, whom I counted and looked over as we sat in the ante-chamber:—Lord Belhaven, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Dewar, Dr. Makellar, Mr. Candlish, the Procurator, Mr. Alexander, Captain Trotter, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Hog, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Shaw Stewart. In a minute or two we were called. Dr. Gordon opened the matter very well; and I and the Procurator struck in; but such a feckless and fashionless entertainment of the matter on the part of his Lordship I never witnessed in my life. It was 'N, nhill, naething,' as we used to say

to the tee-totum. I could not but laugh when we came out, and looked at the blank faces of all and sundry. . . . The Conservatives are all on the *qui vive* about the matter, but I can perceive that they are sadly blind and prejudiced."—Vol. iv. pp. 119, 120.

The Non-intrusion Committee were, somehow or other, felt to be intruders. Their business was not to wait upon ministers alone, but upon all influential men. The baker's dozen talking together was felt to be too many for effective work, and so the business was divided among sub-committees of three or four, who offered to instruct all such members of Parliament as would listen. The Tories had more time for them; they were out—hoped to be soon in—and were, on the whole, very civil to a body of men who, however rusty themselves, were keys to the consciences of half the constituencies of Scotland. The deputation from Scotland were, somehow or other, thought to be birds of good omen:—

"I am a blessed Glendoveer!
'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear"—

was a sound that came more benignly to the ears of the party to whom Chalmers now seemed disposed to turn, annoyed, as it would seem to us, by Lord Melbourne's reception of him.

Chalmers, with two or three of his associates, now had an interview with Peel, with whom was Sir William Rae, and afterwards Sir James Graham:—

"I opened the case, and spoke altogether about twenty minutes or more. I was nobly supported by our friend Mr. Bruce; and, on the whole, it has been our first comfortable interview since I came to London. There will be nothing done this session, but that makes not our visit here useless or insignificant. Sir Robert very bland, and Sir James Graham quite joyous and cordial. Sir William Rae friendly to our object, I have no doubt. The Conservatives don't promise so much, but I have more confidence in their doing all they engage for. . . . Went back to 82, where so many of us rendezvoused for the dinner of this day. We set forth in two carriages, and were conducted thereby to the Duke of Somerset's in Park-lane. Fox Maule was there, and other lords and M.P.'s whom I do not remember. But the main person was Lord Melbourne, whose whole deportment was very remarkable. He shook hands with Dr. Gordon, whom he had seen on Friday, and perhaps one or two more of the deputation, but brushed past me. . . .

presented is deficient; and this man will, because they refuse to ordain him, be robbed of his living. No magic of casuistry can alter this consequence. Such was the feeling of the Lords. We think there is much real force in this consideration; and we think it ought to have led to what, as yet, it has not in the Scottish Church—to separating the acts of ordination and of induction.

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After these cuts, I of course was thrown back on my independence, and asserted it more firmly and calmly than I had ever done before. . . . The first seeming approximation which Lord Melbourne made to me was to look at me while talking as if he was directing that talk to me; but without some more individual and distinct act of recognition, I was determined to keep aloof, and so escaped the Premier without exchanging words with him.

"*Tuesday, 9th.*—Sallied forth to the Duke of Sutherland, whose natural but polished simplicity delighted us all. He is not unhelpful, though naturally ignorant of the merits of the question. Had the great kindness to conduct us through some of his rooms and best pictures. A very splendid mansion: the rooms vie with those of Versailles and Fontainebleau. . . . Threaded my way to Sir James Graham's. Met with a most frank and friendly reception. Mr. Colquhoun came in, and we fell to on our Church question. Sir James's views have given me more comfort than any I have met in coming to London. I am particularly delighted with the effect which my conversation in Sir Robert Peel's, where he was, had on him, and still more with the effect of my printed speech, which has converted him from his strong principle of a veto with reasons, whereas he now acquiesces in a dissent without reasons. See the last pages of the latest of my works, and more especially my quotation from Akenside, which has impressed Sir James very powerfully. Came away greatly relieved and comforted; for Sir Robert's extreme caution and coldness operate as a damper on a man's spirits, whereas Sir James is a fine hearty, honest, outspoken Englishman, of great good feeling and practical sense withal.

"*Monday, 15th.*—I sent a few of our deputation to join Lord Belhaven at our last and final interview with the Premier. It was not politic for me to go—me who am in disgrace at Court—me who am the hapless object of the chief of the Cabinet's frowns—me who must retire in chagrin from public life, and spend in obscurity and pining neglect the remainder of my days; yet though outwardly scowled upon, inwardly elated with the honour of such a distinction,—for, quoth the poet, "A courtier's curses are exalted praise."—"Vol. iv. pp. 120-122.

Chalmers's report to the Commission of the General Assembly, gave a favourable account of the results of their London expedition. They were not without strong hopes of succeeding to the full extent of the legislature confirming the principle sought to be effected by the Veto Law of the Assembly; and they had at all events the satisfaction of being able to state that the Government livings would be given in

accordance with that law; a resolution affecting nearly one-third of the Scottish parishes.

While committees were endeavouring to correct the strange evils of this collision of the civil and ecclesiastical courts, in the only possible way, by such remedies as the legislature could be persuaded to apply, it could not reasonably be expected that litigation on the subject of private rights should cease to be resorted to. Expectation of changes in the law could have no other effect than stimulating persons who thought they had rights under existing law, to enforce those rights before they could be varied by legislation. Before the Government purpose was indicated of disposing of its livings in accordance with the non-intrusion principle, the Crown, as patron of the living, had appointed Mr. Clark assistant and successor to the aged minister of the parish of Lethendy; and in accordance with the Veto Law, the district Presbytery of Dunkeld refused to ordain and induct. Clark commenced an action against the Presbytery. The old man died, and the Crown, proceeding upon the supposition of the legality of the Veto, issued a new presentation.

The Presbytery were about to ordain the new presentee, when an interdict, at the suit of Clark, from the Court of Session was served on them, prohibiting the ordination. The General Assembly ordered them to "proceed to the ordination without delay," "inasmuch as admission to the pastoral office is entirely an ecclesiastical act." A second interdict was issued, as some fear was entertained that the language of the first was not sufficiently stringent, and another debate took place in the Commission of the General Assembly, who again insisted on the Presbytery's proceeding to ordain the new presentee. Even the members of the General Assembly who had been opposed to the passing of the Veto Act, thought that the civil court now transgressed the limits of its jurisdiction, and invaded the proper province of the Church; and they it was who commanded that the ordination should take place in defiance of the interdict; and the Presbytery, in obedience to their ecclesiastical superiors, ordained. It was impossible that they should not have anticipated the consequences of the act, difficult

as the position was in which they were placed. To have resisted the commands of the Church would have been attended with the risk of deprivation. They were in the position in which a soldier finds himself, when called on to obey the orders of his commanding officer, although the authorised interpreters of the law may tell him that obedience to the order may make him guilty of murder—liable and likely to be executed for that which he yet must do.

Dr. Hanna thinks that as efforts were now being made to obtain a release from all these difficulties by legislation, the natural and proper mode of solving them, the Church "might have been suffered to prosecute that appeal without further difficulty being thrown in her way." We do not see how this well could be. The Court of Session was compelled to adjudicate on such cases as might be brought before it. The Court could not deny or delay administering justice in the expectation that legislation would interpose to alter the rights of parties. The Court might judge wrongly, but it could not avoid acting if called upon by parties entitled to call its powers into act. The offending Presbytery were summoned to appear before the bar of the court to answer for their breach of interdict. By a small majority they escaped imprisonment, but were visited by the severe censure of the Court.

Clark's case differed from that of Young in the important fact, that the patron was no party to the proceedings.

This was also the case in another disputed presentation. In June, 1837, Mr. Edwards was presented to the parish of Marnock. He had acted as assistant to the former incumbent; was well known, and much disliked by the parishioners. The population of the parish was two thousand eight hundred; of these, but one signed the call—rather a suspicious incident—the landlord of the inn where the Presbytery used to dine.

Dr. Hanna narrates all these incidents with such manifest fairness of purpose, that we hesitate to state what yet occurs to us, lest we should be supposed to complain of his narrative. We, however, think, if the feeling existed of the call being a mere ceremony, the party relying on such view of it would not be likely to do more, under any circumstances, than have it formally signed by the smallest number

of persons, by those who were on the spot, and whose attendance could, at any moment, be commanded, should it become necessary to prove the document. All these circumstances seem to us to concur in the case of the landlord of the inn; and we take it for granted, that whatever writer of the signet, or other person, had the conduct of the proceedings, was very likely to have called for his assistance, and that neither presentee nor patron would know anything whatever of the matter. The fact of expressed dissent is of more moment. Two hundred and sixty-one, out of three hundred communicants, whose names were on the communion-roll, signed the dissent. The district Presbytery (Strathbogie) rejected Edwards. The rejection was communicated to the patron, and he presented another. Edwards obtained an interdict from the Court of Session, prohibiting the Presbytery from proceeding to induct the other. The Presbytery came to a resolution to obey the Court of Session. This was rebellion against the Church; but the Church was, at first, disposed to treat her rebellious children leniently, and ordered them to delay doing anything till the next General Assembly. Edwards, however, continued his proceeding in the Court of Session; obtained a declaration, as in Young's case, that the Veto Law was illegal; but the Court of Session confined its sentence to the declaration, not ordering the Presbytery to ordain or induct. Till such order was made—till the Presbytery was placed in the precise position of being compelled to disobey either the Court of Session or the Church—Dr. Hanna thinks they should have forborne to act. We are not sure that he is right in this. They might have conscientiously regarded themselves as bound by the sentence of the Court of Session, declaring the right of the parties, particularly as the House of Lords had now, on appeal, affirmed the view of the case which the Court of Session took; and they might have regarded themselves as doing injustice to an individual, by delaying till the actual issue of compulsory process. An humbler view, yet very likely to be operative, may have acted as a shove to a slumbering conscience; and we think it not impossible that, though the Presbytery with which casuists deal is a pure "*ens rationis*," each of the individuals, called by men the Presbytery of Strathbogie,

might, in addition to such terrors as breaches of interdict are accompanied with, have to think of bills of costs, called, no doubt, by that or some other name in the law of Scotland, but which, though not adverted to in Dr. Hanna's classic pages, would yet, we suspect, have to be paid. Lord Brougham had said, in giving judgment in the House of Lords, "that what the Court of Session should do, would be to make an order on the Presbytery to admit, if duly qualified, and to disregard the dissent of the congregation." Intimations were also given, not obscurely, of actions of damages against the members of the Presbytery interfering with civil rights, by refusing to induct. We do not think it by any means as clear a case as Dr. Hanna does, that the Presbytery ought to have provoked these consequences; but to say that the Presbytery may have had a strong case for acting as they did, and at once ordaining, and inducting the disagreeable man, notwithstanding the veto of the congregation, and the resolution of the Kirk, is a very different thing from saying that the Kirk was necessarily wrong. It, too, had its part to sustain. The Church, said its jurists, was independent of the State; but its own members were not independent of it, and the Kirk straightway suspended from all functions of their office the offending majority of the Presbytery of Strathgobio. The minority they now recognised as alone constituting the Presbytery; and they ordered them to take all proper means of supplying their parishes with ministerial services. A committee was appointed to communicate with the suspended majority; and a deputation from this committee invited them to a meeting at Aberdeen. Instead of coming to the proposed meeting, they sent an agent to serve a law paper, signed by them, declining the interview. On the day after the sentence of suspension, they proceeded with the necessary steps for the induction of Edwards; they served interdict after interdict to prevent the minority from proceeding as a Presbytery, and to prevent all clergymen of the Church from preaching in their respective parishes. The Court of Session was perplexed by these demands. They were now among objects which, if properly of their jurisdiction, they knew but little about. We cannot, said they, prevent any man from

preaching. How can we hinder him from preaching in the open air, if he likes? We have power over the parish church, the churchyard, the schoolroom, and the bell; and, therefore, let no man venture henceforth, on pain of our displeasure, to interfere with parish church, or churchyard, or schoolroom, or bell. The Assembly grinned horrible a ghastly smile. It tried to laugh at the interdict, but it was no laughing matter; and ministers were sent to Marnock and the adjoining parishes to officiate in the place of the suspended clergymen, who were still officiating themselves as actively as ever—preaching, however, probably to empty churches. An interdict was now obtained, prohibiting any member of the Establishment from preaching in the parishes of the suspended ministers. This was met by the Commission of the General Assembly with resolutions, that their spiritual province was invaded; and they refused to obey the interdicts. Chalmers and others of their greatest preachers were sent to the prohibited districts. They preached in defiance of interdicts, which came upon them thick as hailstones in March.

We feel it a painful thing to be obliged to dwell on these topics. Chalmers had strong expectations of the Whig Government bringing in a measure which would allay the ferment and substantially legalise the principle of non-intrusion, very much by such means as the Assembly's Veto Law. From the Whigs he turned to the Tories, and Lord Aberdeen undertook to bring in a bill. After a great deal of correspondence, Lord Aberdeen's measure failed to satisfy Chalmers. He would in all cases have those who opposed a presentation state their reasons; the Presbytery, if they were satisfied by these reasons, and so expressed themselves, to have the right of rejection—the presentees having appeals to Synod and General Assembly; the decision of the Church courts to be final. A letter of Lord Aberdeen's states this very distinctly:—

"I will explain, by an imaginary case, in what manner I understand the proposal, and the mode of its operation. It is agreed that, in all cases, the people objecting to a presentee, shall assign the reasons of their dissent, be they what they may. Now, let us suppose that any number of persons should object to a presentee because *he had red hair*.

This would, no doubt, be a very bad reason; but if they persevered in their hatred of red hair, and the Presbytery found it consistent with their sense of duty, and the dictates of their own consciences, they might give effect to the objection by rejecting the presentee. But then the reason of dissent on the part of the people, as well as the rejection by the Presbytery, would be recorded; and if the superior Church courts should confirm the decision, the matter would there terminate. It is to this publicity, and to the common sense and justice of mankind, that I look for a security against arbitrary and capricious proceedings in any quarter.

“‘ABERDEEN.’”

—Vol. i. pp. 159, 160.

In the communications on the subject between those in correspondence with him on the part of the Church and Lord Aberdeen, phrases occurred which proposed to make the Presbytery the judges of the whole matter, and under this general language Lord Aberdeen's correspondents thought he had assented to a Presbytery's having the power to reject, even though they should not be disposed themselves to admit the validity of the reasons which might be assigned as rendering a presentee unacceptable to a congregation. The inconsistency of the objects of the vetoists with those of Lord Aberdeen was for a while veiled from both by the courtesies of language, though we should have thought the red-hair letter plain enough; and the negotiation ended.

When Goethe found anything oppressing his mind, he worked off irritation by a poem or a play. A speech or a pamphlet would be more the thing with a Presbyterian divine; and Chalmers, when tired of public men, who were also tired of him, went to the writing-desk, and was there abundantly eloquent. Dr. Hanna quotes some passages from a pamphlet of his, published when he had given up all hope of parliamentary aid:—

“‘I now feel that I owe an act of justice to the Whigs. I understand justice in the same sense as equity (*æquitas*); and I am now bound to say, that if on the question of Church Endowments I have been grievously disappointed by the one party—on the question of Church Independence I have been as grievously disappointed by the other. Of course I speak on the basis of a very limited induction; but, as far as the findings of my own personal observation are concerned, I should say of the former, that they seem to have no great value for a Church Establishment at all—and of the latter, that their

great value for a Church Establishment seems to be more for it as an engine of State than as an instrument of Christian usefulness. The difference lies in having no principle, or in having a principle that is wrong. In either way they are equally useless, and may prove equally hurtful to the Church; and though the acknowledgment I now make to the Whigs be a somewhat ludicrous one, if viewed in the character of a peace-offering, I am nevertheless bound to declare, that, for aught like Church purposes, I have found the Conservatives to be just as bad as themselves.’”—Vol. iv. p. 174.

In August, 1840, the Chair of Theology in Glasgow became vacant. Chalmers wished for the office. We do not know who his competitor was, but it is not easy to imagine any one having the same claims. Dr. Hanna says that between that competitor and Dr. Chalmers “it was not pretended that any comparison as to literary or professional qualifications could be instituted.” The attention of the public was directed to the contest. The *Times* and other London journals made it the subject of leading articles, and insisted on the disgrace that would be incurred by rejecting Chalmers. It is perhaps the best excuse for what seems to have been great folly and injustice in the Glasgow people, that when party politics mix themselves up in such a matter, men are actually incapable of judging. Chalmers was rejected.

We must return to the suspended ministers of Strathbogie. They actually ordained Edwards, in defiance of protests from the parishioners and threats from the General Assembly. The General Assembly, on Chalmers's motion, deposed the offending ministers. Protests were put in against this act of Assembly by the leading members of what is called the Moderate party. The sentence of deposition was then solemnly pronounced. On the next day an interdict was served on the Assembly against their carrying the sentence of deposition into effect. The Assembly drew up resolutions stating that the privileges of the National Church were violated, and transmitted them to the Queen in council.

The parliamentary session of 1841 had now opened. Lord Melbourne took occasion to say that the Government would not bring in any bill on the law of patronage in Scotland, but that they would take care that the existing

law should be obeyed. Soon after, a Chair of Biblical Criticism having been founded in Edinburgh, Dr. Candlish was selected as the person fitted for it. But, on its being stated in the House of Lords that Candlish had broken the interdict of the Court of Session by preaching in Strathbogie, the appointment was quashed.

At this period, the thought of an entire separation from the State seems first to have passed through the minds of some of the Assembly. The Duke of Argyle made an effort to settle the question. His bill affirmed the principle of non-intrusion, but gave the right of expressing dissent to all male communicants, instead of to all male heads of families, and it made provision for the veto being set aside whenever it could be proved to have sprung from causeless prejudices. There seemed for a moment a hope that this would have been received by all parties in the General Assembly, and that if it were felt as the wish of the whole Church it would be not unlikely to become the law. The Assembly, however, divided on it. A majority of more than two to one approved of the measure.

Before, however, the bill came to a second reading in the Lords, Lord Melbourne's ministry was at an end, and in the August of that year Peel was at the head of affairs. Unhappily, the divisions in the Scottish Church rendered it impossible to carry any measure. The minority of the Assembly had sent a deputation to London, vindicating the acts of the Strathbogie Presbytery, and their own conduct in the Assembly. They urged the illegality of those who resisted the Court of Session, and advised that they should be prosecuted for breach of interdict. They intimated that expectations of being supported by political parties were the chief cause of the resistance of the majority of the Assembly to the Court of Session. That if those expectations were removed the resistance would cease. They themselves assisted the deposed clergymen in the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and thus a new quarrel arose in the Assembly. The questions were now, not between the Church and the civil courts, but between two divisions of the Church, who could no longer remain united. A question necessarily arose out of this, "Which is the Church?"

Meetings of the clergy and of the people were held everywhere through Scotland. The strongest pledges were everywhere given of separation from the State altogether, unless the principle of the Church's independence was recognised. At this stage there seemed yet a chance of the fatal step of separation being averted. Efforts were made by Sir George Sinclair to re-unite the warring parties in the Church, and to find some basis of agreement between them on which the legislature might act. The effort was in vain.

Till the Scotch Churchmen approached some agreement, people in England would not take the trouble of understanding the question. We transcribe from a pamphlet of Sir George Sinclair's, what we believe to be a pretty accurate picture of the minds of most public men on the subject, and on all the class of subjects which they are disposed to class with colonial or provincial interests:—

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—In vain you ask me for an 'opinion' upon your papers. It is not merely for want of time, though of that I have not a single moment for self or friends, from week's end to week's end, at this tremendous crisis. But I vow to God, I do not understand one word of all this worry about the Scotch Church, with its intrusion, non-intrusion, vetoism, Presbyteries, elders, General Assemblies, Church patronage, lay patronage, &c., &c., &c. I have not brains for it, nor memory for it; nor does any one, with whom I hold any intercourse, know or care a single straw about the matter; but for its having been so managed or mismanaged, as by some means or other to have lost the good cause of Conservatism (they tell me) half-a-score or upwards of seats, and much do I grieve to find, by your letter, that your own is to be one of them. But it would appear from the bustle among themselves, that the good people of Scotland are all gone crazy upon this matter of intrusion, or confusion, or whatever they please to call it; just as mad as the Yankees are about their presidential election, or the Irish about repeal, or the French about Mehemet Ali. I repeat that the whole question *addles* me. Yours, &c."—p. 43.

We fear that we have not been able to render intelligible these Church discords, though we have examined a good many of the documents of that period, in the hope of accurately understanding the merits of the case relied on by the respective parties. Dr.

Hanna's account of the several stages of these controversies is above all praise. It was impossible that his sympathies should not be with the majority—with what we think was properly called the Church—but there is not one offensive word, one expression that can be fairly quarrelled with by any one, whatever his views may be; and now that the excitement which sustained both parties during the contest must have subsided, it is impossible that there should not be a feeling of great regret in both for the accidents which occurred. Our own impression is, that the independence asserted for the Church by Chalmers is not merely impossible to be realised, but is, when examined, an impossible conception, for in Chalmers's thought the ministers of the Church are subjects of the State, and not, as in the High Church theory of another's system, servants of another earthly state, "on a mission" in what is to them a foreign kingdom. Such independence as he sought for the Church, and, as we think, was claimed for it in the tumultuary period of the early Reformation, will not, we think, be assented to; and, at all events, whether original rights, rendering the Church independent of the State, properly belonged to it or not, it seems to us plain that when it was necessary to come to the legislature because they could not be practically exercised, the legislature not only had the right, but was bound to try and regulate the province of the Church so as to be in harmony with the other institutions of the country. On the other hand, we incline to think that the possession of a power over the Church by the Court of Session, carried to the extent of ordering Presbyteries to ordain, was an usurpation; and we regret that the majority of the Assembly never succeeded in placing this—the strong part of their case—in a just point of view. It would seem plain that, long before these controversies arose, the possible difficulties had presented themselves to the minds of lawyers, and that they were not then solved by the supposition of the Church courts being subordinate to the Court of Session.

We find Lord Kames, in speaking of the constitutional lawyers of the different courts in Scotland, says, the "Ecclesiastical courts have an impor-

tant jurisdiction in providing parishes with proper ministers or pastors; and they exercise their jurisdiction by naming for the ministry of the vacant church that person who is presented by the patron. Their sentence is ultimate, even where their selections are illegal (i.e., illegal according to the judgment of the civil law); the person authorised by their sentence, even in opposition to the presentee of the patron, is *de facto* minister of the parish, and as such is entitled to perform every ministerial function." "It would be a great defect in the constitution of a government that ecclesiastical courts should have an arbitrary power in providing parishes with ministers. To prevent such arbitrary power the check provided by law is, that a minister settled illegally shall not be entitled to the stipend. This happily reconciles two things commonly opposite. The check is extremely mild, and yet is fully sufficient to prevent the abuse."*

From discussions of this kind it is a relief to pass to Chalmers's own proper occupations. From these storms of outer strife he did not shrink, but he longed for that sabbath-rest to which he had intended to devote, if permitted, the last decade of man's seventy years. Dr. Hanna gives us extracts from his journals of this period, which show how ardent and entire this longing was. In addition to his private journals, the entries in which are prayers and records of devotional feeling, we have evidence of this in the "*Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ*," and "*Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ*," both of which are published among his posthumous works. The "*Horæ Quotidianæ*" were his first thoughts written down each day on passages of Scripture.

"The '*Horæ Sabbaticæ*' differ both in form and substance from the '*Horæ Quotidianæ*.' Written amid the quiet of the day of rest, they rise to a high region, and they breathe a holier air. Contemplative and devotional throughout, they pass generally into direct addresses to the Deity. Such references are continually occurring to passing incidents, that they might fitly be described, if the expression were allowable, as the Sabbath diary of the last six years of Dr. Chalmers's life. His impressions as to the events are given here in a manner so free and unrestrained as to impart to them a peculiar interest. But the chief value of the '*Sab-*

* Kames's "*Law Tracts*," cited in Buchanan's "*Ten Years' Conflict*," vol. i. p. 164.
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batice,' and that which makes us rank them as among the most precious of all Dr. Chalmers's writings, lies in the spirit of rational and scriptural, yet lofty and ethereal devotion which they breathe. The innermost movements of his spirit are here spread out to us as he himself spread them out before that eye which seeth in secret: we see him as he bowed in simple, sincere, profound humility when alone in the presence of God—we hear him as in tones often so low and deep, yet often also so heavenly and sublime, he poured his confessions, and desires, and aspirations into the ear of the Holy One."—Vol. iv. pp. 266, 266.

We feel it impossible within the space of a magazine article to continue the account of the history of the Scottish Church at this eventful period. At some other time we shall resume the subject.

Nothing can be more striking than Dr. Hanna's account of the scene when the actual disruption took place. Whatever one's view may be of the dissensions which preceded that step, it is impossible not to admire the generous devotion displayed by the members, who then at great sacrifices of every kind separated from the establishment. How funds were provided to supply those voluntarily resigned, how churches were built, seats of learning created, professorships established, missions in heathen lands carried on, it must be our task at some future time to relate.

For this—for Chalmers's last visit to Anstruther, his birthplace—and which he loved above all places on the earth—for all that he did at the Westport we have no room.

In 1843, the first General Assembly of the Free Church was held. In 1847, besides providing fixed support for four hundred and seventy clergymen, thrown suddenly on such resources as a poor country could supply, it had added to its staff of clergy two hundred and fifty. At a cost of £250,000, it had erected churches for all its congregations, and had subscribed £100,000 for manse for its ministers. It had raised a college with nine professorships, to each of which a salary of from £300 to £400 was attached. We speak not of its missions abroad, and the great expense at which they were carried on. Notwithstanding this great success, Chalmers regretted at all times the Disruption. No choice he thought existed, but he deplored the calamity.

In 1847, Chalmers returned from London, where he had been giving

evidence before a committee on the subject of building-sites for churches. He returned home without exhibiting any peculiar marks of fatigue. He spoke on his usual topics, wrote letters to his relatives in the accustomed tone, quoted some lines of poetry which he had often before quoted with admiration; they were from Graham's Sabbath.

"During the whole of the last evening of his life, as if he had kept his brightest smiles and fondest utterances to the last, and for his own, he was peculiarly bland and benignant. 'I had seen him frequently,' says Mr. Gemmel, 'at Fairlie, and in his most happy moods, but I never saw him happier. Christian benevolence beamed from his countenance, sparkled in his eye, and played upon his lips.' Immediately after prayers he withdrew, and bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying, 'A general good-night.'

"Next morning, before eight o'clock, Professor MacDougall, who lived in the house adjoining, sent to inquire about a packet of papers which he had expected to receive at an earlier hour. The housekeeper, who had been long in the family, knocked at the door of Dr. Chalmers's room, but received no answer. Concluding that he was asleep, and unwilling to disturb him, she waited till another party called with a second message; she then entered the room—it was in darkness; she spoke, but there was no response. At last she threw open the window-shutters, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat there, half erect, his head reclining gently on the pillow; the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. She took his hand—she touched his brow; he had been dead for hours: very shortly after that parting salute to his family he had entered the eternal world. It must have been wholly without pain or conflict. The expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering, the position of the body so easy that the least struggle would have disturbed it, the very posture of the arms and hands and fingers known to his family as that into which they fell naturally in the moments of entire repose, conspired to show, that, saved all strife with the last enemy, his spirit had passed to its place of blessedness and glory in the heavens.

"'Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"'The cry at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame—
He fell, but felt no fear.

"'His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A dark'nd ruin lay."

IRELAND—ITS GARDEN AND ITS GRAVE.

IRELAND has long been a by-word among nations. Her degradation and misery have become proverbial. The idleness of her people has been sadly contrasted with England's industry; and her temporal and spiritual slavery with the true principles of civil and religious liberty that reign at the other side of St. George's Channel. But this habit of speaking of the Irish people as an homogeneous mass, is not only incorrect, but most unjust, and calculated, in an eminent degree, to mislead the political inquirer. It is perfectly true that Munster is priest-ridden and degraded. It is certain also that Connaught lies prostrate under spiritual despotism, and that its population is ignorant and starving. But it is no less true that the whole province of Ulster has long presented a strange contrast to this sad category of evils. Other portions of Ireland have declined, but Ulster, inferior in natural advantages, has constantly prospered. The people are educated, loyal, and industrious; comfort and contentment reign in every homestead; and the commerce and manufactures of the island would appear to have selected this province as their favoured dwelling-place.

Ireland is therefore an entirety in only one sense of the word—the population of the North and South enjoy the same natural advantages. Ulster and Connaught are warmed by the same genial sunshine, and refreshed by the same dews of heaven. They are blessed with the same laws, and subject to the same sovereign's rule; but the people are not the same. Their feelings, their habits, their traditions are antagonistic. The Northerners are animated with the warmest spirit of loyalty, and imbued with a profound respect for the laws; peace, consequently, prevails; industry is the rule, idleness the exception. In the South, a blind submission to the Roman Catholic priesthood takes the place of loyalty, and a desire to advance the interests of the Roman Pontiff rises superior to every other consideration. Obedience to the laws is only impressed with admonitions upon the people where it harmonises with the interests of "the

Church;" and many of the revolting crimes, from which not only Christianity but civilisation recoils with horror, receive a direct encouragement from those whose duty it is to promote peace and good-will among men. The natural results follow as a matter of course. The rights of property are despised, the duties of citizenship disregarded, and even the sanctity of human life violated to attain the most trifling end, or gratify the most paltry feeling of revenge. Need we add what follows as a corollary—that the peasantry of the South and West are ignorant, bigoted, and idle; and that their lives are spent on the verge of starvation, in a constant struggle between life and death.

It may be necessary to refer to a few figures to place these facts beyond the pale of doubt.

It appears, from the report of the Factory Commissioners for 1850, that, in that year, there were no factories whatever subject to their inspection in the whole province of Connaught. In the province of Leinster, the steam power employed amounted to 272; in Munster to 150, and in Ulster to 2,214. The number of persons (including children) employed in the factories amounted to an average, in Leinster, of 3,152; in Munster, of 1,599; and in Ulster, of 19,914. Thus it appears, that Ulster monopolises 2,214 steam power out of 2,646 employed in all Ireland; and that the same province gives employment to nearly 20,000 persons out of 24,725 engaged in factories throughout the entire kingdom.

Again, the growth of flax "in Ireland" has engaged much attention. But how stand the figures? The quantity of flax grown in the last year in all Ireland, amounted to 138,619 acres, of which no less than 123,726 acres were grown in Ulster, and the remainder, amounting to only 14,893 acres, was furnished by all the rest of Ireland. In order to appreciate the efforts made by Ulster in this great branch of national industry, it may be necessary to state, that in 1809 the number of acres under cultivation in Ulster was 62,441, and in the other provinces 14,308. Since then the other provinces have

made no real addition to the quantity grown, although a period of more than forty years has elapsed; but Ulster did not rest satisfied with doubling its produce; with its characteristic enterprise it has actually exceeded double its former growth by an excess almost equal to the gross amount produced by all the rest of the island. Now let us turn to another great industrial source of employment.

Sewed muslin, or muslin embroidered with the needle, is a branch of "national industry" for which "Ireland" is famed. It derives its principal importance, as a manufacture, from the large number of females to whom it affords employment. There are, at present, nearly forty firms engaged in the trade, some being Irish, and some merely agents for Scotch houses; and the gross value of the goods annually manufactured amounts to £1,400,000. This important branch of "national industry" was, until lately, wholly confined to the province of Ulster; but, within the last three or four years, efforts, attended with considerable success, have been made to introduce the manufacture among the Protestant converts in Connaught and Munster.

But the superiority of Ulster need not be tested alone by a reference to her prosperity. If we turn to the years of the famine, when desolation and misery, such as has seldom been witnessed in civilised times, overspread the land, we shall find that Ulster suffered but little from the calamities that swept over the rest of the country like a devastating torrent, carrying with it destruction and death. In the year 1841, the population of Ireland was 8,175,124. In the year 1851, had it continued to increase at the same rate it would have amounted to about nine millions of souls. But, meanwhile, the famine had scourged the land, and the census revealed the awful fact, that the population of Ireland had virtually decreased two millions and a-half, nearly one-third! The population in 1851, only amounted to 6,515,794, instead of nine millions! Since the famine nearly 270,000 dwellings have also been swept away, and mouldering walls alone now record the places where, not long since, the cheerful fire blazed. But these calamities have fallen upon the North with a very mitigated severity. In 1841, the inhabitants of Ulster amounted to something about one-

fourth, now they form nearly one-third of the entire population of Ireland. During the period of the famine nearly £10,000,000 was sent to Ireland, from public and private sources. Of this sum it is estimated, that no more than £1,000,000 found its way to Ulster. A sum of £783,228 was advanced to all Ireland, under the Temporary Relief Act of 10 Vict. c. 7; of this sum only £54,135 was advanced to Ulster. Under the Labour Rate Acts, 9 & 10 Vict. c. 107, and 10 & 11 Vict. c. 87, a sum of £2,046,785 was advanced to Ireland, of which only £168,522 was advanced to Ulster. Under the 9 Vict. c. 1, £170,233 was advanced to Ireland, of which only £4,253 was advanced to Ulster; and lastly, under the 13 Vict. c. 14, £300,000 was advanced to all Ireland, of which Ulster only received £334. Thus, out of the enormous sum of £3,300,286 advanced to Ireland since the famine, the trifling sum of £227,244 is all that has been required by the province of Ulster, or about a thirteenth of the whole, for one-third of the population.

These are not facts that should be trifled with. They challenge public attention. Why is it that Munster and Connaught are miserable and degraded, and Ulster happy and wealthy? Why is it that the famine that smote the former provinces with such a devastating hand has scarcely left a trace in the latter to mark its course? Why is it that Ulster, to the most superficial observer, appears half a century in advance of the rest of the island? As soon as the traveller enters it he seems to enter into a new country. The land, although inferior in fertility, is the same, and so is the climate, but the social and moral atmosphere is changed. The filthy mud cabin disappears, the swarm of ragged beggars vanish, and the untidy husbandry, broken fences, and half-cultivated fields cease to offend the sight. The lounging Celt, with scowling aspect and averted glance, is succeeded by the Ulster peasant with firm but respectful gait and manly bearing. Centuries of past slavery and consciousness of present degradation are strongly marked in the features of the one; every look of the other proclaims that he is in the proud enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. It can scarcely be credited, yet it is true, that they both live in the same land and under the same laws! Whence the

difference? What are these degrading influences?

The north and south of Ireland are very similar in their natural advantages, although the south has an unquestionable superiority. The Shannon, the finest river in the empire, flows through land of incomparable richness; and Queenstown, second to no harbour in the world, is capable of affording a shelter to the greater portion of our mercantile marine. Of the land in the south of Ireland Arthur Young says, "it is the richest soil I ever saw." Wakefield says, "some places exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up." And M'Culloch, in his "Statistics of the British Empire," confirms these statements: "The luxuriance of the pastures," he writes, "and the heavy crops of oats that are everywhere raised, even with the most wretched cultivation, attest its extraordinary fertility." There is nothing, therefore, in the physical condition of the country to account for her miseries. Everything would appear as though Providence had designed her to be a garden of plenty, instead of the land of ignorance and pauperism. "Nothing," says an author we shall presently have occasion to refer to more particularly—"nothing but some *malignant agency* could possibly have hindered it from becoming the model and envy of the nations, instead of their prostrate suppliant."* This difference has sometimes been ascribed to a want of capacity or energy in the Celtic population. There is, a great dissimilarity in their intelligence, perseverance, and mental organisation

—above all, in their honesty and integrity. But it is the mere result of moral discipline and religious education. In his natural powers, the Celt is second to none. The raw material is there; and it only requires judicious treatment to change the bigoted, cowardly, superstitious swarms of beggars that go about disturbing the world, into honest and industrious citizens. They want a sound, religious education to guide them. They possess bodily vigour, quickness of apprehension, and shrewdness; and they might easily be changed into useful members of society, and become a credit to any country.

Mr. Dill, in the work we have just quoted, lays it down as a rule, that *knowledge* and *virtue* are the chief causes of the social elevation of a country, as *ignorance* and *vice* are of its degradation. Enough of the former must raise any nation to the highest pitch of greatness, while enough of the latter must sink it to the lowest depths. So intimately are ignorance and vice connected, that they are often used by us in common parlance as correlative terms. A glance at the excellent statistical tables, printed in Thom's "Almanac" for the current year, will show us, that for the four years, ending 1850, the average annual proportion of prisoners in Ireland who could read and write, was not eighteen per cent. A reference to the following table,† will place this fact still more strongly before the reader. It will appear from it, that out of 6,524 convicted in the course of seven years, only fourteen were possessed of superior education:—

A Comparative Table, showing the Education of Persons committed for trial within the Metropolitan District, who were convicted from the years 1844 to 1850, inclusive.

Year.	Neither read nor write.	Ditto imperfectly.	Ditto well.	Superior education.	TOTAL.
1844	457	340	25	1	823
1845	399	311	18	1	729
1846	569	423	24	5	1021
1847	682	505	22	2	1211
1848	579	448	35	5	1067
1849	507	399	17	—	923
1850	403	328	19	—	750

If these be the results that actually follow from a mere secular course of study,

how difficult does it become to overrate the importance of a proper moral

* "The Mystery Solved; or, Ireland's Miseries—the Grand Cause and Cure." By the Rev. E. M. Dill, A.M., M.D. Edinburgh: 1852.

† Statistical Returns of the Dublin Metropolitan Police for the year 1850. Printed for H. M. Stationery Office, by G. and J. Grierson, Her Majesty's Printers. Dublin: 1851.

and religious education? According to the decennial census returns of 1841 (those of 1851 are not yet completed), the astounding fact is revealed, that at their date three-fourths of the people were devoid of the simplest rudiments of knowledge. "If," says Mr. Dill—

"We next turn to that *fourth part* who can read and write, while very many are most highly educated, the attainments of the majority are we fear but slender. In six counties and seventy-four towns, with populations varying from 2,500 to 12,400 each, there was not in 1849 a single book shop; and in the entire island there was, in proportion to the population, only one for every nine which then existed in Scotland."

The fatal effects of this want of education are sufficiently apparent in the low moral tone and lawlessness of the people, and in the outrages and crimes, the frequent occurrences of which have given to our country such an unenviable notoriety. We require, moreover, a constant force of 25,000 of the finest soldiers in the world, to preserve "law and order" among us. And if to this military force we add the rural and metropolitan police, we shall find that our small island requires a constant army of occupation of 38,000 effective men.

The statistics of crime expose in still stronger colours the moral degradation of our country. The population of Great Britain was in 1850 about three times that of Ireland.* In that year 33,326 persons were committed in Ireland, and in the same year the number committed in Great Britain, out of a population three times as large, only amounted to 32,281, leaving a balance against us of nearly three to one. Of the number convicted in Ireland in 1850, no less than 1,858 were sentenced to

transportation, and seventeen to death; and in the year 1848, we had out of nearly 40,000 committed, almost 3,000 sentenced to transportation, and sixty sentenced to death. Yet, from one of the most deplorable features in our social condition—the sympathy crime obtains from the people—we must be satisfied that the real number of criminals in Ireland far surpasses this figure, whilst the actual number in Great Britain is fully represented.

But it may be fairly objected, that we have lost sight of our original proposition, and that, for aught we have said to the contrary, these deplorable facts bear an equal application to all parts of the kingdom. Let us, therefore, revert to Ulster, and examine her manifest superiority in these respects also over Connaught and Munster. Now, by the census of 1841 it appears that the proportions of the population of each province that could neither read nor write were—Ulster, 33 per cent; Leinster, 38; Munster, 52; Connaught, 64. Thus, of persons wholly ignorant, there were then in Ulster fewer by one-third than in Munster, and by one-half than in Connaught. These simple facts speak volumes. The return of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, corroborates these facts:—The number of National Schools in Ulster exceed by 250, the aggregate number of National Schools in the two provinces of Munster and Connaught. Again, if we look to the moral and religious education of the people, we shall see the great advantages Ulster enjoys. Let us take a single example. The following table will show the encouragement given to the Sunday School system in the different provinces of Ireland, for the year ending the 1st of January, 1851:—

Provinces.	Population in 1851.	Number of Schools.	Number of Scholars.	Number of Gratuitous Teachers.
Ulster	2,004,289	1,931	164,635	14,151
Leinster	1,667,771	457	82,314	3,006
Munster	1,831,817	400	17,160	1,774
Connaught	1,011,917	216	12,408	822
Total	6,515,794	3,004	226,512	19,758

* The precise figures in 1851 were—Great Britain, 20,798,552, and Ireland, 6,515,794.

As a proof of our demoralised condition, we stated, a short time back, that this small island actually required an army of occupation of 38,000 men. A reference to Ulster will show that law and order reign there, without requiring the presence of an overwhelming military and police force. The figures are clearly put together in the work before us. Of the 25,000 troops usually stationed in Ireland, scarce 3,000 are found in Ulster, although its inhabitants compose nearly one-third of the whole population of Ireland. Not a soldier is stationed between Belfast and Derry, a distance of seventy miles, embracing towns and villages, and a populous country. Of the 13,000 police stationed in Ireland during the last year, the number in Ulster amounted to 1,901, or little more than *one-seventh* of the force for a *third of the population*. And the results of an examination of the statistics of crime are equally satisfactory. Of the 33,326 committals in 1850, the number in Ulster was 5,260, not one-sixth part. And of twenty-three executions in 1849 and 1850, only two occurred in Ulster.*

These are fearful facts, and however humiliating it may be to national vanity, they should not be lightly passed over. We fully agree with the author of the work already referred to, that false delicacy has too long concealed what faithfulness should have disclosed. If it be true that knowledge and virtue conduce to that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and that ignorance and vice lead to social degradation, surely the facts we have stated are ample enough to account for the misery of one province, and the prosperity of the other. Until the laws of heaven be reversed, and vice instead of virtue becomes the basis of prosperity, ignorance and superstition will be sufficient to blight the fairest land. Lest the reader should think we have exaggerated the state of ignorance and vice which prevails in some portions of this country, we have subjoined an extract

from a little *brochure*, lately published by the Earl of Roden.† A reference to the figures already given, will show that the number of gratuitous teachers in the Sunday-schools in Ulster exceed the number in Connaught (to which the extract refers) in the proportion of seventeen to one; and the number of pupils attending the schools in the proportion of about thirteen and a-half to one. These figures will be almost sufficient to account for the fearful state of ignorance in which the people of Connaught are plunged:—

"In the Atlantic is the island of Inniskea, containing, I believe, 380 inhabitants. They have very little intercourse with the mainland; their state of spiritual darkness is deplorable. It is hardly to be credited, that among the British Islands heathen idolatry is to be found, and that a *stone* carefully wrapped up in flannel, is brought out at certain periods to be adored by the inhabitants of Inniskea. When a storm arises, this heathen god is supplicated to send a wreck on their coasts. . . . To this dark spot the light of the Gospel has never been permanently extended. . . . Here the absence of religion is filled with the open practice of Pagan idolatry, as fearful to contemplate as that prevalent on the banks of the Ganges. In the south island, in the house of a man named Monigan, a stone idol, called in the Irish, 'Nee vougi,' has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god in appearance resembles a thick roll of home-spun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating a dress of that material to it whenever its aid is sought; this is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess, whose peculiar care it is. Of the early history of this idol no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense: they pray to it in time of sickness; it is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast; and again, its power is solicited in calming the angry waves to admit of fishing or visiting the mainland. The following instance will illustrate the faith reposed in this flannel-covered god:—Some time ago, during a succession of boisterous weather, a native of the island became so ill that his life was despaired of; and, as the invocation of the idol seemed insufficient to restore his health, his relations were most

* The statistics of crime for the current year, when completed, will not give to Ulster the same advantage over the rest of Ireland; but this very exception will lend much additional weight to the argument we have used. During the timid government of Lord Clarendon, what are called "agrarian outrages" penetrated even to the *Protestant North*, and led to several murders. For these crimes twenty-three persons were committed for trial, *all of whom without one exception*, were members of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

† "Progress of the Reformation in Ireland." By the Earl of Roden. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1852.

anxious to bring the priest from the mainland to calm his dying moments—but the storm was so terrific, that they dared not venture without their god to guard them on their perilous voyage. Most reverently, therefore, they placed it in the boat, and their mission being successful, they declared to one of the Scripture-readers that solely to this idol's presence was their safety attributable; and even the ultimate and unexpected recovery of the sick man was ascribed to the exercise of its power."

This great educational advantage of Ulster over the other provinces, and the moral superiority that so directly follows, can scarcely be overrated, whether we look upon it in a social or religious point of view. A modern philosopher (Hobbes) has laid it down as an aphorism, that knowledge is power. We have only to look to Ireland to see a practical illustration of the fact. The world is advancing with a strange velocity. To remain stationary is impossible. Those that want foresight or energy to keep pace with progressive civilisation must be left in the rear. This is the case with the Connaught peasant. He lives in a listless state of ignorance. Years roll on in their ceaseless course. New inventions work extraordinary revolutions in human economy. Civilisation advances with gigantic strides. Every educated man feels that the world has undergone wondrous changes. He endeavours to adapt himself to the new state of things; but the peasantry, over a great portion of this country, still continue stationary, where they have remained for many a dreary century, on the borders of civilisation. We seek in vain to discover one sign of that upward tendency that distinguishes the man from the brute. The same unchanging style of hut and habits continues through generations, as though their only guide really were the instincts of the lower creation; and the only privilege they were in the enjoyment of was "the right," to use the language of a writer in the *Times*, "the right to sit on their dunghills, and curse their Queen and country."

Again, the question forces itself upon us—What is the primary cause of the MORAL DEGRADATION of a large portion of the Irish people? This is the important question Mr. Dill endeavours to answer. He felt how advantageous it would be to Ireland, if some one, fitted for the task, would lay bare her

miseries, disclose the real cause of the disease, and dispel for ever the ignorance that has so long shrouded her infirmities. No abler pen having undertaken the task, he has himself endeavoured, in the modest little volume before us, to trace out the causes of her sorrows with such clearness and candour, as to leave ignorance nothing to mistake, and bigotry nothing to gainsay. It would be too much to say that he has accomplished this high ambition. He has, at any rate, succeeded in producing a book fairly entitled to take its place among the best works upon the social condition of Ireland, issued from the press since the famine desolated the country. We strongly recommend it to the attention of those who are really anxious to make themselves acquainted with the grand cause of Ireland's miseries. In the course of this paper we shall endeavour to give a summary of his principal arguments.

We have already seen that the principal causes of Ireland's miseries are directly referrible to her moral degradation. But it is manifest that this cause must also be derivative. It must arise from some *radical defect* in the people themselves, or some *malignant influence* to which they are exposed. We have already seen that no radical defect attaches to the Irish people. Their faults are all the faults of a perverted education; of vicious habits superposed upon a disposition naturally intelligent and noble. One field of inquiry alone remains. Is the cause to be found in the religious condition of the people? If so it cannot be from want of Christian ministers: for there are 2,176 clergy of the Established Church in Ireland; 2,361 Roman Catholics, with a large auxiliary staff of monks, and nuns, and Jesuits, making, with the regular clergy, between 3,000 and 4,000 individuals to supply the spiritual wants of the Roman Catholics; besides 624 Presbyterians, and Methodists, Baptists, &c. If, then, the ignorance and vice that is so thickly scattered over a *portion* of this country does not proceed from a want of spiritual instructors, it must proceed from something inherently bad in the religion that leads to vice and misery.

"Now, if we compare our two islands, we find that Great Britain, the most happy country on earth, perhaps the most Protec-

tant; and Ireland the most wretched, one of the most intensely Roman Catholic. Britain, that little spot which would scarce be missed if sunk beneath the waves, is the Queen of Nations, and her name a passport among remote barbarians; while Roman Catholic Ireland, in all respects fitted by the great Creator for sharing the glories of her sister isle, is as utterly degraded as the other is illustrious, and the name of Irishmen a term of as deep contempt as that of Englishmen is a title of honour. The former is a land of authors, the latter not even a land of readers; the one is as much distinguished for its virtue, as the other for its crime; and even a large portion of the crimes of the one is committed by Irish Roman Catholics, while a mere fraction of the crimes of the other is the work of Protestants. And lest this difference might be thought to arise, in part at least, from the social or political state of these two nations, follow them through all their migratory wanderings, and it is still the same. In every region you find the one filling the post of honour and trust, and the other sweeping

the streets or carrying the hod; and while the Scotchman in Ireland conducts our banks or warehouses, the Irishman in Scotland is found in the coal-pit or the prison!"

From a report published in the year 1834, we find that Ulster was the most Protestant province in Ireland, and next to it Leinster; and that in Munster the proportion of Protestants was as one to twenty Roman Catholics, and in Connaught as one to twenty-three. We also find that the knowledge, virtue, and prosperity of these provinces follow nearly the same proportions. In 1848 there were, in round numbers, receiving poor-relief out of every hundred of the population:—In Ulster, 3; Leinster, 7; Munster, 14; Connaught, 19. Or, if we turn to the following table we shall find the statement fully corroborated:—

Province.	Population as per last Census.	Total number in Workhouse for week ending 6th April, 1850.	Total number in Workhouse for week ending 26th April, 1851.	Nett debt after deducting balances in Treasurer's hands, 26th Sept. 1848.	Nett debt after deducting balances in Treasurer's hands, 26th June, 1849.
Ulster.....	2,004,289	29,867	24,327	25,666	16,088
Munster.....	1,831,817	109,192	185,085	109,568	249,224
Connaught.....	1,011,917	41,206	43,069	94,833	148,746

To return to Mr. Dill's argument:—

"If from the provinces we descend to the counties, we find the same proportions prevailing with singular exactness. To make this perfectly clear we shall contrast a few of the most Protestant, with a few of the most Roman Catholic counties. In Antrim, the Protestants are to the Roman Catholics nearly as 3 to 1; in Down, more than 2 to 1; in Derry, about 1 to 1; while in Cork, they are 1 to 16; Limerick, 1 to 22; Kerry and Waterford, 1 to 23; Mayo and Galway, 1 to 24. Now mark how the *light* of each county is as its Protestantism. In 1841, the proportions who could neither read nor write, were—Antrim, 23 per cent.; Down, 27; Derry, 29; Limerick, 55; Cork, 68; Kerry, 72; Waterford, 78; Galway, 78; and Mayo, 80.* Thus, in the most Roman Catholic counties we have *four-fifths* of the people in total ignorance; in the most Protestant, only *one-fifth*; and in *all*, with but one exception,

THE IGNORANCE INCREASING AS THE PROTESTANTISM DIMINISHES! We might further prove, that in all these counties, those who can neither read nor write are *almost all* Roman Catholics.

"Nor is the contrast less remarkable in the crime than in the ignorance of those counties. In the four Protestant counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, and Donegal, the gross number of committals in 1848, was not, in proportion to the population, *one-fourth* that of the four Roman Catholic counties of Kerry, Limerick, Galway, and Mayo; yet, of the latter, none but Limerick belongs to the 'disturbed districts.' Again, while from the prevailing conspiracy against justice in the latter, their convictions are not much over a *third* of their committals; in the former, they are nearly *four-fifths*. And there is really no comparison as to the character of the offences; for example, of sixty-nine criminals hanged in Ireland, in the six years, ending 1850, thirteen were executed in Limerick alone,

* These figures appear from the Census of 1841. There can be little doubt the same facts will be corroborated in the forthcoming Census Report for 1851.

only four were hanged in Ulster, and only one in any of the above counties—viz., in Donegal, the least Protestant.

"Lest any remnant of doubt should hang on the reader's mind, as to the extent of the coincidence we are tracing, let us turn for a minute to Ulster's own counties. While in Antrim, its most Protestant county, the per centage who cannot read or write is 28; in Cavan, its most Roman Catholic, it is 51. With a population a little over that of Derry, that county has annually twice as many committals, and not one-third the proportionate number of convictions. The number of police stationed in Derry, in 1850, was 106; in Cavan, 896—nearly four times the force. In short, Cavan is notoriously the most disturbed county in Ulster, and constantly occupied by a large body of military; while the only troops in the entire county of Derry, are a *dépôt* stationed in Londonderry city, whose services are scarcely ever required."

To any unprejudiced mind these facts will be sufficient to solve the great political enigma of Ireland. A pure religion is the greatest blessing ever granted to mankind. Its effects must naturally be to foster knowledge, virtue, and industry. An impure religion, on the other hand, will scarcely co-exist with knowledge, and is sure to be attended with moral debasement and temporal misery. Examine Ireland by these tests. The people of Listowel, Castlebar, and Ballinrobe are almost all Roman Catholics. In the famine, half the population of the former, and two-thirds of the latter unions were dependent on the poor-rates. In the Protestant unions of Larne, Coleraine, &c., not one-twelfth the number (in proportion to the population) received pauper relief. Again, on the 8th of May, 1850, there were in the Protestant town of Derry, 41 Protestant, and 118 Roman Catholic prisoners; and on the 14th of May, in the same year, there were in Tralee jail, 527 Roman Catholic, and only 4 Protestant prisoners. Look where we will, and we find a confirmation of these facts. Education, virtue, worldly prosperity and Protestantism, as a general rule hand in hand, and opposed to ignorance, vice, misery, and Roman Catholicism. Let us survey our richest plains and most fertile valleys. How rapidly do they change, under the influence of Mariology, into the abomination of desolation? Look again to mountains of the North—naturally barren and rugged—subdued by un-

tiring industry, and yielding their golden store to the Protestant peasant. Tipperary is, perhaps, the fairest portion of the land. Nature intended it to be the *garden* of Ireland; but what have its inhabitants made it? The *grave*! Does the delighted traveller linger with pleasurable emotions as he passes over its fertile plains to admire its people—religious, moral, educated, contented, and happy? Does he see aught in their social condition to elevate his heart with thankfulness, and open his lips with praise? Alas, no! this fairest portion of the land is plunged in moral degradation, her altars desecrated with denunciations, her prisons crowded with criminals. There organised assassination-clubs exist, and there the demon of murder holds his court, supported by the sympathy of thousands, and upheld by the breath of popular applause!

But do we exaggerate the state of public depravity in this intensely Roman Catholic county—where the priest grasps an absolute sway such as the despot has seldom enjoyed: where his word is law—his censure a death-warrant? Let us turn to one of its principal towns, the boasted "Cashel of the Kings," and let us look to those immediately connected with the administration of the laws—the magistrates attending at petty sessions. They represent the intelligence, the property, the loyalty of the district. A few years ago this bench was usually attended by eight gentlemen—viz., R. Long—father shot, himself twice fired at; W. Murphy—father shot; S. Cooper—brother shot; Leonard Keatinge—nephew of Mr. Scully, shot; E. Scully—his cousin, Mr. Scully, shot; Godfrey Taylor—his cousin, Mr. Clarke, shot; Wm. Roe—shot; C. Clarke—his brother shot; also his nephew, Mr. Roe, shot. And let us add—lest these facts should be sneered at, and we should be told that the gentlemen murdered were "only Protestants"—that several of the above victims were Roman Catholics, admired for their private virtues as much as they were respected for their public-spirited independence.

But fearful as is the catalogue of cold-blooded murders recorded, their number is but a feeble index to the actual state of morality in the exclusively Roman Catholic portions of Ireland. The *gravamen* of the guilt is the almost

universal sympathy the criminal meets with in the district. Instances are by no means uncommon of criminals continuing "on their keeping" for several years! But is there a single case in existence in which a Roman Catholic priest recommended that such a miscreant should be delivered over to justice? Can one single such example be adduced in favour of the Romish priest, to weigh in the scale against the thousands of innocent men, hurried by altar denunciations into eternity, with all their imperfections on their heads? Is it true, as admitted by many respectable Roman Catholics, that their priest, omnipotent for evil, is impotent for good?

Now, it is a fact that murders of unparalleled atrocity are often committed in England. But where is the point of resemblance between such a crime in England and Ireland? Does the clergyman in England point out from the pulpit an obnoxious individual for vengeance? Is his approaching destruction well known in the district, and are even the time and means to be employed, topics of common conversation; and do the people unite in every manner to facilitate its commission? The perpetration of a murder in England may for a time create a little fear; but a greater confidence in the laws invariably results. Let us take, as an example, the case of the murder of O'Connor by Manning and his wife. It is planned by them in secret. They originate the idea of the crime; it is **NOT** suggested. The grave is dug for the intended victim; and the displaced earth is secreted long before a single act is done to awaken suspicion. They select the most opportune time, and O'Connor is murdered and buried in the place least likely to be searched. The corpse is shrouded in quicklime in such a manner that dissolution should be rapid and without smell. Lastly, the murderers escape. All this is done without the occurrence of one single untoward event. So far this *might happen* in any country. But now mark the contrast. O'Connor is missed. The body is discovered by indefatigable exertions. The country is roused. Every one is on the alert. The electric telegraph spreads the hue and cry through the remotest corner of the kingdom. The whole energies of the State—its army, its navy, its police, its funds, its population, are all employed

in the detection of the murderers. Every suspicious person is arrested—every point is guarded—every lurking place searched. *The Protestant clergy take the lead, and impress upon the people the social and religious obligations they are under to further the ends of justice, and assist in the detection of the murderers.* THERE IS NO FELLOWSHIP BETWEEN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AND THE MURDERER!—between light and the unfruitful works of darkness. They are hunted like mad dogs. Mrs. Manning is seized in Edinburgh, and hundreds of detectives are following in the traces of her husband. In England he meets with no sympathy—no mercy. He raised his hand against society—he shed a brother's blood—

"His offence is rank. It smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it."

And every man's hand is raised against him. He is traced to Jersey—seized—put upon his trial with his wife—found guilty—and expiates his crimes on the gallows. Society has proved victorious; and every man feels, as he retires to his rest, greater security and confidence in the laws of *Protestant England*. How vainly would we search the records of Irish crime to find—save in Protestant Ulster—one such example. Again, we say it would be impossible, under such circumstances, for Ireland to be happy. For righteousness exalteth a country; and unless vice, not virtue, were the basis of prosperity, half the facts we have adduced would be sufficient to blast even a fairer land. But you may object—Rome is *idem semper ubique*, and do moral degradation and misery ever mark her progress? Yes, surely. Look to history!

"Rome was in her zenith during those 'dark ages' which men now blush to recall, and as the darkness thickened the mightier she grew; but the Reformation dawned, and with it rose the sun of Europe. And mark how *those countries only* sprung to life which this Reformation visited. Germany, Holland, Britain, emerged at the same instant from Rome and misery; Spain and Italy retained their allegiance, and grew more wretched. Ay, and so uniform is this connexion between Protestantism and prosperity, that it seems scarcely affected by climate, or soil, or race, or governments, or any other usually modifying cause. On the mountains of Spain and the plains of Italy

beneath the despotism of Austria and the freedom of Switzerland; in the Empire of Brazil and the Republic of Mexico, the same blight marks the dominion of Rome. While the same blessing rests on the realms of Protestantism, whether in bleak Scotland, or genial England, or swampy Holland, or Alpine Switzerland, or the United States of America, or the remote isles of the Pacific.”*

But let it not for a moment be imagined that we desire to impute blame to our Roman Catholic countrymen for the ignorance (and consequent crimes) of which they are not the causes, but the victims. God has said, “My people perish for lack of knowledge;” we desire they should seriously consider why they labour under this “lack of knowledge.” They have, as we have already seen, 2,361 regular clergy, and a large auxiliary staff of Jesuits, monks, sisters of charity, nuns, and friars. They have, besides, all the advantages of National schools, &c., enjoyed by Protestants. Their ignorance, therefore, cannot proceed from lack of instructors. It results from an unwillingness on the part of their pastors to permit them to enjoy the light of education. Do we ever see a Roman Catholic priest foremost in a great effort to procure instruction for the people; or do we hear of money, for the purposes of secular education, extorted from dying sinners? Assuredly we never do. Sometimes idle phantoms like “The Proposed College,” of which Dr. Newman is the imaginary head, are *greatly spoken of*, in order to deceive the ignorant people. Sometimes, too, a National school will be patronised by a Roman priest; but on examination we shall invariably find that some sinister object, and not a love of knowledge, was his motive. It is a means very generally used to withdraw the children of the neighbourhood from some recently established school—in sailor’s parlance, “to take the wind out of its sails.” We need scarcely add, that the school is mostly abandoned as soon as it has fulfilled its purpose. Why, then, does the Church of Rome dread the

light? Truth, we know, has everything to gain; it is only error and imposture that can suffer. Let a cottier send his children to an industrial school to learn virtue, industry, and the fear of God, how soon does the awful curse resound from the chapel’s altar, and point out the man as a fit object for persecution, or even assassination. Take an instance. At the time the famine spread its fearful ravages over Connemara, some benevolent ladies, principally belonging to Belfast, determined upon establishing industrial schools throughout the district. The object was twofold: to afford temporary relief, and also to qualify the pupils, by industrial training, for earning a profitable and honest livelihood afterwards. A portion, however, of each day was devoted to reading the Word of God. Mark the result:—

“By threats, by denunciations from the altar, by refusing confession, and even the last rites of their Church; by every means within their reach, they have done their worst to exterminate our schools.”†

Again, the Rev. Mr. Jennings, a Roman Catholic priest, preaching before Archbishop MacHale, said that “the poison of Bible information was fast falling and spreading,” and that those “who sent their children to schools where the Scriptures were read, gave them bound in chains to the devil!”‡ Is it astonishing, then, that the phrase “a Bible-reader” should be used in the more ignorant portions of this island as a term of reproach, pretty nearly as “a Nazarene” was applied by the Pagans to the early Christians? But the opposition to the Bible often assumes a more tangible shape. We need scarcely remind the reader of the committal of John Syngian, *alias* Brother John, at Ballinrobe Petty Sessions, on the 1st of March last, on the charge “that he, on the 23rd of November last, at Cappaduff, did burn a copy of the New Testament, and did, at the same time and place, profanely scoff at the Holy Scriptures.”§

Thus, step by step, have we traced the mysterious power that has plunged

Rev. E. M. Dill.

† “Irish Industry; Woman’s Work and Woman’s Worth. By the Rev. John Edgar, D.D.” Belfast. 1851. We have already reviewed this little pamphlet, *ante*, Vol. XXXVIII, in a paper entitled, “The Day after the Storm.”

‡ *Protestant Penny Magazine*, No. XXVII. p. 89.

§ The report will be found at length in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, of March 3rd, 1852.

our people in ignorance, and filled our country with crime. We have found education, intelligence, integrity and prosperity in every district where that blessed volume was honoured, which suits every taste but a corrupt one; which teaches nothing but truth and virtue, and opposes nothing but error and sin. And we have found that wherever the religion of the seven-hilled city prevailed, its effects were to degrade man's temporal state. Popery, then, has smitten the land. It is as ungenerous as false to say the people are poor and demoralised because they are Irish. Whenever patriotism for a moment triumphs in the Irish Roman Catholic's breast, and love for his country gains a transitory ascendancy over the antagonistic interests of his Church, the same sentiments find utterance from him. The opinion of a layman will not, perhaps, be considered of sufficient authority. These, then, are the deliberate conclusions arrived at by a Roman Catholic bishop; not spoken in haste and excitement, but calmly reduced to writing, and forwarded for insertion to the editor of the *Nation*. It is part of a letter addressed by Bishop O'Donnell, of Galway, to that journal about two years ago:—

"The history of Ireland does not furnish us with a single record of the name of any Catholic ecclesiastic being engaged or enrolled in any successful movement or enterprise for our country. In truth, they injured the cause whenever they did interfere."

It is not always we can give the same unqualified approval to what falls from these reverend agitators. What scores of societies have they originated for political purposes! what schemes for turbulence and mischief! how great has been the enthusiasm called forth! how mighty the power evoked! Success—eminent success—has attended all their efforts to create agitation, riots, and mutinies, and to stir up the vilest passions of mankind. Thousands of pounds—nay, millions—have been collected in this country for political, how much for literary purposes? It is plain that were it not for the Protestant element in Ireland—alas, how discouraged in these latter days!—the same desolation would come over our country that reigns in Italy. Look at *Hæz*, the seat of Popery—the most depraved and enslaved nation in the world. Look

at the Pontine Marshes now, as testimonies to man, sending up their pestilential vapour, and scourging the land with malaria and plagues. In the days of the Cæsars, before the wonderful discoveries of modern times had given man such power over the elements, populous towns and villages, and happy hamlets, surrounded by smiling fields, were studded over these now blasted swamps. These are thy trophies, O Rome!

But has Rome no similar trophies to show in Ireland? The Roman Catholic priest cannot take his daily round to encourage agitation, and instil hatred to the laws into his parishioners' minds, without seeing these trophies. He sees around him the misery and ruin he has caused. He knows the doctrines he preaches have filled the kingdom with violence, the prisons with criminals, the unions with paupers, the land with charnel-houses, the graves with the dead! He knows the agitation of which he is the chief promoter, has banished capital from his district, has paralysed its trade, ruined its commerce, and stopped its progress. He knows the religion of which he is at once the exponent and example, has bound his fellow-countrymen in spiritual chains, and reduced his native land to misery and despair! And yet, the Roman Catholic priest, with slavery in his heart, and a metaphor in his mouth, will not blush to speak of patriotism and liberality; and, perhaps, with shameless effrontery, declare himself the advocate of "civil and religious liberty!"

And now, as we have touched upon the subject, let us ask where is the true liberal party to be found?—a party actuated by a determination to protect the empire from foreign aggression, and to preserve the rights and liberties of British subjects inviolate? Popery and absolutism are leagued together indissolubly. Does any one believe the late Papal aggression had any other object in view but to degrade the Sovereign of England in the eyes of foreigners, and weaken her influence at home? And why? Because England is the champion of civil and religious liberty. Had the Pope succeeded, every altar on the Continent would have loudly proclaimed that England was obliged to bow before the *Pontifex Maximus*—that liberality had fallen, "while treason flourished over head." The true liberal

party, then, must look with jealous eyes upon all attempts made to invade or undermine the free institutions and liberty with which our country is blessed. It must also endeavour to elevate its citizens in the social scale, by means of education and religion. If some are so ignorant as to believe that a frail mortal like themselves possesses the power to close the gates of eternal salvation against them, it must protect them against the tyrannical use of such an influence. It must take care that treason is not practised under the pretence of religious worship; and anarchy, or incentive to crime, disseminated under the veil of pious exhortation. The chapel as well as the church must become the house of prayer, not the theatre of lawless agitation.

When the late Mr. O'Connell organised an association, the primary object of which was to keep alive the hereditary feuds and antipathies of Irishmen, he christened it, with that mixture of effrontery and raciness that so peculiarly belongs to the Irish soil, "*Conciliation Hall*." With this precedent before them, we can scarcely give the friends of temporal and spiritual slavery credit for originality in calling the tyrannical party to which they belong, the supporters of civil and religious liberty. Let any one look to the conduct of the Roman Catholic priests during the last month or two, and then estimate, if he can, the amount of assurance it requires for such men to use the word "liberty," in however modified a sense. The miserable Irish serf requires "emancipation" from the cruelest despotism under which he ever groaned—that of his own priests. In a slave state, perhaps, such things as we see in Ireland might be borne with fortitude; but to be subject, at the beck of each capricious fancy, to the horsewhip of the priest, is, in this country, "the unkindest cut of all." The horrors of starvation are aggravated when the wretch sees abundance around him; and the shackles of slavery are never more galling than when worn in the land of freemen.

The exercise of the elective franchise is the noblest privilege enjoyed by Eng-

land. It is at the hustings that the battle of the constitution is fought. But what have our recent elections been? Compare the North and South together. Again the evil genius of the country appears—the Roman Catholic priest.* Violence of invective and unbridled license of language have been unscrupulously used to stimulate the worst passions of the multitude, and to hound them on to outrage and bloodshed. In many counties a REIGN OF TERROR has existed—a directory composed of Papal ecclesiastics has held its sittings, and people have been denounced as ENEMIES, and pointed out to the fanatical mob as fitting objects for vengeance. Is this credible, it may be said, in a civilised land? We state nothing we are not prepared to prove. The following appeared in some of the papers in the form of an *advertisement*. We need scarcely comment on the speeches delivered where such is the published *résumé*:—

"MAYO INDEPENDENT CLUB.

"At a very numerous meeting of the above body, held at Armstrong's Hotel, Castlebar, on Tuesday, the 6th day of July last, the *Very Rev. Archdeacon MacHale, P.P., Castlebar*, in the chair—

"The following resolution, amongst others, was proposed, and unanimously adopted with loud acclamations:—

"Proposed by the *Very Rev. Dr. Costello, P.P.*; seconded by the *Rev. Bernard Egan, P.P.*:

"Resolved—That any liberal elector of this county, who does not divide his vote equally between both candidates, Messrs. Moore and Higgins, our late most excellent members, is AN ENEMY to the popular cause.

"JAMES MACHALE, P.P., Chairman.

"JAMES CONRY, Secretary."

A PUBLIC ENEMY! Shall such things be tolerated in a free country? Whoever does not divide his vote equally between Messrs. Moore and Higgins is denounced as AN ENEMY, and is, of course, to be *treated as such*. He is out of the pale of the law. Their reverences have so decreed it. It is religion to persecute, and righteousness to exterminate him! Let us give ano-

* The limits of this paper prevent our making any commentaries upon the conduct of Fathers Clune and Burke, as revealed at the late inquest at Six-mile Bridge. Whether near or far, we always see the "shy, shadowy image" of the Romish priest passing before us, like the evil genius of his country, ever present in the scenes where her misery is consummated.

ther example to enable the public in England to see the Reign of Terror established in this kingdom. The Rev. Mr. Maw advocated the interests of Mr. Maurice O'Connell at the late Tralee election. An extract from a speech of his upon that occasion will show the kind of influence brought to bear against the liberty of the electors :—

“Electors of Tralee—you, the honest electors, who have always upheld the independence of your town—assemble in a body to-morrow; go to those unfortunate wretches, and make them acquainted with the consequences of their guilt. For my part, I'll confess to you what my feelings are with respect to those wretched and corrupt Catholics. Let me suppose one of those wretches prostrated by sickness. Suppose the hand of death heavy upon him, and that a messenger comes to me to attend upon him in his dying moments. If there were no other priest in the way I would be bound to go. I dare not refuse to attend him; but I confess to you that I would be sorry from my heart to be called on to attend the death-bed of such a being (great sensation). I would go to attend such a wretch with a heavy heart, without much hope, because I would feel that I was going to administer sacraments to one whose conscience was so seared, and whose heart was so rotten at the core, that I could not have much expectation of effecting a conversion. Overpowered with the impression that I was about to visit a perjured wretch, who, for a miserable bribe had betrayed the dearest interests of his country and his religion, and borne down with the harrowing reflection that God, in his just anger might leave such a wretch to die in his sins (sensation), I would fear that my mission would be fruitless, that I could have no hope of converting a heart so hardened, so lost to every sense of duty and religion, as to vote in support of those who would trample on the Lord of Hosts (sensation).”

Did space permit, we might multiply these curiosities of Irish election literature by scores.

The facts we have stated are indisputable. Surely there can be no difficulty in discovering the real weight that keeps down our rising energies. What is the foe that relentlessly pursues some of our countrymen, and compels them to retire before the advance of light and social improvement, whilst others derive new energy and power from the very same causes? Look

at our country, at once a *garden and a grave*—a hive of industry—a hot-bed of depravity! One portion appears conspicuous, as a living exemplification of that “righteousness which exalteth a nation;” the other seems destined as a special warning to all the world to beware of Popery. We have in the course of this paper traced our miseries to an almost total absence of secular and religious education among the Roman Catholic members of the community. This is the source of all our evils; and here it is that the remedy must commence. The wide-spread conspiracy that exists among the lower orders in the form of Ribbon Societies, &c., against life and the rights of property, is only a reflex of that still more organised conspiracy among the Roman Catholic priesthood against the education, prosperity, and peace of the country. They know full well that if peace and happiness, religion and piety, were established among us, the mischievous influence Rome has enjoyed for the last half century in this country would soon cease, or continue to live only among the scarcely credible traditions of the past.

Unless the people be intelligent, imbued with a spirit of freedom, and attached to truth, each endeavour to increase their liberty will only rivet their chains more firmly. Can the suffrage be extended to the *people* when they are debased and superstitious? Every effort to do so will only place more power in the hands of the *priests*—a power ever used to perpetuate the people's slavery. Thus the good intended will be turned into evil. Can a priest appreciate civil rights, or estimate a Britain's birthright—liberty of conscience? Hear the opinion of a late Pope :—“From the polluted fountain of indifference flows this absurd and erroneous doctrine—or rather raving—in favour or defence of *liberty of conscience*.”* Is it not, then, absurd to think of applying civil remedies to a moral disorder. Legislation directs; it does not create. It may influence the distribution of the elements; but it cannot alter their nature. It can never confer prosperity, without a virtuous community on which to operate. There is a moral state which invites misrule; another which makes it impossible.

* “Encyclical Letter of Gregory, XVI” 1832.

Enactments may banish crime, religion eradicates the cause; nor does the history of the world afford a single instance in which a veneration for the Bible has not brought with it a national blessing.

The only means, then, we possess of making Ireland moral, peaceable, industrious and happy, is to Protestantise her. Give the people a sound, religious education, and protect them from violence in the exercise of civil and religious liberty, and the rest will follow as a mere matter of time. The religion of Rome naturally produces a stationary state; and to make no progress is, in these days, to be comparatively retrograding. With what astonishment do we hear of a railway permitted to pass (even with endless restrictions) through the Papal States. Rome's assent is viewed with as much wonder as another country's disapprobation. Civilisation, progress, enlightened institutions, are her deadly foes. If men begin to think, they soon cease to be members of her Church. Free thought is almost as dangerous

to the existence of Popery as the Bible. And how can it be otherwise in a religion that never aims at the heart? It desires submission, not conviction. Its professors must *believe*, others *think*. It even makes prayer, the Christian's comfort and consolation, a penance. Its liturgy is unintelligible to the people; and their vacant and devotionless looks clearly prove they feel the *morale* of the service formal, not spiritual. To withhold knowledge is, therefore, necessary to its existence. But ignorance brings with it beggary and slavery; and beggary and slavery again make the acquisition of knowledge impossible. And thus in time the cycle of a nation's degradation is completed. The Protestant knows that intelligence, light, and virtue, are his best friends. He, therefore, wages an eternal war with their enemies—slavery, moral degradation, idleness, ignorance and dirt. Protestantism flourishes in what she ever brings with her, prosperity. Rome thrives in the midst of misery and slavery. Her richest harvest is by the death-bed and the grave.

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PART II.

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

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A BASKET OF AUTUMNAL FRUIT.

From time immemorial have myriads of poets poured forth their lays of welcome to the Spring, and greeted its flowers, the young hopes of the year. But when the promise of which flowers are the pledge, has been fulfilled in fruits—ripe, luscious fruits, let us not be of the number of those who neglect to salute generous Autumn, with her rich and varied gifts. For there are those who think more of the promise than of the fulfilment—who, eager in hope, are regardless in possession; who are more thankful at the beginning of the year for the hopes they have been permitted to indulge, than at the conclusion, for the bounties actually received.

From remote antiquity, men in general have had a feeling of thankfulness for the fruits in their season, and demonstrated it by rejoicings. The Jews had their joyous Feast of First Fruits: but the heathens, not distinguishing the true Giver, imagined tutelary deities as their benefactors, and celebrated feasts in their honour, for the fruits which they were supposed to have matured. So the Romans had their Pomona, the Goddess of Orchards (her name derives from *Poma*, Apples), represented as a beautiful woman crowned with fruits, and holding in one hand a pruning-hook, in the other the skirt of her robe filled with fruits. The priest of her festivals was called the Flamen Pomonalis. Vertumnus, the God of the Seasons, was fabled to have wooed her long and unsuccessfully, assuming various shapes (which typify the changes of the seasons): he appeared as a ploughman (symbolic of Spring); a reaper

(Summer); a vine-dresser (Autumn); and an old woman (Winter). But at length, recovering his own form, a young and blooming god, Pomona was won, and accepted him as her husband. One of the prettiest fables in Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*,"* is the wooing of Pomona by Vertumnus in his Protean changes; when in the guise of an old woman, he points out to her the support that the graceful but weak vine receives from the trunk of an elm; and thence argues in favour of marriage.

Pomona and Vertumnus were unknown to the Greeks; but *these* had their *Prologia*, or festival before gathering the fruits; and their *Oschophoria*, a festival of the ripe fruits. Even the rude ancient Germans had divinities, tutelars of their fruits: *Satur* (whence our Saturday) represented as an elderly man bearing a water-pail, full of fruits (signifying that by rain he nursed them), and *Syeba*, depicted as a fair female, with flowing hair, holding in one hand an apple, in the other a bunch of grapes.

Let us, no less than the heathens, have a festival of fruits, before they are gone from us; let us gather for our *Pomonalia* a basket of autumn fruits, and amuse the hour of our dessert with the historical or classical reminiscences they suggest. To adorn the basket that contains them, we will enwreath it with some flowers of poesy—exotics transplanted from foreign soils.

The place of honour in our Basket we must assign to the cluster of GRAPES, delicious in flavour and beautiful in form, with its ornamental leaves and graceful tendrils, a favourite

* Book xiv.

subject for the painter and sculptor, the theme of poets, and the meet companion of the wine-cup, since it crowns the brow of Bacchus, and twines the thyrsus of his priestesses. His too zealous devotee, Anacreon, was choked by a grape-stone: but so was also the tender Sophocles, the votary rather of Melpomene than of Bacchus. Tempting as is the grape, the people of Madagascar avoided it as poisonous, till taught to eat it by the French. Grapes form the device of the island of Tenedos on some ancient coins. A very pretty device was once made by Charles James Fox, at a gay *reunion*, for the fascinating Duchess of Devonshire; a bunch of grapes, with the motto, "*Je plais jusqu'à l'ivresse*." Titian is said to have first observed in a bunch of grapes the principle of light and shade, the *clair obscur*, and harmony of colouring, which he taught to his pupils from this beautiful model. The grape originated the proverb, "Between the cup and the lip there is many a slip." Anceus, one of the Argonauts, and King of Ionia, having beaten a slave for some neglect in his vineyard, the latter predicted that his master would never more taste the juice of his grapes. To confute the prophecy, Anceus called for a cup of wine; but just as he was raising it to his lips, an alarm was given that an enormous wild boar was ravaging the vines. The King set down the cup untasted, and rushed out to encounter the boar; but the animal turning suddenly upon him, slew him—hence the adage.*

To accompany the grape, we will cull a poetic flower from Greece, on the dedication of a simple feast to the tutelars of field and garden. We have chosen it as an introduction of our own humble basket of varieties to the reader:—

VOTIVE POEM.

FROM THE GREEK OF CRINAGORAS (A CONTEMPORARY OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.)

Βοτρυς σπονδεραισιν, ευχαιστοιο τε πομπ.—K.T.A.

"This cluster ripe of grapes, that shine,
Distended with their sparkling wine:

Glowing pomegranate newly cut;
Brown kernels of the sylvan nut;
Fresh almonds, from whose humid leaf†
Still flow the tears of lover's grief;
The juicy pear, a luscious treat,
For him who quaffs the goblet meet;
Th' ambrosial sweets that bees bestow;
Thick cakes the lib'ral hand that show;
With heads of garlic, smooth and white,
That to the mantling draught excite.
These (humble feast) Polyxenes
Gives to the rural deities—
To thee, O Pan! with trusty rod—
And thee, the well-armed Garden-God."

The APPLE, with its various hues—ruddy, golden, and russet—forms a handsome group, accompanied by its oblong relatives, the mottled pear and the tawny quince. The apple is unfortunate in having acquired the reputation of a mischief-making fruit ever since the designation of "apple" has been applied to the fruit of ill omen eaten by Eve. The reader will remember the trite examples in the classic mythology of the apple of discord, the golden apples which caused the swift-footed Atalanta to lose her fateful race, and the apple of Acontius which brought so much sickness and suffering to Cydippe, and is immortalised in Ovid's Heroic Epistles. In later times, an apple was, indeed, a fruit of discord in the imperial family of Byzantium. Theodosius the younger, Emperor of the East in the fifth century, had married the beautiful, accomplished, and celebrated Eudoxia (called Athenias before her conversion to Christianity), and for many years he entertained the strongest affection for her. There came to the court of Constantinople, Paulinus, a philosopher who was highly esteemed for his learning by Eudoxia. One day she unguardedly bestowed on him, as a mark of friendship, a remarkably fine apple with which she had been presented by Theodosius. Paulinus, ignorant of these circumstances, carried the apple as a respectful offering to the Emperor. The latter, recognising the fruit, and conceiving a jealous suspicion, went to the Empress, and, in a stern tone, demanded what she had done with his gift. Eudoxia, discon-

* "Multa cadunt inter calicem, supremaque labra," or, according to Cato's version, "Mulum inter est inter os et offam."

† The leaves of the almond-tree being often found humid in dry weather, the Greeks fabled that they wept for the sorrows of Phyllis, Princess of Thrace, who dying for love of Demophoon, was said to have been changed into an almond-tree. Ovid celebrates the love of Phyllis, in his Heroic Epistles.

certed by his manner, was unhappily tempted to an untruth, and replied that she had eaten it. The Emperor, confirmed in his suspicions, produced the apple, convicted her of falsehood, taxed her with infidelity, and banished her from Constantinople for ever. She retired to Palestine, where she died after enduring eleven years of humiliation and exile. The unfortunate Paulinus was put to death by the orders of Theodosius. Thus was an apple fatal to the peace of the powerful, the beautiful, and the wise. The reader will be interested by comparing this historical anecdote with the strikingly similar story of "The Three Apples" in the Arabian Nights. The Byzantine historians furnish us with a trait resembling the classic judgment of Paris, in which the prize, in a competition for superior beauty, was a golden apple. Theophilus, Emperor of the East, in the ninth century, desirous of choosing the most beautiful woman in his dominions for his wife, published a manifesto requiring all the unmarried females who were remarkable for their charms to repair to Constantinople, and assemble in his presence on an appointed day, when he would distinguish the object of his choice by giving her an apple of gold. Great numbers appeared, and presented such a galaxy of beauties, that Theophilus was perplexed, and walked to and fro, undecided, among the anxious competitors for a throne. At length he stopped before Icasia, a young girl of high rank and exceeding loveliness, and his eyes seemed to say they would seek no farther. "Truly," said he, as he gazed admiringly, "women are dangerous beings; they often do a great deal of mischief." Icasia thought it incumbent on her to reply: "Yes, sire, but in recompense they sometimes do a great deal of good." The Emperor was displeased; he thought a modest silence at such a moment would have been more becoming than an attempt at repartee. He turned from Icasia, and the golden prize he had been on the point of presenting to her he gave to Theodora. Icasia buried her mortification in a cloister, where she amused her leisure by writing several works of merit; and was, in the end, more happy than her successful rival. Theodora and Theophilus differed in religion—the Empress was a Roman Catholic, the Emperor an Iconoclast, or image-breaker; he was a

man of ferocious temper, and there was no union of soul between them. After a troubled reign of twelve years, Theophilus died, leaving the widow to contend with the wickedness of her son, the young Emperor Michael, a monster of depravity, who soon deposed Theodora from her rank, and imprisoned her and her daughters for life in a convent, where, probably, the fallen Empress remembered Icasia with envy, and mourned that she herself had ever received the unfortunate prize of the golden apple. *En revanche* for its mischiefs, the apple has sometimes led to good, as in the instance of William Tell, when it was the remote cause of the liberation of Switzerland; and in the instance of Sir Isaac Newton, who was led to discover the laws of gravitation by an apple falling on his head.

In the Scandinavian mythology, the Goddess Iduna kept in a box a kind of apples of which the gods ate when growing old, and renewed their immortality. Lok, the evil genius, carried away Iduna, and kept her prisoner in a thick forest. The gods were in danger of becoming decrepid, till Lok was conquered by Thor, the Thunderer, and forced to restore Iduna and her rejuvenating fruit. This fable seems derived from some obscure tradition of the fruit of the tree of life, and of Eve and the serpent.

In the classic mythology apples are sacred to Venus, from her gaining the prize of the golden apple from Paris in his famous judgment, and they were dedicated to Hercules from his conquest of the golden fruit of the Hesperides. In the Pythian games, apples consecrated to Apollo were the reward of the victor.

In England it was long customary to bless the new apples on St. James's day (July 25), and on twelfth day to sprinkle apple trees with libations of cider, accompanied by the singing of some rude ancient rhymes, a custom supposed to be a relic of the rites of Pomona.

The apple mentioned by Solomon in Canticles is believed to be the citron (*citrus medica*), for the apple is not grown in Palestine. Solomon describes the fruit as of a golden colour, and with a very fragrant and reviving scent—circumstances true of the citron, but not of the apple.

The QUINCE, a native of Cydon in Crete, was dedicated to Venus, and

was considered by the ancients a symbol of love and happiness. By the laws of Solon, in Athenian marriages, the bride and bridegroom were required to eat a quince together.

The PEAR is thorny in its wild state. John, our king of odious memory, is said by tradition to have died from eating a pear pricked by poisoned needles. Drusus, son of the Emperor Claudius, by his first wife, Plautia Ur-

gulanilla, was choked by a pear with which he was playing, by throwing it up in the air and catching it in his mouth, but at last it slipped down into his throat. In the armorial bearings of the City of Worcester three pears are blazoned, in allusion to the celebrity of the Worcestershire perry. To this group of fruits we will give a companion flower, brought from Italy:—

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO BUCETTI COPETTA.*

(Porta il buon Villanel da Strania riva, &c.)

"From distant soil the honest peasant bare
A sapling tree; and when the sun was low
He set it in his orchard's plot, to grow.
It liv'd, and grew, and flourish'd freely there.
Sunshine, and showers, and summer's genial air
Gave the maturing tree health, beauty, strength.
The joyful cultor deem'd the time at length
Had dawn'd, to pay with fruits his fostering care.
But, ah! those apples, cherish'd long in vain—
Ere one short hour, and all were snatched away
By plund'rer's hand, eager with greed of gain.
E'en thus the spoiler rent, in one short day,
From me the fruit of many an anxious year,
And nought but fading leaves are left me here."

The ORANGE, that brilliant fruit, has been generally believed to be the *golden apple* of the classics, that grew in the garden of the Hesperides. In Italy, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the manner of cutting an orange formed a party sign between the rival factions of the popes and of the emperors; the former, or Guelphs, cut it across; the latter, or Ghibellines, cut it lengthways. An orange stuck with cloves was formerly a customary new-year's gift in England. The silvery-white orange-blossom is appropriated to young brides for their wedding-wreath; therefore we will here associate with the orange a bridal bouquet taken from Germany:—

A MOTHER'S WARNING TO HER DAUGHTER
ON HER WEDDING-DAY.FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK WILLIAM
GÖTTER.†

(Selbst die glücklichste der Ehen, U.S.W.)

"Daughter! clouds *will* sometimes hover
O'er the happiest Hymen's peace;
And the fondest husband-lover
Follow temper or caprice.

Deemest thou golden days for ever
Can thy golden ring bestow?
Then life's course and man's heart never
Hast thou learn'd as yet to know.
Oft a simple maiden gladly
Hath her chosen bridegroom wed,
And in after days hath sadly
Mourn'd her hopes, her freedom fled.
He, her glances' slave once seeming,
Moody tyrant stands confess'd;
Waken'd from her joyous dreaming,
Cares and sorrows rend her breast.
Yet to thee hath power been given,
Daughter, thine own bliss to make—
Softness, prudence, *these* are even
All the arms thou need'st to take.
Meet thy husband's heart with spirit
Blandly cordial, frankly gay;
Pass unseeing slight demerit—
Slight offences smile away."

The POMEGRANATE was, of old, an emblem of blessing, which is probably the reason why it was figured in gold on the robe of the high priest of the Jews. In Egypt it was an attribute of the principal goddess, Isis. The classic mythology fables, that when Proserpine had been forcibly carried

* He was a native of Perugia in Italy; a Doctor of Law; died in 1558.

† A native of Gotha, a secretary employed in the ducal archives. Died 1797, aged 53.

off by Pluto to his Tartarean abode, the tears of her mother, Ceres, prevailed with Jupiter to decree that the unwilling bride should be restored, provided she had eaten nothing while in the realm of Pluto. But it being discovered that she had eaten part of a pomegranate, she was compelled to remain, and be satisfied to share the throne of the gloomy king. This fable seems to be the origin of the common superstition in fairy lore—that if any person, who has been carried by the fairies into their habitations, eats or drinks anything while there, he or she forfeits the power of ever returning from their enchanted regions. The pomegranate was borne by the Greeks in the Eleusinian mysteries. It is figured on coins of Side, in Pamphylia (being called Side in Greek); and also on some coins of Rhodes. Some *bel esprit* of the French court, made for Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., the device of the coronetted pomegranate, with the motto, "*Mon prix n'est pas dans ma couronne.*" Katharine of Arragon, the broken-hearted queen of Henry VIII., chose for her device the pomegranate, in memory of the beautiful province of Granada (the scene of her childhood), whose emblem was this fruit, which is called in Spanish Granada, *i. e.*, the grained; it was borne in the scutcheons of the Moorish kings of Granada, conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella, the parents of Katharine. From Spain, then, we will bring a Moorish romance, as the flower of the pomegranate:—

MOORISH ROMANCE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSE ZORILLA.*

(De la Luna à los reflejos, &c.)

"Bright by the moon's reflected ray,
Far away,
A Moorish Tower is shown,
Where the pure Darro's† limpid tide
Doth darkly glide
Beneath its walls of stone.

"The sombre elms that o'er the river
Rustle and quiver,
Make music to the ear:
The wand'ring airs thro' rush and sedge,
That fringe the edge,
Breathe murmurs sweet to hear.

"The buds that ope beside the strand
Of yellow sand,
Their fragrant exhalation:
Thrilling with joy in green retreat,
'Mid blossoms sweet,
Nestles the nightingale.

"Down from the rock, with magic gleam
The silver stream
Falls, like a diamond shower:
In every drop of bead-like sheen
Is image seen
The oriental tower.

"There stands in open balcony
Of turret high,
A form so fair and young;
'Tis the Sultana singing low
To the water's flow,
A lay in Arab tongue.

"And thro' the genial atmosphere
It echoes clear,
Her melancholy strain;
'Till wafted thence, 'mid zephyr's sighs
Its music dies
Far o'er the grassy plain.

"The linnet sings, aloud replying,
Like rival vying,
In tender song with her:
He hops from glowing bed to bed
Of tulips red
In the rich and gay parterre.

"The while she sang (the linnet still
With ready trill
His due responses made)
Below, the jealous Moor was watching,
Her accents catching,
Hid in the garden's shade.

"'A Moslem's love is mine,' she said,
'And on my head
A jewell'd coronet;
But tell me, flower, with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?

"'They give me carpet, cushion, shawl,
So gorgeous all,
Nor blooming wreaths forget.
My garden, say! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?

"'They give me baths, and feasts, and
bowers,
With brightest flowers,
Like those of Eden, set:
But, river, say! With joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?

* A modern poet, who began to be known in Madrid about 1833.

† A little river of Granada.

- "They give me plumes as soft and white
As sea-foam light,
And veils for my locks of jet:
Say, nightingale! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?
- "Nought that can cloud my brow is here,
Or bring a tear
My sunny eyes to wet:
But tell me, Moon! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"
- "Trac'd by the lamp upon the wall,
A shadow tall
The singer has descried—
She turns, and in her balcony
He meets her eye;
The Moor is at her side.
- "Hast thou not castles?" (asks the Moor),
'Pearls, golden store,
Garland, and carcanet?
Tell me, my fair! with joy to bless
Thy loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?
- "Say, can the garden, or the stream,
Or day's bright beam,
Or bud, or bird afford
One joy that thou, my life! in vain
Wouldest seek to gain
From me, thy loving lord?
- "Then say, e'en thy caprice to please
What lacks of ease,
Or love, or wealth to thee?"
'Ah, Master mine! yon birds that sing
Where flow'rets spring,
Have—*air and liberty!*'"

The blushing, downy-cheeked PEACH, lovely and fragrant as it is, was once guilty of the death of a beautiful and innocent woman, the Persian Princess Statira, daughter of King Darius, and widow of Alexander the Great. After she had lost a husband by whom she was tenderly loved, she knew that her life was in danger from the machinations of her rival, Alexander's second wife, Roxana, the Bactrian Princess, who wished to destroy her before the birth of her expected child, in order to remove a competitor for dominion out of the way of her (Roxana's) own son. Statira, fearing poison, would never eat of anything in company with Roxana, unless the latter shared it with her. But the Bactrian provided herself with a knife, one side of which was imbued with a subtle

poison, while the other side was left pure; with this knife she cut in two a beautiful peach, and gave Statira the part cut with the poisoned side, and ate herself the uninjured half before her rival, who, thus deceived, partook of her own portion, and died, the victim of a fruit of her own country, for the peach is Persian. The near relative of the peach, the sunny Apricot (its name is from the Latin, *apricus*, sunny), was once the occasion of a singular and far-fetched rebus. On the death of the detestable Louis XI. of France, his daughter, Anne de Beaujeu, who became Regent, dismissed in disgrace, some of his officials, whose conduct had disgusted the nation; and among them the late King's physician, John Cotier, who had extorted large sums, from his royal patient's dread of death. The physician, knowing how much he was hated, thought himself fortunate to escape alive, and to testify his pleasure at the security he felt in his retirement, he sculptured over his door an apricot tree (in French, *Abricotier*), in allusion to his name, and added before it, the words *à l'*, which, in conjunction with the tree, read *à l'Abri Cotier*, or *à l'Abricotier*, an untranslatable pun. The introduction of the apricot into England, has in it something of romance. The enthusiastic naturalist, John Tradescant, the elder (subsequently gardener to Charles I.), entered himself on board an armed privateer, going against Morocco, solely for the purpose of procuring the apricot, and bringing it home. As this was in 1620, Shakspeare commits an anachronism, when he makes the gardener of Richard II., at the date of 1399, say, "Go, bind thou up those dangling apricocks."—(*Richard II.* act iii. scene 4.)

The associate poem for the peach we bring from Sicily:—

THE PEACH.

FROM THE SICILIAN OF ANTONIO VALLORI,
OTHERWISE VENEZIANU.*

(*Lu Persicu suavi e lu so' odduri.*)

"The peach is beauteous in its bloom,
And rich in flavour and perfume;
But in its heart, those sweets amid,
We find a bitter kernel hid.

* He termed himself Venezianu from his father having been a Venetian. He was himself a native of Moreale, in Sicily. He perished in the ruins of the Castle of Paleruo, by the explosion of the powder magazine, 1593.

"Thus, tho' to others' eyes I bear
Of calm content the placid air,
I feel deep hid within my heart
A flame, a grief I ne'er impart."

The Nut tribe, in their hard, brown shells, form a contrast with the soft and bright-hued fruits around them. The walnut was originally in England called Gaul-nut, having been introduced from France. Herbalists used to consider the walnut efficacious in diseases of the head, because it bore what they called the *signature* of the head (*i.e.*, a fanciful resemblance), the outer green skin representing the pericranium; the shell within, the skull; and the kernel, the brain. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, walnuts were found more effective than cannon-balls in taking a beleaguered city. Amiens was besieged by the Spaniards, who were then in arms to oppose the accession of Henri Quatre to the throne of France. A small number of Spanish soldiers, disguised as French peasants, with a cart laden with sacks of walnuts, came to the gate, and asked admittance to sell their fruit. On the gate being opened for them, one of the sacks, which was purposely left untied, fell (as designed) from the cart, and the French guard, busying themselves in picking up the scattered walnuts, were attacked by the disguised soldiers; then a party of Spaniards, who were at hand in ambush, rushing forward, surprised and took the town.

Fresh nuts look handsome in their integuments, variously tinted with yellow, brown, green, and red, clothing their hard shells, like the gay surcoat and scarf that of old hung over and adorned the knight's armour. The Greek girls, in Laconia, at the time of nut gathering, used to celebrate a feast called the *Carya*, in honour of Diana of the Nuts. They went out into the country to gather nuts, and joined in a dance, said to have been invented by Castor and Pollux. In Scotland, it used to be the custom to go out nutting for the first time on Holyrood day (September 14), in memory of the traditional discovery of a piece of the true cross by the Emperor Heraclius. In Herefordshire, it used to be customary to send, as presents, on St. Thomas's day, pyramids of nuts, with apples, and

gilded evergreens. Hence came the adage, "it was nuts and apples to him," to express something that gave great pleasure. The hazel is the wood chosen for the "divining rod," used to discover hidden springs of water. It was a Druidical superstition, that the breath of serpents would congeal round a hazel rod held in it and form a ring like glass, endowed with magical qualities. Irish tradition says that the rod with which St. Patrick expelled the serpents and toads was of hazel; and that hazel is of such virtue, that its touch is death to noxious reptiles, and that unholy spirits fly from it. As nuts are the children of the wood, their companion shall be—

SYLVAN LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. JUSTIN KERRER.*

(Sei Willkommen, Wandersman.—U. S. W.)

"Welcome, Wand'rer, to the wood!
Only in this solitude
Can the humble-hearted find
Pleasures meet for peaceful mind.

"By the streamlet rests the deer;
Thrushes warble freely here;
Mildly dark our forest screen,
Pleasant to the eye its green.

"Brightly sparkle brooks and dews;
Flowers unplucked their sweets diffuse;
Deep in caves unseen, unknown,
Hideth gold and precious stone.

"Shun the vale—for there the rill,
Free no more, impels the mill;
Shun the town—for there the thrush,
Cag'd, laments his native bush.

"Go not where from peaceful earth
Men drag gold and jewels forth;
Gems whose liquid light appears
Like an eye suffused with tears.

"Rest thee, Wand'rer, 'mid the shade
By the meeting branches made;
Elsewhere men around thee pry;
Moon and stars thy wand'rings spy.

"But in shelter here thou'lt be,
With the stream alone and free;
None to see thee in thy bower,
Save the dew on moss and flower."

To whom does not the dark-visaged, sanguine-juiced MULBERRY recall the tragical fate of the Babylonian lovers,

* A Swabian physician.

Pyramus and Thisbe, whose stolen interviews were made by moonlight under a mulberry-tree, the fruit of which, originally white, became empurpled by being sprinkled with the blood of these unfortunate persons who slew themselves in despair beneath its shade. The Morea of Greece owes its name to a fanciful resemblance of its shape to that of the leaf of the mulberry, called in Greek *Morea*. A clergyman, Rev. Francis Gastrell, has acquired a disgraceful celebrity for having, in 1756, cut down wantonly, nay brutishly, the mulberry planted by Shakspeare, the poet's favourite tree; the reverend gentleman being unhappily then the possessor of Shakspeare's home. He received, however, very serious proofs of the general

indignation in Stratford. The wood of the famous tree was made into snuff-boxes and drinking-cups, which sold at high prices. The introduction of the mulberry-tree (for feeding silkworms) into France was at first opposed by popular clamour, till patronised by the king, Henri IV., who seems to have foreseen the wealth of which it would become the source. There is a pretty oriental proverb to inculcate patience and hope—"With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry becomes silk." As the mulberry owes its earliest fame to the death of two lovers, we select for its companion the lament of a poet of Portugal for the death of the lady of his affections:—

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF M. M. B. BOCAGE.*

(Vocate, Alma innocente, Alma querida, &c.)

"And thou hast fled, spirit most pure, most dear!
 Fled to a sunshine brighter far than this;
 Well hast thou chang'd for heaven's eternal bliss
 The false and fleeting joys of mortals here.
 O, born for heaven! now call'd to that high sphere,
 Thou dwell'st from vain delusions far away;
 Once happy in firm faith and love sincere,
 Till sorrow made thy tenderness its prey.
 How shall a mortal, wretched and unwise,
 Presume to weep for one who finds sweet rest
 In glorious home above yon azure skies?
 Forgive my tears, thou spirit lov'd and blest!
 Ah! such the strife, the frailty of the mind,
 That love still weeps while reason bows resign'd."

The luscious Fig, whether the rich brown or its rival the green, must not be omitted from the Autumnal Basket. In old times among the Greeks the fig was held in honour. It was used in Saturn's crown, and borne in procession in some of the festivals, as in the Plynteria, or festival of washing the statue of Minerva, wherein figs were honoured as "leaders to civilisation;" for when men discontinued their rude diet of acorns they began to use figs. And in the *Thargelia*, a feast of the sun, the two purifiers of the city (Athens) wore chains of figs round their necks, and the flute-players performed an air called "the air of the fig-tree." Persons preparing for a journey adorned their doors with branches of the fig as a presage of a happy return.

The Romans venerated the fig-tree, because Romulus and Remus were found under one. But though the fig was revered among the ancients it is used as a term of contempt among the moderns—"a fig for you!" This dates from the middle of the twelfth century. Beatrix, the wife of the German emperor, Frederick Barbarosa, having paid a visit to Milan, the citizens, enraged at having had their liberties invaded by Frederick, offered many insults to the Empress; and finally, mounting her on a she-ass, with her face to the tail, which they placed in her hand, they drove her out of the gates. The indignant emperor invested Milan, took it after a three years' siege, razed all the buildings to the ground except the churches, and only spared the lives of

* A native of Setubal (St. Ubes). Died 1805, aged 39.

the inhabitants on condition of each one taking a fig in his teeth, accompanied by circumstances of degradation so coarse that we pass them over. From that time it was always a gross insult to an Italian to "show him the fig," *i. e.*, to put the thumb between the two fingers and present it. The celebrated Hebraist, Dr. Kennicott,* seeing a splendid fig ripening in the garden of his College at Oxford, wished to appropriate it, and accordingly appended to it a slip of parchment inscribed "Dr. Kennicott's fig." But this precaution only served to incite a gay young collegian to circumvent the expectant; so stealthily watching the maturing of the coveted fruit, as soon as it was fully ripe, he plucked it early one morning before the Hebraist was up, and removing the original label, left in its place another, inscribed, "a fig for Dr. Kennicott." The Greek philosopher, Chrysippus, laughed so immoderately at seeing an ass eating figs out of a dish that he broke a blood-vessel, and died at the age of seventy-three (before the Christian era two hundred and seven years). The fig, on account of its bearing fruit without flowers, was considered as the emblem of friendship, testified by deeds rather than by words.

FRIENDS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO BARBERINI.†

(Lo Fico senza fior ti porge il frutto, &c.)

"Th' unboastful fig his fruit bestows
Unheralded by bloom—
But ere his golden apple glows
His silvery flowers the orange shows,
And sheds a rich perfume.
So the *true* friend kind deed affords
Without the pomp of flowery words:
Others their gifts so loudly praise,
Their kindness to all ears revealing,
That dearly the recipient pays
The price in wounded feeling."

The stately PINE APPLE, fair as it is, with its regular diamond-cut surface and elevated green crown, is very barren of reminiscences. The Archigallus, or chief priest of Cybele, was represented bearing in one hand a pine, apple in a cup. At Kensington is a picture of Charles II. receiving a pine apple from his gardener, Rose, on his

knees. This fruit, on account of its large and handsome crown of leaves, has been considered the emblem of royalty. Wherefore its companion shall be a royal poem, the composition of the eccentric daughter and successor of the brave Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and written at Rome after she had abdicated her crown and renounced her religion—the faith for which her father died in battle:—

TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.‡

(Io son il Tempo alato, &c.)

"I am Time, winged Time,
Fate's minister sublime:
The universe shall feel my power,
And in an awful hour
Shall sink into annihilation.
I will spare nought in wide creation,
Save th' abyss—th' abyss profound;
And darkness thick to reign around.
'Ha, Time! hear thou thy fate:
Thou threat'nest to annihilate;
But thou shalt lose thy sway.
Soon as this world has passed away
Thy rule, O Time! is o'er,
And thou thyself shalt be no more.'"

The bloomy PLUMS—the majestic yellow Mogul, the sweet, green gage, the black Damascene—have recalled nothing to our memory, save that the purple "Queen Claude," commemorates an amiable French queen, Claude, the neglected wife of Francis I., who introduced this plum into France.

But the bright, round, shining CHERRY, the favourite plaything with children (who has not loved bob-cherry?) has a pleasing reminiscence connected with it. After the early reformer, John Huss, had perished at the stake, his followers, the Hussites, or Bohemian Protestants, took up arms in their self-defence. During the prolonged war, they besieged the city of Naumburg (in Saxony) in 1482; and Procopius Nossa, their general, declared his intention to raze the place, and exterminate the inhabitants, in revenge for the people having formerly voted for the death of John Huss, at the Synod of Kernitz. The Naumburgers, seeing themselves on the verge of destruction, were in despair, when a citizen named Wolf, proposed an ex-

* He died, 1783.

Florentine. Died of the Plague, 1348.

‡ She died at Rome, 1619.

periment to mollify the fury of the general. At Wolf's suggestion, all the children from the ages of seven to fourteen, were dressed in shrouds, and each holding a green bough and a lemon (which it was customary for mourners at German funerals to carry), were sent into the Hussite camp, to intercede with the general for the safety of their relatives and their native city. Procopius was moved by the tears of the young suppliants; he granted their petition, treated them with kindness, and ordered them refreshment, and in particular regaled them with a quantity of cherries (it was then the month of July). The delighted children returned home, singing and rejoicing, and carrying branches of cherry-trees, laden with their handsome fruit, instead of the former funereal emblems. The Naumburgers, in commemoration of their deliverance, ever after celebrated a festival, called Kirschenfest, or the Feast of the Cherries, on the 20th of July, the day of the infant deputation. At the commencement of the festivities, troops of children, gaily dressed and crowned with flowers, paraded the streets in procession, carrying branches adorned with cherries.

The cherry was introduced into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, and first planted at Affane, near Cappoquin, county Waterford, on lands granted to him out of the forfeiture of the Desmonds, the most celebrated house in Irish history, to one of whose most renowned ladies a cherry-tree of Sir Walter's proved fatal, according to local tradition. The famous old Countess of Desmond was born about 1465; she danced with Richard III. at court, just before the battle of Bosworth, in 1485, and lived to see the vicissitudes of the Desmonds, and the fall of their vast power and wealth in the attainder of 1586. She went to London, being then over one hundred and twenty, to plead for the preservation of her jointure, and succeeded, and returned to live at her birth-place and usual abode, Dromana (near Affane), a castle of the Desmonds, and now the seat of a noble descendant of that house, Lord Stuart de Decies. One day, when she was (according to the tradition) a hundred and forty years old, she saw some very fine cher-

ries on one of the trees at Affane, and having no attendant at hand to gather them, she attempted to climb up to them, but fell, and soon after died from the effects of the fall. Her picture, painted when she was extremely old, is preserved at Dromana.

Extremes meet; our ceresial reminiscences began with childhood, and end with old age. But as the cherry is especially child's fruit, we will place as its associate an

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHEISON.*

(Sanft wehs im Hauch der Abendluft.—U. S. W.)

"The vernal grass and flowrets wave
In evening's breath, where o'er thy grave
Weeps sorrow, wail and faded;
Oh! ne'er till death has set us free
From earth, can thy sweet image be
By dim oblivion shaded.

"Thou'rt blest, tho' short thy opening bloom;
From worldly joys, from pride, from gloom,
From sense delusive parted:
Thou sleepest in peace; in care and strife
We warring tread the maze of life,
Too rarely tranquil-hearted."

Having stored our basket with garden fruits, we must spare a very small corner for the fruits of the wilds. Horticultural art may point to its *eldest* with pride; but let not Nature remain unrepresented. Let us not forget that Providence has kindly spread abroad wild fruits for those who cannot command the luxuries of the fenced and tended garden. The small Raspberry beside the brook, and the sweet Wood Strawberry, the delight of peasant children, have passed away before autumn commenced; but all over the country the wholesome and pleasant Blackberry offers an abundant feast to all who are not too proud to stoop for it; and both its flowers and fruit are useful to the dyer. The species called the *rose blackberry* is the badge of the Scotch clan MacNab. The species called dewberry (*rubus cæsius*), with its fine, dark, blue bloom, and the large grains of its small juicy fruit, has been thought worthy, by Shakspeare, of forming part of Titania's fairy feast (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. scene 2):—

"Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."

Boggy grounds, especially on moun-

* The Poet of Magdeburg, at the close of last century.

We'd wile an hour in watching " the boats come homewards rowing,
 Or loiter in the lone wood, " the shady boughs beneath ;
 I'd need not breast the steep then, with gay song upward going
 To ask for news of Mary " upon the Hill of Heath.

" High on the stone-heap'd mountain* " one day when lonely lying,
 From Benduff's peak so darksome " I looked out east by north ;
 I heard the cuckoo speaking, I saw the sea-gulls flying,
 While with their dams the lambkins " and calves were going forth.
 The badger and the weasel " there get them lairs for sleeping ;
 The red fox finds a shelter " from winds that rudely breathe,
 The Banshee chants her dirges, half singing and half weeping,
 That scene is grander far than " the little Hill of Heath.

" There bloom the rose and lily, and honey is abounding,
 There the bright crystal† sparkles, the white swan glides along,
 The heath-cocks there are crowding, the hounds' shrill cry resounding,
 Harps at each door are chiming " to sweet-voic'd maidens' song.
 There grow sweet fruits, the berry " upon the wild bush blazes,
 There are all things delicious to keep away grim death,
 There dwells my love whose beauty " excels all beauteous faces—
 That place is better far than " the little Hill of Heath.

" There is sweet milk and butter, " fat swine at all times straying
 On both sides of the river, and round the verdant hill,
 Fair islets gem the waters " where speckled trout are playing ;
 Sleek calves and well-fed cattle " the merry woodlands fill.
 Both winter time and summer " the trees there give us pleasure ;
 Good liquor there is plenty " each merry roof beneath ;
 I'd rather chant thy praises, sweet spot ! in worthy measure
 Than sing the wither'd furze on " the little Hill of Heath.

" I've gaz'd on cheerful harbours, in stately cities ponder'd ;
 I've trod the heath-clad mountain, " fair vale, and rushy plain,
 From Cork of Coves so pleasant " to Bal'nasloe I've wander'd :
 Then from the north returning to Cashel came again.
 I've pass'd two years in roving, I've sat where guests are many,
 I've drain'd the glass, and gaily " have set my pipes to breathe,
 But maiden like my true love " I never yet found any—
 Save one with fairy form on " the little Hill of Heath."

With this wild flower we terminate
 the wreath that twines around our

Basket of Autumnal Fruits.

M. E. M.

* Alluding to the cairns, or piles of loose stones, anciently heaped up as sepulchral monuments.

† The quartz crystal.

CLOUGH FIONN ; OR, THE STONE OF DESTINY.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER VII.

TAKING into account all that has been related in the preceding chapter, it will not surprise the reader to learn from us, that when Winny Mulcaby and Patrick Donohoe met at Mount Victory, after Winny had finally left school, and had come to reside there permanently, their feelings towards each other were at once perceived and understood by both, without any direct admission to that effect.

Patrick Donohoe looked with respectful, and even reverential, admiration on the playmate of his childhood—now, to his partial eye, a young woman of more gentle loveliness, appealing bashfully for succour and protection, than Nance Pender, or even his own vivid imagination had portrayed. The admiration was so intense, however, and its ardour so unmistakable, that its object shrank tremulously before it. Winny Mulcaby glancing at Patrick Donohoe but for one moment, and then withdrawing her eyes and casting them downwards, with that one glance became convinced, that the hero of her childhood excelled, in outward appearance, any of the descriptions of the four mature young ladies at school, or even Nance Pender's florid praises.

In a voice scarce audible, in the same plaintive, musical cadence as of old, Winny Mulcaby said to Patrick Donohoe—

"I am glad, indeed, to see you looking—so very—well."

This was all she said at their first meeting ; but she extended her hand to him at the same time ; while he gazed, and essayed in vain to string his words into a greeting, and, as their hands met, both were conscious that the other trembled.

Nance Pender was a critical looker-on ; her lips pursed out, and her brows drawn down over her eyes, and her soliloquy reaching both their ears, did not tend to lessen their embarrassment.

"My blessing on the both of 'em," she said. "they're taken with each

other aqual to two loving birds in the pairing sason." She added, however, a little more audibly, as her real sentiment—" 'Tisn't you're welcome, my darling Winny ; or Patrick, my poor fellow, my heart is glad to see you, for ould times' sake—that passes between 'em. Bad cess to the pair o' ye, for could-hearted cratures, you're enough to blisither a body's heart to look at ye."

The next day following the arrival of Winny Mulcaby at Mount Victory, her father thus addressed her—Patrick Donohoe had left the breakfast-table, and had gone to look after the out-door business of the farm :—

"Winny, my damsel, whenever you want to moult, don't spare the money ; hould up your chin, girl, and don't let the most scornful of them all outshine you in silks and satins, and laces, and feathers, and the d—l knows what besides. Your mother, God rest her sowl, would never take her stand by your father's side ; if I was to kiss the ground before her she wouldn't do me credit. Let me see that you'll make me proud out o' you ; upon my honour and sowl," the lately adopted aristocratic oath now used on all occasions instead of the original plebeian "by gog"—

"Upon my honour and sowl, you needn't be ashamed of your phiz among any of the quality, and 'twill be your own fault if the poor saucy set is able to hould a candle for you in the way of faldalls, on the race-coorse. As for the rest, residue, and remaindher, as owld Slingsby the 'torney says, I'll lave you to do what you like. You may rattle the ivories there all day long if 'tis any comfort to you"—pointing to the piano—"or you may let it alone if that takes your fancy better. I'll give you a spanking mare to ride, and you may take the shine out of 'em on horseback ; I'll make 'em open their eyes to stare at you, ay will I, upon my honour and sowl. So cock your bonnet. Winny : I'll make you the

queen of 'the Gregory,' if the acres don't thaw with the frost, and that's not likely."

Winny Mulcahy murmured a low "thank you kindly, father." Neither by word or manner did she seem excited by the brilliant career marked out for her.

"Why, you don't look as if you cared the value of a maggotty blackberry about all I say to you!"

"Indeed I do, sir," she answered, with a timid blush; and looking gently into his half-menacing eyes, she added, "you will find that I will dress nicely, and so as to please you."

"Why Kate Houlohan, below stairs, dhresses nicely, as you call it, when she is decked out for the pattrern. I want you to pison the quality in the spite they'll show when they see you."

"And I will dress as richly and fashionably as you can desire."

"Let me see that you do, and don't turn into your mother on my hands; that will never answer now-a-days. And I'll tell you what it is, we must have quality hours here in Mount Victory, now that you're come, and that your education is finished; there will be no dinner up here in the parlour untel seven o'clock, winther or summer, and so forth, and so forth—do you comprehend me?"

"I do, sir; and it shall be as you desire."

"In tip-top style we'll live, Winny—upon my honour and sowl, we will."

"I will do all that I can to make you happy, sir."

"But that's not what I want, girl; I want to let 'em see we know a B from a bull's foot."

Well, sir, it is my duty, and shall be my endeavour to please you; but, sir, you speak of a mare to ride on. I cannot ride well, sir, and I am fearful."

"You be hanged, you cowardly slut, you must learn to ride; ay, upon my honour and sowl, and ride in spanking tip-top style too."

"Indeed, dear sir, I would beg not, if you please."

"But I don't please. I'll tache you to ride myself—look here, a loose rein, but well in hand—knees well into the shouldhers. There's not one of the whole snarling set betther mounted, or betther able to keep his saddle than I am, and 'tis a blisster to their chest to see me rattling along on 'Phaugh-a-bolla.'

But no, I'll not take you in hand, I'll appoint a master of the horse for you; what do you say to that, Winny?"

"I am afraid, sir, to venture at all."

"Afraid! phoo; pitch fear to Ould Nick. You're not your father's daughter to say that; learn to ride you must, if your neck was cracked by it. I'll put you undher the teaching of the best horseman that ever crossed a beast—there's Patrick Donohoe."

"Patrick Donohoe, sir." Winny scarcely breathed the name, and as she bent her head, she felt the blood rushing over her face and neck.

"Ay, Patrick Donohoe. Is it going to faint you are?—that's the lad for it any day in the year."

"But, sir —"

"Keep your butts for yourself till some one butts at you; Patrick Donohoe sits his horse beyond the beyonds. And deponent further maketh oath and saith, as owld Slingsby would write it down, that, if the brute could gallop on his forehead with his hind legs to the clouds, Patrick Donohoe wouldn't jowl from his sate. So Patrick will be your master of the horse, and he'll show you the knack to make the mare canther with the off leg foremost; and I'll tell you what it is, you half-dead-and-alive baggage, upon my honour and sowl, 'tis my firm belief, you'd shiver from head to foot to see your shadow on the grass of a summer's evening—you would; or you'd bawl out if a robin redbreast looked wicked at you. Well, Patrick Donohoe is the very bouchal to keep you in a sound skin from long shadows and quarrelsome robin redbreasts. Patrick Donohoe is a fellow afther my own kidney, in the regard of a dreadnought heart; and he's as stout and strong as he is brave: he'd face a regiment—upon my honour and sowl he would. Why, girl, if wild dhragons were as plenty in the ditches as shilleca poochas, and Patrick Donohoe by your lug, you needn't show the white feather if one of them four perches long had his jaws open to swallow you down. Hoh! here he comes. Spake of Ould Nick and he's at your elbow."

The door opened, and Patrick Donohoe made his appearance at this period of his eulogiser's discourse.

"Just in time Patrick—just in the nick of time, my bucko. D'ye see that one there?" pointing to the confused Winny.

"You mean Miss Mulcahy?"

"Who the d—l else would I mane? I don't see any one else here but Miss Mulcahy. Do you?"

"No, sir," he answered, lowly and softly; and he might, with a safe conscience, have added, that, had there been a large assembly present, he would not have seen any so distinctly as the down-looking Winny Mulcahy.

"Nor I either, I can tell you. Well, boy, you must take her into thraining."

"Is it I, sir?"

"Well, upon my honour and sowl, I think she bit you, somehow or other; where's your loud, hearty voice gone to? 'Is it I, sir!' Why, the words came out as if you were as chicken-hearted as herself. You must take her in thraining, I tell you. She's afraid, she says, to get on the mare's back; but on the mare's back she must get, and you must be her masher of the horse, as they call it—masher of the mare, *you* may call it if you like; you must tache her to ride, so that Powlbuy couldn't ketch her. You must tache her to keep the saddle over hedges and ditches, and make her able to cross the country afther the bounds—ay, and win the brush, upon my honour and sowl."

"If Miss Mulcahy will be pleased to entrust herself to my care," began Patrick Donohoe, bowing low, and faltering in his speech.

"Why, by gog," forgetting himself in his surprise, but, amending the *faux pas*, "Upon my honour and sowl, I mane, 'if you're not astounding me with wondher and astonishment, I'm a pilcher in Galway bay. Why, man, you're spaking as smooth and as oily as if you had petticoats on you. 'If Miss Mulcahy will entrust herself to my care!' Why, a dancing-master couldn't give it out in a silkier way; and if Miss Mulcahy won't place herself under your care, I suppose you mane to say, she may go to Ould Nick, and take care of herself."

"Oh, sir, you mistake me altogether! Proud I will be of the charge—proud, sir, and devoted to—to—"

"Devoted to what? When did you begin to stutther in your speech?"

"I was only going to say, sir, that I will instruct Miss Mulcahy most willingly; and as for danger to reach her, I hope to ward it off."

"I hope so, too; but I tell you what it is, I think I'll counthermand orders,

you're going about it so like a doll-dowse of a fellow."

"Sir, sir," speaking fast and in evident alarm, "you will find that neither you—*you, sir*, nor Miss Mulcahy, need fear either neglect of duty or presumption from me, sir."

"Fear the d—l, man! who is talking about fear—and what has presumption, I think you call it, to do with taching the shivering hound to ride her mare—like—like—did them rattling women, the Amazons, that I once heard about ever ride horses or mares? No matter, no matter; she'll never be an Amazon the longest day she lives, at all events. Just look at her now—you'd think, upon my honour and sowl, 'twas a horse-ball I was going to give her, instead of making a lady of her, as she ought to be. What, in the Lord's name, did that bit of paper do to you, Winny, that you are making briss of it about the carpet?"

"I did not notice what I was doing, sir," answered the confused Winny, going on her knees and busying herself picking up the "briss" bit by bit.

"You must only make the best of a bad bargain, Pathrick," remarked the futher, disconsolately, as he looked on at her very profitless industry. "Make the best you can of her, and you can't do more if you were to be hanged for it."

"When Miss Mulcahy gets over her first alarm, sir, she will—she will—ride gracefully and elegantly, sir. I venture to—promise—I mean to say—that—"

"More stutthering! 'tis unaccountable to me; but, though there's some devilment about you, my man, that I can't fathom, into your hands I give her, and tache her to ride helther skelther if you can; but I have my doubts about it—and, do you hear me in this, my bucko, don't let a Shanavest within ten acres of her."

"As for any danger of that kind, sir," answered Patrick Donohoe, standing to his full height of six feet one inch, "I fear no odds. I don't think there is that man alive who would ruffle a hair on Miss Mulcahy's head. No man, no number of men, shall dare to look threateningly on her, sir. Depend on me, sir, depend on me."

"Ay, ay—there is something like the ould spark I gave you credit for in this; that's not the sneaking, snivelling way you spoke before," remarked Mr. Mulcahy, approvingly.

Busy as she still continued to be, freeing the carpet from the tiny bits of paper she had scattered upon it, Winny Mulcahy, without rising from her knees, raised her soft, full eyes to Patrick Donohoe's face, as he spoke so boldly ; there was confidence, and dependence, and reliance in her look—and there was an unwilling, and because unwilling, an undisguised, softer feeling too—we must admit there was ; it was the old clinging of her tender years with the ingredient suffused over, first understood when discoursed of by the mature young ladies of the school, and nurtured constantly by Nance Pender's soliloquies. As for Patrick Donohoe, there was a rush of affection through his breast as he renewed the guardianship of boyhood, that was but too palpable to Winny Mulcahy, and, circumstanced as they were, dangerous to both.

"Patrick my buck," shouted Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, in high glee, and visibly excited by his subject, "you remember the night at Carrick-na-poucha. I'll never forget it, if I was to stop here at Mount Victory 'till doomsday. Winny, my girl, if you were an eye-witness that night, you'd say your master of the horse was as stanch and stout a fellow as ever wore an arm to his body. I'll tell you about it, and then you'll say you needn't shiver at dragons, or Shanavests, or three-headed giants, or anything else, when he has care of you. 'Tis now about two months ago. There is a tall beggarman, with a white beard, going about of late ; and he gave warning to Nance Pender that there was to be an ambush for me ; and the time and the place he gave. There was four of them ; and Patrick Donohoe, and myself, and Barney Heffernan, turned the tables on 'em. The two ablest of the four Patrick thrashed to their hearts' content, and Heffernan and myself mastered the others. I got a piece of my lug shot off, and blown into the next parish, I believe, for I never saw it from that day to this—ha ! ha ! ha !—nor I don't ever expect to find it—ha ! ha ! But, upon my honour and soul, 'twas worth taking a journey to see the battle. Only for the master of the horse that night, I was cooked, there's no doubt about it ; and if he doesn't keep you in a sound skin, I'm a pucbawn, that's all."

"I will venture to promise, sir ; that

Miss Mulcahy shall suffer no inconvenience or peril that I can ward off from her."

"And deponent maketh oath, and saith, as owld Slingsby would write it, that he verily and truly believes what you say. But, Winny, to look at you counting the threads of the carpet, a body would think you're anything but cock sure about it."

"Upon my word, dear father, I have every reliance on ——"

"The master of the horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Tis well my hearing is good, or 'twould beguess-work to make out what you say. Why, I tell you, you needn't cow down to man or mortal, while his arm sprouts from his shoulder. Tell me this, Winny, tell me this"—and Mr. Mulcahy winked hard at Patrick Donohoe, and smiled a jocular smile at him.

"What, sir?" asked Winny.

"What would you say to a husband? answer me that, you faggot—answer me that."

Winny held her head lower than before, and with the toe of her little slipper she traced, but not correctly, the flower of the carpet, her face becoming red and pale by turns ; her sense of delicacy was wounded by this rude interrogatory.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! my damsel, you didn't hear that, by the way ; 'twould be enough for you to look so much in the mumps if I told you you were to be an owld mail, with a beard on your chin. But you shan't ; so pluck up courage. Patrick, do you think any one will take that ugly little buzzy off my hands, with Mount Victory and all into the bargain? Eh, Patrick, what do you think?"

"Mr. Mulcahy, I am certain that Miss Mulcahy ——"

"Will get a husband. And so am I certain of it ; ay, and a tip-top husband into the bargain. You must, Winny, my girl. I'm not the begrudging fellow to keep one from you ; that would be like the dog in the manger with all my heart, neither to get a husband myself, nor let you get one ; that wouldn't be fair play, Winny. And I'll tell you what it is, the higher you pitch your cap, the more to my liking. I'll give you manes to noose the tallest of 'em, from the real owld-times squire to the lord. A real thorough-bred you must have ; and it won't be my fault

if you havn't a 'my lady' stuck to your name. I'll shove you up the ladder, as sure as my head is on my shouldhers. The higher you go, the better 'twill be. Isn't that good news? I'll crack the legs under any sneaking, half-breed of a fellow I'll find bothering you. Holla, holla! away you go now, for all the world like the parson cracking his collar-bone afther the mitre, protesting to God all the while he doesn't want it."

Winnie Mulcahy had been suffering greatly during her father's last address. At first, there were vague hopes that the subject so indelicately introduced would not have been alluded to before a third party, unless that third party was interested in the matter. Even so, she was shocked and pained; but the latter portion of his discourse brought a hopelessness to her heart that sickened her, and she hastily quitted the room.

"Them girls are a quare stock," Mr. Mulcahy said, addressing Patrick Donohoe; "they go by the rule of con-thraries ever and always. If I towld her now she should never get married, as great a sneak as she is, she'd set her wits to work, and get married in spite of me. She's uncommon handsome, that's certain."

"Beautiful, beautiful."

"You may say that. Her mother was the prime of the parish when I got her; but that was all the good was in her. Winnie is like her mother more ways than one. She has none of the father's blood in her; she takes afther the dam tectotally."

"Mrs. Mulcahy was a good and a most affectionate, kind woman."

"She was all that; but goodness and kindness wouldn't make way up the

hill, when there were fellows with fiery eyes and grinning muzzles to knock the pins from undher us. Winnie is handsomer than her mother; and I'm a lame prophet, or there will be wigs on the green about her. Upon my honour and sowl, I'll match her among the tip-top. I'll have 'em scuffling for her, if money can do it. I'll make a county plate of her—ha! ha! ha!—a county plate, by gog; upon my honour and sowl, and none but a thorough-bred shall enter for the race—fellows with pedigrees, and none others; none of your half-bred, or three-quarter-bred either, to come to the starting-post. What do you say to that, Pathrick?"

"You are—the best—judge—sir."

"You say that as if you were going to be hanged; but, I tell you, I'm afraid Winnie has the mother's drop in her—looking down, instead of looking up. Let her beware of that, and caution her about it; you ought to be a friend of hers, as well as of mine."

"Heaven knows how sincerely I am Miss Mulcahy's friend."

"So I thought, so I thought, Pathrick; you are a raal stanch, honest fellow, every inch of you. So dhrop her a hint, by way of no harm, what it is I have in my eye for her—a lord, if she can get him—a tip-top, with a coach and a castle; but not a mane spalpeen, by any manes whatever. And now, Pathrick, my boy, get her upon the mare; make her bate the whole lock, stock, and barrel of 'em, when she turns out a-horseback, and lave the rest to me. None but one of raal, undoubted quality shall ever hang up his hat in Mount Victory as Winnie Mulcahy's husband."

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS views regarding his daughter, so characteristically imparted by Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, to her and to Patrick Donohoe, had a double effect on both. If, up to this, there were any self-deception as to the nature or force of their mutual attachment, that self-deception no longer existed. The bitter pang that accompanied the conviction of hopelessness, told to both of them how strong the bonds were, and how intimately entwined, that must be rent if the intentions of the owner

of Mount Victory were to be carried into effect.

And would either Winnie Mulcahy or Patrick Donohoe give opposition to his ambitious projects?

Winnie Mulcahy's heart was heavy with despondency, but she harboured no thought of rebellion against paternal authority. She was constitutionally unadapted for anything like contest, and her religious sentiments forbade her to rise up against her father. In her lonely moments of thought, we

will not say of reflection, she shrank with shuddering apprehension from the struggle and the grasp necessary for the elevation proposed to her, and for which her timid nature was unfitted. She did not reason on the subject, but she felt that no affection was to be gratified by the ostentatious and painful display to which her father constantly urged her. In contrast, the whole gushing tenderness of her tender nature came warm and affluent, at the thought of taking refuge with him who, she firmly believed, would shield her from evil in every shape and form. And ever and always, as she sighed in privacy, this unwilling contrast forced itself upon her; yet for one instant she did not nurture the desire to do aught in contravention of her father.

Richard Mulcahy had not ceased speaking when Patrick Donohoe was fully convinced that any pretensions on his part would be scouted with contempt. He was not of aristocratic blood. He was a dependent on Richard Mulcahy's bounty. He would not be a skulking suppliant, where scornful rejection must follow. And Patrick Donohoe did not take advantage of his position. He was too proud of nature and too upright, to seek clandestinely what he could not obtain openly. He did not utter a syllable of his love to Winny Mulcahy. His manner to her was gentle, tender, and sustaining. But there was a reserve and ceremony in his care of her, the cause of which, with natural intuition, she understood and valued.

Thus situated, their daily intercourse was one of pain, but even though painful, one which neither desired to relinquish. Almost every day, weather permitting, Winny Mulcahy was assisted by Patrick Donohoe to mount her "spanking mare," and by him was gradually trained to hold her saddle with some degree of confidence. His anxiety for her ease and safety extended to the most minute particulars; his cheering, familiar voice inspired her with courage; his guiding hand smoothed all difficulties before her. If they had never known each other before, we are of opinion that this close intimacy, this manly rendering of needful service, and this uncompromising dependence, must have produced attachment; as it was, this renewal of juvenile protectorship and re-

liance was not likely to abate the affection commencing with their childhood. Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, of Mount Victory, was not an acute observer of human nature, and the idea of an attachment between his heiress and his dependent never crossed his thoughts.

In a shorter time than Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, had anticipated for his "half-dead-and-alive" daughter, she accompanied him, mounted on her "spanking mare," to the county race-course. He was as vain of her appearance, natural and decorative, almost as of his own silver spurs and silver stirrups. He cracked his whip in "prime style," and the "spanking mare," excited by the joint noise of himself and his whip in the first instance, and further excited from sympathy with all the "spanking" animals of similar "spankiness" around her, took head, and dashed through thick and thin with reckless and giddy speed. For the moment she became a wild mare of the prairie. Patrick Donohoe was there. It was Patrick Donohoe who brought the scared animal to her senses and to a pause. From Patrick Donohoe's heart-appealing accents the affrighted girl learned she was safe. It was at his earnest supplication she retained her seat, instead of flinging herself—she knew not whither. They were Patrick Donohoe's mellifluous and bland tones that brought her from her terror, and led her gradually to a certainty of security. Patrick Donohoe could not resist the plaintive petition to remain near her; and when she received her father's gratulations, and when he asserted that "upon his honour and sowl" she was able to ride against John Dooley, the pet jockey of the time and place, she looked at Patrick Donohoe, and she smiled softly upon him; and Patrick Donohoe interpreted the look and the smile into an English sentence thus—

"To you I owe my safety from the most imminent peril, and to you I owe it that this praise is given me. I am grateful."

And Winny Mulcahy, on her part, interpreted the lowly bow, and the obsequious returning smile, and the look of mixed boldness and gentleness, to mean—

"If a thousand perils in a thousand shapes lay in the path even of your noontide walk, not to speak of anything

more venturous, I can and I will shield you and guard you from all dangers."

There was a ball following the races. Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, brought his daughter there. We have seen persons of rank dressed badly, outrageously in the fashion, misunderstood as a mark of distinction; and we have seen richness and simplicity of attire combined, and the combination producing grace and attraction. Winny Mulcahy knew nothing of the matter as a study, but there was an intuitive natural taste that taught her to decorate her charms, and beautiful she was. Richard Mulcahy strutted about in his "top-boots," cracked his finger and thumb in time with the music, stared and frowned at every one, for he was noticed by none. And Winny sat in a far seat, abashed at her intrusion, occasionally stared at, but none to sit by and give her encouragement. She became sick of the struggle for greatness.

The efforts of the father, unaided by the daughter, were anything but successful to force way amongst the aristocracy.

Of a certain morning in spring, Nance Pender, thrusting her hands to the full depth into her pockets, and rattling a great number of keys in the one, and a few halfpence and various et ceteras in the other, entered Winny Mulcahy's room. Winny's elbow was resting on her dressing-table, and her cheek was resting on the palm, supported by the elbow.

"What are you stuck down there for," asked Nance Pender, "with your smuth upon your paw? you're for ever mopin' like an owl in the sunshine.—'The poor sowl she's heart-sick, and no blame to her.'—"

"I'll not vex you again, Nance, I'll be cheerful and gay."

"You may go to the mischief, you mope. That's your promise every day, and you're scaldin' my heart to look at you.—'I wish to the Lord I could tell what hand to make of her.'—"

"Well, I will keep my promise, Nance."

"You'll vex me, my lady, and I'll box your jaws as I used to do long ago, if you don't get life in you.—'I'll frighten her and 'twill do her good.'—"

"I don't remember you ever boxed my jaws, Nance."

"You tell a big lie—I did, and I'll double the dose if you cross me. Isn't

it a poor case the way I'm heartscalded with ye all? I'm ashamed o' you, so I am.—'Faith, an' tis I that isn't.'—"

"What would you advise me to do, Nance?"

"What would I advise you to do? Get a-horseback, and let the fresh air blow again your face.—'Pattrick will give God thanks if she takes my advice.'—"

"Not to-day, Nance; I can ride better than I used to do; but I'm not fond of it. It is a lovely spring day; everything is cheerful and gay, and I think I will walk into the fields a bit."

"Bathershin, bathershin—anything but sitting like a log of a stick that had no limbs; and I'll give you lave to run as well as to walk. Confound your body and sowl, when I was like you—I never was like her sence the daylight opened on me—'twas hop, step, and a leap with me from day-dawn to sunset. The birds is singing to-day, and the flowers is blowin' to-day, and the sky is blue to-day, and what more on earth do you want? Get out o' the house and get the fresh air, or I'll thrash you. I wish I was like you, and I know what I'd do."

"And what would you do, Nance?"

"Pitch care and throuble to the four winds, and kick up my heels the live-long day.—'And though I wouldn't say it to her, I'd lave the house with Pat Donohoe, and let Dick Mulcahy blow his bellows till he'd bust.'—"

"Well, well, my dear Nance"—a long sigh intervened—"I acknowledge I am wrong to sit moping here; I will enjoy the spring breeze and the cheery sunshine."

"Do so—do so—there's no blame to the tailors, the chree-chrawtha set, to sit all day, because they can't help it; and 'tishn't squatted they'd be if green grass was halfpence; but for a young kid to stay on her hunkers from choice is enough to put the heart across in a body. Let me see your back in no time. What way will you march? —'She musn't keep that to herself for reasons.'—"

"I think I will turn up the brook. It is a very pretty walk. I delight to hear the rumble of the little stream, when it is hidden by the bushes; and I like to see the polished pebbles on the bottom, when the clear water emerges from its concealment; and it is pleasant to look through the pellucid

medium, where the tiny fishes, not so long as the half of my finger, disport so gracefully; and I am fond of the murmur of the breeze through the overhanging bushes, and of the whispers of its current through the long grass. I will walk into the dell by the brook, my dear Nance."

"I wouldn't give you a crooked pin for the shaving wind that blows there, nor for the little stones at the bottom of the brook, nor for the fishes, that a thousand of 'em wouldn't make a mouthful; and you may go there if you like, for there's a good aisy path that Patrick Donohoe made long ago, and kep in order from that day to this—the more the fool to spend his time to such little gain. Let me pin that shawl for you; you're not able to dhrass a dolly with your own hands, God help you—that will do. Now set off with yourself, and don't let me see your face till you're able to eat us out of house and home; there—there, God be with you."

The five last words were spoken simultaneously with and immediately following the reception of two very soft and affectionate kisses.

Winny Mulcahy was no sooner on her way to the glen through which the little brook meandered, than Nance Pender stumped as fast as her legs would carry her along a pathway at the rere of Mount Victory, and over two stiles, and into a field where a number of workmen were employed.

"Come over here to me, you scape-grace," she said, addressing Patrick Donohoe, who was engaged superintending the labourers' operations. "You're purtending now you're up to your very eyes about the work, and I wouldn't give a frost-bitten phatee for what you're doin', or for what you'd do from mornin' to night or from night to mornin'—'You're a tundherin' liar, Nance; only for him there would be neither luck nor grace within or without, and no wonder.'—"

"I am sorry you have so bad an opinion of me, my dear Nance," said Patrick Donohoe, with a bland smile, for he had heard the termination equally as well as the opening of her address.

"Ha! then, the never may mend you, you're turned off in disgrace; you're discharged about your business, and glad I'm of it."

"Who has discharged me, Nance? You must speak plainer."

"Must spake plainer! is that your talk, you rumbunctious jackanapes? Spake plainer! You want to tell me there's a stutther on my tongue; and you're an imperent brat to say the like to a dacent woman. You may go make toasting-forks of your spurs for all we care; you're not wantin' any more—we're tired of you, and of your bridles and saddles, and mares and horses. Winny Mulcahy pitches you and them to the mischief from this day out.—'What a notion she has of it, my deary.'—"

"If I understand you rightly, Nance, you mean to say, that Miss Mulcahy will not again accept of my services."

"Accept of your services! Services, indeed!—a purty name to call your usage of her—to be sticking her up on a horse's back, and dhragging her through the country till the heart was broke in her—services, inagh! I tell you you're turned off, yourself and your services."

"Why so, Nance, what is the complaint against me?"

"Braking the spine of her back with your galloping and canthering, you unlucky bird. Winny Mulcahy will go a-horseback no more; she'll shretch her limbs walkin' for the futur, and she'll have no rubbins to you or the mare. She'll go Irish tandem, one leg afore the other; and she's gone this very minit, so she is."

"Can you tell me, Nance, which way she walks?"

"My blessing on her to get rid of you. 'I'm pestered, and plagued, and harashed,' says she, 'with that break-neck divil, Patrick Donohoe.'—'He's not the born fool to b'lieve you, Nance.'—'And I'll turn my back on him once more.'—'Faith, and that's the last thing she'd think of.'—'I'll go,' says she, 'up the glen; and don't let any one follow me, Nance. By this and by that,' says she, 'I'll stick my five claws in any one's muzzle that will go up that same glin to-day, barrin' my own self. What do I care for Shanavests?' says she; 'I'd scratch the eyes out of a dozen of 'em at the one offer.' Where, on the living earth, are you going from the men, you rumbunctious rooloch? they'll schame the whole day away, and won't earn salt for their porridge. Bad cess to me, if you stir out

of this, I'll cut you with a stone." She affected to stoop for the primitive weapon she threatened to use, and Patrick Donohoe was quickly too far distant to hear the remark made at the same time—

"'Tis well I knew I'd set him scamperin' like a deranged goat; that glin is a lonesome place, and the Lord only knows what might happen to the little pusheen if there was no one to look after her."

It was not Patrick Donohoe's intention, when quitting Nance Pender, to join Winny Mulcahy in her ramble through the glen. Of late, except with the ostensible purpose of teaching her to manage her mare, he did not seek to be alone with her; and now the only object he proposed by following her steps, was that of guarding her from danger. This was not his real motive, however—hidden from her view, for which the glen afforded ample opportunity, he longed to gaze upon her.

And Winny Mulcahy rambled through her favourite dell. Around her there was the twittering of birds, busy with the construction of their nests; there was the music of the rill by which she wound her way; there was chequered sunshine, now in full effulgence, and now dancing in the bushes and glittering in the water. Now she ascended a grassy hillock, and then raced down into a clump of copse-wood; again she mounted a little path, shaded, but not darkened, by a grove of dwarf hazle trees, under the shelter of which the primrose and the violet loved to nestle; further on a miniature cliff was to be scaled, and a thorny clump of briars was to be passed scathless. The path was winding and twisting always, fantastically and capriciously, along the tortuous sinuosity of the erratic brook. Every little obstacle to her progress had been removed long ago by a careful hand, and her route, without losing its natural character or its variety, was made facile and pleasant to her foot, she well knew by whom.

Turning an abrupt deviation, to her left hand, she receded a few paces from immediate contact with a strange, wild looking man, who stood directly in her way. He was the same, who, as the reader will recollect, had obtruded on the assembly of Shanavests held in "Nelly Glynn's summer house." His costume

and appearance the same as on that occasion—the same broad-brimmed straw hat—the same long, grey, outside coat—the same matted grey hair on his shoulders—the same "sable-silvered" beard, from his chin to his breast—he was leaning with both hands on his polished white staff; and in a low, but distinct voice, he addressed Winny Mulcahy in the Irish tongue—

"Stand on the spot where you are, and make answer to the questions from my lips."

The affrighted girl, without turning her back—for his gaze appeared to rivet her—was retreating, step by step, stealthily. Her purpose was not unperceived.

"Keep your feet steady to the spot you stand on," the intruder said; "I command this, and I command you at your peril."

He did not raise his voice as he spoke thus, but every syllable was distinct and audible.

"Now, let your ear be open to my words, and make answer to my question. Daughter of Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch, is the love in your heart for Patrick Donohoe, the son of Sheela Donohoe, of Clough Fionn?"

The questioner paused, and bending forward, his eyes seemed to look through the agitated and fearful Winny Mulcahy. She was silent, and replied not. She did not comprehend the query thus abruptly put to her. Her knowledge of the language was imperfect; and even if she was fully acquainted with her native tongue, the appearance and manner of the querist awed her and dimmed her faculties.

"Make answer in the truth," he continued; "make answer to me as truly and as fully as if you were on the bed of death, and making confession to God through the ears of God's priest, when the false word is never spoken. Open your lips and make answer, and be instant with your answer, or the watcher will be on your track, and the knowledge I want will be hidden from my eager ear."

Still no answer; and still she would recede, if his menacing eye did not fasten her to the spot. He ceased speaking for a few seconds, and then addressed her more impatiently than before.

"Speak, I tell you, speak; the

watcher will come, and the time may never be again, that Dick-na-Molloeth's daughter stands face to face with me in the lonely glen. The right is mine to question you ; and you must make answer as if it was your dying hour, and that your eternal safety depended on your words."

Winnie Mulcahy's blanched lips moved, but no word issued from them.

"The tongue must break its silence," he resumed; now, with a menacing gesture, taking his right hand from his staff, and waving it impatiently towards her. "I warn you again, the right belongs to me to put the question, and an answer you must give; and your answer must be without another moment's pause. I have watched you," he said, lowering his tone—"I have watched to meet you alone and without a witness, and the present time must not pass away. Answer me—answer me—there is life and death upon your words; answer me."

"I do not"—gasped the young girl—"I do not comprehend—your question. Oh! do not terrify me so, in the name of God—do not."

"Once more, then, daughter of Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloeth, open your ears, and let them drink in my words; and let your answer come before the breath from my lips is cooled by the breeze of the glen. As you hope to see the face of the Judge who is to judge you, is the true love in your heart for Patrick Donohoe, the son of Sheela Donohoe, of Clough Fionn?"

Winnie Mulcahy now understood the interrogatory of the wild-looking man before her. But she had never put this question directly to herself; it was an understood feeling, but it was an unacknowledged one even to her own heart. She hastily turned round to fly from the presence of her threatener; he understood her purpose, and, springing suddenly from where he stood, he seized her by the arm. The violent clutch of his muscular grasp was excruciatingly painful to the affrighted captive. Close at her ear he spoke now, in hurried and impassioned utterance—

"Answer me—answer me;" and he shook her as if she were a reed. "Answer me, I command you. The shedding of red blood depends on the words from your mouth. Life and death is upon your 'yes' or upon

your 'no!' By the living and eternal soul that is imprisoned within me, you must say, 'I love Patrick Donohoe,' or you must say, 'I have no love for Sheela Donohoe's son.' From this spot you never stir until I have my answer."

As he reached the end of his sentence, his voice rose to a tempest, and he swayed his prisoner to and fro with his utmost strength; had he loosed his grasp, she would have fallen headlong. A loud and prolonged scream, ringing through the narrow defile, told the wild terror that had seized her. Patrick Donohoe, not far distant, ran with all his speed in the direction of the thrilling summons; and, before the long-drawn cry had ceased, the gripe of the ferocious captor was unloosed, and he was staggering backward from his prey. Winnie Mulcahy, fixing one distracted look upon Patrick Donohoe, fainted in his arms.

The intruder on Winnie's privacy did not fall; by the aid of his staff he continued to remain upright. He looked on the young couple for a moment, silently, and then spoke in his first low, deliberate accents:—

"Patrick Donohoe, it would have been good fortune to you that your bounding foot and your youthful arm were an hundred long miles away from the glen of Lacken-na-morra to-day. It would have been well for you that Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloeth's daughter had said yes to my question. Patrick Donohoe, your day of reckoning is near at hand. I have questions for your ear, too, son of the murdered Sheela Donohoe, of Clough Fionn."

He turned away abruptly, and was lost to view at once, owing to the quick sinuosity of the dell.

And Patrick Donohoe held within his arms the unconscious form of Winnie Mulcahy; to bear her to the brook, only a few paces off, was but the move of an instant. He knelt upon the right knee, and her person was supported by the left; her head lay partly on his arm, and partly against his breast;—dipping her handkerchief in the clear, cool water he laved her brow. His heart throbbed wildly and ungovernedly as he felt the gentle pressure of his burden. He looked down on her up-turned face, with eager, and, for the time, unbridled admiration; and he stooped his head, forgetful for the moment of all disguise and caution, and he pressed

wards her home; and, notwithstanding her plaintive supplications for compassion, and her frequent screams, as she received hurt from his rude treatment, he dragged her through lacerating briars, and overstiles, and into plashes of water; and he held her up with his strong arm rather than guided her steps, to her sleeping apartment; he pushed Nance Pender down a whole flight of stairs, as she pursued him, and abused him, and inquired the cause of his outrageous proceedings; and then he flung the half-

dead sufferer with such force into her room, that she fell heavily on her face. And then Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, of Mount Victory, cast himself into a chair, in his drawing-room, frothing at the mouth, and cursing, in bitterness of heart, the mean propensities of his degenerate daughter, who had so demonstratively established her unwillingness to elevate herself to the position he thirsted after, more on his own account than hers.

OCTOBER.

I.

O the misty, bright October !
 Misty bright on the brown hill-side—
 Setters hunt the stubble over—
 Scream the crake and the golden plover,
 Through the moorland waste and wide.

II.

O the golden-crowned October !
 Golden, gorgeous in decay ;
 Through the woods the leaves for ever
 Fall, and in the sluggish river,
 Yellow and brown, they drift away.

III.

O the chill and pale October !
 Colder winds are whirling now ;
 All the champaign wide they deaden,
 Will not suffer the leaves to redden—
 Hanging lone on the wintry bough.

IV.

O the merry and glad October !
 Heap the hearth with loads of fuel,
 Blaze away both log and splinter :
 Hail to the coming of healthful Winter—
 Hail to the festive joys of Yule !

MORTIMER COLLINS.

HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—NO. II.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS THE ELDER, AND ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"The dumb men throng'd to see *them*, and the blind
To hear *them* speak : the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon *them* as *they* pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :
I never saw the like."—SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus*, Act 2, Sc. 1.

"The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail."
DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

THE conqueror of Hannibal, and the vanquisher of Napoleon. Here are two great names brought into juxtaposition. The annals of the world present none more eminent, and but a very limited number entitled to rank in the same class. We speak of the latter as already belonging to history, although fortunately he is still with us, his bright halo of glory expanding with time and added honour. Zama and Waterloo, if estimated by their consequences, are, perhaps, without exception, the two most important battles in which the races of men ever stood opposed to each other for mutual destruction, or to uphold antagonistic principles. Each terminated a long, exhausting war between rival nations, a mortal struggle for supremacy ; and the result in both cases established political changes of enduring influence, destined to operate with controlling power on the events of subsequent ages. Natives of very different and distant countries, living under distinct forms of civilisation, and at an interval of nearly two thousand years—between the characters and public services of the Roman and the British hero, may be traced more than one leading point of strong coincidence. Each wielded the military resources of a stern, uncompromising people, with unequalled skill and success, as faithful soldiers of the State, and constitutional generals, divested of selfish views or personal ambition ; and each, after many brilliant achievements, destroyed in a concluding and overwhelming victory, the bitterest, the most implacable enemy their native land had ever encountered.

Amongst the Romans, the fame of Scipio surpasses that of all the leading men who elevated their country to the pinnacle of power she so long maintained. He was unquestionably the foremost in a long file of her distinguished sons. Greater than Cæsar, because he triumphed over abler enemies than Cæsar ever had to contend with. Purer, too, in his patriotism, because he served with devotional loyalty to the existing authorities, without seeking to place himself above them, and more than once refused the title of king, which his own army, as well as grateful strangers, and liberated captives, pressed on his acceptance.* Had he possessed the selfish temperament of many other successful warriors, he might easily have overturned the government of Rome, as a corollary to the subjection of Carthage. But he chid the people, and indignantly repulsed their proposal, when, overheated by gratitude for the services he had done them, they desired to make him perpetual consul and dictator.† He cared not for a crown, while Cæsar and Cromwell coquetted with the regal symbol they panted to grasp with both hands. Cæsar surmounted no difficulties equivalent to those which Scipio trampled under foot. He never had a Hannibal to beat. His most formidable opponent, Pompey, was, at the best, but a second-rate commander. With his superior numbers and other advantages, Pompey ought to have won Pharsalia twice over, had his abilities equalled those of his adversary. Men must be judged by what they have done, under the circumstances in which they are placed. It is idle to speculate

* Polybius, lib. x. c. 6.

† Livy, lib. xxxviii. c. 56.

on what they might have effected under other conditions. This may amuse the reflecting mind, but has no influence on the fortunes of states and the revolutions of the world. It has been often said that genius can create its own opportunities—a transparent fallacy, perverted from the more sound conclusion, that opportunities when they present themselves, are expanded and carried out by genius, to mighty results. Cæsar enlarged the power of Rome, to crush equality and rivalry, and to place himself at her head, above his brother patricians. He loved his country, as Napoleon did France—for himself. He conquered to be an autocrat and dictator. Scipio fought with more exalted views. He saved the Romans from being slaves to a foreign foe, without becoming the domestic tyrant of their liberties. He increased the power of the republic by the addition of all that had formerly belonged to Carthage, so long the counterpoise of Rome. Having completed his work, he rested in his glory, preferring rather to go down to future ages as Scipio Africanus, the senator, and conqueror of Hannibal, than as Scipio, the emperor of Rome. He chose the nobler title, as (to follow up the parallel) Arthur, Duke of Wellington, will stand inscribed on the pages of history with more imposing, stately grandeur, than he would have done as Arthur the First, King of Greece, Belgium, or even of Spain and the Indies. The heroism which evaporates in a throne has a tinge of ordinary humanity, a mixture of spurious components. It resembles a costly diamond with a flaw, a mirror with an unsightly blemish. The fame of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Napoleon, has but a pedestal of sounding brass; while that of Scipio, Washington, and Wellington stands on a basis of solid gold. Marlborough and Wellington have been closely compared by more than one able writer. We have no wish to detract from the merit or undervalue the services of John Churchill; but this comparison elevates him somewhat beyond his mark. He did fine things in his day, although his renown was getting a little rusty, until refurbished up

with a new setting by recent biographers.* Let us pass over his early treachery to his first patron and benefactor, James II., with his prudential fondness for money. These have nothing to do with his abilities as a general, although casting a cloud over his character as a man. But we never find him opposed to an adversary of his own weight of metal, while in many of his principal campaigns and battles he was seconded by a coadjutor of equal pretensions, in the person of Prince Eugene. Tallard, Marsin, and Villeroy, were mere nonentities: Villars, Boufflers, and Vendôme were nothing beyond the common standard. Wellington, on the other hand, was often impeded, crossed and paralysed by the utter imbecility of the Spanish generals appointed to act in concert with him, and not unfrequently by the incompetence or imprudence of some of his own selected officers. Yet he beat, in succession, all the ablest marshals of France, the fiery spirits of the revolutionary school, and wound up the list by annihilating their master. Marlborough never had to deal with men of such reputation and skill as Massena, Soult, Ney, Jourdan, Victor, Clausel, Sebastiani, Marmont, and finally Napoleon. It is true he had the Dutch deputies slung round his neck in his camp, and the opposition clinging to his skirts at home; but these impediments were hardly equal to what Wellington encountered from the allied governments of Spain and Portugal, the minority in the English House of Commons, the wavering timidity of his own cabinet, and the active exertions of the anti-ministerial papers, which invariably conveyed to the enemy the earliest intelligence of his projected movements.

Amongst ancient writers, Plutarch composed a life of Scipio Africanus, which has been lost. Aulus Gellius ("Noctes Atticæ") mentions two others by Caius Oppius, a friend of Julius Cæsar; and C. Julius Hyginus, who was a freeman of Augustus;—of these, no vestiges are now in existence. His first modern biographer was Donato Acciaïoli, a Florentine, who wrote in the fifteenth century. This work,

* "The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe."

authority, who wrote about one hundred years after the event, denies this action of Scipio, and gives the honour to a nameless Ligurian slave. Polybius says he learned the fact from the mouth of the elder Lælius, who was the companion and intimate friend of Scipio, from his childhood to his death. At Ticinus, he was posted by his father, who was consul and commander-in-chief, with a few attendants, on a rising ground—the object being to keep him out of the heat of the battle, from his extreme youth. Seeing his father severely wounded, and in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, he spurred his horse, and, calling on his companions to follow, rescued him in the critical moment.* We have no positive evidence as to whether Scipio was present at Trebia and Thrasymene, but it is more than probable he was; while at Cannæ it is certain that he bore a distinguished part, and his firmness after, as recorded by Livy, Silius Italicus, and Valerius Maximus, materially operated on the preservation of his country. On that disastrous day, which occurred about two years after his first essay in arms, he held the rank of a legionary tribune, coincident with that of a brigadier-general in modern European armies. When the battle was lost he withdrew to Canusium, with a few devoted friends; and, notwithstanding his youth, was chosen their temporary leader, from the simple ascendancy of character and genius. While they were in debate as to their future proceedings, Publius Furius Phylus, the son of a senator of consular rank, rushed in amongst them, and said, that “the commonwealth was irretrievably lost, and that many of the young men of the first families in Rome, at the head of whom was Lucius Cecilius Metellus, were resolved to embark at the first port, and fly from Italy.” The news struck terror into the assembly, and all unanimously gave it as their opinion, that a council should be assembled to take into consideration the nature of the intelligence. Scipio, then only in his nineteenth year, was the only one who retained calmness and self-possession. He declared that the crisis demanded vigour and action, not deliberation. That all who wished

the preservation of the Republic should attend him, armed as they were; “for,” said he, “no place can, with more truth, be called the camp of the enemy, than that wherein such advice is entertained.” Immediately, and with but a scanty escort, he burst into the chamber of Metellus, where, finding the young patricians in deep consultation, he drew his sword, and, holding it over their heads as they sat, thus addressed them—“I swear that I will never abandon the Republic of the Roman people, nor suffer one of her citizens to desert his country. I call on you, Metellus: I call on all who are present to take a similar oath. Whoever will not swear, let that man know that against him this sword is drawn!” All took the oath, and submitted to his guidance. He thus rescued his father at the Ticinus, and saved his country after Cannæ; remaining at Canusium, and collecting the scattered remnants of the army, until superseded by the newly appointed consul, Marcellus.† Appian, a partial and unsatisfactory historian (always excepting his descriptions of battles, which are excellent), makes no allusion to the heroism of Scipio on this occasion. He merely says, that Varro, after gathering together the remains of his broken army, as well as he could at Canusium, marched for Rome, leaving the command to Publius Scipio. In his twenty-first year, and before he was of age, Scipio was elected to the office of ædile, when the law required that he should be thirty-seven. The tribunes of the people were inclined to reject him on account of his youth, and the legal bar. It was considered at all times dangerous to oppose the tribunitian power; yet such was his popularity that he carried his election, and his brother Lucius was nominated as his colleague.

Five years later, his father, Publius Scipio, and his uncle, Cneius, were defeated and killed in battle against the Carthaginians in Spain. Their ruin was caused by the imprudence which induced them to divide their forces, and expose themselves to be beaten in detail by the united armies of the enemy. On the arrival of this disastrous news, young Scipio was called on by general acclamation to avenge

* Polybius, lib. x. c. 2. Valerius Max. lib. v. c. 4. Livy, lib. xxi. c. 96.

† See Livy, lib. xxii. c. 53. Valer. Max. lib. v. c. 6. Aurelius Victor.

the death of his father and of his uncle, and to vindicate the military honour of the republic. He was invested with the dignity of proconsul, although still only in his twenty-fifth year. Notwithstanding his great popularity, the people felt alarmed at his youth, and the misfortunes of his house. He set out from two families in mourning, to carry on operations in a distant province, between the tombs of his father and his uncle.* The senate, to temper his impetuosity, appointed Marcus Junius Silanus, a prætor, now advanced in years, for his colleague. On his arrival, Lucius Martius, an experienced general, who had rallied the remains of the Roman armies, at once resigned the command, and served under him in a subordinate capacity. The military talents of Scipio were soon made apparent in the rapidity of his movements, the concentrated skill of his attacks, and the splendour of his victories. He took New Carthage, the stronghold and principal citadel of the foe, in a single day; destroyed successively the armies of the three celebrated generals—Mago and the two Asdrubals—in several decisive actions; and within four years entirely drove the Carthaginians from the Iberian peninsula, which became thenceforward a tributary province of Rome. At the two great battles of Bæzula and Elinga, he attacked in columns, and derived great advantage from adopting the oblique order invented by Epaminondas. The laurels of Scipio and Wellington were gained on the same ground, and attended with the same consequences—the permanent expulsion of an invading enemy. It is not necessary here to dilate on the Spanish campaigns of the victorious Roman, which are detailed at length in the pages of Polybius and Livy. The celebrated story of his continence in the liberation of a captive princess, and restoring her to her lover, is well known to every school-boy reader. After the capture of New Carthage, a multitude of prisoners of both sexes fell into the power of Scipio, amongst whom was a damsel of surpassing beauty. Scipio was twenty-seven, graceful and noble; his passions were ardent, and his power un-

limited. Polybius says expressly, he was of a warm temperament;† and Valerius Maximus adds, that he was “young, unmarried, and victorious.”‡ The temptation was not easily resisted. His soldiers supposed that his heart could not be insensible to the charms of so lovely an object. He assured them that it was not. They insisted on his appropriating the captive princess to himself, as his share of the spoil; but he informed them she was betrothed to Allucius, a Celtiberian prince, to whom she was passionately devoted, and publicly resigned her to her lover. “I restore to you,” said he, “your young and beauteous bride, as pure as when she fell into my hands. All I ask in return is, that when you look on her you will be a friend to Rome.” When pressed by her friends to accept her ransom, he did so, that he might bestow it as a marriage dowry. Allucius swore fidelity to the Romans, joined Scipio with a chosen band of fourteen hundred selected followers, and never afterwards forsook him. The Abbé de la Tour mentions the following interesting fact connected with this episode, which sufficiently corroborates its authenticity, had any additional proof been wanting:—“Allucius not satisfied with these proofs of his zeal, wished to record his own gratitude and Scipio's generosity, by a testimonial which might convey both the one and the other to the latest posterity. With this view, he caused a votive shield to be made, on which he was represented receiving from Scipio's hands the young princess to whom he was engaged. I have seen this memorial, as remarkable as it is valuable, in the king's cabinet of medals, where it is at this day, after having lain almost nineteen hundred years in the River Rhone, where it is certain Scipio's baggage was lost on his return from Spain to Italy. This shield was found by a very extraordinary accident, in the year 1659. It contains forty-six marks of pure silver, which is worth about thirteen hundred livres of our French money. It is twenty-six inches in diameter. The plain, uniform taste which reigns throughout the whole design, in the

* See Florus, “*Epitome de gestis Romanorum*.”

† “*Ζωιδωρεῖς, φιλόγυμνος, καὶ Πρωκλῆς*,”—lib. x.

‡ “*Et juvenis, et cælebs, et victor*.”

attitudes and the contours, shows the simplicity of the arts in those days, when they avoided all foreign ornaments, to be the more attentive to natural beauties." Jephson, in his "Roman Portraits," has given an engraving of this *Clypeus Votivus*, taken from Drakenborch's *Silius Italicus*. He mentions the weight, dimensions, and other particulars. Montfaucon also has a similar representation, and entertains no doubt of its authenticity.*

Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaking of the continence of Scipio in Spain, expresses himself thus:—"Scipio, a young man of twenty-three years of age, and the most beautiful of the Romans, equal in person to that of the Grecian Chariinus, or Homer's Nereus, at the siege of a city in Spain, when as a noble and most fair young gentlewoman was brought unto him, and had heard she was betrothed to a worthy lord, rewarded her, and sent her back to her sweetheart." Lord Lyttelton ("Dialogues of the Dead") does not think much of the business altogether. "I will not so dishonour," says he, "the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, by affection as well as vow, let her have been ever so beautiful, could have raised in his heart no sentiment but compassion and friendship." Perfectly satisfied with this conclusion, which he thinks will be agreed to, *nem. con.*, he winds up with two profound truisms:—"To have violated her would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband would have been cruel." Rather, my lord; yet in any similar case of practice *versus* philosophy, we suspect you would find at least twenty Tarquins to one Scipio. Lord Bolingbroke ("Patriot King") denies the story altogether, on the faith of a certain obscure Valerius Antias, quoted by Aulus Gellius; so true it is that no human reputation can escape calumny. "Now, the reputation of the first Scipio," says the "guide, philosopher,

and friend" of Pope, "was not so clear and uncontroverted in private as in public life, nor was he allowed to be a man of such severe virtue as he affected, and as that age required. Nævius was thought to mean him in some verses Gellius has preserved, and Valerius Antias made no scruple to assert, that far from restoring the fair Spaniard to her family, he debauched and kept her to himself.†

Before leaving Spain, Scipio committed a great act of personal imprudence for the public service. He wished to detach Syphax, King of the Massæsylians, on the coast of Numidia, from the alliance of Carthage, and bind him to the Roman interest. For this purpose he sent his friend Lælius on a confidential mission, but Syphax was too wily to treat except with the principal. Scipio crossed over in a single galley from New Carthage, and thus placed himself entirely in the power of a treacherous confederate. But he achieved his object, and returned without molestation. During this hazardous expedition he met and exchanged courtesies with his opponent, Asdrubal. By the law, any Roman proconsul who quitted his command, became subject to the penalty of death. When he returned to Rome, Fabius and his enemies arraigned him for thus, as they said, endangering the province; but the purity of his object obtained his acquittal. Patriotism was the motive, the conquest of Africa the result of his disobedience. Lord Nelson frequently exhibited the same contempt for orders whenever duty seemed to him to justify insubordination. When he left his post in the Mediterranean, and followed Villeneuve to the West Indies, he said, "I know they can hang me, and they may if they like, only let me get hold of the French fleet first!" On this action of Scipio, Livy observes—"Habita fides, ipsam plerumque fidem obligat." The confidence we repose in another often obtains a return of confidence.

On his arrival in his native country, the senate voted him a triumph, but he resigned the honour rather than violate or sanction an innovation on

* We wonder whether it still exists in any French museum, or if it has disappeared in the turmoil and plunder of revolutions.

† See on this subject, a very interesting number of "The Tatler," by Sir Richard Steele, where the story is told with peculiar grace and eloquence.

the law, which prescribed that none but a consul should be so distinguished. Soon after this he married *Æmilia*, the daughter of *Paulus Æmilius*, who fell at *Cannæ*—a noble lady, in every respect suitable to be his wife. She bore him a son, who appears to have lived and died without distinction, and a daughter, *Cornelia*, the far-famed mother of the *Gracchi*. At the age of twenty-nine he was unanimously elected consul. The law required forty-three, as the *legitimum tempus*. Every transaction of his life evinces the powerful influence he had obtained in the affections and esteem of his contemporaries, at a period of existence when ordinary men were scarcely noticed.

Scipio now dedicated every energy of his mind and body to one leading object:—the expulsion of *Hannibal* from Italy, and the liberation of his native land. This could not be effected by close and immediate conflict. The Carthaginian held fast with an unflinching grasp, and was not to be driven away by force. If he was unable to take the city of *Rome*, the Romans were unable to drive him from their territory. The defeat and death of his brother *Asdrubal* on the *Metaurus*, had dissipated his dreams of conquest, but had opened to *Rome* no hope that he would be conquered in turn. For sixteen years he had maintained his ground without succours or supplies from home, holding the country by military superiority, and the prestige of his name and fortune, which, like that of *Napoleon*, so many centuries after, was worth many thousand men on a pitched field of battle. Scipio saw that the prospect of final success lay in a war of reprisal, in carrying hostilities into the enemy's country, and that if *Hannibal* was to be beaten at all, he was to be beaten in *Africa* rather than in *Italy*. He loudly advocated these bold measures in the senate; and, in spite of the urgent opposition of the aged *Fabius*, and other influential opponents, his advice was finally adopted, and he embarked for *Carthage* with a chosen army, and the dignity of consul.* His success in *Africa* was as rapid and decisive as it had been in *Spain*. He dispersed the

armies of *Syphax* and *Asdrubal*, surprised and burnt the camp of the latter in a night attack, and, with very little loss, destroyed 40,000 of the enemy. His sweeping progress struck such terror into the Carthaginian government, that *Hannibal* was peremptorily summoned from *Italy*, to encounter and repel the dangerous foe who was already thundering at the gates of their capital. He obeyed the summons, gnashed his teeth in an agony of despair, and wept, when too late, to think that he had lost the golden opportunity of his life, by not marching to *Rome* immediately on the panic of *Cannæ*. Two of the greatest generals the world had ever seen were now fairly pitted against each other, in a campaign, the issue of which would entirely change the destinies of civilised man. Each felt the momentous responsibility which rested on his individual exertions, and each determined that nothing should be wanting in the hour of trial. *Hannibal* looked mistrustfully on the result. He felt that the tide of his career was beginning to ebb, and he determined to try the effect of negotiation. He demanded a parley, which was granted. The two renowned leaders met in friendly confidence, each attended by a select escort. *Hannibal* proposed terms of treaty, which *Scipio* rejected peremptorily, and proceeded to dictate as a conqueror, confident in his strength and his presiding star. The interview ended in nothing; the attempt at compromise proved futile; and both armies prepared for battle on the following day. The particulars of this famous conference have been minutely preserved, with the speeches of both commanders, every sentence of which is as familiar to us as household words. *Scipio* at this time was only three-and-thirty; in the early prime of life, radiant in manly beauty, graceful in deportment, and eloquent in speech; gifted with all the external attributes which captivate and impose—a blended embodiment of *Apollo* and *Antinous*. *Sir Thomas North*, in his quaint translation, says of him, at this period of his life, "he had not only a noble carriage, being endowed with so many singular virtues, but he was also a

* *Sir W. Raleigh* says ("Hist. of the World") that *Fabius* was an old gentleman of envious temperament, jealous of the great actions of others in general, and of those of *Scipio* in particular.

goodly gentleman, and very comely of person, and had besides a pleasant countenance, with long, flowing hair; all which things together were a great means to win him the love and goodwill of every man. Moreover, even in his gestures and behaviour there was a princely grace." Hannibal, on the other hand, possessed but few outward advantages. Tall and robust, but inelegant in figure, he had passed his forty-fifth year. Bronzed and cicatrized by the exposure and wounds of long service and many combats; while the loss of an eye gave a sinister and stern expression to a countenance not naturally attractive or engaging.* As they reined up their horses, and sat opposite to each other, or dismounted and stood face to face, the officers in attendance, on either side, held their breath for awe, with looks rivetted in silent observation of the two exalted mortals in whose hands the fortunes of many nations appeared at that moment to be placed. The escort halted, while the generals advanced alone, accompanied only by their interpreters. We can almost fancy the thoughts and feelings of Scipio as he gazed for the first time on the redoubted Carthaginian, who for so many years had threatened the independence of Rome: and the presentiment which might have crossed the mind of Hannibal, that he was in presence of his destined conqueror, the man selected, on the following day, to pull down his pyramid of glory, and to tell him, as Harry of Monmouth proclaims to Hotsur—

"All the budding honours on thy crest,
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head."

In truth, the dawn of Zama was a soul-stirring epoch in time's register, and the sun which went down on that memorable field, never, before or since, has set on a scene of deeper interest and more important consequences. Polybius thus describes the opening of the mighty conflict:—"With the earliest dawn, both armies left their camps, and were drawn up in order of battle. The Carthaginians fought for safety and the preservation of Africa; the Romans, to obtain the empire of the world. Never were more warlike nations or more skilful chieftains op-

posed to each other, and never did Fortune promise a nobler prize to the combatants. It was not simply the conquest of Africa or of Europe which hung in the balance. The victor would dictate laws to the universe, as the sequel very shortly proved." Both leaders addressed their armies, as was the custom of ancient times, in an appropriate harangue. These set speeches are probably always composed by the historian, but we have no evidence to prove they were not spoken. Something was said, which has been amplified for effect. They resemble orations in the House of Commons, of which notes are taken by short-hand writers, and the details are polished up by the compilers. Dr. Johnson for several years *did* the parliamentary debates which obtained so much credit for Cave's Magazine, but he never sat in the gallery of the house but once in his life. Long after, at a dinner party at Mr. Foote's, a celebrated speech by Lord Chatham happened to be mentioned with warm admiration. "I wrote that speech," said he, "on that night, in a garret in Exeter-street." The whole company stared with astonishment, being for the first time initiated into a mystery, of which, until then, they were profoundly ignorant.†

Hannibal promised to his soldiers the plunder of the Roman camp, and declared that the gods were on their side. Scipio hinted at the rich spoils of Carthage, and announced the especial favour of Heaven. Each affirmed that his cause was righteous, the other, unholy; and each, perhaps, believed that he was right. Strange infatuation of blinded humanity. So in modern times, under very different forms of faith, *Te Deum* is often sung, with loud thanksgiving, and all the fervour of devotion, both by the oppressor and the oppressed, the invader and the invaded. War, even in self-defence, is a sad alternative—a harrowing necessity: but a war of aggression is an awful crime. "*Le merveilleux de cette entreprise infernale,*" says Voltaire, "*c'est que chaque chef des meurtriers fait bénir ses drapeaux; et invoque Dieu solennellement avant d'aller exterminer son prochain.*" The strangest

* See Livy, lib. xxx. c. 50, 51.

† The anecdote rests on the authority of Murphy ("Essay on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnson,") who says he was present.

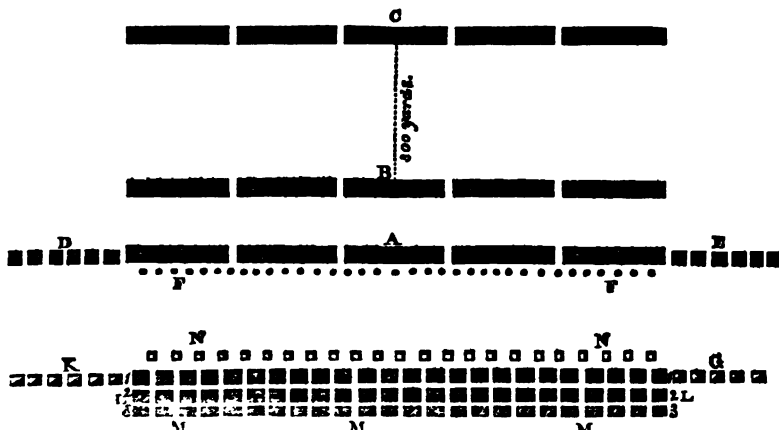
part of this diabolical trade is, that every leader of licensed cut-throats blesses his banners, and invokes the aid of the Deity, before he sets to work to exterminate his fellow-creature.—The argument is more orthodox than the character of the arguer. Scipio was naturally of a superstitious turn, and observant of religious rites. He believed in omens, dreams, and waking revelations. He always entered the temples alone, and encouraged the idea that he was of divine origin, so that men might think he held secret intercourse with the gods, who revealed to him important secrets. Previous to the attack of New Carthage in Spain, he told his soldiers, to encourage them, that Neptune had appeared to him in the night, and told him to go on, and fear nothing, for that he should certainly win the city. Lycurgus, Numa, Epaminondas, and Sertorius, in the same manner, mixed up policy with devotion, and propagated the belief that they received divine communications. Cicero says that Scipio enter-

tained a distinct notion of a supreme intelligence which governed the world. In allusion to this, he adds (*"De Natura Deorum,"*) "*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divini unquam fuit.*" There never was an exalted mind without an inspiration of divinity.

The annexed plan is from Folard, following the description of Polybius, but with such alterations and additions, as appear necessary to illustrate the leading features of the battle, and to render the movements on both sides distinctly intelligible.* The French commentator gives but one diagram, which only shows the dispositions of the two armies before engaging, and is insufficient for the purpose of minute explanation. A general idea, with the result, is enough for history, but of little use to the studious tactician. There is also an earlier plan of the battle of Zama, than that of Folard, in a scarce tract by Prince Louis William of Nassau, entitled "*Annibal et Scipion, ou les Grands Capitaines.*"

BATTLE OF ZAMA BETWEEN HANNIBAL AND SCIPIO, FOUGHT B.C. 202.

ORDERS OF BATTLE ON BOTH SIDES BEFORE THE ACTION COMMENCED.



- A B C. Carthaginian Infantry in three lines. The third line, C, more than a stadium, or nearly three hundred yards distant from the second, B.
- D. Carthaginian Cavalry.
- E. Numidian Horse, in alliance with Carthage.
- F. F. Line of elephants, exceeding eighty in number.
- G. Numidian Horse, in alliance with Rome, under Masinissa.
- H. Roman Cavalry, under C. Laelia.
- I. L. Roman Legions drawn up in detached columns, with regular intervals. 1. Hastarii. 2. Principes 3. Triarii.
- M M M. Intervals between the columns.
- N N. Velites, or light armed troops appointed to receive the first attack of the Elephants, to gall them with javelins and arrows, and drive them through the intervals M M, to the rear of the Roman army, without penetrating the columns.

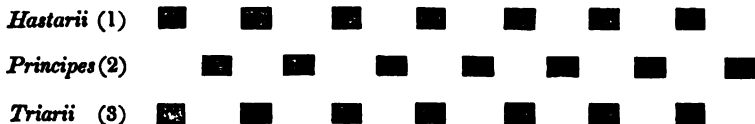
* The other plans introduced in this essay are entirely original.

The field of battle was a vast level plain, offering no advantage of ground on either side; without support for the wings, and totally destitute of salient points, through a skilful occupation of which a position might be strengthened. The army of Hannibal amounted to 50,000 men; that of Scipio to 22,000—a disparity of numbers which seemed to leave scarcely a hope to the Romans, supposing the bravery of the contending forces, and the abilities of their leaders, to have been equally balanced. The elephants were another formidable obstacle; but the cavalry of Scipio was something superior both in number and quality to that of his antagonist. With such preponderating advantages, confident in his own talents, and fighting on his own soil, we naturally ask ourselves, why did not Hannibal win at Zama, as he had always won before? And why did Napoleon, under similar circumstances, fail at Waterloo, with so many chances in his favour? We cannot answer these questions, except by adopting the opinion of Polybius, that if a great general is conquered, he may well be excused, as fortune sometimes counteracts the designs of the valiant and skilful, and in conformity to the proverb, "A brave man by a braver is subdued."

On casting an eye over the plan, the first thing that strikes us as extraordinary, is, that Hannibal should have comparatively neutralised his superior numbers, by forming on a triple line, instead of extending his front, and at once bringing his reserve to bear on the flanks of the Roman army. Had he done this, Scipio must have weakened his own alignment, by a corresponding extension, which he could not afford, without entirely disorganising his formation. Hannibal's first line consisted entirely of hired auxilia-

ries—Ligurians, Gauls, Moors, and levies from the Balearic Islands. The second was composed of native Africans, and subjects of Carthage. The third, at the head of which he placed himself, presented the veteran army of Italy, confident in their own prowess, and the invincibility of their commander. With this formidable reserve, he expected to restore the battle if in danger, or to turn success into a decisive conquest. He kept it back, as Napoleon often did his Imperial Guard, to be launched forth at the critical moment. Both at Zama and Waterloo, this manœuvre signally failed. If Hannibal had thrown his third line into the fight, on both flanks, at an early period, he might have turned the tide at once. If Napoleon, at the close of Borodino, had yielded to the urgent entreaties of Ney and Murat, when they had taken the great redoubt in the Russian centre, and had allowed the Guard to charge, the defeat might have been converted into a rout. But to the arguments of his fiery lieutenants, he replied, "And if there is another battle to-morrow, where shall I find an army?" Had he *finished*, as they entreated, that night, there would have been no enemy left to fight a battle on the morrow.

When Scipio marched from his camp, and took up his ground in presence of the enemy, his army was formed after the usual manner of Roman tactics. His cavalry on the wings, his infantry in compact bodies, alternated, as were the British hollow squares at Waterloo. The Hastarii stood in the front(1); the Principes in the centre(2); the Triarii in the rear(3). The second line occupied the spaces between the battalions of the first; the third, in a similar manner, those between the battalions of the second.



On perceiving the line of elephants in front of Hannibal's army, the Roman general at once felt the necessity

of altering his formation. He recollected the error of Regulus at Tunis, who closed up his intervals, thinking

* "Επ' αὐτῇ τῇ ἀλλοτρίᾳ ἀντιπαύσας."

to check the weight of these animals by concentrating the weight of his infantry—a most erroneous calculation, which led to his ruin. Scipio, by a rapid and simple move of his second line (2. *Principes*) to the left, executed in a moment, threw his whole army into parallel columns, with distinct intervals, through which he in-

tended the elephants to be driven by his light-armed troops, without shaking his order of battle, or inflicting injury on any but themselves. This manœuvre was probably not perceived, and certainly not understood, by his adversary, until too late to provide a remedy.

Hastarii (1) ■■■■■■■■■■
Principes (2) ■■■■■■■■■■
Triarii (3) ■■■■■■■■■■

Reader, look back again on the first plan, and you will now perceive the advantage Scipio had thus gained, before the battle commenced. The highest strokes of genius are generally the least complicated. His army is evidently more compact, held better in hand, more concentrated, and readier for quick, effective evolution, either in attack or defence, than that of Hannibal. Folard remarks with justice—"These two orders of battle are unique, and very extraordinary. That of Scipio pre-eminently calls for the admiration and deep study of all tacticians. There is nothing in ancient military history superior to this, as regards the management of infantry." We are, perhaps, inclined to except the oblique order invented by Epaminondas, which may be considered a flight even beyond the compass of the illustrious Roman. Although Scipio gained the battle with inferior forces, we presume, by superior skill, all historians (except Folard) bestow the warmest praises on the dispositions of Hannibal, and say his genius never shone more brightly than on that, his last and only unfortunate field. Polybius and Livy are enthusiastic in their encomiums. Saint Evremond says, "on that day Hannibal surpassed himself;" and Montesquieu declares that he was only subdued, "because fortune seemed to delight in confounding his ability, his experience, and his exhaustless resources." We are also told that he was warmly eulogised by his rival and conqueror. There is nothing strange in this. Scipio was not likely to undervalue the great action of his life by detracting from the merits of the man he had beaten. The praises of the victor enhance his own personal glory, while they diminish the shame

and vexation of the vanquished. That Hannibal gave full credit to the military genius of Scipio, is evident from a conversation recorded to have taken place between them, many years later, at the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia, in which he declared that he considered himself the third general the world had ever produced, naming, in the first place, Alexander the Great, and in the second, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. "And if you had beaten me at Zama?" inquired Scipio. "In that case," replied Hannibal, "I should have ranked myself above the conqueror of Darius, and the ally of the Tarentines." The same point of parallel in reciprocal opinion does not hold good with the two great warriors of our own days. Napoleon never cordially admitted the extent of Wellington's capacity; neither was Wellington particularly struck with the genius of the French Emperor, on the only field where he personally encountered him. In a private letter to one of his old companions in arms, which has found its way into the public papers, he says:—"There was nothing new in the battle. The French came on in the old way, and we beat them off in the old way." Subsequent annotators sometimes discover great strokes of genius, in battles and other prominent events, which are not perceptible to the parties engaged at the time. Everything being ready on both sides, Hannibal commenced the battle by ordering the elephants to advance against the Roman infantry. They were received by the light-armed troops stationed in front, so galled with missiles, and so terrified by shouts and the sound of the trumpets, that they soon became unmanageable, and were driven through the intervals be-

tween the columns far to the rear. Some ran back on their own lines, which they disordered, while others escaping towards the right flank, were driven off by the Roman cavalry with darts, and wandered entirely from the field of battle. During this confusion, Lælius and Massinissa on both flanks charged furiously the opposing cavalry of the enemy, and routed them with little difficulty. Contrary to his usual practice, Hannibal does not appear to have placed much dependence on his horse. The Roman commanders dashed after the flying foe in reckless pursuit, chasing them far beyond the field of action—a mistake which has proved fatal on many occasions. Prince Rupert, by this rash impetuosity, lost Marston Moor and Naseby, and almost every battle in which he led the cavalry of King Charles. Experience produced no cure, and he persisted in his madness until he had ruined his cause. It will appear presently that Lælius and Massinissa atoned for their error by returning at a critical moment, and deciding the day, the result of which they had seriously endangered. They should have sent a few squadrons after the fugitives, and have fallen with their full weight on the flanks of Hannibal's army, which were left entirely uncovered and defenceless by the flight of his cavalry. In the meantime, the infantry on both sides came into close action, and fought with the most determined obstinacy and balanced fortune. At length the Romans prevailed. Hannibal's first line, composed of mercenaries, gave way, and ran back on the second, endeavouring to force a passage through them. The second line, all Carthaginians, resisted with bravery and steady discipline; but being equally attacked by friends and foes, they were finally broken and cut to pieces. The third line, instead of coming to their support, presented their spears, to force them back into the combat, where they perished, or to compel them to seek for safety by flying off at the wings. Dumouriez adopted a measure very like this at Jemappes, in the early revolutionary war. He was well versed in ancient history, and appears to have remembered the incidents of Zama. When he determined to attack the Austrian intrenchments, he placed the "carmagnoles" and raw levies, in the front, with his veterans in the rear. The gallant

and devoted *enfants de la patrie* cowered under the tremendous fire which cooled their enthusiasm, and drove them back upon their comrades, who received them with another volley and levelled bayonets. There was no escape, and the slaughter was immense. When they were nearly all killed, and the Austrian fire slackened from exhaustion, the reserve charged over the masses of slain, and carried the position. The French were victorious, but their loss trebled that of their opponents. A general who cares not for the lives of his men pushes aside many difficulties.

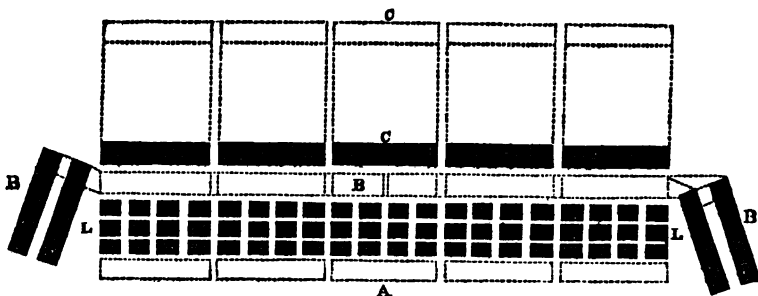
When Hannibal's first and second lines were thus overthrown, there ensued a momentary pause in the conflict. The dead lay in slaughtered heaps in the centre of the field, and the few who escaped were incapable of rallying or of rendering further service. The Romans lost many valiant soldiers, and were compelled to fight desperately before they achieved this great advantage. During these events Hannibal stirred not from his ground, but remained immovable, with his third line in reserve—his veterans of the Italian campaigns. It appears quite unaccountable that he made no movement to check the progress of the Romans, or to relieve his own lines before they were irretrievably broken. What prevented him, on an open, level plain, from dividing his formidable reserve into two bodies, wheeling rapidly down on the right and left, and enveloping the army of Scipio on both flanks? Scipio throughout the day dreaded some such movement, and watched this third line of Hannibal with intense anxiety. He felt convinced that wily general intended a decisive stroke with this, his chosen band, and wondered when, where, and how it could fall. But Hannibal had evidently determined not to risk his reserve until the last moment, and calculated on winning with that alone, even if the rest of his army sustained a reverse. Did the great Carthaginian for once commit a fatal error, or did his genius desert him, when he wanted it as he never wanted it before? He must have perceived the overthrow of his cavalry at the commencement, and the headlong pursuit of the Romans, which was a point in his favour. But sooner or later they would return, and it became doubly imperative to decide the battle,

if possible, before they could operate on his flanks and rear. Folard condemns Hannibal in unqualified terms, says he lost opportunities which would have invited "a blind man to strike," and that even a general of mediocrity would have made better dispositions. These are bold opinions, delivered after the event, and at a distance of time which renders it difficult to form a correct judgment; but something certainly was deficient on the part of Hannibal on that great day, although he was one of the most consummate captains the world has ever seen in any age, or in any practice of military science.

It has been argued, that if the resources of Hannibal's mind had been as readily employed in the emergency we are considering, as on former occasions, he might have retrieved the misfortune of his first line by a sudden change of position, and by using all his remaining forces at once in a concentric movement. He could have wheeled back his second line in small platoons or sections, leaving ample space for the fugitives from the first line to pass through, without compro-

ming them. An operation exactly similar to this was executed by the forty-eighth regiment, when advancing in line at Talavera, and the Guards and German Legion came back upon them in a confused mass, as referred to in the first number of this series. Or he might have entirely thrown back his second line in two distinct bodies, on the right and left flank, opening from the centre. There was time to do this, as the resistance of the first line was long and obstinate, and they gave way slowly and sullenly. He thus might have fallen on the flanks and rear of the victorious Romans with his second line; while with his third line he attacked them in front, before they could recover their steady order, and re-form their ranks, inevitably broken and disordered in the ardour of following up their success. There was an open plain to manœuvre in, with no natural impediments. The following diagram shows the exact nature of these operations, as suggested by Folard, and which, according to the ingenious chevalier, must have been successful, on every sound principle:—

MOVEMENT BY WHICH FOLARD SUPPOSES HANNIBAL MIGHT HAVE WON THE BATTLE OF ZAMA, AFTER THE OVERTHROW OF HIS FIRST LINE.



- A. First line of the Carthaginian army, destroyed by the Romans.
- B. Second line, thrown back from the centre on both flanks of the advancing Romans.
- C. Third line, coming on to the attack.
- L. Roman army advancing to attack the second line of Carthaginians, after defeating the first.

The military reader must form his own judgment as to whether this was practicable, and with what result it would have been attended. Folard was an enthusiast in the study of tactics, and all enthusiasts jump eagerly at the conclusions they desire. He is clever and well-versed in his subject, but not infallible. This much is certain, that the Carthaginian general did not swerve from his original plan of battle because his first line was routed.

His second, although numbering good soldiers, natives of the land, and fighting at home, was composed of men not accustomed to him as their commander, and might have been unable to execute rapid evolutions in presence of a victorious enemy, had they been called upon suddenly to do what they were incapable of comprehending, and had never before practised. Hannibal did not think that they could thus win the day for him; he mistrusted the ex-

periment, or what is much more probable, he never thought of it at all. But why did it not occur to him? some cavilling objectors may demand. If he was such a master of his business as history has represented, why did not every possible expedient present itself at the critical moment? Simply, because he was only Hannibal, and not a fabulous deity—a veritable man, and not a creation of romance.

Valerius Maximus records, amongst the memorable sayings of Scipio, that, in the affairs of war, it was highly disgraceful in a commander-in-chief to plead, as an excuse for an error or omission, "*non putabam*"—"I never thought of that." "All matters to be decided by the sword," said he, "even to the most trifling contingency, should be seen and calculated beforehand." A good axiom, and true—only that it is impossible of application.

The first part of Zama was over, and Scipio found himself triumphant on the ground occupied in the early morning by two lines of formidable enemies. He had yet another and more desperate conflict before him, ere the field could be completely his own. The veteran reserve of Hannibal had made no movement on his flanks, which he anticipated with doubt and anxiety from the moment of engaging. He had thrown his whole force into his first attack, and had no support in case of a disaster. But there stood the imposing masses of his antagonist, frowning in his front, fresh and ready to charge, while his own legions were thinned, disordered, and breathless with exertion. The dead and dying, too, lay around in encumbering heaps. Every moment that Hannibal delayed his final close was worth its weight in gold to the Roman general. Time was as momentous to him, as it afterwards proved to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, when, with watch in hand, he marked how the hours slipped away, and the onset of Napoleon was still delayed. Why did not Napoleon attack the British position at daylight, and why delay till noon, when the intervening time was life and death to him? He answered the question himself. His columns were not in hand, neither were his

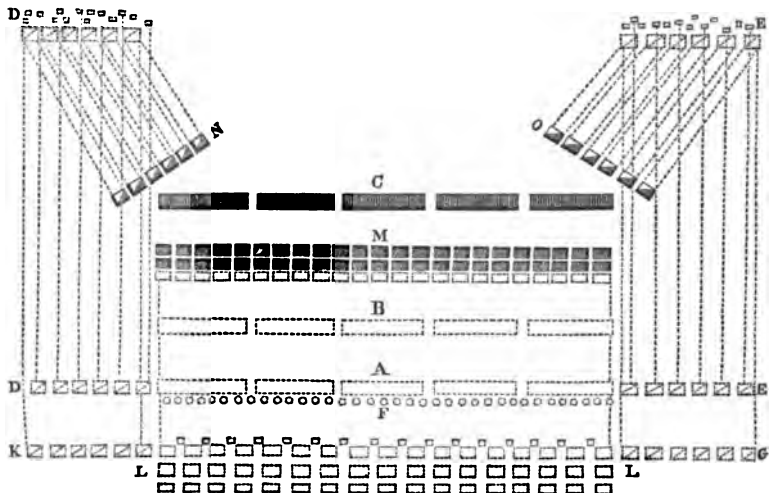
combinations complete. But Hannibal had nothing to wait for. Why, then, did he suffer Scipio to recover breath, reform his line, and disentangle himself from all obstacles? We cannot summon his shade into court to give direct evidence in his own case, and must rest satisfied with a conjecture. Scipio was as rapid as possible in his preparations. He ordered the light-armed troops (*velites*) to carry the wounded men to the rear, and to clear the ground of the slaughtered, as well as they could. He summoned back the *Hastarii* from pursuit, formed them now in contiguous battalions, there being no longer elephants to require intervals; closed up the *Principes* and *Triarii*, diminishing the depth, while he increased the compact order of his entire line, and was very soon ready to try fresh conclusions with the considerate foe, who seemed determined to take no undue advantage. Polybius details, with the exact perspicuity of a soldier, all these arrangements, so important to Scipio, and which he was permitted to carry into effect.

The pause terminated, and the battle recommenced. "As," says the Greek historian, "the numbers, the resolution, and the arms on both sides were equal,* and all fought with an obstinacy which showed a determination to die on the spot, rather than give way, for a long time no advantage was gained by either, until Lælius and Massinissa rejoined their main body at a most critical moment. Seeing how affairs stood, they charged furiously on the rear of Hannibal, and put to the sword the greater portion of his phalanxes. Further resistance was impossible, and very few escaped, in an open place, with cavalry in close pursuit." The next plan shows the position of the two armies when the timely return of the Roman horse decided a contest which, without their interference, might even then have ended differently. Lælius and Massinissa retrieved their early imprudence by a brilliant stroke, exactly when it told with full effect. They deserved little credit for generalship, as they ought not to have left the field, and their return at the right time was accidental. But here, as in other cases, the effect

* This passage settles the question as to the great superiority of numbers on the side of Hannibal at the commencement, a fact not directly stated either by Polybius or Livy. The numbers were equalised by the destruction of Hannibal's two first lines.

proved decisive, however the merit of the originating cause might be disputed. The advance of the fourth division unquestionably saved Albuera, but there has been hot controversy as to who gave the order, or assumed the responsibility.

FINAL CONFLICT AT ZAMA.



- C. Hannibal's third line, composed of the veterans of his Italian army.
 A. B. Hannibal's first and second lines, entirely dispersed and destroyed by the Romans.
 D. Carthaginian cavalry routed by the attack of C. Lælius.
 E. Numidian horse in alliance with Carthage, routed by the attack of Massinissa.
 F. Line of elephants dispersed and driven off on the flanks, or through the intervals between the Roman columns, to the rear, and rendered entirely useless.
 L. L. First position and order of the Roman army, in separate columns, with intervals.
 M. Second position of the Roman army before the last attack, in closer order. The intervals closed, and the depth of the columns reduced by moving up the *Principes* and *Triarii*.
 K. First position of the Roman cavalry under C. Lælius, preparing to charge.
 G. First position of the Numidian horse under Massinissa in alliance with Rome, preparing to charge.
 N. Roman cavalry under C. Lælius returning from the rout of the Carthaginian cavalry, and falling on the right flank and rear of Hannibal's third line of infantry.
 O. Numidian horse under Massinissa, returning from the pursuit, and falling on the left flank and rear of Hannibal's third line of infantry.

All was now over. Scipio had beaten the hitherto invincible Carthaginian, and the Romans were masters of the world. Zama, like Waterloo, ended in a total dispersion, a general "*saute qui peut*." There was no attempt to rally, no effort at any further resistance. The game was thoroughly played out, and ended. In both cases, the war was finished by one decisive blow. Hannibal escaped to Adrumetum with a few personal attendants, from whence he informed the Senate of the total ruin of their affairs, and counselled them to make the best terms they could with the victor. Napoleon returned to Paris, to resign his imperial diadem, and to die an exile on the lonely rock of St. Helena. At Zama, the Romans lost scarcely 2,000 men. Of the Carthaginians, 20,000 perished on the field, and an equal number were made prisoners. The aggregate loss of the French at Waterloo may be estimated

by similar figures at about 40,000 in all; but the victorious English suffered in a much more severe proportion than did the Romans in the earlier battle. The list of killed and wounded amounted to nearly one-half of their entire force. According to the returns, the British contingent reckoned, in round numbers, 27,000 men, of which more than 13,000 were in the list of casualties. There was yet another point of similarity between Zama and Waterloo, beyond the renown of the commanders—the stake for which they played, the enormous result, and the victory achieved in either case by the smaller army. The Roman chief adopted an unusual formation to neutralise the attack of the elephants. The British general did the same to check the overwhelming cavalry of his antagonist. Both experiments were attended with uniform success. The elephants were driven through the intervals without

disordering the legions, and the cuirassiers recoiled from their vain attempts to penetrate the English squares, as the foam of the ocean is dashed back again, broken and scattered, against a barrier wall.

In the great battles of antiquity, the loss of men in actual conflict was more unequal than it has become since the invention of gunpowder. Defeat was generally attended by the utter annihilation of the vanquished side, while the victors suffered so little, even in the most obstinate engagements, that the disparity seems incredible. This may be accounted for, in great measure, from the difference of arms, the closer nature of ancient fighting, the opposite style of tactics, and the absence of reserves or batteries to cover a retreat. When victory declared itself, a pell-mell rout of the beaten army was the inevitable consequence. In recent warfare losses are more evenly balanced, although final results may be as decisive as ever. In some modern battles, the conquerors have suffered even more than the defeated. Malplaquet, Jemappes, Arcola, and Borodino, may be instanced as memorable examples. The modern system of military science affords opportunities of checking the headlong advance of a pursuing enemy, with which the ancients were totally unacquainted. There is more perfect generalship in repairing a disaster than in improving a success. Sertorius and Turenne were eminent for this quality. Frederic the Great was doubly dangerous after a defeat. He wheeled round suddenly with a counterstroke when it was least expected. Soult came on again and again, after reiterated failures, with the pertinacity of a bull-dog. Napoleon was most to be dreaded when completely victorious; he followed up more rapidly than he recovered. If beaten, it was over with him for the moment. He ran back to his lair to get ready for another spring, but he paused first to recover breath and strength. The Duke of Wellington never lost a battle, and had no reverses to retrieve. He always held the winning card in his hand, and he knew exactly how to play it. But his ready genius was often called upon, and ever prepared to counteract the many errors of his opponents, and to stem the political combinations which threatened to overwhelm him, and which sprang from

causes far beyond the scope of his own operations. The army with which Scipio conquered at Zama consisted of experienced troops, who had been trained under his own eye and leadership in the Spanish campaigns. So, in part, did that of Wellington at Waterloo; but many of his best battalions were absent in Canada, and on the ill-fated expedition against New Orleans. Each of these two great generals possessed, in a rare degree, the faculty of inspiring confidence in their followers. Led by them, all expected victory as a natural consequence. They trusted in the valour of their men, who, in turn, relied implicitly on the genius and prevailing fortune of their commanders. A soldier's mind is generally of simple construction; he is a being exclusively "*sui generis*," to be judged by rules made for himself and his brotherhood. The stamp of his profession is on all his faculties, intellectual as well as physical. He knows little of politics, less of scholastic philosophy, and nothing at all of metaphysical subtleties. His leading points of faith are, to obey orders and believe in their infallibility; but he is a little given to fatalism and superstition. Nothing is so uncongenial to him as a conviction that his officer is unlucky. He would rather he was stupid; he can pardon a mistake, but he has no sympathy for misfortune. Convince him that his commander has an evil destiny—a frowning star, and he ceases from that moment to be half himself. He finds fault with everything, prognosticates perpetual failure, becomes a croaker, a wet blanket, a double drag-chain, and the sooner he is killed off the better. He may follow in despair, but he will never lead from emulation. It is the fashion with many to stigmatise a soldier as a mere machine—an inert mass—of no value until set in motion by a superior agency. We can discover neither sin nor reproach in this. A pliable machine will always command its price—a soldier, well disciplined, is as ductile as gold, and of as costly material. In his particular avocations, the qualities of the body require more attention than the higher development of the mind. Amongst other punishments, the Romans used to bleed soldiers who had committed any fault.* Their reason appears to have been, that, as personal strength was the most desirable attri-

* See Aulus Gallius, "Noctes Attice."

bute of the soldier, to weaken was to degrade him. Marlborough's men reconciled themselves to any difficulty, however hopeless it appeared, by saying, "That is no business of ours; Corporal John will carry us through, somehow or other." And, somehow or other, Corporal John never failed them. Scipio was wont to say, there was nothing he could command his army to do they were not prepared to execute on the instant. When halting at Syracuse, on his passage from Italy to Africa, he observed—"Look at those three hundred men, and that tower near them—every one of them, were I to give the order, would go up to the top of it and throw himself down headlong." When the war in the south of France was concluded, in 1814, the Duke said of his Peninsular army, "At that time they would have gone anywhere with *me*, and I could have done anything with *them*."

The terms of peace which Scipio dictated to the Carthaginians, after his great victory, were harsh and humiliating to such a degree, that they almost amounted to the extinction of the rival republic as an independent power. They resigned all their ships, in which their virtual strength consisted, and merely postponed the next Punic war until it pleased the Romans to create a pretext for the renewal of hostilities. Still the detractors of the Roman general—and they were neither few nor powerless—were not satisfied; they were angry that any terms had been accorded short of unconditional submission. They said, "the conquered enemy lay entirely at his mercy, and he should have brought home the spoils of Carthage instead of a treaty." They accused him of concluding the war hastily, and of patching up a peace, lest he should be superseded and robbed of his laurels by the arrival of his successor in office, the consul elect, Claudius—an empty charge, disproved by internal evidence, and equally at variance with his general character and subsequent conduct. Even Cato the Censor, always one of his bitterest enemies, many years after the influence of Scipio had declined, rendered justice to him on this point. He said in the senate, when Scipio was impeached on another groundless charge, that, in granting terms to Carthage after the defeat at Zama, he was actuated by noble and patriotic mo-

tives: a desire to maintain the emulation of national courage and national virtue—to teach the Romans, in the hour of their greatest triumph, a principle of moderation, worthy of the people who aspired to lead the other nations of the world.

The return of Scipio to Rome heralded in a season of universal jubilee. The joy was equal to the terror with which the name and presence of Hannibal had been so long associated. Senators and plebeians, old and young, matrons and virgins, clustered round their liberator, and covered him with garlands. His triumph, adorned by the presence of Syphax, the captive King of Numidia, exceeded in magnificence any yet accorded to a Roman consul. His own liberality and ample means gratified the people for many successive days with prodigal entertainments, and the games of the circus were exhibited in unprecedented splendour. He was now at the summit of human glory, and appeared to have chained the fickle goddess Fortune to his chariot-wheels; but she escaped from her manacles, and vindicated her proverbial inconstancy. Before long he offended the plebeians, by proposing to give the senators exclusive places at the public exhibitions. Whereupon that steady section of humanity changed their note, and hooted the idol of their previous worship; even as in our own days, the London populace broke the Duke of Wellington's windows, because he conscientiously opposed the Reform Bill. In all ages, and in all countries, the breath of popular applause blows less constantly from the same quarter, and is less to be depended on, than the balmy regularity of the trade-winds. The senate bestowed on the conqueror of Hannibal the cognomen of *AFRICANUS*, he being the first Roman general (except Coriolanus) who was distinguished by a title derived from the country or city he had conquered—a badge of honour sometimes too readily bestowed, and which became at last so common, that under the Empire it degenerated into a sarcasm and a reproach. There were more than one Germanicus, Britannicus, Dacicus, and Parthicus, who bore the names rather in mockery of failure than as symbolical of success.

In addition to other annoyances arising from jealousy of superior merit,

* *Valerius Maximus.*

that bane of all republican institutions, Scipio was thwarted in obtaining the consulship for two of his devoted friends, to whom worthless candidates were preferred. This so disgusted him, that he was glad to escape from the political intrigues of Rome, and volunteered to serve under his brother Lucius (afterwards surnamed Asiaticus), as second in command in the war against Antiochus, King of Syria. His advice and military skill, though exercised in a subordinate capacity, were well known to be the leading causes of the usual triumphant result which attended this expedition. The luxuries of Asia were now for the first time introduced at Rome, in the spoils of Antiochus. More than one historian dates from this epoch, the commencement of that enervating debauchery which soon began to sap the vital strength of the republic, and ultimately broke down the hardy simplicity of her children. It may be so,—but Rome was as yet far from having reached the summit of her greatness. It was during the following century that mighty empire was consolidated. The energies of the next generations exhibited no symptoms of decay. The origin of evil is always a subject of doubtful inquiry, and we may refine on remote causes until we lose ourselves in a labyrinth of conjecture. It seems less likely that a power should be undermined before it was created, than that its unwieldy members should swell beyond wholesome strength, and facilitate their own dissolution. Juvenal says, in poetical satire, which is not always historical truth, that “Luxury enervated and corrupted the Romans, and revenged the vanquished world by the destruction of the victors.” Luxury did not so much tend to revenge the vanquished world, as the overweening pride engendered by military superiority. Want of faith is begot by pride. The great success of the Romans taught them political injustice. Hence arose their many acts of perfidy, violated treaties, pretexts for war, and endless usurpations. When they no longer respected the rights of other nations, they ceased to value their own free institutions. Thus they degenerated into slaves, tyrants, and effete conquerors, living on the reputation of what they had formerly achieved, long after the substance had disappeared.

On his return from Asia, Scipio

found the malevolence of his enemies strengthened, rather than abated, by time and suspension. His inveterate rival, Cato, a self-elected inspector-general of all abuses, real and imaginary—the Joseph Hume of his day—urged on the Petilii, two tribunes of the people, to accuse him of embezzling public treasure during the Asiatic war, and of living in an indolent and luxurious manner. Of the codicil to the more serious charge, no proof was ever put forward beyond the fact that he was of studious habits in his leisure hours, and cultivated the society of literary men. Here the parallel entirely ceases between him and his illustrious modern competitor, who never was exposed to similar accusations. On this vexatious ground, Scipio for once lost his habitual command of temper, and committed the only mistake of his public life. No historian insinuates that the charge was other than groundless; but he should have met it by rebutting evidence, and not with an indignant flourish. When summoned before the senate, he listened in contemptuous silence while the Petilii preferred their charge. Being called on for his defence, he arose, and, taking a roll of paper from his bosom, which had been drawn up by his brother, he said—“In this is contained an accurate statement of all you wish to know: in it you will find a particular account both of the money and plunder received from Antiochus.” “Read it aloud” was the cry of the tribunes, “and afterwards let it be deposited in the treasury.” “That I will never do,” said Scipio, “nor will I so insult myself.” And without adding another word, he tore the paper in pieces in presence of the whole assembly—an unlucky “*coup de théâtre*,” ambiguously interpreted, and which looked as if got up for the occasion. This demolition of his accounts before they were inspected was not likely to be lost sight of by his enemies. It furnished an advantage they long and perseveringly urged against him, and gave them a handle, which they clutched with tenacious grasp. He was cited a second and a third time on the same charge. Once he broke up the court, by reminding them that it was the anniversary of Zama, the day on which he conquered Hannibal and the Carthaginians, and that they should rather go in procession to the Capitol to thank the gods for past favours, than sit there

to incense them by domestic wrangling—a second “*coup de théâtre*,” better timed and more successful than the former one. This trial, as it may be called, worried him at intervals for years. Continually prorogued, but never abrogated—it cast a shade over his laurels and compromised his glory. It resembled the impeachment of Warren Hastings in duration, in the similarity of the charge, in the virulence of party spite, in the waste of brilliant, wordy eloquence, which dazzled many, while it convinced none, and in the issue, which eventuated in the acquittal of both.* It is well to be innocent, better to be proved so, and best of all, never to be accused. You may be as pure as snow, but there is nothing pleasant in becoming “*monstrum digito monstratum*”—in being pointed at as the celebrated “Mr. So-and-so,” who was tried and—acquitted! But what human reputation is safe from the shafts of calumny? When summoned for the third time, Scipio disdained to appear. He bowed before the impending storm, and sheltered himself in his country-house at Linternum. The senate became ashamed of so long tolerating private malevolence under the hollow guise of public duty. The accusation was stopped, to be revived no more, and the accusers silenced. But the atonement came too late. Scipio was too deeply wounded by this systematic persecution and ingratitude, to forgive. He withdrew for ever from the turmoil of public affairs, and passed the remainder of his days in the privacy of domestic retirement—a reward, rather than a punishment, to a man of his tastes and temperament. He had the satisfaction of an unsullied conscience, and ample resources of happiness within himself—so much so, that he was wont to say “he was never less idle than when at leisure, nor less alone than when alone.”† On quitting his native city, to which he never returned, Scipio might have exclaimed with the equally injured Queen Catherine of Arragon—

“They vex me past my patience :—
I will not tarry : no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.” ‡

Poetic license takes strange liberties with the truth of history. Thompson speaks of Scipio as—

—— “The gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retired.”

A Roman who had considerably passed his fortieth year, could scarcely be considered “warm in youth,” neither was his seclusion voluntary retirement, but the compelled result of factious hostility.

This great man died in his retreat at Linternum. His death may have been hastened by the treatment he received. But it seems to be established beyond a doubt, that he directed his bones not to be conveyed to Rome, and recorded, in an indignant epitaph, the ingratitude of his countrymen, with the enduring sting it had implanted on his mind. The inscription ran as follows : — “*Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem mea habes.*” These are the words as handed down by Valerius Maximus. Livy gives them with a variation, but the meaning is the same. They furnish a mournful commentary on the fickleness of human opinion, and the sandy basis of any popularity derived from eminent services. The death of Scipio took place about 184 years before the Christian era. Historians differ as to the age he had attained : some calling him forty-eight, others fifty-three, and fifty-seven. The middle period seems the most likely to be correct. In the same year died also Hannibal and Philopœmen. The three first generals of the age departed together. Rome was then at peace with all the world ; the swords of her warriors were for the moment converted into ploughshares. If Scipio was robbed of his just renown, treated with neglect, and his services undervalued while yet alive, the day on which the news of his death arrived was marked as one of universal sorrow. Men paused in their usual avocations, looked on each other in silence, and felt depressed as under a national calamity. Then followed the selfish regret and unavailing penitence which mourns the loss of a possession, the full value of which is only ascertained when forfeited beyond recovery ;—extorted tears to consecrate the ashes of the dead, instead of the spontaneous homage which ought to have soothed and adorned the presence of the living—a posthumous instalment on a just debt, too late to gratify the silent creditor. Personal enmities

* Warren Hastings was acquitted, but sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, amounting to £71,000! a case of legal injustice almost incredible.

† Cicero, *Offic. lib. iii. c. 1.*

‡ Shakspeare, *Henry VIII. Act ii. sc. 4.*

were forgotten when they could no longer be indulged; all joined in reverential mourning for the departed worth which had escaped from persecution, and future ages rendered homage to the memory of their devoted hero, as the ablest general, the firmest patriot, and the most virtuous citizen, the teeming annals of their country had ever produced. Equally true, and useful, is the lesson conveyed by the moralist, when he calls on us to observe—

"How nations, slowly wise, and meanly just
To buried merit, raise the tardy bust."*

In summing up the character of the elder Scipio Africanus, it is no exaggeration to say, that he combined the military skill of Epaminondas, the eloquence of Demosthenes,† the just principles of Aristides, and the inflexible integrity of Phocion. He rescued his country when her case was almost hopeless, and placed her foot on the neck of her enemy. And how was he rewarded? The answer is contained in an expressive couplet of Corneille:—

"Et de tout ce qu'il fit pour l'Empire Romain,
Il n'en eût que sa gloire, et le nom d'Africain."

It would be foreign to the object of this essay, and superfluous for any purpose of information, to detain our readers by either inquiry or argument on the career of the Duke of Wellington. Whole libraries have been written on the subject; every action of his life has become public property, from the hour when he first joined his regiment as an ensign, until his yesterday's ride through the park to the Horse Guards, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief. We stood and gazed on him as he passed slowly along. Many voices whispered, "There is the Duke!—how well he looks!" Respect, regard, and affection were mingled in the tones of the speakers—a feeling as if he belonged to everybody, and all men held an individual interest in him. The sight of the aged warrior called up stirring reminiscences in the mind of one who remembered him at the head of armies, at the meridian of his years and in the plenitude of his fame. He seemed to portray in his single person, the embodied reflection of a long list of undying contemporaries who have preceded him to the temple of immortality—a union of the past and pre-

sent, a condensed living epitome of the history of the world for the last fifty years. Time has weighed lightly on that honoured brow—the laurels have relieved the pressure. The form is a little bent, but the eye is clear, and the faculties unimpaired. There is work yet both in body and mind, if occasion called for their exercise. Thirty-seven years have rolled on since he consummated his glory on the field of Waterloo, and there he is (long may he remain!) to remind the nation of what her sons have achieved, and may again accomplish in a similar exigence, under a sufficient commander. With the exception of the slight misunderstanding we have alluded to, on a political question, not yet thoroughly understood, which died with the exciting cause, as a summer cloud dissolves into vapour, there has been no check or ebb in the ever-flowing tide of his popularity—no change of opinion on the value of his services, the superiority of his talents, and the influence of his character. For him alone fortune has checked her wheel and become stationary. We have found a parallel for some of his deeds, but none for his enduring prosperity. Cræsus has passed into a proverb; Alexander was cut short in an unequalled course; Cæsar was killed in the Capitol; Coriolanus was banished; Marius escaped from a dungeon; Scipio was driven into private life; Epaminondas, Gustavus, and Nelson, died in the moment of their greatest victories; Hannibal was compelled to suicide; Belisarius became a beggar; Sejanus, the all-powerful favourite, was strangled without an interposing hand; Buckingham perished under the knife of an assassin; Wolsey and Marlborough were disgraced; Charles XII. fell doubtfully before an obscure fortress; and Napoleon died a broken-hearted exile on the rock of St. Helena. The star of Wellington has been all lustrous, and has never paled. It "sets unclouded in the gulph of fate,"‡ an exception, an example, and a moral.

"The Duke," like Scipio, sprang from the patrician ranks. Family connexions and influence assisted his early promotion; but, like his ancient prototype, he soon vindicated his own pretensions, and proved that he was both able and ready to carve out

* Dr. Johnson, "Vanity of Human Wishes."

† By eloquence in the Senate, he prevailed over Fabius Maximus, on the great question of the invasion of Carthage.

‡ "Vanity of Human Wishes."

a path for himself, and to become the artist of his own fortune. His first service, as a regimental officer, was in the Netherlands, the scene of his crowning triumph. During those early wars of the French Revolution, the fields he witnessed were neither bright in themselves nor did they catch any rays of inspiration from the genius of the commanding generals. All was heavy mediocrity and systematic blundering—combinations ill digested, and opportunities lost before they were discovered. There were hard knocks, but there was little glory. Much to acquire in experience, many examples to avoid, and very few to imitate. The military destinies of England were not then in the ascendant. Removed to India, he found a more congenial sphere of action. Born in 1769, in 1803 he commanded in an arduous campaign, and won the battle of Assaye with five thousand men, against six times their number and a most overwhelming train of artillery. He was then of the same age with Scipio when he overthrew Hannibal at Zama—an early period of life for an English general in the ordinary routine to arrive at such an important post. Except Wolfe we have no similar instance in our modern annals. India is an excellent school to teach a rising general a knowledge of war on the grand scale, and a facility in moving masses. The Indian victories of Wellington were prologues to Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo. But proud European soldiers, ignorant of facts, and misled by prejudice, spoke and thought with disparagement of Eastern fields, and treated as child's play a conquest over the effeminate tribes of Asia. The hosts of Tippoo, Scindiah, and Holkar, the Mahrattas, the more recent Sikhs and Beloochees were not the veterans of Austerlitz, led by renowned marshals of France, the conquerors of many fields; but they were daring, fiery spirits, fanatical, devoted, swarming like locusts, and it required skill, courage, and discipline to scatter them

into fragments. Napoleon, in 1809, derided as "a general of sepoy's," the victor of Talavera, who, six years later, baffled every resource his long experience could suggest in the turning moment of his own destiny.

Wellington and Scipio seem to have been expressly formed for the time and purpose. They had missions to accomplish, and they were suited to the task. Each proved himself superior to the common weaknesses of human nature; each possessed constitutional equanimity, straightforward honesty of purpose, boldness and prudence admirably blended, reliance on their own resources, and, above all, that happy confidence which anticipates success. "To feel that you are going to conquer," says Livy, "is to accomplish half the victory." A desponding general throws a casting weight into the scale against himself.* Marlborough and Wellington are the only English officers who by military services have reached the highest rank in the peerage—dukedoms. Monk may be quoted by some as a proper addition, being raised at once from a simple general to the title of Duke of Albemarle; but his was a political stroke and a political reward. His coronet lay neither in a battery nor a field of battle. Marlborough's highest title was bestowed on him before the campaign of Blenheim. Wellington left England in 1809 as plain Sir Arthur Wellesley and a general of division. He returned in 1814 as Duke and Field Marshal, having fought his way by successive victories through all the intermediate degrees. The world was at peace, the nations were beginning to recover breath, and it seemed more than improbable that another leaf was yet in reserve to complete his chaplet of glory. Twelve months elapsed, Napoleon escaped from Elba, events came hurrying on which turned romance into reality, and combined for ever the names of Wellington and Waterloo, to show that Scipio and Zama might be equalled.

J. W. C.

[We leave this character of the Duke of Wellington as it is written. Death has mocked the wish that prayed that he might long remain the living monument of the nation's glory. The conqueror of Napoleon has followed his rival to the tomb. What was, in part at least, prophecy when the above was written, is now history—"THE HERO'S STAR HAS SET UNCLOUDED IN THE GULPH OF FATE, AN EXCEPTION, AN EXAMPLE, AND A MORAL."]

* The only fault of that excellent officer, Sir John Moore, in command, was a want of self-confidence.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXVIII.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

TO J. S. KNOWLES, ON HIS TRAGEDY OF "VIRGINIUS."

"Twelve years ago I knew thee, Knowles, and then
 Esteemed you a perfect specimen
 Of those fine spirits, warm-sould Ireland sends
 To teach us, colder English, how a friend's
 Quick pulse should beat. I knew you brave and plain,
 Strong-~~eyed~~, rough-witted, above fear or gain;
 But nothing further had the gift to espy.
 Sudden ye re-appear—with wonder I
 Hear my old friend (turned Shakspeare) read a scene,
 Only to his inferior in the clean
 Passes of pathos, with such fence-like art,
 Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart."

CHARLES LAMB.

JAMES KNOWLES, father to James Sheridan Knowles, the subject of our memoir, came from England to Cork some time in the year 1780, and opened a school for instruction in English reading, elocution, grammar, and composition. He was nephew to Thomas Sheridan, the author of the "Dictionary," and first cousin to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Knowles's school was considered one of the best at that time in the southern metropolis, and it was there that the future dramatist obtained an education which the master was so well qualified to impart, and of which the pupil took such eminent advantage. Mr. Knowles was married, after his arrival in Cork, to the widow of a Mr. Daunt, and on the 12th of May, 1784, in a house in Anne-street, James Sheridan Knowles made his first appearance on the stage of life. At the time that Great George's-street, or the New-street, as it is sometimes called, was in course of construction, the house in which Knowles was born was thrown down, to make room for modern improvements. There, as well as in a house in Hanover-street, at the corner of Cross-street, Mr. Knowles gave tuition, and, towards the close of his residence in Cork, he occupied the large mansion at the upper end of the Dyke walk. He continued to follow his occupation as a teacher in Cork, until the year 1792, when he removed with his family to London—his son James Sheridan being then about eight years old. At the early age of twelve he began to evince dramatic instinct, having written a play for a company of juvenile actors, of which he was the star. His next work was an opera, founded on the history of Chevalier de Grillon, which was given to Richardson, the friend of Sheridan, by whom the manuscript was lost. At fourteen he wrote a song called the "Welsh Harper," and this, we believe, was his first published literary production. It was just then that he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of William Hazlitt, to whose judgment he used to submit every little poem he wrote, and who, in after years, saw "the Boy Poet," as he himself describes, "unaltered in sentiment and unspoiled by success, the same as when first he knew him; unconscious of the wreath he had worn round his brow, laughing and talking of his play just as if it had been written by any body else, and as simple-hearted, downright, and honest, as the unblemished work* he has produced."

Knowles speaks of Hazlitt as his "mental father," and treasures in his memory the kindness which he received from him in his youth. "He loved me," said he, as we once heard him say, "taught me as a friend, endear-

* *Virgilius*.



J. D. Knapp



ingly praising or condemning, as he saw cause, every little poem which I wrote. There was ore in him and rich, but his maturer friends were blind to it—I saw it. He was a man to whom I would have submitted my life. He was cynic to the general, but he had cause. I believe, that, young as I was, I could have persuaded him where others would have failed. There was a want; but it was neglected in his youth. He was honest, and, when he met with a friend, intensely affectionate. I never saw a father whose heart was more wrapped up in a son." Under such training, Knowles grew up, and at Hazlitt's house he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Coleridge, who, upon one occasion, read him an extemporaneous lecture on poetry. To Charles Lamb, too, he was also introduced, and with this man of rare genius, great mind, and kindly heart, he frequently associated in his youth. Hazlitt once illustrated a lesson he was giving to Knowles by a reference to a play of Lamb's, *John Woodville*. The passage referred to, was, we believe, where a stag is pictured as making—

"A dancing shadow of his horns in the water."

Knowles mentioned this fact on an occasion when they were both present, and when Lamb was joking Hazlitt upon the promised dedication* of the play of *Alfred the Great*.

A Tragedy called the *Spanish Story* was followed by a play called *Hersilia*, neither of which were acted. The former was written when he was about twenty, the latter at the age of twenty-five.

For about fourteen years our young dramatist resided with his family in London, at the expiration of which we find him in Dublin, where he came in the latter end of 1808. There, among his relations, the Lefanus, and in the intellectual circle in which they mixed, his talents were appreciated, and his society courted; he sang remarkably well, and there are many now who still recollect how charmingly he gave expression to the Irish melodies. His love, however, for the drama and for rhetorical display was the more peculiar feature of his disposition, which, ere long, determined him to adopt the stage as a profession.

A distinguished member of the Lefanu family, the Rev. Peter Lefanu, often reasoned with his young relative, dissuading him from "setting his foot before the floats," and pointing to occupations for which he considered his talents more suitable. Mr. Lefanu resided in Charlemont-street, in a house at the left-hand side of the street, as you proceed to the bridge, remarkable for the solid cut-stone front of its hall-door, and it was there the future author of *Virginia* held forth to many an admiring audience. These "tastes of his quality" were rehearsals for an appearance at the theatre in Crow-street. The eventful night came, but the *début* was not successful, and the Thespian project was for a time wisely abandoned. He had many personal friends among the Collegians—who used to accompany him in his walks in the Park to hear the "Soliloquy and the Speech to the Players"—one in particular, who now holds a high position at the Irish Bar was then a distinguished member of the "Historical Society," and to Knowles's judgment were frequently submitted the speeches he had prepared for delivery. For many an elegant sentence, for many a burst of fervid oratory, which seldom failed to produce applause, and effect on his auditory, he was indebted to the suggestions of his friend. At this time the Society held its meetings in the chamber over the Dining-Hall, and on the debate nights, a favoured few of the "Town" were permitted to stand on the lobby, screened by the ample folds of the door curtain, and thus listen to the "war of words." Knowles often took his place here, curious to observe the effect produced by his passages, in the speech of his friend. Upon one of these occasions when he, with many other townsmen, stood outside the half-drawn curtain, listening to a debate which excited more than ordinary interest, an unusual commotion took place at the door, and in rushed a small and attenuated form—haggard-looking for his age, but the countenance radiant with intelligence and expression. Assuming a studied and almost grotesque attitude of invocation, he from the centre of the room addressed the chair. There were some murmurs of surprise

* Hazlitt died just after it was written.

and indignation at this breach of rule; but after a few sentences of fervid eloquence the speaker, notwithstanding the squeaking dissonance of his voice, soon enraptured his audience in attention. Such was Richard Lalor Sheil's first appearance at the College Historical Society.

In the year 1809, or the early part of 1810, Cherry's Company was performing at Waterford, and thither Knowles went "to fret his hour." It was there he first became acquainted with Edmond Kean, who had come over from Swansea to fulfil an engagement. The company was limited in number, and Knowles had to try his hand at everything—tragedy, comedy, opera; for the latter of which it is said his talents appeared to have been more suited. In that season was produced, for his benefit, Knowles's first acted drama, upon which he had been long engaged. It was entitled, *Leo, or the Gipsy*. The principal part was sustained by Kean. The play was never published, but we have portions of the three first acts preserved in Cornwall's "Life of Kean," from which we shall venture to give a few extracts—samples of this early effort of the genius of the distinguished subject of our sketch. The *dramatis personæ* consist of Sir Walter, a Justice; Ferdinand, his supposed son; Helen, his niece; and a band of gipsies, the principal of whom are Leo, who loves and is beloved by Helen; his friend, Hugo, who loves the gipsy girl Cloe, who is slighted by her for the sake of Ferdinand; and Cloe herself. The rest are the Gipsy King, and a set of fellows without mark, having the significant titles of Long Jack, Merry Tom, Black Robin, &c.

Sir Walter is apprehensive that his niece may be lured away by the wood-rangers,—

"Thou hast been listening to the gipsies here,
The boy I found thee with, and ancient hag,
Have filled thy thoughts with folly."

He resolves to remove her to a distant part of the country. Before this is effected, Leo contrives to enter into Helen's chamber, by means of a ladder, and prevails on her to elope with him. He thus promises her :—

LEO.—Fly with me to the woods! A holy man,
Who loves me as a son, will make us one
Soon as the morning dawns: I rescued him
From murder once. Fly with me to the woods!
I'll lodge thee in a mossy cabin, sweet
And dry, that in a honeysuckle bower
I've made among a group of evergreens.
There will be room enough for you and me:
And we shall lead a life of joy and love:
I'll hunt for thee, and catch thee venison—
I can outboud the deer. I'll bring thee trout
And salmon from the clearest streams, that run
O'er bright pebbles and the moss-grown weed;
And kill thee birds of every quality—
And thou shalt live as blessed as love can be.

There is another passage, in which we recognise a great deal of the spirit and fire which characterise his later works. It runs thus :—

LEO.—Down in a glen an ancient ruin lies.
It was an abbey once, with spacious aisles,
With cells, and chambers, and long passages,
Winding about, and opening here and there;
Some on the floor and others underground.
With ivy now, within and out o'ergrown,
Its roofless walls, wild briars, and shrubs, and weeds,
Inhabit. In the pelting rain may come!
The wind, unheeded, through its chambers go;
And aught that fancies it, pass in and out
Without a question. I will take you there:
And in a place unknown to mortal, save
Myself, restore thee.

The Gipsy was performed with the most unequivocal success, Kean playing Leo with great power and effect, and so entirely, as it is said, to his own satisfaction, that had he been enabled to find Knowles out when he first went to London in 1814, he would have made his *début* in the part. For two years Kean remained in Cherry's Company, playing both in Waterford and in Swansea. Knowles also played in Swansea. To obtain funds for the expenses of his journey there, he published a small volume of poems, called "Fugitive Pieces," which was very liberally purchased by the citizens of Waterford, who entertained a very high opinion of his genius as an author, and his character as a man. We next find him in Belfast, where he went to seek or fulfil, we are not quite certain which, an engagement in Talbot's Company. It appears, however, that his talents were soon diverted into a different channel. How this occurred will be best explained by the following most interesting communication from the Attorney-General for Ireland, who has thus gratified us by his reply to our inquiries:—

"I subjoin some rambling recollections which have stirred up by-gone days. It is now more than forty years since James Sheridan Knowles came to the town of Belfast. I have a very distinct recollection of my father bringing him up to our house one evening, and myself, the youngest, with two brothers were patted on the head by the stranger. He came over, as I understood, to join the stage, and my father, who had a very great natural taste for good English education, having casually met him, soon discovered his high attainments as a grammarian and English scholar, and engaged him to attend in our family as a private teacher. Having entered on this, his reputation then spread in the town. There was at that time a growing taste for education in Belfast, and it was soon arranged for him that he should open a school, which he did, in a small room over a shop which stood at the corner of the present Commercial Buildings, where he received a limited number of pupils. He wrote out a most elaborate treatise on grammar; and selected from the English classics for our reading, especially from Johnson and Addison, from Milton and Campbell. He introduced early the exercise of written composition, of recitation, and the greatest pains were taken with action and gesture, articulation and pronunciation, which he attended to not merely by analysing the sounds, but *anatomising* the organs by which the sounds were made. And then the periodical debates in which he prepared our speeches according to the genius of each speaker, made a most pleasant wind-up at each half-yearly examination. When the Belfast Institution was opened, or rather before it was opened for general use, the managers gave him the use of the English school-room, to which he transferred his exotics. I had the privilege of being one of the boys who first entered its walls as a pupil.

"Mr. Knowles had suggested his father's name as that of the proper candidate for the office of English master, and under the assurance that he himself would act as assistant, thus his filial respect was gratified. The old man was a good English scholar—precise, rigid, and grave; whilst the son was in every turn the man of genius—absent, fitful, joyous, enthusiastic; now depressed, now ecstatic and elated. In this school, however, much was done in diffusing both accuracy and taste amongst the pupils in their English education; and after some time a separation took place, which drew off Sheridan Knowles, and with him all his old and favourite pupils. I followed him of course to his new school. There he redoubled his efforts in the improvement of his course. The principles of grammar and composition were most accurately taught, and as some of us had advanced sufficiently to become critics, he made us interchange our compositions, and criticise each other, himself oftentimes commenting our respective labours.

"In history he introduced a good practice of making each pupil freely state whatever he might think in just reflection on the narrative, or arising out of it; and he also inculcated the reading of the Old Testament. Well do I remember with what intense delight he used to open and direct the reading of the glorious chapters of Isaiah. The 'Rambler' was his favourite prose author, Milton for blank verse, Campbell for rhyme; and then would he give us some of those touching compositions from his own pen, which evoked responses in our hearts, and made us very proud of our gifted preceptor. The 'Fisherman's Wife' was one of these.

"Until the school broke up finally, I remained with him. He left us, and we sorrowed after him. How happy were we on a subsequent visit to rally all our young troops in the town and give him a dinner, where we fought all our battles over again.

"Belfast owes him a deep debt of gratitude. There he spent the best years of a laborious life, training the young in accurate knowledge of English in its several departments. The seeds of literary taste, the appetite for good enlightened education, were by him cherished with tenderness and zeal. No man gave so great an impulse to the cause of education in the north of Ireland. His habits were altogether those of a child of genius—hence his discipline was irregular; he was neither our school-master nor our school-fellow—he was both, and sometimes more than both, but we loved him, and he taught us. Sometimes bringing

our young giddy minds under a load of philology which afterwards he would carefully spread over an expanded surface.

"He could not be rich, his nature would not allow it; and the attractions of his dramatic muse carried him into the region where he most enjoyed life.

"I look back on the days and years I spent under his care with feelings almost too deep and intense for description. My giddy fitfulness, not less than the energy, was the delight of my Socrates. How I remember him parading me before Spurzheim, who then visited Belfast. I was inquisitive to know the result, which my preceptor sought to suppress, but I found it out—'Don't work the brain too much, it may be dangerous.' Excellent advice, I thought: more play and less work—the best recipe for pleasant education. But the truth was and is, that the habit of that period was to send children to a regular school when they should have been still under the nurse.

"From the time of his leaving the Institution, he felt the pressure of separation from his father, and this gave the drama increased power in drawing him off from his valuable labours as an English master. He was the most artless, the most generous of men, and hence he was unpopular and unsuccessful. Had he a patient, dogged diligence, carefully directed to one great end—the education of our youth in the English language—he would have enriched Ireland with educated men, and ere this have been in a position of independent affluence. But we must take men as we find them. Sometimes the man of zeal, too impetuous for the cold caution of more selfish spirits, carried by his chivalry and ardour what no common sobriety would have dared to attempt. It is, I believe, in the great resultant of combined influence and energy that society progresses, and thus exhibits the wonderful hand and power of him who guides and regulates all our wanderings and differences, to the achievement of his own great purposes.

"Education is the great question for the age—not whether, but what it shall be? I rejoice whenever I see it spreading, and I regard with earnest and grateful affection those who have given it impulse and carry it onward.

"Man must be lifted out of the low and narrow selfishness of his poverty and his provincialism. Educate him, sustain your great institution to excite emulation, progress, elevation; from the school to the college, to the professions, to life, to duty, to God.

"In my conscience I believe that, with a sound system of improved school education, with an upright use of patronage in encouraging industry and rewarding merit, in cherishing, not proscribing, independence of judgment, nor excommunicating for free and honest opinion, the whole tone of public feeling in Ireland could be changed.

"The efforts of Knowles showed what one man could accomplish, even by irregular and periodical efforts, in the one department.

"I have run off these struggling thoughts and tales during the bustle of term, but I delight in the simplest tribute to my dear old master, whom I love as heartily as when I hid his cane, or put his hat up the chimney."

Should these pages meet the eye of him whom they are meant to honour, how proud, how justly proud, will he be to find that the value of his system of intellectual training has been so affectionately and gratefully recorded by one of the chosen representatives of our ancient University, and the head of a profession graced by his great learning and unblemished character.

We have seen, as Mr. Napier says, that Knowles's love of the drama drew him off from his labours as a teacher, and it was about this time that he produced a play in Belfast called *Brian Boroihme*, an alteration of a piece from another pen. It had great success. His next work was *Caius Gracchus*, which, we find, was first performed by Talbot's Company in Belfast, on the 13th February, 1815.* Its production is thus noticed in the *Belfast News-letter*:—

"With sincere pleasure we last night beheld a numerous and respectable audience assembled at the theatre to witness the first performance of *Caius Gracchus*. This drama, the production of a gentleman who has already distinguished himself in the literary world, bids fair to crown the author with unfading laurels. The events upon which it is founded are too well known to require detail, but the manner in which they have been wrought up into a dramatic form claims the highest admiration. The language is chaste, nervous, and fluent; the characters (particularly those of Cornelia, Gracchus, and Drusus) drawn with a bold and masterly hand, and the sentiments it contains virtuous and patriotic. . . . The piece was throughout received with the rapturous plaudits of a crowded house."

Next in order of composition came the beautiful play of *Virginius*, which

* This play was subsequently brought out in London in 1823, after *Virginius*; Mr. Macready playing Caius Gracchus.

owes its existence to Edmund Kean; it was written for him at his own earnest request: the subject being suggested by that great actor. The first draught of it was completed in about three months, of which Knowles apprised Kean, with the assurance of a fair copy in another month. In the meantime, another play on the same subject had been accepted at Drury-lane; and thus *the Virginus* could not be produced. Knowles was now advised to have it performed at Glasgow; and at the theatre in that city, under Mason's management, it was brought out—Cooper playing the hero admirably. It ran for fourteen or fifteen nights. A friend of Mr. Macready, who happened to see it, was so struck with its beauties, that he wrote to him recommending the play. It was shortly afterwards sent up to London, read by Harris, accepted, and performed; but though it succeeded, it did not draw the first season. Poor Kean never ceased to regret that he was not identified with the original production of Knowles's tragedy. Towards the latter end of his career, however, he determined to play the part. He took, it is said, three years to study it; and even then he was not perfect in the text, and though he was but the shadow of his own unrivalled self, he gave, according to the opinions of the ablest judges, the very *heart* of the character. Macready's performance of *Virginus* was, according to Hazlitt, his best, and most faultless performance—at once the least laborious and the most effective; and though to him the merit is not due, as has been commonly supposed, of having suggested to Mr. Knowles the writing *Virginus*, the stage owes him the origination of *William Tell*, the next great dramatic work of our distinguished countryman. *William Tell* was followed by the *Beggar of Bethnal Green*, which was performed under the most unfavourable circumstances, in the unavoidable absence of the author, and consequently failed. Then came *Alfred the Great*, a work upon which he had been long engaged. It succeeded; and, in 1834, was followed by the comedy of the *Hunchback*, which, as Knowles states, owes its existence to the failure of the *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, and the encouragement he received from the generous enthusiastic advocacy of the editor of *The Atlas*, to whom he was a perfect stranger. The *Hunchback* was chiefly composed on the sea-shore, near Newhaven, and some of it on the pleasant walks about Birmingham. In his sorry study, as he calls it, on the sands, he also remodelled *Alfred*, and brought both plays with him to London, in April, 1831. The *Hunchback* was read at Drury-lane, and very advantageous terms were offered to the author by the management; but it was subsequently withdrawn from that establishment, Knowles conceiving that it was not treated with the attention which he thought it merited. It was then taken to Covent-garden, and on Thursday, the 5th April, 1832, it was produced with the most triumphant and unequivocal success. "Would," said the author of *Ion*, in his "Thoughts on Hazlitt's Character," "that he had lived to witness the success of the *Hunchback*, not that it is better than the plays which he did see, but that he would have exulted to find the town surprised at once into justice, recognising the pathos and beauty which had been among them unappreciated so long, and paying part of that debt to the living author which he feared they would leave to posterity to acknowledge in vain." The warm commendation which followed the appearance of this work encouraged him to proceed; and, in a very short time, he completed another play, *The Wife*, which was produced at Covent-garden. The theatre was closed before the expiration of the season, and the company, by the permission of the Lord Chamberlain, went to the Olympic, where the play was proceeded with, and had a prosperous run. In *The Wife*, as well as in *The Hunchback*, its gifted author sustained one of the principal parts. His fame as an actor now brought him many offers of engagements in the provinces, and he appeared in the principal theatres in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In 1834, he visited his native city, Cork; and on the boards of Old George's-street Theatre, made his first bow before an audience of his fellow-citizens, who received him with enthusiastic affection. There is a circumstance connected with this visit very characteristic of Knowles. Shortly after his arrival in the "beautiful city," he made inquiry whether his old nurse was alive; and upon learning that she was in service, in the house of a respectable solicitor, then resident in Blackrock-road, he sent for her, and insisted on her remaining with him while he was in Cork, provided for her a sober suit of black silk, and made her sit every day at his table. During the engagement she was accommodated

every night with a seat in the boxes, where the poor old woman often lost the identity of her dear Sheridan in listening to the wrongs of *Tell*, or in weeping at the trials of *Virginus*. He made out his writing-master, too, old Bob Michell, and one of his old school-fellows, Miliken (brother to Richard Miliken, the author of the "Groves of Blarney"), who sat at his hospitable board many a time during his stay in his native city.

An engagement in Dublin and Belfast followed his departure from Cork. In 1836 he produced his play of *The Daughter*, the subject of which was suggested to him by his son, Richard Brinsley. Mr. Stephen Price, the American manager, in order to stimulate Knowles, required him to produce it within a certain time. "When I (said he, in the preface to the play) had finished the second scene, I lost confidence in the subject, and had determined to select a new one; but finding that some of the passages had made a powerful impression upon a friend, on whose taste I had great reliance, I resumed my work, and here it is, to the discomfiture yet gratification of my generous challenger." In this year (1836) Mr. Knowles visited America professionally, where his works, well-known and appreciated before his arrival, were enhanced in attraction by his appearing in their representation. During his stay in the States he was honoured by a public dinner in Philadelphia, and throughout his progress in America, was received with the honour due to the first of living British dramatic poets.

On his return from England he wrote *The Love Chase*. It was produced at the Haymarket, with almost unexampled success; it ran (as the phrase is) upwards of one hundred nights. *Woman's Wit*, his next play in order of production, was brought out by Macready during his management of Covent-garden, and though it has not enjoyed the same popularity as *The Love Chase*, yet it is in every respect worthy of Knowles's reputation. *The Maid of Mariendorpt* next followed, produced at the Haymarket; and then came his comedy of *Love*, at Covent-garden, justly estimated as one of the purest, most equal, and elevated of his plays. This play was written while on a visit to his friend, Mr. Dick, at his residence, Lochard Lodge, near Abberfayle, by Stirling. Then we have *Old Maids*, brought out at Covent-garden in 1839; *John of Procida*, in 1840, at Covent-garden; *The Rose of Arragon*, at the Haymarket, in 1841; and *Secretary*, in 1843, completing the list of Mr. Knowles's dramatic works. In addition to these, which have been collected in a permanent form, in three volumes, he has written a comedy, which has been lying for several years in the Haymarket; and an opera, which is still in the hands of an eminent publisher.

Knowles had now ceased to write for the stage, his health having become seriously impaired. His brother labourers in the thorny and difficult path of literature—the members of the Dramatic Authors' Society—evinced their sympathy for him in a manner highly honourable to themselves. They knew that a pension from the civil list would not only be welcome, but was required by Knowles. He had arrived at that age when the imagination of the poet begins to chill, and cannot mature the fruits that germinate in youth and health. He was suffering, too, from sickness, and it was feared that the declining days of the dramatist would not be so bright and free from care as was deserved by him whose works were destined to shine amongst the lights of

"Those who ran
Their course round Shakspeare's golden sun."

They, therefore, united their voices that Knowles's claims might reach the ear of the minister, and Sir Robert Peel was appealed to. After expressing their admiration of the poetic genius of the author of *Virginus*, they thought it wise to put a bit of arithmetic to the Premier; and some of the elder dramatists, who knew what Knowles got for his plays, divided them by the years within which the works had been produced, and the result was scarcely £200 a-year. Such a sum could not support a family in London unless with the most pinching economy, and would leave nothing to *lay by*.

These facts were respectfully put forward to the minister; and among those who advocated Sheridan Knowles's claims were some popular names—Ferrol, Searle, Planche, Rooke, Lover, Buckstone, Moreton, &c. Sir Robert's answer

was rather cold. He stated that £1,200 a-year was all he had at his disposal for rewarding merit of all sorts. Now, if any one will take the trouble to consult the civil list, he will find that literature, alas! gets only a small share of this State bounty, if that sum can be called bountiful for such a country as Great Britain.

It is said, but we cannot vouch for its truth, that Knowles was first offered £100 a-year, which he refused. The merchants of Glasgow, we believe, signed a memorial, which gradually influenced Sir Robert's favour to the dramatist, and he was placed on the list for £200 a-year.

We have already spoken of the break-up of Knowles's health, and stated that he had ceased to write dramatic works. After he left the stage, he appeared before the public as a lecturer on oratory. He also gave interesting lectures on the genius of Shakspeare, and historic sketches of the early Greek dramatists. These lectures were delivered in the principal towns of the empire, with great success. Knowles has also contributed a good deal to the periodical literature of the day. He has written a novel called "George Lovell," and a tale for the columns of the *Sunday Times* newspaper, entitled "Fortescue." An appropriate testimony has been lately offered to him in his appointment of curator of the house of Shakspeare in Stratford-on-Avon.

Of late, he has devoted his time to the study of theological controversy; and two or three works on this subject have emanated from his pen, which evidence all the high and intellectual attainments of his accomplished mind.

It is, however, as a dramatist we have sketched him, and, as such, his name must be ever associated with the foremost men in that branch of our literature. To him the modern stage is indebted for paintings of the heart in which human passions, human thoughts, and human feelings, are delineated with a force and expressed with an intensity worthy of that intellectual school whose works adorned the Elizabethan era. Adopting the style of the elder dramatists, he has had the courage to think for himself. As an actor, he knew, like his great masters, how to suit his persons to the players of the time. In writing for the stage he forgets the closet, and always recollects that the eye has to be pleased as well as the ear. He knows the value of placing his characters in the most striking and picturesque situations, and for this often sacrifices clearness of plot to produce striking effects. His imitation of the style and diction of the elder dramatists has been objected to, as being inconsistent with modern words and ideas. It has been urged, too, that he should have chosen for his subjects the passions and humours of his own age, and should have expressed them in the language of his own day. In the structure of his plots he is sometimes defective, but generally in his plays there are to be found combined, unity of intent, settled purpose, and precision of outline. In portraying female characters, his excellence is universally admitted. The genius with which he has pictured the purity of woman's heart, and her affections, is full of truth, exquisite delicacy, and tenderness.

"I wish," said a lady to him on one occasion, "I could speak on behalf of my sex, and thank you as you deserve, for the way in which you have drawn us." "What else could I have done, my dear madam?" said Knowles, in his own hearty way, "God bless you, I painted them as I found them." Subjects for pictures like Virginia, Julia, and Mariana are still to be found, but where are the painters?

We are not disposed, in a short sketch like this, to weary our readers with criticising the writings of our distinguished countryman—reviews, magazines, and newspapers have done that long since. Whatever differences of opinion there may be on minor points, Knowles is entitled to one of the highest places in the history of our dramatic literature, and Ireland has just reason to be proud of such a man. "Our Portrait Gallery," has now a goodly show of illustrious Irishmen, and we know not one among them to whom we have given a place with greater pleasure, than JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.

BY FITZGERALD.

SECOND ROUND.

"Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent tracts the giddy heights explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise."—POPE.

AT about eight o'clock in the morning, I found myself standing on the deck; we were gliding along smoothly within fifty yards of the shore, which presented an appearance something similar to the banks of the Thames between Deptford and London Bridge. The concurrent circumstance of a dismal yellow fog helped to eke out the likeness. There were steamboats and ships on the stocks—ditto; ditto, floating funnelless or mastless in the water; then there were packet-offices, warehouses, ships loading and unloading, and monster packets vomiting black smoke.

Lashed to a wharf, the leviathan disgorges its passengers, and we at length find ourselves in the wonderful city of New York.

Near the spot where we landed, there was a long shed; beneath it a dozen of porters and others were indulging in an extremely boisterous game of snow-balls (there had been some snow in the night), and, on landing, we were welcomed by a salute of one or two rounds. These grenadiers, indeed, seemed to be trying how near the balls might be thrown to the noses of the strangers, without actually coming in contact with them. I was informed that a gentleman, especially an English one, ought to beware of coming to close quarters with what is termed the "rowdy" population of an American city, as the inefficiency of the police almost equals the republicanism of the mob.

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;
 Let him that calleth be the caller,
 And when he calleth, let him nothing call,
 But 'Coach! coach! coach!'"

The hack-carriages in all American cities are deserving of particular commendation. They usually contain from four to six persons, are drawn by a pair of horses, and are clean, neat, and substantial. I threw myself, bag and bag-

gage, into one on my arrival, and was quickly set down at the Irving-house Hotel in the Broadway. Two small iron *lions couchant* flank a double-glass doorway, by which you enter a low but somewhat spacious hall, filled with men indulging in peripatetic exercises. A black servant takes possession of your baggage, and, when you have secured No. 300-and-something bed-room, ascends the stairs before you.

If there is any street which a human being is likely to hear of in the course of his life, that street is the Broadway of New York; it certainly deserves celebrity, and one cannot be surprised if it earns such, considering the vast number of representatives which every kingdom of the earth sends forth to gaze for a time on its marvels, and return to publish them at home. Christian, Turk, Pagan, perambulate the side-walk; countenances, white, brown, and cinnamon colour, gaze on you as you pass; hobgoblin, yellow half-breeds fill you with horror; and the baboon-faced, shuffling black jostles the red Indian, who stalks stealthily amongst English, French, Germans, Poles, Yankees, Southerners, Chinese, Affghans, and outcast Israelites. At the bottom of the Broadway is a kind of square, resembling those in the less frequented parts of London. Proceeding upwards, the stranger, after passing many dingy offices and shops, probably pauses at Trinity Church, a large cathedral place of worship, built in the Gothic, perpendicular style. Within, tall, clustered columns rise grandly from the floor, dividing the aisles from the body of the church. The light, struggling through richly stained glass, fails to dispel a solemn gloom, which reminds one of the ancient minsters of England; and it is pleasing to hear, on Sundays, the beautiful services of

the Church of England echoing among the arches, and to find that there are still some in the New World who have not forgotten the religion of their fathers.

Narrow streets, containing tall counting-houses, whose windows are defended by iron shutters—warehouses and shops filled with heterogenous mixtures of goods, branch off on each side of the lower part of the Broadway; some of them lead to districts as remarkable for squalor and filth as can be found at any seaport-town at home.

After passing Trinity Church some two hundred yards, the Museum of the indefatigable Barnum arrests the attention. The flags of all nations may be seen dangling out of the windows, and thus numerous patriots are incited to inspect the marvellous things contained within, some ideas of which are conveyed by copious illustrations and explanations. A large whale, seventy feet long, was one of the things I observed; it was portrayed in the act of upsetting a boat, and four mariners seemed to be thereby thrown into a state of fear bordering on insanity. Above this painting there were some half dozen of men seated in a gallery, blowing with might and main through saxehorn, ophicleide, and trombone; but the only results seemed to be puffed cheeks, starting eyes, and a few inarticulate moans—the remainder was lost in the unceasing roar of the conflicting streams of omnibuses, carts, wagons, and hackney coaches which pour down and up the Broadway. Within, you might behold, amongst other things, a collection of stuffed birds and beasts in glass cases, a Chinese woman and two children, and a giant (in fat, not in height), whose clothing was by no means as extensive as his person, making him, in the words of Mark Tapley, rather "a jolly subject for contemplation."

Beyond the Museum, the right hand side of the street gives way to a gloomy enclosure of grass and trees, in which a fountain plays—cautiously, however, probably from uncertainty as to its right in doing so at all in a city of so much industry. On the left I passed hotel after hotel—all were square and of immense size; the ground floor of each was composed of shops, the public rooms and numberless sleeping apartments taking up the whole of the upper portion—viz., about four stories.

The iron railing of the rectangular enclosure on the right stops after running a couple of hundred yards, and the right hand side of the street begins again nearly opposite the Irving-house, and now the long perspective of this very long street lies before us. There is an uneven growth of houses on each side, and they sweep away with a slight curve to a distance of two miles, where the view closes with the thin white spire of a church—here a giant of seven stories draws itself up—there a dwarfish tenement crouches into an humble first floor and garret. Rather broader than Regent-street, this great thoroughfare may be said to rival Cheapside in noise and bustle. Omnibuses, hackney-coaches, drays, and private carriages, rattling over uneven and lumpy paving stones, make a considerable uproar. Waving in mid-air are large flags attached to cords stretched across the street: these are charged with various inscriptions, announcing the theatrical amusements for the evening, some new invention, or some extraordinary bargain. The shops, some of which are very handsome, vie with one another in a lavish display of advertisements, and the street, notwithstanding evidences of much stability, has something of the gingerbread character, and looks as if it had been run up in a hurry. The omnibuses, which follow close after one another, are of an inferior class, and have no cabs, like those of London, standing on the steps with uplifted fore-finger, for the driver himself pulls the door to with a leathern strap, and takes the fares through a little round peep-hole in the roof. Nor are the private equipages deserving of much praise—a coachman lounging on the box, with a bit of stick for a whip—sometimes in a tawdry livery—sometimes positively in his shirt-sleeves—drives a pair of ill-groomed, ill-conditioned beasts. The vehicle, on the panel of which, perhaps, the crest of some rising aristocrat shows a glimpse of itself through mud-spatters, appears to go, like the driver, from one end of the week to the other without being washed. Equestrian performances are rarely exhibited in the Broadway, or indeed in any other street; but where they are, they may chance to afford a little amusement to an Englishman. Few Americans appear comfortable in the saddle; they generally sit straight up and down like a two-pronged fork,

and look as if a little playfulness on the part of the animal they have trusted themselves on, would be sufficient to destroy their equilibrium, and precipitate them into the mud. A lady in a riding-habit is a complete *rara avis*, although she often succeeds better.

Having seen on a card at the Irving-house the following notice, "Dinner at two and half-past three," I had asked a negro to inform me why two dinners followed one another so closely; he informed me that "*dinner at two*" was "for those *gents what wants to eat early*." As soon as the "tocsin of the soul," as Lord Byron calls the summons to dinner, had sounded for the second time, I prepared to answer it. The *crescendo* and *diminuendo* din of the gong is succeeded by a tremendous clattering of footsteps, and a crowd of persons enter briskly a long room, the ceiling of which is supported on poles like attenuated Corinthian columns; along one of the larger sides of this room runs a wooden partition, broken by folding doors and glass windows, divided from each other by Corinthian pilasters. Another apartment of the same size (a dining-room for *ladies* as well as gentlemen) is visible through the gaps. In the room we are in there are three long tables—the middle one acts half as a sideboard and half as a hat-stand; at the upper end are plates, second course and dessert—at the lower end one hundred *tiles* (to borrow a phrase of *thieves' Latin*) which one hundred gentlemen have put there before rushing to their seats. Two rows of blacks at each table, dressed in white jackets and aprons, and having napkins hanging from their waists, stand facing each other across the well-spread board. The guests are hardly seated before a whistle like that of a robber chief resounds from the upper end of the room, and immediately fifty black paws are stretched across the table; the dish-covers are whisked off in a manner that would lead you to suppose that a many-handed monster was in attendance, and all the negroes facing inwards, waddle off like a company of intelligent apes. A most excellent table is kept in this hotel, and the residents always do justice to the good cheer. Indeed, it occurred to me that Americans at dinner go to work with the same despatch and persevering industry which distinguishes them in all their avocations.

A novice might well imagine he beheld a flight of desolating locusts in the land of Egypt, or be reminded of Pharaoh's *lean kine who eat up the fat*, and seemed nothing the better, so thin and ill-conditioned are the greater number. The black clothes, the sombre countenances, and the air of serious duty, which pervade all the arrangements, made me almost fancy that I sat amongst a party of funeral guests, who had before them a long and cold drive to the churchyard. When the first course was finished, which it was in a very brief space of time, the black paws again appeared, the dishes were walked off, and a kind of countermarch was performed towards the middle table, where puddings, jellies, &c., were taken up, and again came the countermarch, "*longo ordine*," till all had arrived at their respective places facing one another as before, when the dishes were flung upon the table, to come down in what position the laws of projectiles might determine. Then followed the distribution of forks and spoons, which was done by a negro walking along with an apron full, and flinging each his share, with that reckless daring which seems to be considered the leading qualification of a good waiter. The dangerous rapidity with which everything is demolished renders it necessary, I suppose, for those who are of a fastidious taste, or have partialities for different dishes, to be frequently on the alert to seize on those within reach, and to divide the plate into compartments for receiving various supplies: I reason thus from having observed that many people appeared to be eating meat, vegetables, preserves, and pastry simultaneously. The prudent foresight of some is wonderful. An anecdote was told me by a lady, who in passing through the States to Canada had dined at a hotel in New York: seeing some peas at a very short distance from where she was sitting, she requested the waiter to hand them; he was in the act of doing so, when a person sitting near, who had heard the application, suddenly seized the dish as it passed him, swept the whole of its contents briskly into his own plate, and addressing the disappointed lady, said, with a facetious grin, "*I guess I'm a whale at peas!*"

Upon the whole, the waiting at the Irving-house is very good, and might

be first-rate if a little more care could be taken in the way of putting things on the table. The blacks appear to be a very intelligent race. In action they are *quick as monkeys*, but yet common report pronounces them (whether truly or not I cannot say) as *honest as magpies*! They are a scouted race, even in the free states; and as they are sure to have a name as black as their skin, one can hardly wonder if out of sheer spite they should sometimes endeavour to deserve it.

The same forms having been gone through in "fixing" the dessert, the tables are quickly *deserted*—each person seizes his hat and takes himself off; but not all at the same time, however, for some can dine with much greater dexterity than others. I have heard of a boast being made by a veteran in the art "that he could get from soup to nuts in ten minutes."

The snow had passed away, leaving a greasy pavement and a sloppy street, and evening light was gilding the upper half of the houses on one side of the Broadway, as I made my way up it at about half-past four o'clock. It was now the time for promenading, and although the evening was cold, fashion was out to see and be seen. There was less of the black uniform among the gentlemen. Coloured trousers and *railway patterns* began to appear. There was also a little less of the beard than I had seen before. Those who have made a European tour frequently copy the English custom, and shave the chin.

The ladies, whose figures were remarkably slender, with scarcely a single exception, were dressed as for summer, in showy silks, light bonnets, and light shoes. Those who sat in carriages were still more airily attired. Face after face passed me, exhibiting plenty of the lily but little or nothing of the rose, and also a great sameness of expression, the prevailing character of which was the total absence of anything like "*mauvaise honte*."

The eyes are diverted occasionally from the passing crowd of business or pleasure-seekers to the buildings. Here is the handsome front of a theatre—there the substantial portal of a Unitarian church. Grace Church, which is reached by dint of much walking, is really a beautiful specimen of decorated Gothic; and I am told the interior surpasses in attractions the outside. It is built of white sandstone, and a par-

sonage in keeping with it stands at the further side. After mentioning that Union-square and Fifth-avenue contain whole rows of dwelling-houses, which would not disgrace Belgravia, I must remark that the Broadway abounds in doctors and Daguerreotypes above all other commodities. One can scarcely walk ten yards without being reminded of the disciples of Hippocrates, or of their insufficiency in the morose, dyspeptic-looking subjects portrayed by the photographic art.

I must now make a final reflection upon what I have lately seen. I think there can scarcely be a clearer picture of the inevitable varieties which are found in all things, natural and artificial—a finer tableau of *inequality*, than is exhibited in the streets of this American metropolis. From the *unequal* pavement, to the *unequal* classes walking between the *unevenly* built rows of houses, everything tells of extremes. Is it not strange that anything of the sort should be seen in a country, where governments and people have pronounced *equality* to be a grand fundamental principle? Compare Regent-street and the Broadway: the one in a country acknowledging the distinctions of class, the other in a country denying them. What do I see here? Prerogatives waived in a spirit of charity resembling that of the primitive Christians?—distinctions fused in the common bond of human fellowship?—a population of Philanders, who think it is "more blessed to give than to receive?" Nothing of the kind. I see, side by side, a squalid negro and an American millionaire; a half-crippled old man tottering under a heavy burden, while a city dame sweeps past in her carriage; and not far from a church stands a wax-work exhibition of the anatomy of the human frame, which, in the name of religion, you are invited to inspect. Here they *give* lessons in immorality, and *take* the people's money in exchange. Brother Jonathan! Brother Jonathan! confess yourself in the wrong. Your Broadway shows me nothing but an inferior Regent-street; and though we boast not of our *equality*, we have, at least, a more *even* pavement, and more *equal* rows of houses.

In the evening, as the curtain drew up at the opera, disclosing the opening scene of *Don Giovanni*, I found myself seated a spectator and a listener in the Parquette. The house is almost as

large as Covent-garden, and the internal arrangements are very good. A survey of the dress circle, showed me that the season of Lent was probably not the best time of the year to observe the beauty and fashion of the city. At all events, beyond a few very showy gowns, or extravagant ornaments, there was nothing to attract attention. Most of the ladies wore high dresses—the prevailing taste. The gentlemen appeared just as usual, distinguished principally by the “fashion of their beards:”—

A tuft on the chin,
A tuft and imperial,
A tuft, imperial, and mustache,
Whiskers and projecting beard,
Mustache and whiskers,

were some of the varieties to be seen. Whether it was that the audience had heard the opera so often, that they had become tired of it, or whether they came there merely to look about them, I cannot say, but the majority seemed to me to be somewhat apathetic, notwithstanding that the part of *Don Giovanni* was well sung, and that of Leparello well acted, and that the *prima donna's* voice was flexible and pleasing, not to forget the orchestra, which I had only to listen to for five minutes, to be convinced that the music was such as cannot be heard every day in the year. Where instruments blending in perfect harmony agree as one, now bursting forth in a unanimous crash, now running smoothly on in sympathy, or dying softly away together, how entrancing is the effect! Truly, the fiddlestick of the conductor becomes as it were a magic wand calling some wonderful passionate spirit into existence—some being of another world, at whose presence mortals thrill with delight. Throb! throb! throb! ever goes its heart's blood, *Time*; and all the soul of feeling steals forth in the ravishing tones of its voice!

Some such ideas came into my head as I listened to the beautiful music of Mozart, and I am sure I shall ever preserve a lively recollection of the fine orchestra which I heard performing it, led by a man of such perfect taste as Mr. Matz. Maretzek.

Don Giovanni having closed his career, by the light of blue and red flames, the curtain fell, amidst the mingled applause and laughter of the gods, who seemed to be little impressed with the horror which such a scene is supposed

to be capable of calling up. As the evening's entertainments were now concluded, I thought it best to conclude the evening itself, feeling also rather tired after all the vicissitudes of the day. Embarking, therefore, in an omnibus, under a dark and spouting sky, I sailed through the watery streets, and after a rough and tempestuous voyage, landed at the Irving-house. As I entered, Yankees of all ages and descriptions were manifest—sitting, lounging, or smoking in the hall. Some clustered round a stove at the upper end, and others sauntered about. A tall *Mantolini* sort of person, with luxuriant whiskers, paces thoughtfully behind a long sort of counter stretching across the top of the hall, between the stairs which branch off to the right and left, but meet amicably in the centre above. At one end of the counter is a large department of pigeon holes, glazed and numbered outside, according to the bedrooms of the hotel. Here you may or may not find a letter for yourself, as the case may be. Two other persons “connected with the bar,” are leaning over the counter, talking to some acquaintances, and in a corner beside the stairs, three or four old blacks nod beside a large shrubbery of bed-room candles. I soon find myself traversing the long passages up stairs, and at length fall insensibly into the arms of Morpheus, in my own domicile, bed-room 302.

In an American hotel, or boarding-house (which are synonymous), the moment you have an *entrée* into the ladies' sitting-rooms, you become a mark for interrogation—who, and what you are, is the all-engrossing topic—and you very shortly have to undergo a catechetical examination, first, as to your opinions of the country and its inhabitants, and, secondly, as to yourself. As there is then nothing further to learn (unless, indeed, you are supposed to be smitten with any of the fair occupants), you thenceforth become the arbitrator and repository of secrets for various belligerent parties. For families living together in hotels do not always *pull together* in them.

I am constrained to profess my belief, that a fashionable American boarding-house (provincialism apart), shows one a class of society considerably inferior to that which may be found in the ordinary establishments of a similar kind in London.

At the table which the ladies frequent, there is generally less hurry than at that frequented by gentlemen; but there is an equal ignorance of good taste, and one plainly sees a class of people whose progenitors have been *raised* (to use an expression of their own) in the recesses of the forest, and who, without models to copy from—and generally, it is to be feared, without the will to alter hereditary habits or ideas—are almost destitute of any refinement of thought or manners.

The etiquette of English society, and the tone of current ideas, are the results of *ages of experience*, and how can it be expected that a *new* country, starting, too, on an entirely *new* basis, should give rise to a pleasing system of social intercourse! "America has no polish," says a very just reasoner (whose name I am ignorant of), "because it has no other nation to rub against." The persons who leave the United States to make a stay in Europe, and return to introduce European ideas, are too few in number to be influential in bringing about any extensive reform, considering the world of ignorance and prejudice they have to fight against. So deeply rooted, also, are the principles of independence and self-opinion, that, with many, years of experience in the genial atmosphere of our English homes, would scarcely be sufficient to eradicate them entirely. A peculiar feature to be observed amongst some of the members of the New York "Dollar-ocracy," as the democratic party term the wealthier class, is their evident inadaptation to the style of living they think themselves fit to adopt. Behold these suites of rooms fitted up with the costliest manufactures of France; on certain occasions these are lighted and crowded with hosts of guests. But, pray, where do you usually find the master and mistress? Where, but in the kitchen, to which, feeling more at home, they naturally betake themselves as soon as the guests depart.

This kind of gravitation to an underground life, is a principle in more frequent action than English people might imagine. It arises primarily from the wonderful rapidity with which fortunes are made in a new country, of such vast resources, inhabited by a nation so much given to speculation. The man whom you see to-day in the streets

driving a cart in his shirt-sleeves, if "*smart*," may probably, before the expiration of three years, have amassed an amount of dollars sufficient to transform the carter into an aristocrat, and his cart and horse into a carriage and pair! He is thus thrown into a higher sphere; and while his ideas of his own importance *rise* with his fortunes, early habit compels him to choose the *lowest* part of his house as his abode. The great mass of the wealthier classes of New York is of a most variable composition. In a few years it undergoes the most surprising changes, for those members of it who have made fortunes rapidly, often contrive to get rid of them as fast. From the pumpkin and rats to the carriage and footmen, and from the carriage and footmen back again to the pumpkin and rats, are transitions experienced by others besides Cinderella, and I have heard of men who have acquired and spent as many as three successive fortunes. The chief pleasure is evidently experienced in production; money-making becomes like gambling in its process and effects, and the golden results of industry (or smartness) are often squandered in useless ostentation. Instances of wanton extravagance become of frequent occurrence, and it was but lately that *twelve hundred* dollars were spent in adorning a private ball-room with *camelias*!

In a state of things where people rise as if some obedient "*bottle-imp*" did their bidding, it is by no means odd that society should resolve itself into numberless cliques and "*sets*" of a rigidly exclusive character, completely at variance with national principle.

Family assembles under an escutcheon, several degrees of these subdivisions consisting of people who trace descent from English houses of note, or from those who came over as gentlemen, and settled in the country—of people, who, having been left an independence, are not obliged to engage in trade. *Money*, again, spreads its golden pinions over a wide field. These two great divisions are tolerably distinct, but are themselves cut up into numerous integral parts.

The last peculiarity which I shall notice before leaving the city, is one not confined to New York alone. I speak of the singular spirit of *independence* amongst the members of families. The juvenile who appeared in

the columns of *Punch* some time ago, upbraiding his "governor" for "expecting a young feller to be always at home," and demanding from the astonished old gentleman, "chambers, and so much a week," has many a sympathiser in the United States. Generally speaking, no sooner does a boy arrive at years of discretion (which, by the way, he does very speedily), than he gets an allowance from his father, and takes himself off to live at some hotel, probably in some other city! Young ladies are as little in love with the tether of mamma's apron strings.

The system of visiting betrays a similar principle.

If you go to see anybody, whether it be the mistress of the house or her daughters, you see them alone; and thus each member of the family seems to have a different circle of acquaintance. Concerning matters of faith, it is well known that the same want of unity prevails, and Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Universalists, often claim as members of their congregations members of the same family.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER X.

THE COMPANY AT CASTLE CAREW.

FROM an early hour on the following morning, the company began to pour in to Castle Carew, their style and retinue being as varied as may well be imagined. Some arriving in all the pomp and splendour of handsomely appointed equipage. Some dashing up with splashed and panting posters, and others jogging lazily along the avenue in some old "conveniency" of a past age, drawn by animals far more habituated to the plough than the phaeton. Amongst those first was conspicuous the singular old noddy, as it was called, in which Ffrench and Curtis travelled; the driver being perilously elevated some dozen feet above the earth, and perched on a bar which it required almost a rope-dancer's dexterity to occupy. This primitive conveyance, as it trundled along before the windows, drew many to gaze and jest upon its curious appearance—a degree of notice which seemed to have very opposite effects on the two individuals exposed to it; for while Ffrench nodded, kissed hands, and smiled good-humouredly to his friends, Curtis sat back with his arms folded, and his hat slouched over his eyes, as if endeavouring to escape recognition.

"Confound the rascal!" muttered

he between his teeth, "couldn't he have managed to creep round by some back way; his blasted jingling old rat-trap has called the whole household to look at us?—and may I never, if he hasn't broken something! What's the matter—what are you getting down for?"

"'Tis the mare's got the reins under her tail, yer boner?" said the driver, as he descended some half-dozen feet, to enable him to get near enough to rectify the entanglement. The process was made more difficult by the complicated machinery of springs, straps, bars, and bolts which supported the box, and in the midst of which the poor fellow sat as in a cage. He was, however, proceeding in a very business-like way, to tug at the tail with one hand, and pull out the reins with the other, when, suddenly, far behind there came the tearing tramp of horses advancing at speed, the cracking of the postillions' whips adding to the clamour. The horses of the noddy feeling no restraint from the reins, and terrified by the uproar, kicked up their heels at once, and bolted away, shooting the driver out of his den into a flower-plot. Away dashed the affrighted beasts, the crazy old conveyance rattling

and shaking behind them with a deafening uproar. Immediately beyond the hall-door, the avenue took a sweep round a copse, and by a gentle descent wound its course towards the stables, a considerable expanse of ornamental water bordering the road on the other side. Down the slope they now rushed madly; and unable from their speed to accomplish the turn in safety, they made a sudden "jib" at the water's edge, which upset the noddies, pitching its two occupants over head and heels into the lake. By good fortune it was not more than four or five feet deep in this part, so that they came off with no other injury than a thorough drenching, and the ridicule which met them in the laughter of some fifty spectators. As for Ffronch, he had to sit down on the bank and laugh till the very tears came—the efforts of Curtis to rid himself of tangled dead weed and straggling aquatic plants, having driven that choleric subject almost out of his wits.

"This may be an excellent joke; I've no doubt it is, sir, since you seem to think so; but, by Heaven, sir, I'll try if I cannot make some one responsible for it! Yes, gentlemen," added he, shaking his fist at the crowded windows, "it's not all over yet; we'll see who laughs last!"

"Faith, we're well off, to escape with a little fright, and some frogspawn," said Bob; "it might have been worse!"

"It shall be worse, sir, far worse, depend upon it!" said the other.

By this time my father had come up to the spot, and endeavoured, as well as the absurdity of the scene would permit him, to condole with the angry sufferer. It was not, however, without the greatest difficulty, that Curtis could be prevailed upon to enter the house. The very idea of being a laughing-stock was madness to him; and it was only on the strict assurance, that no allusion to the event would be tolerated by my father, that he at last gave in and accompanied him.

Insignificant as was this incident in itself, it was the origin of very grave consequences. Curtis was one of those men who are unforgiving to anything like ridicule; and the sense of injury added to the poignant suffering of a ruined estate, and a fallen condition, by no means improved a temper irascible beyond everything. He entered

the house, swearing every species of vengeance on the innocent cause of his misadventure.

"Time was, sir, when a Lord Lieutenant drove to a gentleman's door in a style becoming his dignity, and not heralded by half-a-dozen rascals, whiplacking and caracoling like the clowns in a circus!"

Such was his angry commentary, as he pushed past my father, and hastened to his room. Long after he sat brooding and mourning over his calamity. It was forgotten in the drawing-room, where Polly had now arrived, dividing attention and interest with the Viceroy himself. Indeed, while his Grace was surrounded with courtly and grave figures, discussing the news of the day and the passing topics, Polly was the centre of a far more animated group, whose laughter and raillery rung through the apartment.

My mother was charmed with her, not only because she possessed considerable personal charms, but being of her own age, and speaking French with ease and fluency, it was a great happiness to her to unbend once again in all the freedom of her own delightful language. It was to no purpose that my father whispered to her the names and titles of various guests to whom peculiar honour was due; it was in vain that he led her to the seat beside some tiresome old lady, all dullness and diamonds; by some magical attraction she would find herself leaning over Polly's chair, and listening to her, as she talked, in admiring ecstasy. It was unquestionably true, that although most of the company were selected less for personal qualities than their political influence, there were many most agreeable persons in the number. My mother, however, was already fascinated, and she required more self-restraint than she usually imposed upon herself, to forego a pleasure which she saw no reason for relinquishing.

My father exerted himself to the uttermost. Few men, I believe, performed the host more gracefully; but nothing more fatally mars the ease and destroys the charm of that character than anything like over effort at success. His attentions were too marked and too hurried; he had exaggerated to himself the difficulties of his situation, and he increased them tenfold by his own terrors.

The Duke was one of those plain,

quiet, well-bred persons so frequently met with in the upper classes of England, and whose strongest characteristic is, probably, the excessive simplicity of their manners, and the total absence of everything bordering on pretension. This very quietude, however, is frequently misinterpreted, and, in Ireland especially, often taken for the very excess of pride and haughtiness. Such did it seem on the present occasion; for now that the restraint of a great position was removed, and that he suffered himself to unbend from the cumbrous requirements of a state existence, the ease of his deportment was suspected to be indifference, and the absence of all effort was deemed a contemptuous disregard for the company.

The moment, too, was not happily chosen to bring men of extreme and opposite opinions into contact. They met with coldness and distrust; they were even suspectful of the motives which had led to their meeting—in fact, a party whose elements were less suited to each other rarely assembled in an Irish country-house; and by ill-luck, the weather took one of those wintry turns which are not unfrequent in our so-called summers, and set in to rain with that determined perseverance so common to a July in Ireland.

Nearly all the resources by which the company were to have been amused were of an out-door kind, and depended greatly on weather. The shooting, the driving, the pic-nicing, the visits to remarkable scenes in the neighbourhood, which Dan MacNaghten had “programmed” with such care and zeal, must now be abandoned, and supplied by occupation beneath the roof.

Oh, good reader, has it ever been your lot to have your house filled with a large and incongruous party, weather bound and “bored?” To see them stealing stealthily about corridors, and peeping into rooms, as if fearful of chancing on something more tiresome than themselves? To watch their silent contemplation of the weather-glass, or their mournful gaze at the lowering and leaden sky? To hear the lazy, drowsy tone of the talk, broken by many a half-suppressed yawn? To know and to feel that they regard themselves as your prisoners, and *you* as their gaoler?—that your very butler is in their eyes but an upper turnkey? Have you witnessed the utter failure of all efforts to amuse them?—have you overheard

the criticism that pronounced your piano out of tune—your billiard-table out of level—your claret out of condition? Have you caught mysterious whisperings of conspiracies to get away? and heard the word “post-horses” uttered with an accent of joyful enthusiasm? Have you watched the growing antipathies of those that in your secret plannings you had destined to become sworn friends? Have you grieved over the disappointment which your peculiar favourites have been doomed to experience? Have you silently contemplated all the wrong combinations and unhappy conjunctures that have grown up, when you expected but unanimity and good feeling? Have you known all these things? and have you passed through the terrible ordeal of endeavouring to amuse the dissatisfied, to reconcile the incompatible, and to occupy the indolent? Without some such melancholy experience, you can scarcely imagine all that my poor father had to suffer.

Never was there such discontent as that household exhibited. The Viceregal party saw few of the non-adherents, and perceived that they made no converts amongst the enemy. The Liberals were annoyed at the restraint imposed on them by the presence of the Government people; the ladies were outraged at the distinguished notice conferred by their hostess on one who was not their equal in social position, and whom they saw for the first time admitted into the “set.” In fact, instead of a large party, met together to please and be pleased, the society was broken up into small coteries and knots, all busily criticising and condemning their neighbours, and only interrupting their censures by grievous complaints of the ill-fortune that had induced them to come there.

It was now the third morning of the Duke's visit, and the weather showed no symptoms of improvement. The dark sky was relieved towards the horizon by that line of treacherous light which to all accustomed to an Irish climate is the signal for continued rain. The most intrepid votary of out-door amusements had given up the cause in despair, and, as though dreading to augment the common burthen of dullness by meeting most of the guests, preferred keeping their rooms, and confining to themselves the gloom that oppressed them.

The small drawing-room that adjoined my mother's dressing-room was the only exception to this almost prison discipline, and there she now sat with Polly, MacNaghten, Rutledge, and one or two more, the privileged visitors of that favoured spot—my mother, at her embroidery frame, that pleasant, mock occupation which serves so admirably as an aid to talking or to listening, which every Frenchwoman knows so well how to employ as a conversational fly-wheel. They assuredly gave no evidence in their tone of that depression which the gloomy weather had thrown over the other guests. Laughter and merriment abounded; and a group more amusing and amused it would have been difficult to imagine. Rutledge, perhaps, turned his eyes towards the door occasionally, with the air of one in expectation of something or somebody; but none noticed this anxiety, nor, indeed, was he one to permit his thoughts to sway his outward actions.

"The poor Duke!" cried MacNaghten, "he can bear it no longer. See, there he goes, in defiance of rain and wind, to take his walk in the shrubbery!"

"And *mon pauvre Mari*—go with him," said my mother, in a tone of lamentation that made all the hearers burst out a-laughing. "Ah, I know why you Irish are all so domestic," added she—"c'est le climat!"

"Will you allow us nothing to the credit of our fidelity—to our attachments, madame?" said Rutledge, who, while he continued to talk, never took his eyes off the two figures, who now walked side by side in the shrubbery.

"It is a capricious kind of thing, after all, is your Irish fidelity," said Polly. "Your love is generally but another form of self-esteem; you marry a woman because you can be proud of her beauty, her wit, her manners, and her accomplishments, and you are faithful because you never get tired in the indulgence of your own vanity."

"How kind of you is it, then, to let us never want for the occasion of indulging it," said Rutledge, half silyly.

"I don't quite agree with you, Miss Polly," said MacNaghten, after a pause, in which he seemed to be reflecting over her words; "I think most men—Irishmen, I mean—marry to please themselves. They may make mistakes, of course; I don't pretend

to say that they always choose well; but it is right to bear in mind that they are not free agents, and cannot have whom they please to wife."

"It is better with us," broke in my mother. "You marry one you have never seen before; you have nothing of how you call 'exaltation,' *point des idées romantiques*; you are delighted with all the little 'swins' and attentions of your husband, who has, at least, one inestimable merit—he is never familiar."

"How charming!" said Rutledge, with mock seriousness.

"It is not," continued she, not detecting the covert irony of his tone; "it is your *intimité*.—How you call it?"

"Intimacy."

"*Oui*," said she, smiling, but not trusting herself to repeat the word. "*C'est cela*—that destroys your happiness."

"Egad, I'd as soon be a bachelor," broke in MacNaghten, "if I only were to look at my wife with an opera-glass across the theatre, or be permitted to kiss her kid glove on her birth-day."

"What he say—why you laugh?" cried my mother, who could not follow the rapidity of his utterance.

"Mr. MacNaghten prefers homeliness to refinement," said Polly.

"*Oui*; you are right, my dear," added my mother; "it is more refined. And then, instead of all that '*tracasserie*' you have about your house, and your servants, and the thousand little '*inconvenances de ménage*,' you have one whom you consult on your toilette, your equipage, your '*coiffure*;' in fact, in all affairs of good taste. *Voilà* Walter, par exemple, he never derange *me* for a moment—I hope I never *ennuyer* him."

"Quite right—perfectly right," said Polly, with a well-assumed gravity.

"By Jove that's only single harness work, after all," said MacNaghten; "I'd rather risk a kick, now and then, and have another beside me to tug at this same burthen of daily life."

"I no understand you, you speak so fast. How droll you are, you Irish! See there, The Lord Duke and my husband, how they shake hands as if they did not meet before, and they walk together for the last half hour."

"A most cordial embrace, indeed," said Polly, fixing her eyes on Rutledge, who seemed far from being at ease un-

der the inspection, while MacNaghten, giving one hasty glance through the window, snatched up his hat and left the room. He passed rapidly down the stairs, crossed the hall, and was just leaving the house when my father met him.

"The very man I wanted, Dan," cried he; "come to my room with me for a few minutes."

As they entered the room, my father turned the key in the door, and said—

"We must not be interrupted, for I want to have a little talk with you. I have just parted with the Duke——"

"I know it," broke in Dan; "I saw you shake hands, and it was that made me hurry down stairs to meet you."

My father flushed up suddenly, and it was not till after a few seconds he was collected enough to continue.

"The fact is, Dan," said he, "this gathering of the clans has been a most unlucky business after all. There's no telling how it might have turned out, with favourable weather and good sport; but caged up together, the menagerie has done nothing but growl and show their teeth; and, egad, very little was wanting to have set them all by the ears in open conflict."

MacNaghten shrugged his shoulders without speaking.

"It's an experiment I'll assuredly never try again," continued my father; "for whether it is that I have forgotten Irishmen, or that they are not what they used to be, but all has gone wrong."

"Your own fault, Watty. You were far too anxious about it going right; and whenever a man wants to usurp destiny, he invariably books himself for a 'break down.' You tried, besides, what no tact nor skill could manage. You wanted grand people to be grand, and witty people to be witty, and handsome people to look beautiful. Now, the very essence of a party like this is, to let every body try and fancy themselves something that they are not, or at least, that they are not usually. Your great folk ought to have been suffered to put off the greatness, and only be esteemed for their excessive agreeability. Your smart men ought not to have been called on for pleasantry, but only thought very high-bred and well-mannered, or what is better still, well-born. And your beauties should have been permitted to astonish us all by a simplicity that

despised paint, patches, and powder; and captivate us all, as a kind of domestic shepherdesses."

"It's too serious for jesting about, Dan; for I doubt if I have not offended some of the oldest friends I had in the world."

"I hope not," said MacNaghten, more seriously.

"I am sadly afraid it is so, though," said my father. "You know the Fosbroke are gone?"

"Gone! When? I never heard of it!"

"They're gone. They left this about an hour ago. I must say it was very absurd of them. They ought to have made allowances for difference of country, habits, education; her very ignorance of the language should have been taken as an excuse. The Tisdalls I am less surprised at."

"Are they gone, too?"

"Yes! and without a leave-taking; at least, except in so far as a very dry note, dated five o'clock in the morning, may be taken for such, telling of sudden intelligence just received—immediate necessity, and so forth. But after Harvey Hepton, I ought to be astonished at nothing."

"What of Harvey?" cried Dan, impatiently.

"Why he came into my room while I was dressing, and before I had time to ask the reason, he said—

"'Watty, you and I have been friends since our school-days, and it would tell very badly for either, or both of us, if we quarrelled; and that no such ill-luck may befall us, I have come to say good bye.'

"'Good bye! but on what account?' exclaimed I.

"'Faith I'd rather you'd guess my reason than ask me for it, Watty. You well know how, in our bachelor days, I used to think this house half my own. I came and went as often without an invitation as with one; and as to supposing that I was not welcome, it would as soon have occurred to me to doubt of my identity. Now, however, we are both married. Matters are totally changed; nor does it follow, however we might wish it so, that our wives will like each other as well as you and I do.'

"'I see, Harvey,' said I, interrupting him, 'Mrs. Hepton is offended at my wife's want of attention to her guests; but will not so amiable and

clever a person as Mrs. Hepton make allowances for inexperience, a new country, a strange language, her very youth—she is not eighteen?”

“‘I’m sure my wife took no ill-natured view of the case. I’m certain that if she alone were concerned, that is, I mean, if she herself were the only sufferer —’

“‘So, then, it seems there is a co-partnery in this misfortune,’ broke I in, half angrily, for I was vexed to hear an old friend talk like some frumpy, antiquated dowager.

“‘That’s exactly the case, Watty,’ said he, calmly. ‘Your friends will go their way, sadly enough, perhaps, but not censoriously; but others will not be so delicately-minded, and there will be plenty rude enough to say, who and what is she that treats us all in this fashion?’

“‘Yes, Dan,” cried my father, with a flushed brow, and an eye flashing with passion, “he said those words to me, standing where you stand this instant. I know nothing more afterwards. I believe he said something about old friendship and school-days, but I heard it imperfectly, and I was relieved when he was gone, and that I could throw myself down into that chair, and thank God that I had not insulted an old friend under my own roof. It would actually seem as if some evil influence were over the place. The best tempered have become cross; the good-natured have grown uncharitable; and even the shrewd fellows that, at least, know life and manners, have actually exhibited themselves as totally deficient in the commonest elements of judgment. Just think of Rutledge—who, if not a very clever fellow, should, at all events, have picked up some share of luck by his position—just fancy what he has done: he has actually had the folly—I might well give it a worse name—to go to Curtis, and ask him to make some kind of apology to the Duke for his rude refusal of leave to shoot over his estate—a piece of impertinence that Curtis has never ceased to glory in and boast of—a refusal that the old fellow has, so to say, lived on ever since!—to ask him to retract and excuse it! I have no exact knowledge of what passed between them—indeed I only know what his Grace himself told me—but Curtis’s manner must have been little short of outrage; and the only answer

Rutledge could obtain from him was—‘Did your master send you with this message to me?’—a question, I fancy, the other was not disposed to answer. The upshot, however, was, that as the Duke was taking his walk this morning, after breakfast, he suddenly came upon Curtis, who was evidently waiting for him. If the Duke did not give me very exact details of the interview, I am left to conjecture, from his manner, that it must have been one of no common kind. ‘Your friend,’ said his Grace, ‘was pleased to tell me what he called some home truths; he took a rapid survey of the acts of the Government, accompanying it with a commentary as little flattering as may be: he called us all by very hard names, and did not spare our private characters. In fact, as he himself assured me, fearing so good an opportunity might not readily present itself of telling me a piece of his mind, he left very little unsaid on any topic that he could think of, concluding with a most meaning intimation, that although he had refused me the shooting of his woodcocks, he would be charmed to afford me the opportunity of another kind of sport—I suppose he meant a better mark for me to aim at—and so he left me.’ Though nothing could possibly be in better taste or temper than the Duke’s recital of the scene, it was easy to see that he was sorely pained and offended by it. Indeed he wound up by regretting that a very urgent necessity would recal him at once to town, and a civil assurance that he’d not fail to complete his visit at some more fortunate opportunity. I turned at once to seek out Curtis, and learn his version of the affair, but he and Ffrench had already taken their departure, this brief note being all their leave-taking:—

“‘Dear Watty,—In your father’s, and indeed in your grandfather’s day, one was pretty sure what company might be met with under your roof. I’m sorry to see times are changed, and deeply deplore that your circumstances make it necessary for you to fill your house with Government hacks, spies, and informers. Take my word for it, honest men and their wives won’t like such associates; and though they sneer now at the Grinder’s daughter, she’ll be the best of your company ere long.

"My compliments to his Grace, and say I hope he'll not forget that I have promised him some shooting. Yours truly, 'M. CURTIS.'

"A line from Ffrench followed:—

"D. W.—As I came with Curtis, I must go with him; but I hope soon to see you, and explain some things which I grieve to defer even for a short time."

"Now, Dan, I ask you, is this courteous—is it even fair and manly? They see me endeavouring to bring men together socially, who, whatever their political differences, might yet learn to know and esteem each other in private. They comprehend all the difficulty imposed by my wife's extreme youth and inexperience, and this is the aid they give me! But I know well what it means! The whole thing is part and parcel of that tyranny that a certain set of fellows have exercised over this country for the last century. A blind, misguided, indiscriminate hatred of England, and of Englishmen, is their only notion of a policy, and they'd stop short at nothing in their stupid animosity. They've mistaken their man, however, this time. Egad, they ought to have tried some other game before they ventured to bully me! In their blind ignorance, they fancied that because I entertained a Viceroy, I must necessarily be a Castle-hack. Faith, if I become so yet, they've only themselves to thank for it. As it is, I no sooner read that note, than I hastened down stairs to seek the Duke, and just overtook him in the shrubbery. I told him frankly the indignation I felt at a dictation which I suffered no man to assume towards me. I said more—I assured him that no sneers of party, nor any intimidation of a set, should ever prevent me giving the Government a support, whenever the measures were such as in my conscience I approved of. I am the more free to say so, because I want nothing—I would accept of nothing from them; and I went so far as to say as much. 'I'll never insult you with an offer, Carew,' was the Duke's reply to me, and we shook hands on our bargain!"

"It was that very shake hands alarmed me!" said Dan, gravely; "I saw it from the window, and guessed there was something in the wind!"

"Come, come, Dan, it's not in your

nature to be suspicious—you couldn't possibly suppose —"

"I never lose time in suspecting anybody," broke in MacNaghten; "but indeed it's not worth any one's while to plot against me! I only say, Watty, don't be hurried away by any momentary anger with Curtis and the like of him. You have a fine position, don't wreck it out of a mere pique!"

"I'll go abroad again! I've lived too long out of this wasp's nest to endure the eternal buzzing and stinging that goes on around me."

"I think you're right there," said MacNaghten.

My father made no reply, and looked anything but pleased at the ready concurrence in his plan.

"We shall never understand *them* nor *they us*," said he, peevishly, after a pause.

MacNaghten nodded an affirmative.

"The Duke of course, then, remains here," said Dan, after a pause.

"Of course he does not," replied my father, pettishly; "he has announced to me the urgent necessity of his return to Dublin, nor do I see that anything has since occurred to alter that contingency."

The tone in which he had spoken these words showed not only how he felt the taunt implied in Dan's remark, but how sincerely to his own conscience he acknowledged its justice. There was no doubt of it! My father's patriotism, that withstood all the blandishments of "Castle" flattery, all the seductions of power, and all the bright visions of ambition had given way under the impulse of a wounded self-love. That men so inferior to him should dictate and control his actions, presume to influence his whole conduct, and even exercise rule in his household, gave him deep offence, coming as it did at a moment when his spirit was chafed by disappointment; and thus, he that could neither have been bribed nor bought was entrapped by a trick and an accident.

Every one knows that there are little social panics as there are national ones—terrors for which none can account, leading to actions for which none can give the reason—so here, all of a sudden, all the guests discovered that they had reached the limit of their stay: some had to hasten home to receive visitors, others were engaged elsewhere; there were innumerable calls of duty.

and affection, and business, all uttered with the accustomed sincerity, and listened to by my father with a cold acquiescence which assuredly gave no fresh obstacles to the departures.

As for my mother, her graciousness at the leave-takings only served to increase the displeasure her former indifference had created. It seemed as if her courtesy sprung out of the pleasure of being free from her guests; and as she uttered some little polite phrase in her broken language to each, the recipients looked anything but flattered at the alteration of her manner. The Viceroy alone seemed to accept these civilities literally; he vowed that he had never enjoyed three days more in his life; that Castle Carew and its hospitalities would hold the very first place in his future recollections of Ireland: these and such like, uttered with the very best of manners, and with all the influence which rank could bestow, actually delighted my mother, who was not slow to contrast the high-bred tone of the great personage with the less flattering deportment of her other guests.

It would not be a very pleasing task were we to play the eavesdropper, and, following the various carriages of the departing company, hear the comments now so freely bestowed on the host of Castle Carew. It is true, some were kind-hearted enough to see all the difficulties of my father's position in the true light, and to hope that, by time and a little management, these might be overcome. There were others less generous; but what they said, it would be scarcely more graceful of me to repeat; enough, that my mother was the especial mark of the strictures—the censure of my father went no farther than compassion! And, oh dear! when the world condescends to compassion, what execration is equal to it! How beautifully it draws up the full indictment of your failings, that it may extend its clemency to each! How carefully does it discriminate between your depravity and your weakness, that it may not wrong you! But how cutting is the hopefulness it expresses for your future, by suggesting some impassible road for your reformation!

And now they were all gone—all, except Polly Fagan and MacNaghten; but Dan, indeed, was part of the household, and came and went as he liked. Fagan had sent his carriage to Bray, to

meet his daughter, as had been agreed upon; but a letter from Polly came to say, that Madame Carew had pressed her with so much kindness to remain, and that she herself was so happy, that she sincerely hoped the permission might be accorded her. The note concluded by stating that Mr. Carew would visit Dublin by the end of the week, and take that opportunity of leaving her at home.

"*Oh, que nous sommes bien, ainsi!*" exclaimed my mother, as the little party of four sat down to dinner, and all seemed to applaud the sentiment but my father, who seemed far more thoughtful and grave than his wont. Even this, however, threw no gloom over the rest, who were in the very happiest and best of humours. My mother was in all the ecstasy of her now joyous nature, suddenly emancipated from the toilsome drudgery of a duty she disliked. Polly, flattered by the tone of perfect equality extended to her, and by the unequivocal preference of my mother for her, hourly developed more and more of those graces which only needed opportunity for their growth, and displayed charms of manner, and resources of mind, that actually delighted her companions; while in MacNaghten's happy nature and gay-heartedness, there was the only other element wanting to make the party a most pleasant one.

The arrival of the letter-bag—that little moment which, in every country household, forms the privileged interruption to every care and every amusement—broke suddenly in upon their carouse; and, as my father unlocked the precious sack, each looked eagerly for his share of the contents.

"All for myself, I see!" muttered he, "nothing but 'Walter Carew,' here. Your creditors are forgetting you, Dan—not even a note of reminder or remonstrance. Silence, of course, means consent, Miss Polly; your father says nothing against your stay. But what is this, Josephine?—this looks as if meant for *you*: but it has been sent over half the post-offices of the kingdom, with 'Try Compton Basset, Carewfort and Chirck Castle,' I believe this is; there's no making out the address."

"Plain enough, I think," cried MacNaghten; "it is 'Mad^{me} La Comtesse de Carew, à son Chateau, ou, en Ville, Irlande.'"

"At all events, it is for *me*," said my mother, breaking the seal with impatience. Scarcely had she opened the letter than she exclaimed, "Oh, *la bonne chance*—only think, Walter, here is Emile de Gabriac coming to Ireland!"

"You forget, dearest, that I have never seen him," said my father, dryly.

"Does that signify?" said she, with enthusiastic rapidity. "Is he not known over all Europe by reputation. That dear Emile, so good, so generous, so handsome, so full of accomplishments—rides so perfectly, sings so beautifully. *Ah, ma chère ce n'est fait de vous*," said she, to Polly, "when you see him."

Polly only smiled and bowed, with an arch look of submission, while my father broke in—

"But, how comes it that so much brilliancy should waste itself on the unprofitable atmosphere of Ireland? What is bringing him here?"

My mother continued to read on, heedless of the question, not, however, without showing by her countenance the various emotions which the letter excited; for while, at times, her colour came and went, and her eyes filled with tears, a smile would pass suddenly across her features, and at last a merry burst of laughter stopped her. "Shall I read it for you?" cried she, "for it will save me a world of explanations. This is dated from our dear old country-house on the Loire, Chateau de Lesieux:—

"April 20th.

"*'MA CHÈRE ET MA BELLE FIFINE'* [he always called me Fifi, when we were children. "Humph!" muttered my father; "read on," and she resumed] *'Ma belle Fifi'*—how the dear name recalls happy hours, gay, buoyant, and brilliant, with all that could make life a paradise!—when we were both so much in love with all the world, and, consequently, with each other!" [*'Ah, oui,*' exclaimed she, in a tone so perfectly simple, as to make Mac-Naghten burst out into a laugh, which Polly with difficulty refrained from joining]—*'You,*' continued she, reading, *'you, ma belle, have doubtless grown wiser; but I remain the same dreamy, devoted thing you once knew me. Well, perhaps, we may soon have an opportunity to talk over all this; and so now no more of it. You may, perhaps, have heard—I cannot guess*

what news may or may not reach you in your far away solitudes—that the Cour de Cassation has decided against me; and that, consequently, they have not only rejected my claim, but have actually questioned my right to the domain of Chasse Leups, and the famous jewels which my grandfather received from Isabella of Spain.

"They say—I'm not going to worry you with details; but they say something to this effect—that as we were engaged with Law in that great scheme of his—the Mississippi affair they called it—we stand responsible in all that we possess, to the creditors or the heirs, as if we ourselves were not the greatest losers by that charlatan of the Rue Jumeaupeux! Perhaps you never heard of that notorious business, nor knew of a time when all Paris went mad together, and bartered everything of price and value for the worthless scrip of a mountebank's invention. How sorry I am, dearest Fifi, to tease you with all this; but I cannot help it. They have found—that is the lawyers—that there are two parties in existence, whose claims extend to our poor old chateau by some private arrangement contracted between my grandfather and the then Duc d'Orleans. One of these is Louis's own son, now living at Venice; the other—you'll scarcely believe me—yourself! Yes, my dear cousin, you possess a part right over Chasse Leups. There was a day when you might have had the whole!—not my fault that it was not so!"

"Is this a lover's letter, or a lawyer's, Josephine?" said my father, dryly.

"Ah, you cannot understand Emile," said she, artlessly; "he is so unlike the rest of the world, poor fellow. But I'll read on—

"It all comes to this, Fifi; you must give me a release, so they call it, and Louis, if I can find him out, must do something of the same kind, if I am going to be married!" [she paused for a few seconds, and then read on]—*'to be married to Mademoiselle de Jupernois, sister of Charles de Jupernois. When you went, remember, as a page to the Queen, you never saw ma belle Hortense, for she was educated at Bruges. Alas, oui! so is my episode to end also! Meanwhile I'm coming to see you, to obtain your signature to these tiresome papers, and to*

be, for a while at least, out of the way, since I have been unlucky enough to wound Auguste Vallaumé, seriously, I'm afraid—all his own fault, however, as I will tell you at another time. Now, can you receive me—I mean is it inconvenient?—will it be in any way unpleasant? Does le bon Mari like or dislike us French—will he be jealous of our cousinage?"

"On the score of frankness, Josephine, you may tell him, I have nothing to complain of," broke in my father, dryly.

"Is it not so?" rejoined my mother, "Emile is candour itself." She read—"At all hazards, I shall try, Fifi. If he does not like me, he must banish me. The difficulty will be to know where; for I have debts on all sides, and nothing but marriage will set me right. Droll enough, that one kind of slavery is to be the refuge for another. Some of your husband's old associates here tell me he is charming—that he was the delight of all the society at one time. Tell me all about him. I can so readily like anything that belongs to you, I'm prepared already to esteem him."

"Most flattering," murmured my father.

"It will be too late, dear cousin, to refuse me; for when this reaches you, I shall be already on the way to your mountains—are they mountains, by the way?—so then make up your mind to my visit with the best grace you can. I should fill this letter with news of all our friends and acquaintances here, but that I rely upon these very narratives to amuse you when we meet; not that there is anything very strange or interesting to recount. People marry, and quarrel, and make love, fight, go in debt, and die, in our enlightened age, without the slightest advancement on the wisdom of our ancestors; and except that we think very highly of ourselves, and very meanly of all others, I do not see that we have made any considerable progress in human knowledge.

"I am all eagerness to see you once again. Are you altered?—I hope and trust not. Neither fatter nor thinner, nor paler nor more carnation, than I knew you; not graver, I could swear. No, ma chere cousine, yours was ever a nature to extract brightness from what had been gloom to others. What a happy inspiration was it of that good

Monsieur Carew to relieve the darkness of his native climate by such brilliancy!

"Still, how many sacrifices must this banishment have cost you! Do not deny it, Fifi. If you be not very much in love, this desolation must be a heavy infliction. I have just been looking at the map, and the whole island has an air of indescribable solitude and remoteness, and much farther distant from realms of civilisation than I fancied. You must be my guide, Fifi: I will accept of no other to all those wonderful sea-caves and coral grottoes which I hear so much of! What excursions am I already planning—what delicious hours, floating over the blue sea, beneath those gigantic cliffs, that even in a woodcut look stupendous! And so you live almost entirely upon fish! I must teach your *chef* some Breton devices in cookery. My old tutor, who was a curé at Scamosse, taught me to dress soles "en gratin," with two simple herbs to be found everywhere; so that, like Vincent de Paul, I shall be extending the blessings of cultivation in the realms of barbarism. I picture you strolling along the yellow beach, or standing storm-lashed on some lone rock, with your favourite pet seal at your feet."

"Is the gentleman an idiot, or is he only ignorant?" broke in my father.

My mother gave a glance of half angry astonishment and resumed—"A thousand pardons, ma chere et bonne; but, with my habitual carelessness, I have been looking at Iceland, and not Ireland, on the map. You will laugh, I'm certain, but confess how natural was the mistake—how similar the names—how like are they, perhaps, in other respects. At all events, I cannot alter what I have written: it shall go, if only to let you have one more laugh at that silly Emile, whose blunders have so often amused you. Pray do not tell your "dear husband" of my mistake, lest his offended nationality should take umbrage; and I am resolved—yes, Fifi, I am determined on his liking me."

My father's face assumed an expression here that was far too much for MacNaghten's gravity; but my mother read on, unconcerned—"And now I have but to say when I shall be with you. It may be about the 12th

—not later than the 20th—of next month. I shall take no one but François with me—I shall not even bring the dogs—only Jocassee, my monkey, for whom, by the way, I beg to bespeak a quiet room, with a south aspect. I hope the climate will not injure him; but Doctor Reynault has given me numerous directions about his clothing, and a receipt for a white-wine posset, that he assures me will be very bracing to his nervous system. You have no idea how susceptible he has grown latterly about noise and tumult. The canaille have taken to parade the streets, singing and shouting their odious songs, and Jocassee has suffered much from the disturbance. I mentioned the fact to M. Mirabeau, whom I met at your aunt's the other night, and he remarked gravely, "It's a bad time for monkeys just now—'singerie' has had its day." The expression struck me as a very hollow, if not a very heartless one; but I may say, *en passant*, that this same M. Mirabeau, whom it is the fashion to think clever and agreeable, is only abrupt and rude, with courage to say the coarse things that good-breeding retreats from! I am glad to find how thoroughly the Court dislikes him. They say that he has had the effrontery to tell the King the most disagreeable stories about popular discontent, distress, and so forth. I need scarcely say, that he met the dignified rebuke such underbred observations merited.

"And now, Fifi, to say adieu, until it be my happiness once again to embrace you, and that dear Carew, who must have more good qualities than I have known centred in one individual, to deserve you. Think of me, dearest cousin, and do not forget Jocassee."

"The association will aid you much," said my father, dryly.

"Let him have a cheerful room, and put me anywhere, so that I have a place in your heart. Your dearly attached cousin,

"EMILE DE GABRIAC."

"Is that all?" asked my father, as she concluded.

"A few words on the turn-down—'Hortense has just sent me her picture. She is blonde, but her eyes want colour; the hair, too, is sandy, and not silky; the mouth—but why do I go on?—it is not Fifiue.'"

"Our cousin is the most candid of mortals," said my father, quietly; "whatever opinion we may entertain of his other gifts, on the score of frankness, he is unimpeachable. Don't you think so, Miss Polly?"

"His letter is a most unreserved one, indeed," said she, cautiously.

And now a silence fell on all, for each was following out in his own way some train of thought suggested by the Count's letter. As if to change the current of his reflections, my father once more turned to the letter-bag, and busied himself running hastily over some of the many epistles addressed to him. Apparently there was little to interest or amuse amongst them, for he threw them from him half read—some, indeed, when he had but decyphered the writers' names; one short note from Hackett, his man of business, alone seemed to excite his attention, and this he read over twice.

"Look at that Dan," said he, handing the paper to MacNaghten, who, walking to the window slowly, perused the following lines:—

"DEAR SIR,—In accordance with the directions contained in your note of Friday last, and handed to me by Mr. Fagan, I placed at his disposal all the deeds and securities at present in my possession, for him to select such as would appear sufficient guarantee for the sum advanced to you on that day. I now beg to state that he has made choice of the title to Luckaleven silver mine, and a bond of joint mortgage over a French estate, which I apprehend to form part of the dowry of Madame Carew. I endeavoured to induce him to make choice of some other equally valuable document, not knowing whether this selection might be to your satisfaction; he, however, persisted, and referred to the tenor of your note to substantiate his right. Of course, I could offer no further opposition, and have now only to mention the circumstance for your information. I have the honour to be, dear sir, respectfully yours,

"E. HACKETT."

"Curious enough, that, Dan," muttered my father, "and at this precise moment, too."

MacNaghten assented with a nod, and handed back the letter.

MISS STRICKLAND'S "LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND."

WE retain a vivid recollection of the pleasure with which we perused, many years since, the successive volumes of Miss Strickland's "*Lives of the Queens of England*," as they issued from the press. To the student of history, to the antiquarian, and to the lover of romance, her earlier volumes were alike novel and interesting; but before the work was completed, elements of discord crept in, and a book which had hitherto delighted and instructed all readers, became a very *Shibboleth* of theological contention. Miss Strickland had depicted the character of Mary Tudor in a light very different from that in which Protestants are wont to view the "bloody" Queen. Her sister Elizabeth, the "Good Queen Bess" of our early recollections, had not figured in the pages of her biographer as an attractive or amiable person. Mary Beatrice, of Modena, consort of James II., and mother of the "Pretender," in her womanly beauty and dignity, had contrasted—greatly to their disadvantage—with her step-daughters, Queens Mary and Anne; while the cold, calculating nature of Mary Stuart, and the vacillating temper, and sordid, self-indulgent habits of her sister, Anne, had been represented as even less repulsive than the characteristics of the husband of the former, the "great and good" King William III. The private convictions and political tendencies of James II. had rendered the restoration of Popery in England by no means an improbable event, if his power had not been undermined, and his authority subverted by his intriguing son-in-law; but however selfish and mean the personal character and private conduct of William, he is yet the hero of the revolution which re-established civil freedom on a secure basis in Church and State. Since that epoch, which we must be allowed still to consider a "glorious" one, William of Orange has received the adulatory homage of one

party amongst us; while he is as cordially detested by the adherents of a different political faith. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at, that among the admiring readers of these royal biographies, many were offended, and others indignantly protested against the new colouring given by Miss Strickland to the history of the sovereigns of Great Britain since the sixteenth century. Is the writer a Protestant or a Roman Catholic? was a question frequently asked, and as variously answered: some affirming her to be a member of the Reformed Church, but a traitor to its cause; others describing the lady as a Jesuit, a dangerous emissary of Rome, and perverter of youth; while a few constant admirers, "among the faithless, faithful found," maintained that these contentions about Miss Strickland's theological opinions afforded the clearest proof of the impartiality and fairness of her general views and inferences.

Eleven years have elapsed since our author's labours commenced, and a new and greatly enlarged edition of the "*Queens of England*" has recently appeared—a very legitimate proof of the general popularity of Miss Strickland's work. In its preface she alludes, with somewhat less than her wonted good taste, to the animadversions of the critics:—

"To such a height have prejudices been carried, that it has been regarded as a species of heresy to record the evil as well as the good of persons who are usually made subjects of popular panegyric, and authors have actually feared in some cases to reveal the base metal which has been hidden beneath a meretricious gilding, lest they should provoke a host of assailants. It was not thus that the historians of Holy Writ performed their office. The sins of David and Solomon are recorded by them with stern fidelity and merited censure, for with the sacred annalists there is no compromise between truth and expediency. Expediency! perish the word, if guilt be covered and moral justice sacrificed to such considerations!"

* "*Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest.*" By Agnes Strickland. A new edition, revised and greatly augmented. Embellished with portraits of every Queen. In eight volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1851-2.

That Miss Strickland may have felt herself harshly or undeservedly censured is natural enough, but it is going a little too far to compare herself to the historians of Holy Writ. The following passage is penned in the same irritable mood:—

"It is, however, the doom of every writer who has had the fidelity to bring forward suppressed evidences, or the courage to confute long-established falsehoods, to be assailed, not only by the false but by the deluded, in the same spirit of ignorant prejudice with which Galileo was persecuted by the bigots of a darker age, for having ventured to demonstrate a scientific truth.

"What was the result as regarded Galileo and his discoveries? Why, truly, the poor philosopher was compelled to ask pardon for having been the first to call attention to a fact which it would now have been regarded as the extreme of folly to doubt! Neither the clamour of the angry supporters of the old opinion, nor the forced submission of the person who had exposed its fallacy, had in the least affected the fact, any more than the assertion that black is white can make evil good or good evil. Opinions have their date, and change with circumstances, but facts are immutable. We have endeavoured to develop those connected with the biographies of the Queens of England with uncompromising fidelity, without succumbing to the passions and prejudices of either sects or parties, the peevish ephemerides of a day, who fret and buzz out their brief term of existence, and are forgotten. It is not for such we write: we labour in a high vocation, even that of enabling the lovers of truth and moral justice to judge of our queens and their attributes—not according to conventional censure or praise, but according to that unerring test, prescribed not by 'carnal wisdom, but by heavenly wisdom coming down from above,' which has said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"—*Preface*, vol. i. p. 16, 17.

Here, again, we cannot but quarrel with the style, spirit, and illustration. Galileo suffered for the assertion of scientific and demonstrable truth: the most that an historian can do in controverted questions is, to balance evidences and suggest probable conclusions. To "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," may seem to many an easy task; but writers whose imaginations are warm and fervid find, in themselves, as the work progresses, a growing spirit of partisanship which it is almost impossible wholly to repress. With each character presented for consideration the

author may have points of sympathy, or instinctive repulsion—and this quite independently of any theological or political bias. When the latter elements are added, how few can hold the balances justly! In studying the histories even of the remote and pagan states of ancient Greece and Rome, the acute reader can pronounce almost positively on the political feelings of his author; and—paradoxical as it may sound—the historian stands revealed, a Whig, Tory, or Radical of the nineteenth century, while describing the conflicting parties of Athens or of Sparta, or stating the merits of the struggle between the patrician and plebeian citizens of the great Roman republic. We are almost inclined to doubt how far it would be desirable, even if it were possible, to have history divested of all one-sidedness. The only work we have met which approaches to this perfect impartiality is Guizot's "*History of the English Revolution*"—a book that—despite the great talent and comprehensive mind of the writer, and the importance and interest of the subject—is universally admitted to be hopelessly dull and heavy. A mere detail of facts, however accurately stated, must always leave out of view the characters and motives of the actors in the drama, without which the most exact chronicle of events is truly little better than an old almanac; and the most laborious collector, instead of the honourable name of historian, is entitled only to that of annalist.

We could, therefore, make ample allowance for the occasional exhibition of individual feeling on the part of Miss Strickland, or any other writer of genius: but as that lady, we suppose, would not be inclined to accept such toleration as a compliment, we deem it due to her to take up some of the controverted topics with which she has dealt, and fairly inquire how far her representations are grounded on historic fact and reasonable probability.

The true character of Thomas à Becket, Lord Chancellor of England under Henry II., and by his favour promoted to the see of Canterbury, is a problem that has been warmly canvassed from his own days to the present time, and is still subject matter of dispute and angry contention. We are all sufficiently acquaint-

ed with the prominent part played by this proud, ambitious, crafty prelate, or ascetic priest and saintly martyr, as we may severally regard him. We have no intention of re-discussing the respective merits of Hume's account of his doings on the one hand, and Lingard's on the other. We may, however remark—without further intruding on our readers the polemics of the present time—that the very questions which then agitated the public mind of England are now no less eagerly canvassed in these countries. The struggle between royal supremacy and a foreign ecclesiastical power is even now rife among us; and the point at issue between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket comes home to our "business and bosoms," very slightly modified by an interval of seven centuries.

The "Constitutions of Clarendon," which restricted appeals to Rome, and provided that ecclesiastics should be amenable to the jurisdiction of the civil courts, were, as we all know, resisted by Becket as an encroachment on the privileges of the clergy; and a bitter contest ensued between the sovereign and his former favourite. Becket remained as unmoved by promises as by menaces; while Henry exerted himself in vain either to soothe, coerce, or crush his powerful antagonist. It would be useless to recapitulate the events in this important struggle. A theme which has inspired the pens of poets, theologians, historians, and essayists, is, no doubt, familiar to most of us. To any who may feel an interest in observing the picturesque and romantic points of this mighty contest, as portrayed by the pen of a true poet—one whose mind, impartial and candid, was yet gifted with vivid imaginative power—we would cordially recommend the perusal of "*Thomas à-Becket: a Dramatic Chronicle*;" by the late George Darley. In this spirited historical drama the character of the Saxon archbishop stands prominently before us, and is well contrasted with that of the King and the Norman barons of Henry's court.

But to return to Miss Strickland, and her portraiture of Thomas à-Becket:—

"The contest between the king and Becket, which fills so many folio pages of

modern history, must be briefly glanced at here. . . . The see of Canterbury having remained vacant a year and a-half, Henry urged his favourite to accept it, in hopes that he would connive at his plans of diverting the revenues of the Church to enrich those of the Crown, for this was simply the whole cause of the perpetual contest between the Anglo-Norman kings and the Archbishops of Canterbury since the Conquest; but as the Church supported the destitute poor, it is not difficult to decide which had the moral right. Archdeacon Becket protested that if he were once a bishop, he must uphold the rights of the Church; but the king still insisted on investing him with the archbishopric. The night before his consecration, at supper, he told the king that this archbishopric would place an eternal barrier between their friendship. Henry would not believe it. Becket was consecrated priest one day, and was invested as Archbishop of Canterbury the next. To the annoyance of the king, he instantly resigned his chancellorship, and became a firm champion for the rights of his see."—Vol. i. pp. 266-7.

As Miss Strickland cites no authorities in confirmation of these assertions, we feel at a loss to know on what ascertained facts she has grounded them. Contemporary writers, so far as we are aware, say nothing of those "plans of diverting the revenues of the Church to enrich those of the Crown," of which she speaks so confidently; on the contrary, the eulogists of Becket speak of him as a martyr to the privileges of his order, while his detractors describe the struggle as one in which "it became necessary to determine whether the king or the priests, particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury, should be sovereign of the kingdom."

The genius, the indomitable resolution, the profuse liberality, the saintly asceticism, even the grand ambition of Thomas à-Becket command our admiration for the haughty Churchman. His cruel murder on the very steps of the altar, and the heroism with which he met his tragical fate, excite our compassion for the victim, and our indignant reprobation of the dastardly executors of Henry's vengeance. But in the object which Becket proposed to himself true lovers of civil freedom can have no sympathy; and looking at the whole tenor of the struggle, we honestly avow our agreement in the sentiments expressed by Lord Lyttleton in his "*History of King Henry II.*," when, prefacing

his account of Becket's controversy, he observes, that whoever reflects "will have good reason to think that where the Popish religion remains established, the principles of Becket will also remain; and, notwithstanding the apparent absurdity of them, will perpetually disturb, and sometimes overpower, the civil authority, even in countries the most enlightened by learning and philosophy, or affecting the greatest latitude and freedom of thought. How great is, therefore, the happiness this nation enjoys in the reformation of religion, by which those principles, so repugnant to true Christianity, have been rooted out from our Church; and which alone can secure us from a return of those evils, the malignity whereof will be shown, in its utmost extent, by examples more convincing than any arguments on the subject, in that very instructive part of the history of this kingdom which I am about to relate."

We shall find no evidences, however, of this supposed bias of Miss Strickland's mind, in turning, where we might naturally expect it, to her biography of Anne of Bohemia, the beloved consort of Richard II.—a Bible-reading Queen, who brought with her from Bohemia—the cradle of heresies, as the doctrines of Huss, Wickliffe, and other early protestors against Rome were designated—a leaning to the tenets of these Reformers, and introduced among the English some of the earliest seeds of freedom of opinion.

Anne was the grand-daughter of the chivalrous John of Bohemia, the blind monarch who charged so bravely and fell, covered with wounds and glory, on the field of Crecy. King Richard was son of the gallant Black Prince, the conqueror in that well-fought field. In honour of his brave antagonist, Edward the Black Prince adopted the device of the slain monarch, three ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich dien* (I serve), the crest since then of the Prince of Wales. The advent of Anne of Bohemia, even then surnamed "The Good," when she came to England a fair young bride, was hailed with joy. Miss Strickland describes her very pleasingly; nor can we trace in this part of her subject any indication of anti-Protestant feeling:—

"To Anne of Bohemia is attributed the honour of being the first in that illustrious

band of Princesses who were the nursing-mothers of the Reformation. The Protestant Church inscribes her name at the commencement of the illustrious list in which are seen those of Anne Boleyn, Katherine Parr, Lady Jane Gray, and Queen Elizabeth. Whether the young Queen brought those principles with her, or imbibed them from her mother-in-law, the Princess of Wales, it is not easy to ascertain. A passage quoted by Huss, the Bohemian reformer, leads to the inference that Anne was used to read the Scriptures in her native tongue. 'It is possible,' says Wickliffe, in his work called the 'Three-fold Bond of Love,' 'that our noble Queen of England, sister of the Cæsar, may have the Gospel written in three languages, Bohemian, German, and Latin. Now to hereticate her (brand her with heresy) on that account would be Luciferian folly.' The influence of Queen Anne over the mind of her young husband was certainly employed by Joanna, Princess of Wales, to aid her in saving the life of Wickliffe, when in great danger at the Council of Lambeth in 1382.

"Joanna, Princess of Wales, was a convert of Wickliffe, who had been introduced to her by his patron, the Duke of Lancaster. Joanna, aided by her daughter-in-law, swayed the ductile mind of King Richard to their wishes."—Vol. i. pp. 588-9.

Let us not fall into the mistake of being "nothing if not critical," said to be common to the *genus* Reviewer. We shall endeavour to make the *amendé honorable* to Miss Strickland for past censures, by presenting our readers with some of those graceful passages which our author so pleasingly communicates in her biography of the "beauteous" Queen:—

"Queen Anne made some atonement for being the importer of these hideous fashions"—horned caps—"by introducing the use of pins, such as are used at our present toilet. Our chroniclers declare that previously to her arrival in England, the English fair fastened their robes with skewers—a great misrepresentation, for even as early as the Roman Empire the use of pins was known, and British barrows have been opened wherein were found numbers of very neat and efficient little ivory pins, which had been used in arranging the grave clothes of the dead; and can these irreverent chroniclers suppose that English ladies used worse fastenings for their robes in the fourteenth century?"

"Side-saddles were the third new fashion brought into England by Anne of Bohemia; they were different from those used at present, which were invented or first adopted by Catherine de Medici, Queen of France. The side-saddle of Anne of Bohemia was like a bench, with a hanging step, where

both feet were placed. This mode of riding required a footman or squire at the bridle-rein of a lady's palfry, and was chiefly used in processions."—Vol. i. p. 597.

On the royal entry into London, after a reconciliation between the king and the estranged citizens—a good office effected by the Queen—the Lord Mayor presented Anne with a tablet, and thus addressed her:—

"Illustrious daughter of imperial parents! Anne—a name in the Hebrew signifying 'grace,' and which was borne by her who was the mother of the mother of Christ—mindful of your race and name, intercede for us to the King, and as often as you see this tablet, think of our city, and speak in our favour."

Upon which the Queen graciously accepted the dutiful offering of the city, saying, with the emphatic brevity of a good wife who knew her influence: "Leave all to me."

"By this time the King had arrived at his palace of Westminster, the great hall of which was ornamented with hangings more splendid than the pen can describe. Richard's throne was prepared upon the king's-bench, which royal tribunal he ascended, sceptre in hand, and sat in great majesty, when the Queen and the rest of the procession entered the hall. The Queen was followed by her maiden train. When she approached the King, she knelt down at his feet, and so did all her ladies. The King hastened to raise her, asking, 'What would Anna? Declare, and your request shall be granted.'

"The Queen's answer is, perhaps, a fair specimen of the way in which she obtained her empire over the weak but affectionate mind of Richard—more honied words than the following, female blandishment could scarcely devise. 'Sweet!' she replied, 'my king, my spouse, my light, my life! sweet love, without whose life mine would be but death! be pleased to govern your citizens as a gracious lord. Consider, even to-day, how munificent their treatment. What worship, what honour, what splendid public duty have they at great cost paid to thee, revered king! Like us, they are but mortal, and liable to frailty. Far from thy memory, my king, my sweet love, be their offences; and for their pardon I supplicate, kneeling thus lowly on the ground.' Then, after some mention of Brutus and Arthur, ancient kings of Britain, which, no doubt are interpolated flourishes of good Master Maydeston, the Queen concludes her supplication by requesting, that the King 'would please to restore to these worthy and penitent plebeians their ancient charters and liberties.'

'Be satisfied, dearest wife,' the King answered; 'loath should we be to deny any reasonable request of thine. Meantime, ascend and sit beside me on my throne, while I speak a few words to my people.'"—Vol. i. pp. 609, 610.

This is a pleasing picture of the gentle wife-like queen. It is likewise pleasant to know that she retained to the day of her death the faithful love of her royal husband.

"Anne of Bohemia died at her favourite palace of Shene; the King was with her when she expired. He had never given her a rival; she appears to have possessed his whole heart, which was rent by the most acute sorrow at the sudden loss of his faithful partner, who was, in fact, his only friend. In the frenzy of his grief, Richard imprecated the bitterest curses on the place of her death; and, unable to bear the sight of the place where he had passed his only happy hours with this beloved and virtuous queen, he ordered the palace of Shene to be levelled with the ground."—Vol. i. p. 611.

Richard's sorrow for his queen was as lasting as it was intense. He loved her "even to madness." Her people also mourned for her, "and long hallowed her memory by the simple, yet expressive appellation of 'good Queen Anne.'"

We now pass on to the most important yet difficult part of the task we have proposed to ourselves, and proceed to analyse those portions of Miss Strickland's labours, which bear on the subject of the Reformation in England.

Guizot has styled this great movement of the sixteenth century, "an insurrection of the human mind against absolute power in the spiritual order." If we would understand aright its full import, we must ever remember the different auspices under which the tenets of the Reformers made their way in the different European states which separated at that time from the communion of Rome.

England, from the earliest period of her history—owing, it is probable, to her insular situation, and, in part, to the character of her people—held an independent position among the Churches of Christendom, and on many occasions resented the attempted interference in her affairs of the Roman Pontiff. Even the cowardly usurper John, who afterwards succumbed to the Papal interdict, had the courage,

in the first instance, to announce to his Holiness, that—

"No Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand ;
So tell the Pope ; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority."

The sovereigns of the house of Tudor greatly extended the royal prerogatives ; their success was the result of a variety of causes. The long wars of a disputed succession had ended, at the accession of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York ; and in their son, the eighth Henry, the rival claims of the white and red roses were happily blended. The ranks of a powerful feudal nobility had been thinned by these desolating civil wars ; and the great lords who had fought for Yorkists or Lancastrians, had perished on the bloody fields of St. Albans, Barnet, and Tewkesbury, and, in many instances, their estates had passed into the hands of infant heirs or female inheritors. The prudent, parsimonious habits of Henry VII. had accumulated treasure in the royal coffers ; consequently, when Henry VIII. ascended the throne in 1509, he found himself in fact, if not in theory, a powerful and absolute monarch.

Henry VIII. had married Katharine of Arragon, daughter of the great Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and virgin widow of his elder brother, Arthur Prince of Wales. Henry VII., on the death of his eldest son, being unwilling to return the rich dowry of the Spanish princess, transferred the hand of Katharine to his younger son.

The lady herself was little disposed to acquiesce in this family arrangement, which provided her with a husband some years her junior ; but her father and father-in-law had so determined, and the ill-starred marriage was accomplished. Could she at that time have anticipated her after fate, she might well exclaim as she did in her sorrowful old age—

"Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !"

Of the children of this union but one lived to attain maturity—the Princess Mary ; but the heiress of England had scarcely reached the age of girlhood, when the divorce of her parents, and the subsequent death of her mother, clouded her brilliant prospects and weighed down her tender youth with sorrow. She was branded with the stain of illegitimacy by her father and his advisers. Henry had been dazzled by the grace and beauty of the captivating Anna Boleyn, and, eager to make her his queen, affected to have scruples of conscience about his marriage with Katharine, his faithful companion for twenty years. Her betrothal to his deceased brother, was the alleged cause of the King's uneasiness. The trial of Katharine of Arragon in the great hall of the palace at Blackfriars, is minutely described by the chroniclers of the day, and quoted in their words by Miss Strickland. Our great dramatic poet, Shakspeare, has given us, in a more condensed form, the noble defence of the injured queen. Can anything be more touching, more dignified, than the appeal she makes to her husband ?

"Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me, for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

Continue in my liking—nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you. If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: it is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore; if not; in the name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd."

It has been urged, from this and other passages in the plays of Shakspeare, that the poet's creed was not that of a Protestant of the reign of Elizabeth; and that he has shown great moral courage and disinterested love of truth in his beautiful delineation of the character of Katharine of Arragon. If she were lawfully wedded to Henry VIII., and her divorce a nullity, Elizabeth—the child of Anna Boleyn—was of necessity illegitimate, having been born only four months after the death of Queen Katharine.

Whatever may be the true solution of this knotty question as to the poet's belief—and many curious illustrations on both sides might be adduced from his plays—the point before us can scarcely be numbered amongst them; for the best Shakspearean critics have placed the composition of his play of *King Henry the Eighth*, in the reign of James I., a few years after the death of Elizabeth—and this from external, as well as from internal evidence. It was produced as a new play—we are told by Mr. Knight, who has collated all the evidence bearing on this curious subject—at the burning of the Globe Theatre, in June, 1613. In Cranmer's prophecy of the glorious reign of Elizabeth, supposed to be uttered at her birth, allusion is made to her successor; and, in the complimentary homage to James, the colonization of Virginia, for which that monarch granted a charter, in 1606, is distinctly alluded to:—

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour, and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him."

But we must not be tempted by these flowery by-ways of poetry, from the high-road of plain, unvarnished prose narrative with which we have to deal. We shall extract from the biography of Katharine of Arragon a very touching farewell letter, written to her "Lord and dear husband," by this magnanimous woman, a few hours before her death:—

"I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on; and my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safe-guard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all—yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

"For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also, on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly, do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

The injured queen did not long sur-

vive her enforced divorce; she expired at Kimbolton, bequeathing her forgiveness to her husband :—

"Remember me

In all humility unto his highness :
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him in death I bless'd him,
For so I will."

Shortly afterwards her daughter, Mary Tudor, found herself degraded from her position as heiress to the crown, in favour of her infant sister, Elizabeth, the child of the hapless Anna Boleyn. Elizabeth, in her turn, was supplanted by the young Edward, Henry's son by his third wife, Jane Seymour.

The refusal of the Pope to dissolve the marriage of the King with his first wife, was the proximate cause of the Reformation in England. Henry—a true tyrant—revenged himself on Clement, by declaring his kingdom independent of the see of Rome, and himself supreme head of his Church. He persecuted indiscriminately, and with wonderful impartiality, both Protestants and Catholics who hesitated to acknowledge his supremacy. These events are familiar to every student of English history; but it is less generally known that his queens, Anna Boleyn and Jane Seymour, although favouring the Protestant party, actually died in communion with the Church of Rome :—

"The decided opposition of the see of Rome and the ecclesiastics of that Church against Anna Boleyn's marriage with the king, and her recognition as Queen of England, led her to espouse the cause of the infant Reformation as a matter of party; but, as she adhered to all the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic ritual, and professed the doctrine of transubstantiation, a Protestant she cannot be called with truth. The martyrdoms of Bilney, of Frith, and several other pious Reformers, were perpetrated while she was in the height of her power; and, though it would be unjust to attribute to her the murderous cruelty exercised by Henry and his spiritual advisers, there is no record of any intercession used by her to preserve these blameless martyrs from the flames. Yet it is scarcely likely that to have saved them would have been a work of greater difficulty than compassing the destruction of her political opponents. The only great boon that the Reformation owes to Anna Boleyn is, that the translation of the Scriptures was sanctioned through her influence."—Vol. ii., p. 657.

Miss Strickland controverts the ge-

nerally-received character of Jane Seymour, who had hitherto been pronounced by historians to be "the fairest, the discreetest, and the most meritorious of all Henry VIII.'s wives." Indeed our author seems deeply imbued with hatred of all her "kith and kin," including her remote ancestors as well as her mighty brothers, the Protector Somerset and the High Admiral Sir Thomas Seymour. On the subject of Queen Jane's religious sentiments, Miss Strickland observes :—

"The Catholic historians have mentioned Queen Jane with complacency, on account of her friendliness to Henry's ill-treated daughter; the Protestants regard her with veneration, as the mother of Edward VI., and the sister of Somerset; and thus, with little personal merit, accident has made her the subject of unlimited party-praise. Her kindness to Mary bears an appearance of moral worth, if the suspicion did not occur that it arose entirely from opposition to Anne Boleyn; for, if based on the firm foundation of benevolence, it is strange that no other fruit of a virtuous character was exemplified in the life of Jane Seymour."—Vol. ii. p. 10.

Queen Jane on her death-bed received the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church; and "official statements are still extant, which prove how completely mistaken those writers are who consider Jane Seymour as a Protestant."

We shall omit all mention of Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard—the fourth and fifth queens of Henry VIII.—and pass on to Katharine Parr, who was, according to her biographer, the first Protestant Queen of England :—

"She was the only one among the consorts of Henry VIII. who, in the sincerity of an honest heart, embraced the doctrine of the Reformation, and imperilled her crown and life in support of her principles. . . . With nothing to gain, and everything to lose by her religion, she courageously maintained the opinions to which she had become a convert; and, in her zeal for the translation of the Holy Scriptures, left no means untried for the accomplishment of that good work. She appointed Miles Coverdale to the office of her Almoner, and rendered him every assistance in his labour of love. The learned Nicholas Udall, master of Eton School, was employed by Katharine Parr to edit the translations of 'Erasmus's Paraphrases of the Four Gospels;'

in the labour of which the Princess Mary was induced by her royal stepmother to take an active share."—Vol. iii. p. 229.

Henry VIII. died in 1547, and his young son, King Edward, survived him but a few years. A short interregnum succeeded, which was terminated by the execution of Lady Jane Grey—for ten brief days, Queen of England. This gentle and learned lady, and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, were both the victims of the ambition of Dudley's father, the proud Duke of Northumberland. Her unwilling usurpation of the crown was severely expiated on the scaffold, when Mary Tudor—the rightful heir, as eldest daughter of Henry VIII.—ascended the throne thus early steeped in blood, the blood of a near kinswoman. It would be most unjust to condemn Queen Mary for the necessarily cruel sentence executed on such as were convicted of the crime of high treason; her apologists, however, have gone farther, and exonerate her from the guilt of those frightful Smithfield fires, in which numbers perished for their religious belief during her reign. Miss Strickland represents her as a mere tool in the hands of her bigoted husband, Philip of Spain; and states that while she held sole sway, these horrors were not perpetrated. Her wretched state of health is also relied on, to prove that at the time when Protestants were dragged to the stake, she was incapable of attending to public affairs:—

"At this time commenced that horrible persecution of the Protestants which has stained her name to all futurity; but if eternal obloquy was incurred by the half-dead Queen, what was the due of the parliaments which legalised the acts of cruelty committed in her name? Shall we call the House of Lords *bigoted*, when its majority, which sanctioned this wickedness, were composed of the same individuals who had planted, very recently, the Protestant Church of England? Surely not; for the name implies honest, though wrong-headed attachment to one religion. Shall we suppose that the land groaned under the iron sway of a standing army? or that the Spanish bridegroom had introduced foreign forces? But reference to facts will prove that even Philip's household servants were sent back with his fleet; and a few valets, fools, and fiddlers, belonging to the grandees, his bridesmen, were all the forces permitted to land—no very formidable band to Englishmen!

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The Queen had kept her word rigorously, when she asserted 'that no alteration should be made in religion without universal consent.' Three times in two years had she sent the House of Commons back to their constituents, although they were most compliant in every measure relative to her religion. If she had bribed one parliament, why did she not keep it sitting during her short reign? If her parliaments had been honest as herself, her reign would have been the pride of her country, instead of its reproach; because, if they had done their duty in guarding their fellow-creatures from bloody penal laws respecting religion, the Queen, by her first regal act, in restoring the ancient free constitution of the great Plantagenets, had put it out of the power of her Government to take furtive vengeance on any individual who opposed it. She had exerted all the energy of her great eloquence to impress on the minds of her judges that they were to sit as 'indifferent umpires between herself and her people.' She had no standing army to awe parliaments, no rich civil list to bribe them. By restoring the great estates of the Howard, the Percy, and many other victims of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.'s regency, by giving back the revenues of the plundered bishoprics and the Church lands possessed by the Crown, she had reduced herself to poverty as complete as the most enthusiastic lover of freedom could desire. But her personal expenditure was extremely economical, and she successfully struggled with poverty till her husband involved England in a French war. The French ambassador affirmed, in his despatches, that the Queen was so very poor, that her want of money was apparent in everything pertaining to herself, even to the dishes put on her own table. Such self-denial contributed to render her unpopular among her courtiers, and penuriousness has been added to the list of her ill-qualities; but those who reckon up the vast sums she had restored to their rightful owners, or refused to appropriate in confiscation, will allow that hers was an honourable poverty."—Vol. iii. p. 542-3.

The apology is reasonable, but is urged too much in the spirit of a partisan. Few of her sex are by nature cruel, and a sanguinary woman is a monster rarely to be met with. Mary Tudor had many amiable traits of character, yet we cannot hold her irresponsible for the bloodthirsty acts of her chosen counsellors, or the detestable policy pursued in furtherance of the interests of the Church of which this Queen was so devoted a member. On the other hand, we ought to remember that she had suffered in early life from injustice and cruelty, yet seems in many instances to have ren-

dered good for evil, when her hour of triumph came. Her improved position in her maturer years, brought no increase of happiness. She could truly exclaim—

"All crowns, since Christ wore his, are lined with thorns."

Her married life was miserable, for the love she lavished on her gloomy lord was returned on his part by neglect and indifference—even by loathing. Calais, the key to France, was lost in her reign; and its capture by the Duke de Guise was considered an indelible national disgrace. Yet—we must again repeat it—the great stain on Mary's reign and character, spite of all extenuating circumstances which can be urged on her behalf, was that unrelenting religious persecution which numbered its victims by hundreds, under the sway of the Catholic Queen; for a sovereign is morally accountable for the acts of advisers and agents whose authority can only be derived from the royal permission.

Perhaps, after all, the best excuse which can be made for Mary Tudor is this—that in so persecuting the martyrs of the Reformation, she was acting in conformity with the spirit and practice of her age. All parties, at that period, persecuted when they had the power—the Protestant Elizabeth as well as her Catholic sister. Their father before them condemned to the flames of martyrdom the disciples of

rival creeds, at his royal pleasure. Neither Catholics nor Protestants, Churchmen nor Dissenters, hesitated, in their turns, to punish the crimes of heresy or schism, which they defined as variously as was warranted by their several theological dogmas. But never, by any party or at any period, does history record a more cruel and sanguinary treatment of heretics, than that of the Marian persecution in the sixteenth century. It should never be forgotten, that, although Protestants—to their individual disgrace—have victimised, in some instances, their theological adversaries; yet that such acts are opposed to the spirit and teaching of their faith. The Roman Catholic, on the contrary—in adversity a propagandist—has ever been, in prosperity, a persecuting Church; bound by its ordinances to extirpate heresy, and crush, by the strong arm of power, the spread of opinions inimical to its teaching. It is provided with an admirable machinery for the purpose in the Inquisition and other kindred institutions—powerful allies for the Holy See in its unrelenting warfare against freedom of opinion and the right of private judgment.

Before leaving Mary Tudor, we shall present to our readers a summary of her character, which she is herself made to utter, in Sir Aubrey de Vere's beautiful historical drama, of which she is the heroine:—

"A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—
A princess, shorn of her inheritance—
A lady, taunted with foul bastardy—
A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—
A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—
A rightful queen, hemmed by usurping bands—
A rightful queen, baited by slaves she spared—
A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—
A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won her—
A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—
And now, at length, a hated tyrant, dragging
Her people to unprofitable wars;
And from her feeble hold, basely resigning
The trophy of long centuries of fame."

We think Miss Strickland's portraiture of Queen Elizabeth, thoroughly fair and honest. She gives her credit for great talent, prudence, and sagacity; yet records the darker traits, which made her, although a great Queen, an unamiable woman. Her perfidy to her unfortunate cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, is the deepest

stain on the memory of Elizabeth; and as Miss Strickland, in the labours in which she is at present engaged—"The Memoirs of the Queens of Scotland"—has had to investigate all the evidence, and original authorities bearing upon this complicated historical question, her statements come with double force, and her conclusions are

worthy of the most attentive consideration.

We agree no less cordially in Miss Strickland's narrative of the earlier period of the Stuart dynasty; and accompany her with a melancholy pleasure in her portraiture of the private virtues and public misfortunes of those who composed the family circle of the first Charles. He himself—although nominally we are dealing with a history of Queens—occupies the most prominent position in this part of Miss Strickland's work; but in delineating the characters and detailing the fortunes of those who have been sharers of the crown, we are necessarily introduced to the consorts; and where the consort, as in Charles's case, stamped his own impress on all around him, Miss Strickland's work assumes for a time the character, and might claim the title, of a history of the Sovereigns of England.

The succession of the house of Stuart, in 1603, connects, from that time, the histories of England and Scotland. Queen Elizabeth's heir, James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, was the son of her murdered kinswoman, Mary Stuart. Our author reviews the previous history of this hapless race, and only takes leave of them at the conclusion of her work; for as Miss Strickland has not given us the narratives of the queens consort of the Hanoverian Kings of Great Britain, the last Stuart sovereign, Queen Anne, ends her series of royal biographies.

We greatly regret this arrangement, which leaves unrecorded the courts of the last century and a-half. The tragical destiny of Sophia Dorothea of Zell; the life of Caroline of Auspruch, and Charlotte of Mecklenberg, are sufficiently remote—it would seem to us—to be made the subjects of investigation, without any breach of propriety, or violation of the deference due to the feelings of living actors on our present political stage.

But to return to the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty:—

"The calamities of the royal house of Stuart have been the theme of many a page. Hard have been their fates, and harder still it is that the common sympathies of humanity have been denied to them, though the very nature of their misfortunes prove they were more sinned against than sinning. Such has been the venom infused on the page of history, by national, polemic, and political

prejudices, that no one has taken the trouble to compare, line by line, their private lives, in order justly to decide whether this royal Stuart, who received a dagger in his bosom—that, who was shot in the back, or another who was hoisted by the treacherous mine from his peaceful bed, or those who, 'done to death by slanderous tongues,' laid down their heads on the block, as on a pillow of rest, were, in reality, as wicked as the agents who produced these results. Yet, if facts are sifted, and effects traced carefully back to their true causes, the mystery of an evil destiny, which is so often laid to the charge, as if it were a personal crime attached to this line of hapless princes, will vanish before the broad light of truth.

"Most of the calamities of the royal line of Scotland originated in the antagonism which, for long ages, was sustained between England and their country. Either by open violence or insidious intrigue, five Scottish monarchs had suffered long captivities in England; and owing to the wars with England, or the commotions nurtured in Scotland by the English, six long minorities had successively taken place before James VI. was born."—Vol. v. p. 5.

Although James I., in contrast to the usual fate of his family, attained a mature age, and died peaceably in his bed, the deep, life-long sorrows of his children yet proved that a heritage of woe was the Stuart's destiny. Of a numerous progeny, two children only survived him: Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, wedded to the brave, but unfortunate Elector Palatine, and Charles, the martyr-king, whose melancholy and expressive countenance, so familiar to us in the exquisite portraits of Vandyke, seems prophetic of his mournful doom.

Charles I. was a young and handsome man when he ascended the throne; a cultivated gentleman, of refined and courteous bearing; uncontaminated by the licentious manners of the age; personally pious, and devoutly attached to the Episcopal Church of England. His beautiful bride, the daughter of Henry the Great of France and Marie de Medicis, was, however, as sincerely attached to the Church of Rome. The union of the King and Henrietta Maria was essentially a love match; Charles having seen the princess while passing through Paris *incognito* on his way to Madrid—for he had designed, while Prince of Wales, to make his suit to the Spanish Infanta. His heart was touched by the charms of the French princess; he

resolved to woo and wed her only ; and soon after his accession she became his wife.

At first all went prosperously, and though threatening clouds might be discerned on the political horizon, they were distant and unheeded. "I am the happiest woman living," poor Henrietta exclaimed to her friend, in a moment of joyous exhilaration, "happy as wife, as mother, and as queen." Not long afterwards, in bitterness of spirit and intense sorrow, she named herself *La Reine Malheureuse*.

The public events which preceded the revolutionary movement are well known. The arbitrary administration of Strafford, and his untimely end ; the levying of ship-money, and the noble stand made by Hampden against the unwarrantable exercise of the royal prerogative ; Charles's attempted seizure of the five members in the House of Commons : these are familiar to all. But by far the most culpable act of which the King was weakly guilty, was his consent to the execution of his faithful, though unwise servant, Strafford. Contemporary writers have preserved the letter of Lord Strafford to the King, in which he implores Charles no longer to withhold his assent to the Commons' bill of impeachment, which doomed him to the scaffold. Although not exactly incidental to our subject, we cannot forbear giving it to our readers. It must touch all hearts, even the most stoical—

"SIRE.—After a long and hard struggle, I have come to the only resolution befitting me ; all private interest should give way to the happiness of your sacred person, and of the State. I entreat you to remove, by attending to this bill, the only obstacle which prevents a happy concord between you and your subjects. Sire, my consent herein shall acquit you more to God than all the world can do beside. To a willing man there is no injury done ; by God's grace, my soul about to quit this body forgives all men all things with infinite contentment. I only ask that you would grant to my poor son and his three sisters as much kindness, neither more nor less, as their unfortunate father shall be deemed to merit, according as he shall one day ere long be held guilty or innocent."

At the death of Strafford, we learn from the narrative of Madame de Motteville, that "the King suffered extreme sorrow, the Queen wept incessantly ; they both anticipated too truly,

that this death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life, and the other of all happiness in this world."

The civil war raged with varied success for some years. The Cavaliers and the Roundheads, as the forces of the King and of the Parliament were respectively designated, fought gallantly on many a well-contested field. Henrietta Maria, when fortune was adverse to the royal cause, had taken refuge in France ; and from thence forwarded supplies of money and ammunition to Charles. A close and tender correspondence was maintained between the separated husband and wife, who were never again to be re-united in life. Their letters constitute by far the most interesting part of this Queen's biography. We shall give one or two short extracts—

"I never till now, dear heart," the king writes on hearing of his consort's stormy voyage : "knew the good of ignorance, for I did not know the danger that thou wert in by the storm before I had certain assurance of thy happy escape . . . for, indeed, I think it not the least of my misfortunes, that for my sake thou hast run so much hazard, in the which thou hast expressed so much love to me, that I confess it is impossible to repay by anything I can do, much less by words ; but my heart being full of affection for thee, admiration of thee, and impatient passion of gratitude to thee, I could not but say something, leaving the rest to be read by thee out of thine own noble heart."

Again, in 1645 :—

"Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee ? . . . Comfort me with thy letters ; and dost thou not think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of ? Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is to my affairs."

His letters, his private reflections revealed in the *Eikon Basilike*, indeed every personal record of the unhappy monarch's inmost thoughts and sentiments, evince the nobility, the tenderness, and the piety of Charles's character. "A pang seizes me when I contemplate that great heart in its last trials," was the exclamation of Bosuet, when the eloquent divine preached

his funeral sermon on the murdered majesty of England. However opposed to his policy, we think there are few who could read unmoved the details of the last hours of the King's life. His parting advice to his little daughter has been preserved by the princess, who committed it to writing at the time in her simple words, the words of a child twelve years old :—

"He wished me, he said, not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land. He told me what books to read against Popery. He said that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also. Above all he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last; withal he commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son; and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.'"

The fatal day of execution arrived:—

"It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Hacker knocked at the door of the King's chamber. Bishop Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees. 'Rise, my old friend,' said Charles, holding out his hand to the bishop; and he ordered Herbert to open the door. Hacker led the King through his former banquetting-hall, one of the windows of which had originally been contrived to support stands for public pageantries. It had been taken out, and led to the platform raised in the street. The noble bearing of the King, as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes and high expression, were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on all sides for his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves, far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The King addressed a short speech to the bishop and to Colonel Tomlinson, which last person stood near the King, and yet screened from the sight of all the world in the entrance of the passage which led into the banquetting-hall. The substance of the speech the King made was, to point out that every institute of the original constitution of England—as the Church, Lords, and Commons—had been subverted with the sovereign power; that if he would have consented to reign by the

mere despotism of the sword, he might have lived and remained king; therefore, he died a martyr for the liberties of the people of England. He added, that 'He died a Christian of the Church of England, in the rites of which he had just participated.'

"While he was speaking, some one touched the axe, which lay enveloped in black crape on the block. The King turned round hastily, and exclaimed—'Have a care of the axe. If the edge is spoiled it will be the worse for me.' The executioner, Gregory Brandon, drew near, and, kneeling before him, entreated his forgiveness. 'No!' said the king; 'I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood.'

The bishop assisted his royal master, and observed to him—'There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way—even from earth to heaven.' 'I go,' replied the King, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place.' He unfastened his cloak, and took off the medallion of the order of the Garter. The latter he gave to Juxon, saying, with emphasis, 'Remember!' Beneath the medallion of Saint George was a secret spring, which removed a plate ornamented with lilies, beneath which was a beautiful miniature of his Henrietta. The warning word, which has caused many historical surmises, evidently referred to the fact that he only had parted with the portrait of his beloved wife at the last moment of his existence. He then took off his coat and put on his cloak, and, pointing to the block, said to the executioner—'Place it so that it will not shake.' 'It is firm, Sir,' replied the man. 'I shall say a short prayer,' said the King; 'and when I hold out my hands thus, strike.' The King stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upwards on the heavens, then knelt, and laid his head on the block. In about a minute he stretched out his hands, and his head was severed at one blow."—Vol. v. pp. 380-2.

The unpopular creed of his wife had considerable effect in irritating the minds of his subjects against Charles I. Henrietta Maria insisted on an ostentatious observance of all the rites and ceremonies of her faith. Her husband—himself firmly attached to the principles of the Reformed Church of England—accorded a weak indulgence to her wishes and feelings. But, assuredly, the greatest fault of which this Queen was guilty, was that of tampering with the religious belief of her children, when she became, by their father's death, their sole guardian. Her youngest child, the Princess Henrietta, was educated in her mother's

creed, and she exerted her most strenuous efforts to influence the minds of her sons, afterwards Kings Charles II. and James II. She did not live to see the success of her teaching; but the former is said, on his deathbed, to have declared himself a convert; and James II., by his devotion to the Roman Catholic faith, lost his crown, and became an exile and outcast from his kingdom.

Henrietta Maria lived to witness the restoration of 1660; but did not, at that time, return to England. Her absence is thus gracefully alluded to by Cowley, in his ode on the restoration of Charles II. :—

"Where's now the royal mother!—where?
To take her mighty share
In this inspiring sight;
And with the part she takes, to add to the delight.
"Ah! why art thou not here,
Thou always best, and now the happiest queen,
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?
How well thy different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs! queen of martyrdom."

Would that we could here pause, and, with her most interesting biography—that of Henrietta Maria—take our leave of Miss Strickland! Our

"eyes are dim with childish tears,
Our hearts are idly stirred"—

and we feel little inclined to enter the lists again, and join issue with the hosts of opposing, hostile, angry writers, who have treated of the Restoration, reaction, and counter-revolution in England.

We have now to trace the progress of that momentous struggle which ended in the abdication of James II., and the establishment of a new dynasty on the throne of Great Britain.

Charles II. had married a Roman Catholic queen, but Catharine of Braganza appeared little on the political arena. His brother and heir, James Duke of York, had declared himself a convert to Romanism on the death of his first wife, Anne Hyde, who had died in communion with that proscribed Church. Their children, the Princesses Mary and Anne were, notwithstanding, educated in strict conformity with the doctrinal teaching of the Anglican establishment. James, who had married for his second wife the young and lovely Mary of Modena, filled many important offices in the state during his brother's lifetime, and by his favour. He was Lord Admiral of England, and at a later period governed Scotland, as viceroy for his royal brother.

With reference to the naval exploits

of the Duke of York, Miss Strickland takes issue with Macaulay, whose history commences at this important epoch, and treats very fully of the events which preceded the accession of James to the crown :—

"On the 8d of June, 1665, the greatest naval victory that had yet been gained by England was won by the fleet under the Duke of York's command, between Southwold and Harwich. . . . This great national triumph was the most memorable of the successive victories recorded in the naval annals of Great Britain, during the sharp contest for the empire of the seas between this country and Holland at that era, which Mr. Macaulay has represented as peculiarly disgraceful to the British flag. Those superficial readers who, not having taken the trouble of investigating the history of the period, but dazzled by that brilliant sophistry which may truly be called words *versus* facts, are inclined to adopt Mr. Macaulay's statement, may, by a reference even to no deeper book than 'Salmon's Chronology,' or any other, see that in his zeal to deprive the two last Stuart kings of the credit which, with all their faults, was their due in regard to maritime and commercial affairs, he has enlarged every trifling advantage gained by the Dutch, and omitted to mention either of the naval victories won by the Duke of York. Now this is about as fair as, reviewing the reign of George III., to dwell on the trifling advantage gained by the enemy at Teneriffe, and ignore the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. . . . When accounts are fairly balanced, it will be seen that the Dutch had small cause to boast themselves of the result of their contest with Britain, which, however, they never had the hardihood to do till *their servant*, as they proudly termed William Prince of Orange, was invested with the monarchy of England; then, and not till then, did the flag of England ever experience a stain."—Vol v. p. 370-2.

Macaulay, in many respects, is a formidable antagonist. He is the greatest essayist of our day—a brilliant word-painter, a poet—but by no means a safe guide as an historian. Did we suffer ourselves to pronounce an opinion, we should say that, notwithstanding its present popularity, his "History of England" is not a work which will live or rank hereafter among first-rate English classics. Its facts are not to be depended on. Macaulay is partial, and too frequently draws on his imagination where he would make a point, or round a period. His style, despite its brilliancy, does not please. It is too episodic, and wants altogether

the repose, the calm, and dignified impartiality which should mark the production of a great and comprehensive mind when treating a subject of grave import. He has been termed, with singular appropriateness, the "Turner of the historic page." A very happy comparison, for the style of the painter and the historian have many points in common. In both we see the same glowing tints; in both the overcrowded canvas, bewildering from its profusion, and fatiguing to the mind of the reader as well as to the eye of the beholder. Both alike, spite of the too frequent sacrifice of the *whole* to its parts, and the *extravaganzas*, which are the blemishes of genius, are great and gifted artists.

Miss Strickland, in a note, attacks Macaulay while writing of James's rule in Scotland, when Duke of York:—

"Since the publications of the earlier editions of this volume, Mr. Macaulay has endeavoured to deprive James of the benefit of the convincing evidence of his innocence (of having presided in council when the torture of the *boot* was applied to some Nonconformist victim), afforded by the privy council records, by stating that all those belonging to the period of his residence in Scotland had been carefully destroyed. It is unfortunate for the cause of historic truth, that of the numerous readers of Mr. Macaulay's work, very few enjoy the privilege of access to the Royal Record Office of Scotland; and of those who, on application and recommendation to the proper authorities, might possibly, like myself, be favoured with an order of admission to that department of the Register House, with permission to examine the Privy Council Books of Scotland, still fewer would be able to understand them, a task which requires time and involves trouble—trouble which the right hon. historian could scarcely himself have taken, or he would have been aware that the 'Decrees of the Privy Council of Scotland' for these years, viz., 1679, 1680, 1681, and 1682, are not only in existence, but in a perfect state, and contain the particulars of upwards of ninety *sedes vacantes* at which his Royal Highness James Duke of Albany and York presided, with brief details of the business which occupied the attention of the Council, and the resolutions passed on those occasions."—Vol. vi. p. 125.

We have to complain that the lady is as great a partisan on her side, as the "right hon. historian," and that the rising generation, if they are to be instructed by the narratives of living authors, will find irreconcilable differences of opinion, and a very varied

colouring given to facts, according as the writer inclines to the views of either contending party. Macaulay's account, here alluded to, of James's rule in Scotland, is as follows:—

"He whose favourite theme had been the injustice of requiring civil functionaries to take religious tests, established in Scotland, when he resided there as viceroy, the most rigorous religious test that has ever been known in the empire. He, who had expressed just indignation when the priests of his own faith were hanged and quartered, amused himself with hearing Covenanters shriek, and seeing them writhe while their knees were beaten flat in the boots."—Macaulay's "England," vol. i. p. 494.

How are we to decide on the character of a "prince, who had so much of the manly spirit of a true-born English king about him," when we find his actions as described by the opposing writers to be, "to hurry Dissenters before military tribunals, or enjoy at council the luxury of seeing them swoon in the boots. To drown young girls for refusing to take the abjuration, or shoot poor countrymen for doubting whether he was one of the elect?" It is refreshing to turn from these exaggerated statements, which carry their refutation along with them, to the testimony of our old-fashioned, but not yet superseded historians. The Roman Catholic Lingard, and Free-thinker Hume—extremetypes—concur in representing James as honest, sincere, and well-meaning, energetic, and active, with great practical knowledge of affairs, though of limited capacity, and wanting in that comprehensiveness of mind which could suggest a wise and temperate exercise of power. His temper was arbitrary, and his devotion to his creed extremely bigoted. Yet his most unconstitutional acts were those designed to secure personal liberty and religious toleration. He endeavoured to repeal the Test Acts by illegal expedients; and, enraged at his want of success, allowed himself to be betrayed into an unwarrantable and tyrannical exercise of his royal prerogative.

The consequences, which ordinary sagacity might have foreseen, ensued. James disgusted all but the most ultra of the Popish party; and excited the just apprehensions of his Protestant subjects. The birth of a son, on whose legitimacy the most ab-

surd imputations were cast, brought matters to a climax. Hitherto the prospect of a Protestant successor had lulled the fears of the nation. Mary, Princess of Orange, the King's eldest daughter, was a zealous professor of the creed of the Reformers; and her sister Anne—on whose posterity the succession would naturally devolve, Mary being childless—was also an attached member of the Protestant Church. Their prospects were completely changed by the unwelcome birth of their half-brother: and an outcry, in which they were base enough to join, was raised on all sides, that he was a supposititious child, palmed by the King and Queen on the nation, to secure in England the future interests of the Church of Rome.

William of Orange landed at Torbay at the head of a Dutch army, on the fifth of November, 1688. He had no sooner unfurled his hostile standard, than the treacherous friends of his father-in-law, "turning to welcome the new rising sun," thronged to receive him. James was paralysed by repeated instances of treachery on the part of those even most trusted by him. He knew not in whom to confide. "God help me," he exclaimed, "even my own children forsake me!" George, Prince of Denmark, husband to his daughter Anne, was among the number. "Is *Est il possible*, gone too?" said the king, when he heard of his departure, alluding to the deceitful observation made by the prince at each earlier defection. Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was the most successful actor in this perfidious game. He had been raised from insignificance, and loaded with favours by the sovereign he betrayed with so few "compunctious visitings of nature."

James, deserted by his courtiers and abandoned by his army, abdicated the throne, and fled to France, whither his Queen and infant son had preceded him. Louis XIV. provided for the reception of the exiled sovereigns in a style of princely hospitality. *Le Grand Monarque*, who knew how to be generous, allotted to the fugitives the Palace of Saint Germain, and here the hapless family passed their term of weary exile. Another child, a daughter, was born to James and Mary Beatrice in their adversity—*La Consolatrice*, as they fondly styled her; one proof among

many others, and sufficient for any candid mind, that their son was no supposititious child. The Princess Louisa grew up a lovely girl, but died suddenly just as she had attained the attractive age of opening womanhood. The "Chevalier St. George," as the son of the abdicated monarch was called, was also promising and handsome, though less highly gifted than his sister. "You told me," writes Mary Beatrice to Lord Middleton, many years later, when her son, on the death of his father, had been recognised by the court of France as King James the Third, "in one of your former letters, that you were charmed with the king being a good son. What do you think, then, that I must be, that am the poor old doating mother of him? I do assure you, his kindness to me is all my support under God." No woman's heart can fail to pronounce that the writer of this familiar epistle was indeed the mother of the prince of whom she speaks with such homely, natural, motherly feeling; and for whose sake she endured a life-long exile, and eat the bitter bread of poverty and dependence.

Mary Beatrice is portrayed in very high colours by her biographer; and as her own private correspondence is adduced in corroboration and evidence, we may not doubt that this much-suffering woman well merited the eulogium pronounced upon her:—

"She had been chaste, prudent, economical, and charitable; a fond and faithful wife; a step-mother against whom no act of unkindness or injustice could be proved; loyal and patient as a subject, gracious and dignified as a queen, and scarcely less than angelic in adversity."—Vol. vi. p. 447.

James II. died at St. Germain. His corpse, although coffined, remained unburied for more than a century. When the allied army entered Paris in triumph, in 1814, George IV., hearing that his hapless predecessor had not been interred, had the long-delayed funeral solemnities duly performed over the mortal remains of the deposed king with becoming splendour. The race of Stuart was then extinct: for Charles Edward and the Cardinal of York, sons of the Chevalier St. George, had passed away without leaving representatives of their name or lineage. The royal daughters of the last Stuart king were also child-

less. Mary of Orange had no issue, and of the numerous offspring of Queen Anne none had lived to attain maturity. The lives of these princesses, who successively ascended the throne as queens-regnant, occupy the seventh and eighth volumes of Miss Strickland's work.

Mary is described as a cultivated and intellectual woman; Anne as illiterate and of narrow capacity. The former, though a heartless daughter, was a devoted and submissive wife, well worthy of the confidence reposed in her by her consort, William of Orange, who, it will be remembered, was associated with her in the government on equal terms—a very questionable exercise of conjugal affection on her part, and affording an unsafe precedent for after queens-regnant.

King William III. of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," is the object of Miss Strickland's bitterest hostility. Her antipathy is evinced in every epithet she uses when speaking of him. The hero of Nassau assumes, under her pen, "the ugly semblance of an ungrateful little person, a very spoiled manikin withal, in a most ill-behaved humour." Again, this "warlike modicum of humanity," only seemed to live "when homicide was around him;" and each unamiable trait in William's character, from his gluttonous appropriation—to the infinite chagrin of his sister-in-law—of the whole contents of a dish of green-peas, to the

more serious record of his conjugal infidelity to his queen, is carefully chronicled by her hostile pen.

We would fain enter more fully into the important biographies of the last Stuart sovereigns of Great Britain; but we have already far exceeded the limits we had proposed to ourselves in this notice of the enlarged edition of the "Queens of England." We can only observe, in conclusion, that the present edition, besides much new and interesting matter, is enriched with very exquisite portraits of our female sovereigns. In typographical matters it is likewise superior; and the present work constitutes, on the whole, a very elegant addition for the drawing-room or boudoir, as well as a valuable standard classic, and work of reference for the library.

Despite those little petulances of style, on which we have already animadverted; and a feminine volubility in the use of vituperative epithets—of which a note in the sixtieth page of the sixth volume affords an amusing specimen—this work, as a whole, does great credit to the lady writer; and affords a proof that in the weightier investigations of history, as well as in the more delicate portraiture of character, and appreciation of motives, the feminine genius is in no respect inferior to the masculine; and that the most difficult and abstruse research is quite compatible with the sprightliness and graceful ease that distinguish all the works of this accomplished woman.

A NIGHT IN THE FINE ARTS' COURT OF OUR NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

'Tis nothing to the reader why I happened to be there at such an unusual time, and on that point I don't mean to give any explanation whatever—but I found myself in the centre of the Fine Arts' Hall of the Irish National Exhibition, at Cork, at a pretty advanced period of the night of the 12th of September. I had been soundly asleep for a couple of hours previously, on one of Jones's sofas, during which interval my faculties had been partially absorbed in a confused dream, wherein the Earl of Eglinton, fishing in a Claddagh hooker, was attacked by the Danes, under Brian Boroihme, but retreating behind Telford's organ, discharged several vollies of Booth and Fox's prepared feathers, with such effect, from one of Captain Norton's rifles, at the old monarch, as to convert him into a fine specimen of the *Aquila Kerriensis*, which was immediately laid hold of by Dr. Harvey, and incontinently thrust into his ornithological case, at which precise moment St. Patrick awoke me, by ringing his bell, in the most violent fashion, quite close to my ear.

I started suddenly to my feet—all was still and silent.

The moonlight shone quietly down through the glazed canopy above me, and poured its serene radiance through the noiseless building. The effect was beautiful in the extreme. The pure white statuary seemed spiritualised by the magic of the hour, and my eye wandered in breathless admiration, from one glorious creation to another, till it rested, spell-bound, on the lovely, the divine *Psyche* of M'Dowell.

"Her's is the only face in heaven
That wears a sadness in its joy,"

thought I, as I gazed on that pensive countenance, with its ineffable gentleness and quiet beauty, "and how that sadness does touch the heart. Surely, Mythology has nothing to compare with that fable of the Soul, raised by Love to immortality, and trembling in doubt, if she were indeed made a participator in the deathless existence of celestials. And how wondrously

has the sculptor here given shape and reality to the poet's thought!"

The first stroke of midnight sounded as I spoke, but my gaze remained rivetted on the face of *Psyche*. One after another came the twelve notes that told the "witching hour," each seeming fainter and more indistinct than the preceding, till the last sounded like a far-off echo. Meanwhile, though my eyes moved not for an instant from the lovely object before me, I felt conscious of a change in the atmosphere of the hall, though what change I could not guess. It seemed as if the moonlight had gradually given place to a warmer and less silvery radiance, and this altered light, too, appeared more immediately diffused around the form on which I stood gazing. A delicate tinge of the faintest rose colour began to overspread the pure whiteness of the statue. Strange, surely, but stranger still, the hue, at first uniform and hardly to be perceived, grew brighter on the softly pensive face before me, and deepened into a rich carnation on the parted lips. Was I dreaming, or did a sigh upheave the twin rose-buds that now contrasted with the veined transparency of that girlish bosom? I would have rubbed my eyes to test their wakefulness, but some power had paralysed my movements. I fixed my gaze more intensely on the statue. The hair, drawn back from the still snowy forehead, seemed as though it had been steeped in sunshine, and the blue depths of the downcast eyes were fathomless. Looking downward, I saw the delicate feet, fair as summer lilies, just visible below the folds of the drapery that wrapped the lower limbs, and, at that instant, the white butterfly fluttered into the air, and alighted on its mistress's brow. The figure was no more inanimate, and *Psyche*, glowing and immortal, was before me.

"Oh, Bacchus!" exclaimed a loud and husky voice, a little on my right hand, manifestly struggling through a violent yawn, "what an infernally uncomfortable posture you left me in so long! My back will never be right

again—Silenus pity me! Not a drain left in my flask either. By the crown of Ariadne, I'm the most miserable animal in the universe!"

The rigidity of my limbs had been suddenly removed, and I was no longer motionless. Astounded at what I saw and heard, I looked, tremblingly, in the direction of the voice, and there beheld Hogan's Faun, in a condition very unlike sobriety, lifting himself from the ground, and grumbling heartily all the while at his situation.

"Good gracious," cried I, "what can all this mean? That's no statue, surely. 'Tis a real live Faun, and no mistake. The fellow seems coming this way, too;" and I slunk behind the large loo-table.

"By the son of the Theban Semele," cried the Faun, staggering along the hall, with his empty flagon, "I never was so thirsty, 'in all my born days,' as that Irishman, Hogan—Pluto seize his unlucky soul—used to say, when he was educating me to whiskey-drinking. Cerberus bite the limbs off him! for taking advantage of me, when I was in liquor, and making a show of me as he did. The fellow pretending, too, that I was turned out of his workshop. By the vineyards of Falernus, if I had a hold of him, I'd break his head with his own mallet. But—what's to be done for a drink? Oh! if I had some of that same Irish stuff of Hogan's, wouldn't I be a lucky dog? What's that stave he used to sing about it—

"Whiskey, drink divine,
Why should drivellers bore us,
With the praise of wine,
While we've thee before us?"

Whoop—hurroo!—that's the stuff to get drunk upon. Hogan—Isay, Hogan, you rascal, I'll forgive you for your shabby trick, if you bring me a bottle of the native. By the great Dionysius, I'm as dry as a lime-kiln. But, sure, there must be some of the article here—*isn't this the Irish National Exhibition?* Ino despise me, if I don't make a search for it—hurroo, whoop—here goes for a foray." And he staggered by me, towards the northern hall, hallooing and singing, in the most uproarious manner.

I glanced towards Psyche, as the turbulent individual went by, but she seemed wholly unruffled by his proceedings. Her face wore the same sweetly pensive look, the same divine serenity, as ever, and she sat calm and motionless as marble.

A voice, soft as the south wind, and full of divinest music, whispered, almost at my ear, "Why so pensive always, Psyche—will you never trust the aramanthine wreath which Jupiter has accorded to you—will you ever doubt the eternity of your existence?"

The girlish brow was raised, the dove-like eyes turned on the questioner with an expression of earnestness, such as I had never yet beheld—an expression which is fixed indelibly in my memory; and with tones that thrilled through my entire frame like magic, the young Psyche answered—"Oh! sweet Venus, can I believe that Love is mine immortally?" Tears started into her sapphire eyes, as the words were spoken, and she bowed her lovely head again."

"Immortally!" said Venus. "Why doubt what has been so solemnly engaged to you? Is not Love immortal, and are not you?"

The butterfly fluttered from the brow of Psyche to her bosom, and nestled over her heart. Her smile had lost its sadness, and a radiance stole across her face, which words cannot tell the like of, for there is nothing like it.

The Faun was distinctly audible, in the eastern hall, where he was evidently proceeding in the most riotous manner.

"It is the tree of knowledge," said a bland, insinuating tongue behind me. "Thou fairest of created beings, the fruit, if thou wilt but taste of it, will make thee as superior to the angels in power, as thou art in beauty. Why should'st thou pause?"

I turned abruptly round. There, in all her dazzling loveliness, stood the mother of the human race, gazing on the arch-tempter, and drinking in the first words of flattery that fell on the charmed ear of woman. Was it, indeed, flattery that told her *her* beauty surpassed that of the angels? There, fresh from the hands of her Maker, his "last, most perfect work"—unsoiled by a single sin, untouched by a single sorrow—in the full happiness of her new existence, had creation aught, in its wide domain, to rival her? Did not God's own angels pause, in their flight over the terrestrial paradise, to gaze on the wondrous charms of her who had been given as a companion to the new-made Adam?

There was a slight rustling, as of a serpent moving through the grass. For

a moment my senses became confused. I saw nothing, but a voice sounded in the air, saying—"She has fallen. The fruit of the tree of knowledge has been tasted, and death and sin will be the heritage of man. Want, and sorrow, and crime, and suffering, shall, through successive ages, overshadow the earth, which is to be the dwelling-place of her children. But, through want, and sorrow, and crime, and suffering, the beauty of their erring mother shall never pass from amongst her daughters. Fairest object of God's fair creation, long as the ills of which she was the parent shall affect her race, so long will her loveliness, too, remain—not as man first beheld it, bright as the sunlight of a cloudless noon, but taking a thousand different aspects amid his various destinies, and, alas! her own. As the radiance of the morning rainbow—as the lustre of the evening star—as the moonbeam on the placid waters—as the meteor in the stormy sky—amid doubt and danger, guilt and death—that which was to have been the crowning happiness of his home will be the unfading solace of his exile. She has fallen; but woman shall for ever be to man as she was to him first created, when, in the ecstasy of his delight, he called her *Cavah*!"

The words ceased. I raised my eyes to look again on the figure of Eve, but she had disappeared.

The voice which had before spoken, said on the instant—"You have seen the mother of the human race. Look around on the first sorrow which she brought into the world—death."

I obeyed. A youth, beautiful in proportions, firm and elastic in tread, moved past me, bearing on his shoulders the lifeless form of a younger boy, whose dripping hair, as it fell backwards from the pure and finely-developed forehead, told how it was that his brief span of life had ended.

"Bear him gently to his mother," said the spirit-voice, in softened tones, inaudible save to myself; "she pays a bitter penalty for *her* mother's sin. Born amid such agonising doubts and fears—nursed with such a sleepless yearning love—watched over in sickness with such pain and suffering, and reared to such golden promise—is this the end of all? Woman, woman, let not man upbraid you; for on you, frail being that you are, falls the full retribution of the primal error!"

The tears started to my eyes as I listened. The figure slowly passed. As I looked after the youth, the radiant face of Psyche once again attracted my attention; her lovely lips were moving at the moment, and, as if in a trance of bliss, she uttered softly, "I am, then, indeed, immortal, and Love is mine immortally."

And I felt that there was a deep meaning in the words, and that death was but a passing shadow on the stream of eternity.

The sound of voices at the northern extremity of the hall aroused me from my reverie; and, looking in that direction, I thought I beheld two beautiful forms on the steps of the vestibule. I stole gently towards them, and, to my surprise, discovered that they were those of Eve and Venus—the latter gazing with evident amazement at her companion, while some trace of envy seemed to mingle with the admiration displayed in her looks.

"You are not a goddess," said Venus; "yet you are surely too lovely for aught else. You have not that harsh expression which made the imperious Juno so objectionable, and you do not exhibit that air of fancied superiority which Minerva puts on, because of her boasted learning: you, certainly, are handsomer than either of them. Who are you, beautiful being?"

"I am a woman," said Eve, with a look of deep ingenuousness. "Are you not one also?"

"No," answered Venus, "I am a goddess."

"And what is a goddess?" asked Eve. "I see no difference between us, but that you are so very beautiful."

"A goddess," replied Venus, laughing archly, "is a myth. I am the poet's dream of beauty."

"You have a strange language," said Eve; "I do not comprehend it. What is the poet?"

"And you can ask!" said Venus. "Woman not know her worshipper! It cannot be."

"Indeed," replied Eve, "I never knew a poet."

"Listen to me," said Venus; "I am not mortal, yet am I, whatever else may be said of me in fables, skilfully contrived, of mortal birth. I am your child, fair Eve, but an impalpable and unembodied one, born in the hour when Adam first beheld you. In that

instant he became, what you just now were puzzled to hear named—a poet: gazing on you, his fancy warmed, and felt the power to vivify. Ideal beauty then was born—beauty like yours, and yet unlike; at once like yours, and like to that of all your loveliest daughters; various as all, and beautiful as each—now fair as morning, now as evening dusk; with tresses golden as the sunlight now, anon as black as is the raven's plume; changeful in shape and stature; but to each most perfect, as I bear some strong resemblance to the form or face of a beloved woman—such am I."

"I knew not that I had such a lovely and mysterious child," said Eve; "where is it that you dwell?"

"I could not answer the question," said Venus; "for, in fact, I am ubiquitous. My votaries find me everywhere. Hidden deep in the rudest block of shapeless marble, the poet-sculptor has discovered me, and has not been content till he has revealed me to the world."

"How very singular!" said Eve. "But what is the cause of your being here?"

"Why are any of us here?" answered Venus, *more Hibernico*. "The National Exhibition, of course, has brought us all. By the way, what an interest your daughters seemed to take in it."

"Wonderful," said Eve; "and, indeed, when I met you now, I was just coming to look at what attracted so much of their attention in this northern hall. You know I was obliged, like yourself, to remain continually in the Fine Arts' Court, till this moment, and I could not come to look at the laces, and the crochet, and so forth, that I heard them perpetually talking about."

"What do they want of all these things?" asked Venus. "I don't understand why it is they don't remain in their original condition, as you and I do."

"Oh," said Eve, with a sigh and a blush, "the fault is mine. I brought clothes on them, with all their other misfortunes, by trusting to that nasty, slippery serpent; but, indeed, I see no necessity for the way they spoil their appearance, in the use of them. I wore very little myself, but I would not appear as I do, only that M'Dowell left me no choice. He took my petticoat away."

This was said with such *naïveté* that it was with difficulty I refrained from laughing loudly.

"I should greatly like to know," said Eve, continuing, after a moment—"I should greatly like to know if my daughters, whom I saw at the Exhibition, are like their mother in shape. It is quite impossible to tell, with all those clothes. I have seen lovely faces amongst them, many exquisitely beautiful hands, and now and then got a glimpse at a charming neck and throat, but beyond that it is all clothes—clothes—clothes—clothes. Is it not very provoking?"

"You noticed Susannah, of course," said Venus, in reply. "She, at least, bears a pretty strong resemblance to you in every way. She is very lovely."

"Yes," replied Eve, "but Susannah never adopted these modern fashions. Her Jewish dress is quite different from what those girls wear."

"The men are just as great a riddle," said Venus; "queer-looking things, with round boxes on their heads, and a great wall of silk and linen round their necks and faces, instead of beards and whiskers."

I felt that the conversation was presumed to be private, and that I really had no right to remain a listener, but my curiosity got the better of my propriety, and I did.

"That occurred to me, too," replied Eve, at first, "but that Greek Hunter, near Psyche, is rather a modern young man, and is very well proportioned; and then the Youth at the Stream, just opposite where I stood, is remarkably handsome."

"Oh! is he not a beautiful creature?" said Venus, with animation. "He is nearly equal to Apollo."

"Or to Adam, when I first saw him," added Eve. "Poor Adam! I have seen nothing of him for an age. They hardly ever bring him into public places at all, and I generally have to remain without him in them."

I saw a kind of malicious smile upon the lips of Venus, and guessed it arose from some passing thought of Vulcan. She gave no expression to the thought, however, but said, playfully resuming the subject—

"The little children, too, are quite the same as formerly. You observed the Baby Asleep—Moore's—on the pillow nearly opposite you."

"Indeed I did," replied Venus, "a

dear, pretty little creature it is. Besides I studied the legs and arms of numerous babies in the Exhibition, which were visible enough; and I am sure they are all as they ought to be. But I am very uneasy, indeed, about my poor daughters. In fact, I saw several very pretty-faced creatures amongst them without body enough for an infant of a year old. A waist that one can put one's arm round is very well, but if one can put one's hand round it, it is neither useful nor ornamental."

"Oh, horrid!" exclaimed Venus, "I wouldn't suffer my waist to be diminished an inch in circumference for the world. But it all comes of wearing those vile clothes."

"They must, as I told you, wear some," said Eve; "but I cannot understand why they put on those tight things that they do now. They might have loose, easy draperies, falling gracefully over their forms, and allowing every limb and muscle its free, natural play. It makes me melancholy to see the way in which they disfigure themselves now, in point of appearance, to say nothing of the sacrifice they must make of health and comfort. If I could have spoken to them I would, but I was unable. However, I hope that the very fact of seeing me as they did, may teach them a practical lesson on the subject. But let us look at some of those things in the cases."

They moved up the steps, and I stole after them, to observe their proceedings. Venus did not appear to set much value on the articles of dress; but her companion evidently admired the laces and the crochet greatly. She put on a polka jacket of imitation point-lace, and asked the goddess if it was not becoming; but Venus fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and protested that it looked quite ridiculous without something else. She then added a crochet robe, but the goddess still objected, insisting that it would not do to dress exclusively in lace and crochet. Other fabrics were then tried, and disposed in various fashions on the lovely form of Eve; and at length a rich blue tabinet, and a gorgeous crimson velvet, arranged in full-flowing draperies, leaving one white shoulder and half a snowy bosom bare, and suffering a foot to appear, exposed to a little above the ankle,

produced a costume that my eye decided to be positively beautiful, while even the fastidious Venus said that the wearer looked almost as handsome as if she wore no robe at all.

"Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ill of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen—
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality."

"Reality!—As I'm a Faun, 'tis the real thing, 'and no mistake.' Horatius Flaccus, my old friend, why did not the gods permit you to taste Irish whiskey? What a jolly soul you would have been if you had imbibed it, instead of those resinous potations of Mæcenas, thick, stringy abominations.—Lycæus punish the compounder!—not like this transparent, honest fluid in the glass barrel—

" 'Rich as Beauty's sigh,
When young Love inhales it;
Bright as Beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it.
Tol de rol de rol,
Tooral coral coral.'

'There isn't a headache in a hogs-head of it,' fol de rol de rol! But, blessed Diana! is that one of your nymphs, gliding in there among the tin canisters? Holla, there, my jewel! where are you going to? By the powers of delf, you'll not get off without a kiss, for old acquaintance sake, swift as you are—here goes for a chase."

But a crash at the same moment plainly informed me that whoever or whatever might be the fair object of my friend the Faun's pursuit, had no need to fear being overtaken by that mirthful personage. Down he had evidently come, and his fall seemed to have entirely changed the tenor of his emotions, for the first words I caught after the disaster were—

"Æsculapius, assist me!—what a tumble! May the fate of Actæon be mine if I ever again bother my head about one of you, you deluding husies. Here are my bones aching, like the foot of Vulcan when he was kicked out of Olympus, and came sprawling on the isle of Lemnos, with a sprained ankle. And the 'blessed liquor' running waste in all directions. Thunder and turf! was ever such a disaster known—just as I had come across the divine fluid! May all nymphs, and naiads, and dryads have the luck of the fifty daughters of Danaus, and be condemned to the perpetual filling of bottomless tubs, as a punishment for that

mischievous mixx causing such a loss of the Milesian liquid. But grief is a dry article, and requires moistening; here's for a draught—hip, hip, hurrah! Bacchus be praised, isn't it great stuff?"

During this very uproarious interval I had left the northern hall, and stolen quietly into the eastern, where, stretched right across the passage by the whiskey manufacturers' contributions, the Faun, with his head leaning against one of the counter supports, was indulging in "potations pottle deep" of the "mountain dew," of which he seemed so much enamoured. He gradually began to subside somewhat in turbulence, and to give utterance to few sounds, save a very drunken and suppressed humming of verses, taken at random from various ancient and modern bacchanalian songs—Irish lyrics being predominant—and now and then a hiccup of marvellously intoxicated character. I felt no disposition to make his closer acquaintance; but anxious to know what being it was that he had seen amongst the tin-plate articles, and whose attempted pursuit had led to his disaster, I crept softly along by the southern passage, and entered the outer compartment, where the fair creature should be found. I looked around for a little while in vain, but at length I heard some one saying, in a very pleasing voice—

"Oh! I have it at last; this must be it surely, and it does seem quite equal to what I heard them all say of it. One could defy all the elders in Jerusalem to get a glimpse at one when those nice curtains are drawn. 'Tis a very elegant contrivance, indeed; I'll get into it."

"God bless me," said I to myself, "that's Susannah, positively, that is getting into the Eglinton bath—I had better cut. If I were caught here, I might be treated like those rascally old Rabbi. I'll take to my heels forthwith."

And, with a very reasonable degree of speed, I made my way back into the eastern hall again.

As I reached the entrance of the Fine Arts' Court, a hum of many voices in that direction convinced me that something unusually exciting was going on there. I hurried my steps thither, and observing much bustle and movement at the southern end of the hall, I ascended the steps at the entrance, in order to obtain a better view. The cause of the

stir was evidently some object on the right of the great organ, and looking anxiously in that way, I observed that a young and graceful female form was the centre of an animated group, who seemed urgent in their appeals to her to do something that she appeared timidly to decline. At length she yielded to the entreaties that were addressed to her, and, leaning on the arm of a young man, who bore an ancient Irish harp, advanced to the front of the organ, and made three profound inclinations with an air of combined dignity and gentleness that was winning in the extreme. The anxious crowd around her drew back as she took up her position, and gazed on her with mingled admiration and attachment, together with that eager look which denotes the expectation of some refined and elevated enjoyment. Isolated as she now stood, I could observe her face and figure with distinctness. The former was one in every respect attractive—the features regular and handsome, the brow smooth and finely shaped, the lips full, yet delicately moulded, and the entire countenance lighted up by an expression of bright intelligence, varied at moments by a pensiveness which flung a passing shadow over the features, suggesting the clouds and sunshine of an April sky. The head was symmetrical, and set finely on the bust; and the rich auburn hair, through whose waves gleamed here and there a golden thread of light, was admirably in keeping with the character and complexion of the fair owner. The figure, I have already said, was slight, graceful, and shrinking, and was robed in a simple dress of white, of modern fashion. I could not doubt who stood before me—it was Catherine Hayes herself.

As I gazed, the young minstrel who had led her forward touched his harp. The symphony resounded grandly through the silent hall. The figure of the songstress seemed to dilate as she listened to her native "*Gra machree*," and at the first chord of the accompaniment, her voice gushed into the melody, to these words:—

Wake, mother, wake; a deathlike trance
Has bound thy soul too long!
That soul that sped the warrior's lance,
That roused the minstrel's song.
Lov'd Erin, hear thy daughter's voice—
Upraise thy drooping head,
And let the wond'ring world rejoice
To find thou art not dead.

Thou art not. Oh, could death impart
The life that teems around—
The deathless life of glorious art,
Whose wonders here abound?
Immortal thoughts, that march along,
Sublime, from age to age,
And rescue from oblivion's wrong
The poet and the sage.

Wake, mother, wake, and here behold
Thy children's genius shine;
If triumph crown'd thy brow of old,
To triumph still is thine.
And, while the nations own thy sway
In many a peaceful field,
Eclipse that sterner olden day,
By bardic lore revealed.

Not now do angry feuds demand
Thy sword the sheath to leave;
A holier work awaits thy hand
Than victor-wreaths to weave:
To light the hallow'd lamp of peace,
In lieu of war's red fire,
And blend the noblest arts of Greece
And grandest works of Tyra.

Then, mother, wake; what worthier spot
Thine opening eyes could greet
Than this, where born to deathless lot,
Thy great and gifted meet?
Where feud and faction come not near,
The hallowed truce to break;
Ah! burst the spell that binds thee here—
Wake, mother Erin, wake!

Mute as marble stood the listeners,
throughout that glorious and impassioned burst of song—mute as they who, at the voice of Nourmahal, when she breathed her enchanting melody—

"Stood hushed and wondering,
And turned and looked into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israël, the angel, there."

Nor did the sounds of vulgar plaudits desecrate the air, through which it was wafted, as its echoes died away. It sank into the spirit's inmost depths, unmingled with aught that could weaken its influence. A divine essence, it was absorbed into the soul, and thrilled through it, in silent yet all-pervading music.

How long? A moment, possibly, but it might have been an age. I had no consciousness of time—no consciousness, perhaps, of anything. My thought had become, as it were, a voiceless melody. I knew no more.

Yet I must have been conscious of something more—conscious that, beside the figure of that fair being, now kneeling, with uplifted head, there stood

another female form, whose air of maternal dignity contrasted finely with the delicate frame of her young companion. Yet, matron as she seemed, she, too, was of proportions which had almost the delicacy of maidenhood—

"Her form was light,
And her eye was bright,
But a tear stood trembling there;
And her wan cheek showed
That the by-gone night
Had been one of sorrow and care."

There was, however, despite that fragility of appearance, a queenly majesty in her aspect, and a pride in her bearing, that told she had known what it was to rule; and, though uncrowned, she wore a regal mantle. On its blue folds were brodered a rose, a thistle, and a shamrock, with the motto, "*Tria juncta in uno*;" while another royal robe of richest green was beside her, and lying on it an ancient crown and sceptre. A noble dog crouched at her feet—a dog such as we see only in the pictures of a by-gone time. Those present gazed upon the group with a wonder, in which a reverential awe seemed mingled; and I felt my soul so subdued by the majestic mien of that stately form, that I sank on my knees, involuntarily, as I gazed.

"Sweet daughter," said the queenly female, in tones slightly tremulous, yet solemn and full of melody, "thy voice is no unworthy one to awaken me; nor is this scene one which my eyes can dwell upon with other feelings than those of pride and hope. Here, amid the genius of my children, I behold that which announces to me a future that, if no dark destiny interpose, may outshine those glories of the past, that so long have been the dream of my sorrowing slumber. Here, where the illustrious dead, to whom I have given birth, are reanimated by the art of the illustrious living—my children, too—and where imagination groups together, what vulgar reality keeps sundered from each other;—here, where sculpture and painting summon before me the poets, the orators, the statesmen, the warriors, whom in other days I nursed, whom I nurse to-day;—here, where the thoughts that I have inspired stand embodied, beautiful and enduring, beyond even my human children;—here, where all is mine, and pays me homage, I feel yet a queen. What I see here all owns me as its sovereign, and I see here what conquers the conquerors of sovereigns—Time and

Death. Mute lips are here, whose eloquence shall yet speak through ages, whose songs shall echo while the earth endures. Beauty is here immortalised, and fancy clothed with imperishability. But to thee my words are unnecessary. I shall not further pursue the theme. I have wakened, fair daughter, at thy call. The spell that thrall'd my senses is removed. My reign will have new glories from this hour. Behold the dawn!"

At the instant a golden haze gathered over the scene, in which the figures before and around me seemed to melt like those of a dissolving view. A numbness crept upon my frame, and my limbs felt weak, beneath the burden of my body. I sank from my kneeling posture, to the ground. Languid, and overcome by a strange and unaccountable sensation, I stretched at full length along the floor. I saw nothing; but I heard the voice of the Faun, first distant, and then nearer and more near. Quite close to me, it was the most drunken voice I ever listened to. It was expressing a rollicking determination on the owner's part to go home in his own clothes. I had a ludicrous, but very distressing, conviction that he had none. He staggered almost over me. I was utterly miserable, but could not stir one inch. He passed; his voice grew a little fainter, but made me very wretched, by an intimation that he wouldn't go home until morning—in fact, "till daylight did appear." I thought he might stagger back again, conse-

quently; but he didn't. His music died away. "Mine, immortally mine," said another voice, in a low whisper, at my side. Psyche was again before my eyes. How divinely beautiful! Was the sunlight brighter on those golden tresses? Was the pure tint of that lovely brow more pure? Was it a dream?

The saffron hues of early dawn streamed into the Fine Arts' Court. All was in profound repose. Eve stood revealed in her womanly loveliness. Psyche sat motionless, with the butterfly at her feet. The Faun was lying, in his position of lamentable discomfort, as stiff as gypsum could make him. Susannah was modestly seated, as if trying to hide herself from observation, with nothing. Venus looked nearly as modest, with a similar difficulty as to clothing. But 'tis useless to proceed. Busts and everything were ranged in their places, just as usual. Where was I?

At that precise moment I opened my eyes, and looked curiously round my bed-room. My blinds were not down—I never keep them so. My shutters were open—they always are. There was, melancholy to relate, no one there to whom I could tell all that happened. Accordingly, I turned round and fell into a doze; then I awoke, shaved, dressed, breakfasted on fried ham and eggs—a very capital dish at breakfast—and wrote the whole out for my friend Poplar. If he publishes it, he has to blame himself.

NOTE.—The reader who has visited the Exhibition will, it is hoped, understand the allusions in the foregoing paper. For the information of others, it may be necessary to mention that the objects of art introduced are the "Eve" and "Psyche" of M'Dowell; Foley's "Youth at a Stream;" Heffernan's "Susannah;" Hogan's "Drunken Faun;" Lawler's "Venus;" "The Lost One" (described as the youth bearing the drowned boy), by Thomas Farrell, of Dublin; and the "Hunter Reposing," and "Bard," by his brothers Joseph and James Farrell; the "Sleeping Child," by Christopher Moore; the bust of Miss Catherine Hayes, by E. A. Foley; and the figure of Erin. This last, however, as described, is purely ideal, but legitimately brought in, as Hogan's figure of "Hibernia" occupied a position in the Fine Arts' Court, and suggested it. It may be as well to add that Erin is described as wearing a *blue* mantle—as blue, not green, is the heraldic colour pertaining to Ireland now.

EUTHANASIA.

[THIS poem consists of a short series of detached pieces, with no other direct link of connexion than that which their name implies, as referring to the happy death of a young and gifted lady. They were entrusted to the judgment of a friend, who found in them (unless he were over partial) so much of truth as well as poetry, that he was reluctant to leave them to the enjoyment of a narrow circle. The poetical introduction is addressed to their author, by the writer of these prefatory lines.] M.

PRELUDE.

The massive hills around my home
 Were purpled dark this Autumn eve,
 The sullen streams were bossed with foam;
 I heard their waters go, and grieve.
 I saw the shadows raining thick
 Down on the islet fields of light
 That shot across the gloom, then quick
 Were tramped out by the tread of night.

Grieve on ye waves : with deeper moan
 Sing songs of sorrow evermore ;
 A thousand hearts shall find a tone
 Responsive to your grief-ful lore.
 Come on, thou night, with heavier tread,
 Rain down ye shadows quicker yet ;
 I hold communion with the dead,
 I think upon a light that's set.

A time to think how glittering far,
 In tintured scarf with flowing plume,
 Each with his bright eye like a star,
 We send our hopes across the gloom.
 We send them forth like gallant men
 For high emprise whose spirits burn,
 But to our grasp comes back again,
 Not life—but ashes, and the urn.

Nay—shame to him who will not drink
 Some healthful drops from cups of sorrow ;
 O blind, who sees not on the brink,
 'Twixt dark to-day and bright to-morrow,
 The burning bars, with radiant stripes,
 That gleam and deepen down the sky,
 And are august and blessed types
 To musing's melancholy eye.

Nay—time to think, the dead how blest,
 Who are not in a change-ful place,
 Who know no more the heart's unrest,
 The flushing of the sin-shamed face ;
 But while our cities fade and fall,
 And while our oceans roll and roar,
 They dwell beside the crystal wall,
 And walk along the sealess shore.

And while our brightest lights burn faint,
 And while our mountain-tops look dim,
 Aye gazes each encrowned saint
 On hills that are a home to him :

On purple calms of light, that far
 Slumber upon the eternal river,
 While all the time the morning star
 Shines into his deep heart for ever.

Strange! how these thoughts, half dark, half clear,
 Sorrow with bright hopes interlaced,
 Blend with the lay thou gav'st me, dear,
 In thine own gentle writing traced.
 A lay that tells the looks, the sighs,
 The thoughts around a dying bed,
 But tells the undying sanctities,
 Enhaloing the sainted dead.

There are who blame the poet's harp,
 When sorrow gushes from its strings,
 But poet's own, though critics carp,
 The upper and the nether springs.
 And Milton's song, with sorrow laden,
 Sweeps down the temple aisles of fame,
 And one sings to a weeping maiden,
 E'en now his "In Memoriam."

That classic harp to sorrow strung,
 Too exquisite a charm it has,
 Yet, but as heathens sing, he sung
 That elegy of Lycidas.
 And if the other's song be sweet,
 I miss a something even there,
 I long the simple cross to meet.
 In all that mausoleum rare.

And so I love these artless strains,
 Because a purer tide of truth,
 Runs full and free through all their veins,
 And gives them innocent looks of youth.
 And I am sure the shadowy cross,
 Mingles with all the shadows here,
 And thus I see a gain in loss,
 The dawning of a golden year.

And so I prelude thus to thee,
 Sweet singer of the saddest strain,
 Sweet chronicler of agony,
 Sweet watcher by a couch of pain.
 O, often looked she thro' the dark
 With something of an angel look,
 And thou hast caught the angel mark,
 And stamped it on thy little book.

Well hast thou done—for others thus
 May learn how faith's unquenched lamp
 Burns on, burns on, all luminous,
 Thin gauze between it and the damp:
 May learn how pilgrim, frail as we,
 Fared on beneath the storm and sun,
 Until a crown eternally
 By that brief march of life was won.

Well hast thou done—there are who plant
 Their fancy bowers with rich ripe rose,
 And bid each sterner shape avaunt,
 That vexes their serene repose.

Come, let them see this sweet, pale face,
 On which 'twere sin to picture laughter,
 So may they learn perchance to trace
 The mystic omens of hereafter.

Well hast thou done—there are who gaze
 Upon the outward horn of death,
 Until the inward verging rays
 Go out beneath their heavy breath.
 But dark corruption thou hast filled
 With streams of resurrection light,
 And from a bruised flower distilled
 Immortal odours exquisite.

Then is there one who faints and fears,
 Or one whose treasure is below,
 Or one whose eyes are dimmed with tears—
 These churchyard things him sadden so?
 Or one who seeks by teaching high,
 To make wild beating pulses pure,
 And wake himself to sympathy,
 With sorrow's simple portraiture?

Or is there one, by dying bed,
 Who once has heard the minutes go,
 Dropping above the sick man's head,
 Like dropping stones where waters flow,
 Yet who finds something sadly sweet—
 A bright edge to the cloud he entered?
 Come, one and all, with noiseless feet,
 With hearts upon the poet's centred.

Come one, come all, but not in haste,
 And not in self wrapped round and round,
 But musing on a solemn past,
 But treading as on holy ground.
 There must be shells of thought within,
 To answer to the tide of song,
 Or no responses shalt thou win
 Sweet singer, from the listening throng.

M.

THE PARTING.

I go—the night lamp flickers
 In crystal socket deep,
 As throbbing to the murmurs
 Of thy short restless sleep.

On thy pale brow the shadows
 Of the closed curtains fall;
 I watch the long dark figures
 They cast on the cold wall.

And I can see thee heaving
 The long white counterpane—
 When shall I keep the night watch
 By thy sick couch again?

I go—the cold bright morning
 Breaks up in the grey sky,
 On wood, and stream, and valley,
 And those green hills that lie

All to the blue sea looking ;
And thro' the breaking dark,
I hear the pigeon cooing,
The first song of the lark.

O time, O youth, O gladness,
How swiftly have ye sped
Since we have watched the sunsets
From yon green mountain head.

Where is the step that bounded
So lightly from the ground,
The ring of that sweet laughter
That hath no fellow sound ?

The large dark eye, all radiant
With glad and glorious thought—
O suffering, O sorrow,
How surely have ye wrought !

Now wasted form, and languor,
And lowly breathed word ;
And pain, and unrest weary,
And pale lips roughly stirred.

Hush false and vain repining,
Nor drop hot tears of mine ;
Doth man not cut the diamond
That it may brighter shine ?

Do we not cast the fine gold,
Into the cleansing fire.
Is not the child most cherished,
Still chastened of its sire ?

And saints wear crowns of glory
Thro' Heaven's eternal years,
With brightest rays around them,
All framed from earthly tears.

Hush, there are unseen watchers
Round the blest sufferer now,
And angel-hands all gently
Smooth down her pale high brow.

Hush, He is here in presence
Who knew all pain and care,
Nor ever layeth on His own
A cross they cannot bear.

Hush, for a dear hand beckons
Her soul to the bright shore,
Like summer hasting after
The young spring gone before.

I go—O, parting sorrow,
O, anguish of vain tears,
Why will ye mock me—bringing
The shades of our past years ?

Twin spirit to my spirit,
When thou hast left my side,
What other love shall comfort—
What other voice shall guide ?

Hush, in our high communion,
 There is no broken link,
 And lights gleam thro' the shadows,
 On the dark river's brink.

One hope, one faith, one Heaven,
 These years, how fast they speed !
 There is no endless parting—
 No, *never* in our Creed.

THE LAST COMMUNION.

I may not chafe thy weary temple,
 I may not kiss thy dear pale face ;
 But spirit answereth to spirit,
 And loving thought o'erleapeth space.

And thus within thy far sick chamber,
 Mine heart communion holds with thine ;
 I see the kneeling kindred gather
 The broken bread, the hallowed wine.

Hush, heaving sigh—hush, murmured whisper ;
 Swell forth, ye words of love and dread—
 " Take, eat, His life for you was given ;"
 " Drink ye, His blood for you was shed."

Dim grows thy dark eye, kneeling mother,
 There's anguish on thy bended brow,
 Ay, weep, there come no second flowers
 When autumn strips the laden bough.

O, broken spirit, meek-eyed creature,
 Well may thy brimming eyes run o'er,
 Since yet a darker drop may mingle
 Within the cup so full before.

And thou, too, honoured one, and cherished—
 Most happy wife, and mother blest,
 There comes a cloud o'er thy pure Heaven,
 Which not the brightness of the rest,

Which not even his dear love who kneeleth
 Close at thy side can banish quite,
 For stars that have an equal lustre
 Yet shine not with each other's light.

Come, gentle nurse—come, fair young sisters,
 Draw closer still the narrowing chain,
 Another golden link must sever ;
 Ye cannot commune thus again.

Once more, once more—death's deep'ning shadow
 Broods o'er our little field of light,
 Ere yet the heavy cloud is scattered
 That wrapped our fairest from our sight,

Whom, as we linger by thy pillow,
 Dear saint, in look, in smile, in tone,
 We trace again, like skies reflecting
 The sunlight, when the sun is gone.

Still swells the eucharistic measure ;
 The feast of love and life is o'er,
 The angels joining, and archangels,
 And saints who rest, and sin no more.

Ah, not at Christ's own altar kneeling,
 Our hearts should thrill, our eyes grow dim,
 As though we had not known His presence,
 And were not ever one in Him.

The dead—they are the truly living,
 They live to God, to love, to us.
 Why should the prescience of brief parting
 Sadden the Christian spirit thus ?

Nay, gently lay her on His bosom—
 Nay, gladly give her to His care,
 Lest we forget in our own sorrow,
 How bright the crown His ransomed wear.

THE CHILD IN THE SICK ROOM.

The glorious sun sinks slowly o'er
 The purple ocean, broad and even,
 While, pale and pure, one little star
 Rides up the eastern heaven.

The sunset hues of coming death
 Have touched her cheek and lit her eye ;
 The mother hath borne in her babe,
 To greet her, ere she die.

With solemn look, and passive arms,
 That stretch not now for love's embrace,
 He looketh long and earnestly
 On that sweet holy face.

As if the soul, untainted yet,
 And fresh from the Redeemer's touch,
 New washed in His own blood, who loves
 His little ones so much.

With that bright spirit purified,
 In suffering faithful to the end,
 Were holding secret communing,
 We could not comprehend.

As if to him unveiled had been
 Angelic forms and mysteries,
 And awfully the parting soul
 Looked thro' her bright dark eyes.

Gaze on, the sunlight lingers yet—
 The brow is there with genius fraught,
 The parted lips, that poured so well
 The music of her thought.

The brow all calm, the face all fair,
 The eye all brilliant, as of yore,
 Each line by beauty so refined
 It could refine no more.

Gaze on—and, O, as eastern skies
 Glow when the western heaven is bright,
 Perchance thy soul may catch a gleam
 From yonder fading light.

Because her lips for thee have vowed,
 Have prayed for thee in hours of pain,
 It cannot be, thou precious child,
 Those prayers shall prove in vain.

But they will bring a blessing back,
 As oft-times 'neath the summer moon,
 The dewy mists that heav'nward rise,
 Fall down in showers at noon.

And thou wilt be a holy saint,
 Christ's soldier true in fights to come—
 Wilt bear His cross as patiently,
 And go as gladly home.

Gaze on, gaze on—some scenes there are,
 Too fair to ruffle with a sigh,
 So let us learn of childish awe,
 And wait in silence by.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

I know thou art awake to-night;
 Thy tears are flowing fast,
 Keeping our saint's nativity,
 And dreaming of the past.

Thou weepest for the calm sweet smile
 That ne'er again can charm—
 For the dear head that hour by hour
 Drooped meekly on thy arm—

For the young lip where wisdom hung
 The honey on the rose—
 For the high spirit calmed and bowed,
 Faith's beautiful repose.

Ah, which of us that watched that tide
 Of ebbing life depart,
 Can hear its echoing surge to-night,
 Nor tears unbidden start.

But tears so blended as they rise
 Of mingled joy and woe,
 Like sourceless streams, we cannot tell
 What fountain bids them flow.

That gush of sorrow, could she rest
 Again upon thy side,
 Uplooking with those patient eyes,
 Perchance she would not chide.

But couldst thou see *her* whom thy care
 So tended, worn and faint,
 Clothed with the beauty of the bless'd,
 The glory of the saint.

That beauty of the spirit land,
 Beyond our brightest dream—
 Sure in thy soul the tide of joy,
 Would drown that darker stream.

And varying thoughts in gentle strife
 Would all thy soul employ,
 Of holy human tenderness,
 With earnest Christian joy.

So keep we watch to-night, my love,
 And ever at His feet,
 Who bade His angel at this hour,
 Steal on her slumber sweet.

And suffered not his ruffling wing
 To break upon her ear,
 But willed that she should never know
 Death's agony and fear.

O Christ, our stay, our strength as her's,
 Make, too, our dying bed ;
 'Tis but in presence of Thy love
 We dare recall the dead.

THE PLACE OF REMEMBRANCE.

Where wouldst thou think of her—where the young flowers
 Spring thro' the turf where so often she lay,
 Wearily watching the long summer hours,
 Last of her lifetime, fleet slowly away ?

There, by the garden wall covered with roses,
 Where in the shelter she lingered so late ;
 Under the tree where the shadow reposes,
 Over the spot where at noon-time she sate.

Down the green walk where ye drew her so slowly,
 Patient and sweet in her helpless decay ;
 In her own chamber, the haunted and holy,
 There wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day ?

Where wouldst thou think of her, darkling and dreary,
 In the lone room where her spirit took flight ;
 Passing away, as a child that is weary,
 Turns to its cradle, nor wishes good night ?

Where, like a wild dream, thy heart still remembers
 The lingering smile on the motionless clay,
 A flame that lives on in the light of its embers—
 There, wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day ?

Not in the greenwood glade—hearts need not borrow
 Help from dead Nature to teach them to weep ;
 Not in that lonely room—why should thy sorrow
 Brood o'er her silent, and shrouded in sleep ?

Go to the altar, where morning and even
 The low voice has mingled, the bright head bowed down,
 Pouring her heart out in commune with Heaven,
 Taking His cross up, who gave her the crown,

Everywhere, everywhere, holdeth communion,
 Loving and cheering her spirit with thine ;
 But in a holier, happier union
 Meet ye, with praises, to-night at the shrine.

Then in the vale, when the waters are swelling,
 Go where the desolate bird finds a nest ;
 Go to His holy and beautiful dwelling,
 The courts of the Lord, where she dwelt and was blest—

Where the Church mingles her happy departed,
 Victors gone home with the strugglers who stay,
 Bringing forth balm for the desolate-hearted—
 There wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day ?

RECOLLECTIONS.—TO F. L.

I have been dwelling on enchanted ground,
 Looking on thee, and dreaming of the past ;
 A spell of shrouded faces and lost sound
 Thou hast around me cast.

Sorrow and joy, thought within thought enshrined,
 Childhood and youth I have lived o'er again,
 As one chance note unlinketh to the mind
 The whole of a sweet strain.

Thus, with the truest love my heart has known,
 Thy kindred form so dearly blended seems ;
 Thine accents have an echo of the tone
 That haunts me in my dreams.

A thousand thrilling thoughts thou bringest me
 Of our old days of happiness on earth ;
 I tremble at thy smile, thy laughter free,
 Thy little words of mirth.

And I have mused, until I seemed to stray
 With thee and others down a twilight glade,
 Where sweet pale faces gleamed upon our way,
 And silver voices prayed.

Shadows, and smiles, and gifted words were there,
 It was the dreamland of our by-gone hours ;
 Just on the verge, methought, grew fresh and fair
 Two rathe and sunny flowers.

Pure balmy germs they grew within their shells,
 Two cherished things, love-tended night and day,
 With blue eyes peeping from their silver bells,
 And breath as sweet as May.

There was a spirit with us in the grove—
 I saw her linger where the first flower grew,
 Breathe o'er it gently words of hope and love,
 And leave it bathed in dew.

Now from thy presence and its soothing power,
 From voice, and look, and day-dream of the heart ;
 From balmy breath of childhood's opening flower,
 Dear one, I must depart.

Go thou unto thy gleeful nursery,
 Where voices mingle soft, and bright eyes gleam,
 And when thy fair-haired children climb thy knee,
 Read thou my parting dream.

ADDED FOR C. L.

He said he was forgotten in the strain,
 When we roamed thro' that love-enchanted spot,
 As if there could be of thy joy, or pain,
 A dream where he was not.

As if *her* sainted lips had ever prayed,
 Or her eyes filled for thee in thankfulness,
 Nor blessed his love true-hearted, who had made
 Her darling's happiness.

In every swelling chord are many notes,
 So closely blended they seem all the same,
 As high and far the glorious measure floats—
 We do not ask their name.

LINES.

The stars sink one by one from sight,
 No trace of them we find ;
 They vanish from the brow of night,
 And none is left behind
 Alone,
 And none is left behind.

The sun goes to his ocean bed,
 In all his rays enshrined ;
 He wraps them round his crimson head,
 And leaveth none behind
 To mourn,
 And leaveth none behind.

The beautiful and gifted dead,
 The noblest of our kind,
 Have cast their work aside, and fled,
 And we are left behind
 Alone,
 And we are left behind.

The dear old friends of early time,
 Hearts round our hearts entwined,
 Have faded from us in their prime,
 And we are left behind
 To mourn,
 And we are left behind.

Pale stars, red sun, ye come again,
 For whom no hearts have pined ;
 We call our darlings back in vain,
 Still are we left behind
 Alone,
 Still are we left behind.

O ! dear ones, teach us so to run
 Our race, in sun and wind,
 That we may win where ye have won,
 Though we be left behind
 Awhile,
 Though we be left behind.

C. F. A.

CRITICS IN COUNCIL.

BY ANTHONY POPLAR.

THERE is a tradition in our family that Aunt Prue was once a little girl. For myself, I say with the Spaniards, "*Quien sabe.*" I know no one that ever saw her young or little. My own memory, at its furthest stretch, presents her to my mind, what she is to my visual organs to-day—tall, thin, and unbending, as was ever a Poplar of us all, and grave and time-stricken of visage, with a lady-like dignity of deportment, not unblent with a certain feminine gentleness.

Aunt Prudence is an old maid, and, as is the wont of that class—I am almost disposed to say, species—she adopted the matronly affix at the moment she had resigned all notion of entitling herself to it, and she is now *Mrs.* Prudence Poplar. Like the Poplars in general, she affecteth literature—that is, within reasonable limits. She neither trenches on the studies of *Mrs. Somerville* nor the speculations of *Miss Martineau*; but for romances, novels, poetry, and all that sort of thing, she is quite an authority, and goes right-a-head through everything that comes out in those departments; and she indulges largely, like dear, clever *Miss Mitford*, in corresponding with all the literary celebrities she can draw within her epistolary net. I have never been admitted to witness the mysteries of her toilette; yet I dare be sworn she has as much starch in her petticoats and as much blue in her stockings as any other literary lady. Aunt Prue hath stated tea-parties at stated seasons, whereto are invited certain distinguished folk who ornament our metropolis, to discuss the literature of the day; and the tide of ocean rises not more regularly to its full at every lunation, than does the tide of my aunt's tea-urn at the same interval of time, unless when she is from town during the summer. Some of those who usually resort to sip this aqueous refection, are worthy of a brief word of introduction. First, there is *Mr. Horace De Lisle*, who I do assure you is a young gentleman of parts, and a very pretty poet himself; one who hath, they say, obtained prizes for composition of various kinds in our University, and is thought not a little of by the young ladies. Then there is *Mr. Krushur*—*Charley Krushur*—a *fort esprit*, let me tell you, reputed the ablest and the most smashing critic of his day; one of the best hands on the "*Ecumenical Magazine*," in which he recently wrote these terrible strictures, "*A Knout for Fools' Backs*," upon certain literary productions. We are somewhat afraid of him, as we think, by reason of his superior abilities, he is rather over hard to be pleased; and the book that receives his imprimatur, may, indeed, be considered excellent. Whenever old Doctor Grunter can slip up from his parish, he "assists;" and we never fail to have that sweet spiritual ANGELICA E.—you know who I mean—the "*Corinne*" of that able journal, "*The Star of the West*." I am myself a pretty regular attendant, though I detest drinking tea out of little china cups the size of a thimble; and I did, by permission, venture to introduce on one occasion, my friends, Slingsby and Bishop. The former behaved himself with sufficient decorum; but Bishop's "assurrations," as my aunt called them, with the younger ladies, were so constant and discomposing, that the feelings of the hostess were much estranged, and she requested he might not again be introduced. I had well-nigh forgotten to mention *Mrs. Prue's* two orphan nieces, *Patience* and *Charity*, or, as we ordinarily call them, *Patty* and *Cherry Poplar*—good, gentle, soft-hearted girls, indeed, and with a flexibility of character that could never have been derived from the stock of the Poplars, but must have been the result of the matrimonial grafting—their mother was one of the Aspens, of "*Aspen Grove*." My aunt excludes professed politicians and violent polemicals, which is a great pity, as she could find abundance of each sort to adorn her drawing-room; but to make amends for this, a stray geologist sometimes drops in, fatigued with a long walk and hammering stones in the country, to fall asleep in a corner; or an antiquary, to look into my aunt's face, and forget himself into the last century.

We had a pleasant meeting a few evenings since—the first since my aunt's return to the city—and delivered our opinions on some books that chanced to come under our notice; and, as I doubt not that, from the variety of our sentiments, and the various points of view from which each looked at the subject under discussion, a listener might come to a tolerably just conclusion as to the merits of the particular work, I am disposed to let the world for once come in amongst us, as my *umbra*, and cock its capacious ear to drink in our very sapient observations.

GRUNTER.—Pray, what are those volumes you are honouring with so much attention, Mr. De Lisle? Poetry, I presume?

DE LISLE.—Well, my dear doctor, you have made an admirable guess. The poetical works of David Macbeth Moir.*

AUNT PAUL.—Ah! dear old "Delta" of *Blackwood*; one looks upon these volumes as upon the face of an old friend. Every feature is familiar, and recalls the pleasant days when first we made acquaintance.

GRUNTER.—Yes, my dear madam, the illustration in this case is complete. I confess, when, after the lapse of long years, I turned to those productions, which, as occasional pieces, held so high a place in periodical poetry twenty-five years ago, I found that my friend's spiritual features were by no means of so high an order, or so beautiful a mould, as I had once fancied. In fact, though my heart was still full of kindly recollections, my imagination was disenchanting. I could gladly have dispensed with the renewal of an intimacy that robbed me of many of my old memories.

KRUSHUR.—Moir has been an over-rated man during his life. Like the rich man in the parable, he has enjoyed already his good things; and, now that he has passed away, he is likely to pay the penalty of undue praise of those who clad him in purple and fine linen. He was over "comforted," by the adulation of a clique, while living, and may be over "tormented" by critics when dead.

GRUNTER.—The literary existence of great poets often commences with their natural death—that of small ones often terminates before it.

DE LISLE.—It must be conceded that Delta should not be ranked amongst the great spirits of poesy that shall stand through all ages as beacon lights o'er the flood of time—to guide, to illuminate, and to warn. Yet, may we well compare him to those lights that float away down the tide—destined, indeed, to sink, or to expire before they reach the ocean, yet shining on still brightly beyond the stretch of our own vision. Trust me, there is enough of the true and the beautiful in those two volumes before us to live through our own day, and that of our children's children. No lines of his, it may be, will ever become aphorisms, familiar illustrations lodged in our hearts—household words, rising ever to our lips. Such triumphs are reserved for Shakspeare and Milton, for Pope and Byron, and Burns, and Wordsworth, and a few others; but yet will much of his poetry be to the next generation what Parnel, and Mason, and Falconer, and Sommerville, are to our own. Not, indeed, trees whose shade is the broadest, and whose fruit is the richest, but flowers whose soft bloom and pleasant perfume shall secure them still a place in the parterre—fair eyes to look upon them, and fair hands to tend them.

KRUSHUR.—Well, it may be so. I could wish his editor had followed more strictly the sage advice of that veteran in literature, Professor Wilson. Had the selection been even narrower and severer than it professes to be, the light would have all the better chance of floating far down the stream, to use your own illustration, De Lisle. To give the book "a chance of living," as was the wish of Moir, everything moribund should have been sternly lopped away.

DE LISLE.—That is quite true. Let us, however, deal with the work as we find it. The fault is not so much that of the writer as of his editor. To write a great many things of ordinary merit, and to repeat himself in thought and even diction, is nearly inevitable in one who writes occasional poetry for a periodical during more than twenty years. The error is that of the editor, who thought that, "with all these drawbacks, it is a great thing to present to the public such a body of poetry, in extent so large and of so high a value."

* "The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir." Edited by Thomas Aird. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1852.

KRUSHUR.—In extent so large! Ay, that's the delusion. The monotony of a vast desert may be sublime, but a thousand acres of daisies and buttercups would be sure to weary and satiate. A fragment immortalised Sappho—an epic could not add a year to the life of Codrus.

ANGELICA.—Do you not think that Moir had fancy, feeling, and great rhythmic melody in his verses?

DE LISLE.—Feeling he possessed—the tenderness of a fine, sensitive nature, which was kept ever healthy by the sweet influences of domestic life, and never indurated by worldliness of any kind. His domestic verses are wells of tender feeling, which prove that he was a good man, though not a great poet: for, I confess, I am not able to accord them as high praise as Lord Jeffrey did.

CHARITY.—May it not be that you do not feel as thoroughly as he did the emotions which they are capable of exciting.

DE LISLE.—Well, be it so, Sweet Charity. I did not shed one tear over "Casa Wappy," though there are some less ostentatiously pathetic compositions that I can never read with dry eyes.

CHARITY.—

"Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh! my heart is like to break—
Casa Wappy!"

What say you to that? And, again, is not this true to nature:—

"We miss thy small step on the stair,
We miss thee at thine evening prayer,
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!"

DE LISLE.—You have cited the most unaffectedly pathetic portions of the poem. They go right home to the heart in the very simplicity of their truth.

KRUSHUR.—But why did he use those unmeaning words, "Casa Wappy?" Every child has some little pretty nonsensical expression, that charms its own circle, but is still untranslatable nonsense to everyone else. The recurrence of "Casa Wappy" at the end of every sentence breaks and chills the sentiment continually, so that one has no accumulation of feeling at the end.

ANGELICA.—You will not deny that Moir had a fine fancy. Look at his poems on flowers.

KRUSHUR.—To deny that a poet has fancy is to go a long way in his dispraise. But fancy, in its higher operations, Moir decidedly had not. The fancy that extends itself in a felicitous epithet or in an obvious image, he possessed. This, indeed, is rather the acquisition of training than the gift of Heaven. But the fancy that sets "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling"—compelling all things in nature to minister to him—to speak his thoughts—to make things assume new hues and shapes beneath his touch—to make, by the power of strange and beautiful similitudes and illustrations, the faculty of one sense do the work of another—the eye, as it were, wake up sweet sounds—the ear bring the tones of rich colours; that fancy which sparkles through every page of Moore—

"Like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory"—

that fancy Moir had not: it was not given to his nature to attain unto it.

CHARITY.—You are trying Moir by too high a standard. The melody of his verses are beyond the reach of criticism.

DE LISLE.—Quite true. It would be difficult, in any collection of poems of half their extent, to find so much that is musical in flow and cadence. Moir must have had a fine ear, and a perfect knowledge of the *trick* of rhythm. I venture to say, no one will detect a rugged line in the volumes.

KRUSHUR.—Just so; no fine discords—none of that rugged vigour of sound, which one who is passion-impelled dashes from the lyre, when he waits not to strike chords, but sweeps his hand over all the strings. One looks anxiously for a joyous, hearty burst of irregular rhythm, such as Coleridge or Shelley stirs up the heart with.

Dr. GRUNTER.—Your criticism is scarcely just; you are angry that Moir is not a poet of a different order. Who said he was a Shelley or a Coleridge?

KRUSHUR.—The “Auld Reekie” people, sir, would have the world believe that he was one of the *dii majores*! Have we not a right to tell the world he was not?

PATIENCE.—Well, I have been listening attentively to learn what Moir was, and as yet I have only discovered what he was not.

AUNT PRUE.—Upon my word, Patty, I am somewhat in the same predicament. Come, nephew Anthony, I should like to hear your opinion.

POPLAR.—I am disposed to concur in a great degree with much that has been said. David Moir was a real poet; one of those sweet birds who sit within the greenwood, singing all day long with a rich and changeless melody; not the lark, who soars and circles up to the floor of heaven, pouring out those ecstasies of passionate song that savour less of earth than heaven. The fount whence he drew his inspiration, was filtered through the earth—not fed from the dews of heaven. One cannot help feeling that he was a poet rather of circumstance than of impulse. You can readily conceive that he could have gone to his grave contentedly without having ever—

“Penned a stanza when he should engross”

a recipe for some old woman of Musselburgh in the rheumatism: not that “the fire kindled within him till he spake out,” as was an irresistible necessity with Keats and with Shelley.

Moir was a man whose whole nature led him to take the level way of life; he never sought to scale the mountain-top. Retirement, the calm routine of country practice, the absorbing influences of the “ingle neuk,” the love of the good, the pure, the beautiful: these were the tastes of Moir, and he shrank from perilling them by a life in Edinburgh. His poetry is of a piece with all this, and mirrors the life of the man faithfully. It is all sweet, correct, harmonious; rarely prosaic, sometimes impassioned, never bold; you glide ever along most pleasantly on the full shining stream, but are never swept, with a half-willing, half-resisting terror, through boiling waters and over foaming precipices. It teems with the truest pictures of rural scenery; it breathes the breath of flowers, the song of birds. Moir was not devoid of fancy—no one can read his poems on flowers and fail to feel that; yet it must be admitted that he was not highly imaginative. But his sense of all natural beauties was keen, and his descriptive power accurate and felicitous. Listen to this sketch: has it not all the rich colouring, the deep, long shadows, and the soft, mellow tints of a fine landscape?—

“The birds have ceased their songs,
All save the blackbird, that from yon tall ash,
’Mid Pinkie’s greenery, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chants forth his evening hymn.

’Tis twilight now;
The sovran sun behind his western hills—
His Grampian range of amethystine hue—
In glory hath declined. The volumed clouds,
Kissed by his kind effulgence, hang around,
Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
Worthy his mighty presence; while the sky,
Illumined to its centre, glows intense,
Changing the sapphire of its arch to gold.
How deep is the tranquillity! yon wood
Is slumbering through its multitude of stems,
Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig!
A gentle gloom pervades the Birnie heights,
An azure softness mingling with the sky;

And westward, looking to the Morphoots dim,
 Grey Falsyde, like an aged sentinel,
 Stands on the shoulder of his watch-tower green.
 Nor lovely less in its serenity
 The Forth, now waveless as a lake engulfed
 'Mid sheltering hills; without a ripple spreads
 Its bosom, silent and immense: the hues
 Of flickering light have from its surface died,
 Leaving it garbed in sunless majesty."

ANGELICA.—It is very good; but I think you will find many equal, and some superior descriptive passages throughout the volumes.

POPLAR.—Well, I shall not dispute the point. 'The poem of the "Fowler" is full of good descriptive writing, and that passage from another poem, which Aird cites, is really a fine piece of painting:—

"'Twas the flush of dawn; on the dewy lawn
 Shone out the purpling day;
 The lark on high sang down from the sky,
 The thrush from the chesnut spray;
 On the lakelet blue the water-coot
 Oared forth with her sable young;
 While at its edge, from reed and sedge,
 The fisher-hern upsprung;
 In peaceful pride, by Esk's green side,
 The shy deer strayed through Roelin glen;
 And the hill-fox to the Roman camp
 Stole up from Hawthornden."

CHARITY.—What say you to the poem on the "Daisy?" Listen, I'll read it for you—

THE DAISY.

I.

"The Daisy blossoms on the rocks,
 Amid the purple heath;
 It blossoms on the river's banks,
 That thrills the glens beneath:
 The eagle, at his pride of place,
 Beholds it by his nest;
 And, in the mead, it cushions soft
 The lark's descending breast.

II.

Before the cuckoo, earliest spring
 Its silver circlet knows,
 When greenening buds begin to swell,
 And zephyr melts the snows;
 And when December's breezes howl
 Along the moorlands bare,
 And only blooms the Christmas rose,
 The Daisy still is there!

III.

Samaritan of flowers! to it
 All races are alike,—
 The Switzer on his glacier height,
 The Dutchman by his Dyke;
 The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,
 Begirt with icy seas,
 And, underneath his burning noon,
 The parasol'd Chinese.

IV.

The emigrant on distant shore,
 'Mid scenes and faces strange,
 Beholds it flowering in the sward,
 Where'er his footsteps range;
 And when his yearning, home-sick heart
 Would bow to its despair,
 It reads his eye a lesson sage,
 That God is everywhere!

V.

Stars are the Daisies that begem
 The blue fields of the sky,
 Beheld by all, and everywhere,
 Bright prototypes on high:—
 Bloom on, then, unpretending flower!
 And to the waverer be
 An emblem of St. Paul's content,
 St. Stephen's constancy."

POPLAR.—It is a sweet poem; but I was speaking of his descriptive powers. This I would place in another class. But to resume. I do not think the imaginative faculty was as highly developed in Moir as the picturesque. Many of his ballads have the latter quality strongly marked, yet are deficient in the former. He had much, indeed, of the sentiment of a thoughtful man, without the thought of an imaginative one. Mr. Aird much overrates the songs of Moir. "Mine Own," for instance, is not "affectionately tender," but affectedly tender. There is too much ostentation and elaborateness of feeling to be really felt. Worth a dozen of it is "The Matin Carol:—"

THE MATIN CAROL.

I.

"The splendid matin sun
 Is mounting upward through the orient skies;
 The young day is begun,
 And shadowy twilight from the landscape flies.

II.

No more the grey owls roam,
 Seeking their prey 'mid duskiness and shade;
 The bat hath hied him home,
 And in some creviced pile a resting made.

III.

Haste, then, my love, O! haste;
 The dews are melting from the fresh green grass:
 Arise—no longer waste
 The pleasant hours that thus so sweetly pass.

IV.

The frolic hare peeps out,
 Out from her leafy covert, and looks round;
 The wild birds flit about,
 And fill the clear soft air with gentlest sound.

V.

Come, love! of softest blue,
 Beneath the bordering trees, the stream flows on;
 The night-hawk thou may'st view,
 Sitting in stirless silence on his stone.

VI.

The lark soars up, soars up,
With twinkling pinions to salute the morn;
Over its foxglove cup
The wild bee hange, winding its tiny horn.

VII.

Bright flowers of every dye,
Blossoms of odours sweet are breathing round;
The west wind wanders by,
And, kissing, bends their lithe stalks to the ground.

VIII.

All things of bliss, and love,
And gentleness, and harmony proclaim;
Echo, from out the grove,
Murmurs, as I repeat thy dear-loved name.

IX.

Haste, then, beloved, haste;
Come to these cooling shades, and wander free:
My spirit will not taste
Earth's cup of joy till first 'tis kissed by thee!"

DE LISLE.—Why that smacks of old Master Herrick.

POPLAR.—So it does. There are some other poems which deserve a word of comment. "The Graves of the Dead" is replete with pleasing sentiment; and the "Castle of Time" is really a good poem—the most thoughtful, and perhaps the highest in imaginative power of anything he has written.

AUNT PRUE.—My dear Anthony, I think we shall after all agree pretty well about Moir, and know what niche in the temple of Fame to assign him.

KRUSHUR.—Ay, and the world will agree with us before long.

PATIENCE.—(*Taking up a richly bound volume.*)—Dear me! what a pretty book!

GRUNTUR.—Oh dear! what a big book!

ANGELICA.—How brilliant outside!

DE LISLE.—How gay inside!

AUNT PRUE.—Ah, I declare that is "The Rhyme Book."*

KRUSHUR.—What! the book that Mr. Hercules Ellis sent to the Great Exhibition, and rated the Royal Commissioners for not giving him a medal for it?

DE LISLE.—Ay, and some think he had the best of the battle. Mr. Ellis has taken a strange fancy to classify minor poems according to their lengths. He is quite a poetical Linnæus, and has actually discovered seven distinct species of these little monsters. Here is his account:—

"I, therefore, distribute the entire mass of minor poetry into seven classes, which I thus denominate and define:—

"First, the '*Sonnet*.' A minor poem, contained within a single stanza of fourteen lines.

"Second, the '*Songlet*.' A minor poem, suited to be sung, and containing not more than one hundred syllables."

"Third, the '*Song*.' A minor poem, suited to be sung, and not exceeding in length four stanzas or forty lines.

"Fourth, the '*Rhyme*.' A minor poem, not exceeding a song in length, but unsuited to be sung.

"Fifth, the '*Romance*.' A minor narrative poem, longer than the song.

"Sixth, the '*Ballad*.' A minor poem, longer than the song, and not a narrative poem.

"Seventh, the '*Idyl*.' A minor poem, longer than the song, and of more regular structure and classic form than the ballad or romance.

"Into these seven classes of '*Sonnet*,' '*Songlet*,' '*Song*,' '*Rhyme*,' '*Ballad*,' '*Romance*,' and '*Idyl*,' the entire body of minor poems may, I think, be conveniently divided."

* "The Rhyme Book." By Hercules Ellis. Royal 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

DR. GRUNTUR.—Balderdash! 'Tis a device worthy of a tallow-chandler, who names his candles, according to their weight—sixteens, short eights, long fours, and so on; only there is more sense in his nomenclature. Why, a "song" might lose its identity if such a word as "heaven" were contracted to a monosyllable, and be degraded into a songlet! Ridiculous! But what can be said about the poems? 'Tis a big book to read through.

DE LISLE.—An enormous multitude of rhythmical pieces in all the species, and of very unequal merit. Yet there are some things in the way of romances and ballads that lack neither spirit nor vigour.

ANGELICA.—Let us see (*takes the book*). Here is something that has a good title (*reads*):—

THE GOD-MADE CHIVALRY.—BALLAD.

"Like thunder-peals, o'er land and sea
The voice of freedom now is calling;
Before the trump of liberty,
The citadels of Kings are falling.
The Montmorenci's rank is past—
The Condé's dead—the Bourbon's flying,
And crowns and coronets are cast
In heaps, like worthless lumber lying:
All man-made titles now are gone,
Like leaves by wintry tempest strown.

"Have heroes all departed, then?
Or live they but in ancient story?
Shall man ne'er purchase rank again,
By words of power and deeds of glory?
Yes! still shall rank on earth be found,
Around which loyal hearts may muster;
And heroes still be laurel-crowned,
Still live amid bright honour's lustre:
Though man-made, vice-bought rank be past,
Yet God-made, fame-bought rank shall last.

"He who with manly, gallant heart,
On God and His right arm depending,
Hath ever ta'en the righteous part,
The wronged, tho' weak and poor, defending—
Who, the oppressed to raise and free,
Unmoved, when all around were flying,
Hath poured his blood for liberty,
The despot to the death defying:
Who thus hath fought for sacred right,
Behold in him the God-made knight!

"Whose rushing words, like battles, sound,
Against the power of falsehood raging—
Who, though oppressed by many a wound,
Are seen the conflict bravely waging:
Searchers and champions of the truth,
The liar's bane—the despot's terror—
Who spend their lives, both age and youth,
In combat with dark fraud and error:
Such lights and glories of our sphere,
Stand, each approved a God-made peer!

"Whose lips are touched by fire divine—
Whose soul with poetry is glowing—
Along whose rich and noble line
The stream of liberty seems flowing;
Openers of Nature's mystery,
To whom the glorious task is given,
Upon the wings of poesy,
To lift man's spirit nearer heaven:
Such task, such thoughts, such deeds evince
The presence of the God-made prince!

"Kings of the dynasty of mind
 Are they, to whom their God has given,
 In glorious unity combined,
 These three most precious boons of heaven—
 The breast, that bravely strives for right,
 The zeal for truth, death's front despising,
 And that divine, undying light,
 Within the poet's soul arising :
 These to the throne of mind fame brings,
 And earth salutes them God-made kings !

"His God-made rank to each remains,
 Though empires fall and worlds are waning ;
 Each rules for ever the domains
 He spent his hour of life in gaining ;
 Those rich domains, his deeds have won,
 Amid the realms of fame-land lying,
 Where shines for ever glory's sun,
 And the bright laurel blooms undying :
 O'er these fair realms and fame-bought fiefs,
 For ever rule these God-made chiefs !

"These chieftains' subjects none can name,
 For all earth holds of pure and chainless
 Do suit and service to bright fame,
 And rally round her nobles stainless :
 The brave ones, bound for honour's goal,
 The poet youth, and martyr hoary,
 All own, as sovereigns of the soul,
 These heroes on their thrones of glory ;
 And homage-paying, bend the knee
 Before this God-made chivalry."

POPLAR.—There's some stuff in this writer, with all his affectation. I assure you I took up the book with certainly no favourable impression, and as I read on I could not help feeling that Mr. Ellis has really turned some of the old chronicles to good account. The "Romance of the Garter," though it may not have the fire of Macaulay in it, is, nevertheless, a stirring chivalrous ballad.

DE LISLE.—So it is, indeed. And the romance of Crecy, and those of Poitiers and Azincourt, considering their great length, are very well sustained pieces of descriptive writing.

ANGELICA.—"The Romance of the Merrow Queen" is much to my taste. The legend is well dealt with, and here and there you find touches both picturesque and tender. Here now is a bit of painting that is very well :—

"Like leaves of the rose,
 The red clouds close,
 Around the setting sun ;
 And violet hues,
 The east suffuse,
 Whence day's last light has flown.
 The twilight now falls,
 O'er Tempo's walls,
 With its mantle of soft gray,
 And a beauty shows,
 Of soft repose,
 More sweet than the glare of day."

DE LISLE.—Let us see what Mr. Ellis has done in the way of songs. There appears to be abundance of them. I have been turning them over, and I cannot see much difference amongst them, except that very important and, in the writer's eyes, specific one—length. Some are songlets of the most dwarfish dimensions, and others good, fat, burly-looking songs. Swallows seem to have suffered chiefly from Mr. Ellis. He catches them at all ages, hours, and seasons. Here's a specimen, and 'tis about an average one :—

THE DIPPING SWALLOW.—SONGLET.

I.

"Dipping! dipping!
The swallows plunge beneath the lake:
Dripping! dripping!
Their glossy plumes they gaily shake;
Then mounting, on their new-bathed wing,
O'er woods, and hills, and dales, they spring.

II.

"Darting! darting!
They hunt, and seize the summer fly:
Starting! starting!
All birds, in fleetness, they defy;
The lark attempts the race, in vain;
He fails, though every plume he strain."

CHARITY.—Well, this is as good as most of the songs going; if there's nothing else in it, there's some melody, and 'twould go very well to music. But surely there are some love songs?

DE LISLE.—Some! There are a hundred or so of them. You shall hear how Mr. Ellis makes love.

DR. GRUNTUR.—Oh, no—no, no! Spare us, my dear Mr. De Lisle. Spare me, at least. "Dost thou not suspect my place. Dost thou not suspect my years?" as Dogberry says. What has a doctor of divinity to do with Erotic songlets?

DE LISLE.—Ha! ha! Well, then, I shall compound with you for one, and that is rather anti-Erotic, and by no means bad:—

LOVES THAT ARE GONE.—SONGLET.

I.

"Grief follows gladness,
And blends its dark charms;
Mirth springs, from sadness,
As rainbows, from storms;
All things are dying,
Or flying, or flown;
How vain, then, is sighing
O'er loves that are gone.

II.

"If, falsely, they've left thee,
They're worth not a sigh;
If death hath bereft thee,
'Tis man's lot to die:
All things are dying,
Or flying, or flown;
How vain then is sighing
O'er loves that are gone."

POPLAR.—I think that Mr. Ellis, considering the marvellous amount of rhymes he has put together—somewhat, I should say, about fifteen thousand lines—has not, after all, written more than his per-centage of nonsense.

KRUSHUR.—In fact he has mistaken a facility of rhyming for a gift of poesy. He is not a poet, and he will never be one; but I think he is a very good descriptive rhymist of old chronicles—a most respectable ballad-monger; but he never makes your breath come thick and short, or your heart beat as when you read Chevy Chase, or the Battle of Lake Regillus, or Horatius Cocles. Besides, he wants condensation, and is occasionally ludicrously prosaic. Thus—

"Herald! be a trumpet blown,
We would speak with Sir John Bowen!"

And again—

“ Lord Rawdon, here I bring to thee,
Corporal O'Lavery,
Of the Seventeenth Dragoons,
Marked by courage and by wounds.”

Now, this is something worse in the way of prose than any one would dare to write in lines that had neither breaks nor rhymes, besides the irresistibly comic effect of confounding a moral and physical quality together. One can understand a blue scar to mark a wound; but what mark does courage leave except, perhaps, when it is oozing out of the tips of the fingers, as in Bob Acres' case?

DE LISLE.—Here's a little volume, to which the writer has somewhat arrogantly given the name of “Verdicts.”

DR. GRUNTER.—Pray let us see the jury list, that we may know the names of the jury.

DE LISLE.—The issue paper has not a single name to it, and the foreman has left a blank, where he should have signed “for self and fellows.”

POPLAR.—Well, in some respects this is all the better; if these verdicts want the authority of a great name, still the juror was all the freer to give his verdict; and we can review that verdict, upon the merits, without the prejudice with which a knowledge of the juror might embarrass us. What say you, Krushur—have you read the book?

KRUSHUR.—Yes! It is smart and pert, rather than profound or masterly. The conclusions, so far as they are just, have almost all been already arrived at by the public. Where they are unjust, as they occasionally are, the merit is all the writer's own.

DE LISLE.—The verdict on Moore has just enough of truth in it to mislead. I am sure the author did not understand many things that Moore wrote. He is evidently a man of the Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold school—a very good one in its kind, but as fit to pronounce upon the merits of Moore, as an industrious utilitarian bee would be to discuss the plumage of the humming-bird, or the song of the lark. What think you of the critic who can venture to assert that there “is not a page of his poetry” in which we do not feel

“ That all is theatric, and nothing is real;
That amid all his lovings, and weepings, and strife,
There may be galvanic, there's not living life;
And when he is finest and deepest—we pause,
And think of a ballet, and gaslights, and gauze.”

Now, this would not be far from true of some of his poetry, but it is false as a general remark. It was a necessity of a temperament and mind so highly imaginative and ideal as Moore's, that his characters and his sentiments should transcend—not reality, but the reality of common-place, unimaginative life. His characters look brighter or darker through the sunlight or the shadow of his peculiar genius, just as the heroes of Ossian appeared more large and unearthly through the mists of the mountains. One would laugh to see Homer's heroes judged by the standard of reality.

POPLAR.—It would be an easy task, but a most superfluous one, to cite passages in disproof of this verdict. The fame of Moore is too safely founded to fear such assaults. We do not feel any fear, to see our

“ Falcon towering in his pride of place,
—— by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed.”

ANGELICA.—Campbell is fairly judged, and so are Lamb and Leigh Hunt, and Hood. Delta is dismissed with this exquisitely hobbling distich:—

“ Or that other fine Scot, whom if one reads, to stop he
Will find him-self forced by tears at ‘Casa Wappy.’”

GRUNTER.—What can be more common-place than that long critique on Walter Scott. The whole world have made up their mind about him long ago;

and if there is anything new to be said, the author of "Verdicts" decidedly has not said it.

KRUSHUR.—The most spirited portrait of the lot is Wilson Croker's. Though the features may be a little too savage, no one can deny the likeness. It is done *con amore*. I'll be sworn the writer has some old grudge against the slasher of the "Quarterly."

DE LISLE.—The estimate of Wordsworth is, upon the whole, tolerably just, but is little more than the reflex of the public mind of the present day. There is truth in the following observations:—

"You'll remember that those who the first show'd him love,
Rank'd his dullness and nonsense, his beauty above,
That those—strange to say—who bow'd down to him first,
Liked his best pretty well, but fell flat to his worst,
For his wisdom and truth did not near so much care,
As for just these bare bald things that make people stare,
Which those fools went about spouting everywhere,
And, not dreaming their silliness made a vile jest of him,
Ask'd men to believe were the wisest and best of him."

ANGELICA.—What does the author mean by accusing Shelley of want of form and order, and comparing his poems to chaos? Shelley was mystical, dry, and intensely imaginative; but he was neither confused nor disorderly in thought or expression.

KRUSHUR.—Perhaps the author's mistake, or misappreciation, can be best explained by his own line—

"It needs a half SHELLEY to read him aright."

POPULAR.—There is a good deal of low-lived feeling and vulgarity in the insinuation that Lord Byron owed much of his fame to his station. A lordling, it is quite true, may flutter in a silk-bound annual, or live a week or two in a bot-pressed duodecimo, *because* he is a lordling. But the annals of English poetry prove how few of those titled poetasters have realised a higher place than their publisher's shelf (high enough, Heaven knows, sometimes!), or a greater profit than what accrued from the payment of their publisher's bill. It is notorious that Lord Byron's earliest productions were handled even too severely; and the clever retort proved that though he was a lord, he was a poet.

KRUSHUR.—Worse still is that small, stale, second-hand criticism, that all Byron's principal characters are but repetitions of the same. The author gives his own sketch of Lara, with which he seems highly pleased, and then adds—

"Now this is his hero, not sketched much amiss;
His one single scoundrel—what is it but this?
Who can say that 'tis not so? the matter don't mince,
The cap fits them all, whether pirate or prince;
'Giaour,' 'Corsair,' 'Alp,' 'Manfred,' 'Childe Harold'—you've done
The vile looks of all in the vile looks of one."

GRUNTUR.—There's a man in my parish who does not know one tune from another, he says they're all so much alike; he proposed for the office of parish-clerk the last vacancy.

KRUSHUR.—So much for the value of the "Verdicts:" the manner in which they are expressed does not tend to increase our admiration. I do not remember ever to have met, in the same extent of writing, so much execrable rhythm, or so many cockney rhymes. What could be expected from one who would put "alarm a" as a rhyme for "kehama," "bah" for "far," "feel" for "real," and such like. Persius is said to have written ruggedly and obscure, with a purpose—perhaps the author of "Verdicts" desires to secure his incognito by verses so inharmonious, that no man of education or taste shall be suspected to have composed them.

DE LISLE.—Come now, I'll read you something which wants neither melody nor polish:—

"Nursed in the silent mind,
 The slowly-gathered thought may dwell
 Long time, locked in its secret cell,
 Because no exit can it find ;
 For like that flower which, full of grace,
 Shrinks from the garish eye of day,
 And, when the sun would look into its face,
 Folds all its fairness up and turns away :
 Yet, when the darker hours serene
 Lead up through heaven their radiant Queen,
 Expands its bosom to the Moon,
 And to the breeze delivers up
 The gather'd sweetness of its cup,
 Yielding to Night what it withheld from Noon :

"So, midst the factious scenes of life,
 Scared by the turmoil and the strife,
 The pensive mind within itself retires :
 And from the crowd's obtrusive gaze
 Veiling its lofty thoughts and deep desires,
 Nought but the surface of itself displays ;
 But when at length arrives the peaceful hour,
 And, from her home beyond the sky
 Descending, heaven-born Poesy
 Puts forth about the heart her power ;
 With ecstasy of pleasure,
 The mind, expanding slow, itself unfolds,
 And to the Muse (sole mistress of its treasure)
 Yields all the gather'd sweetness which it holds."

POPLAR.—Ah! there is much beauty in these lines, and a fine poetic spirit, too—whose are they?

DE LISLE.—Julian Fane's*—a small volume; but one that holds many a gem between its covers. What think you of this picture of a lady's love?—

"Thou art not of a sullen mind,
 For thou art loving, gentle, good ;
 Thou art no hater of thy kind,
 But thou adorest Solitude.
 The Seasons change, the fleeting years
 Pass on ;—in thee no change appears,
 Thou art the same from day to day ;
 Calm, quiet, amorous of rest,
 But, with an equal temper blest,
 Not bitter to the stranger guest
 Who traverses thy lonely way.

"All in thy solitary hours
 What consolation dost thou find ?
 Large comfort from those heavenly Powers
 That brood about the lofty mind ;
 The spirits of the Great and Good
 Attend upon thy solitude,
 With Wisdom's philosophic scroll ;
 And from the bright immortal page
 Of bard inspired, and reverend sage,
 (The Wise and Just of every age)
 Is fed the fountain of thy soul."

Hear one more passage, and then you shall tell me what you think of Mr. Fane:—

* Poems by the Hon. Julian Fane. Pickering. 1852.

"Father! who from the fountain of thy Love
 Feedest thy worlds with never failing streams,
 And, with the flooded fire of liquid beams,
 Bathest thy Universe in healing light—
 Thou view'st thy starry systems roll,
 Each atom one harmonious whole,
 Thou watchest Earth revolve her Pole,
 Nor is the daisy hidden from thy sight!
 On all thy works thy studious cares attend:
 The slightest glory of thy plastic hand
 Thou, with some sapient, special aim hast planned,
 And sanctified unto some separate end!"

"And he who to the short-lived flower
 Would add a moment's vital power
 Sees the sere plantling mock his foolish toil!
 But he who, rebel to thy Laws which bind
 Each Soul projected on her orbic way,
 Who tampers with the immortal Mind,
 To warp her from the course defined
 Wherein thy hands her musical motions sway,
 Shall hear in secret, from within,
 Great Nature cry to scare him from the sin:
 And, to her warning deaf, shall view
 Tenfold Confusion's curse pursue
 The staggering Planet as she swerves astray!
 Unsphered and inharmonious life,
 Perverted to a lawless aim,
 What peace, what concord can it claim,
 With Nature and with God at strife?
 Though deathless Conscience cease her cries,
 Vexed Hope's complainings yet will jar
 The music of the Soul, and mar
 The Spirit's matchless melodies;
 Where Trust and Faith no longer dwell,
 Thy Presence flees the truth-abandoned plan,
 And in the desecrated heart of man,
 Thy temple, reign the powers of Hell!"

KRISHNA.—There is great promise about these verses; and I dare affirm we shall yet see better things than these from Mr. Fane. A thoughtful spirit and a refined mind he manifestly has, and he seems disposed to turn to a healthy and severe style from the fascinations of jingling versification. Nevertheless, he is careless now and then in his rhythm, a fault for which there is no excuse or toleration. He is no master of his language who suffers his language to master him. What is that you've got, Miss Charity?

CHARITY.—Oh, a gem in its way, I assure you. Poems by the Rev. Mr. Brooke.*

DR. GRUNTUR.—I am not in general over partial to sacred poetry. I have got an old volume at home that I am rather fond of reading, and it has got a great many good poems in that line in it that have quite spoiled my taste for the modern compositions.

DE LISLE.—Pray, what is the name of it, doctor?

DR. GRUNTUR.—Hem! name!—they call it the Bible.

DE LISLE.—Ha! ha! Doctor. Why, you joke as if you were an archbishop. However, Mr. Brooke *professes* to be of your opinion. He has written a very eloquent preface, to prove that sacred poetry is neither in general interesting nor popular, and straightway demolishes his positions, by writing a volume of poems which are very interesting and very popular.

POPULAR.—And deservedly so. The true secret of success in this sort of composition is, not to write so as to rouse the fancy or to stimulate the imagination—

* "Poems illustrative of Grace—Creation—Suffering." By the Rev. Richard S. Brooke. Dublin: J. McGlashan. 1852.

for there is not much scope for the original—but to excite the affections, to touch the heart, to elevate the soul, to bring into action all those spiritual influences whereby man holds converse with God. In this Mr. Brooke has been successful. To considerable poetic ability he has added earnest piety, and a deep Christian feeling.

DE LISLE.—The poem on "Orion" is really a fine composition—perhaps the best in the collection. It is not only replete with classical elegance, but is bold and spirited. You shall hear a few stanzas :—

"Great huntsman of the eastern sky, Orion, huge and bright,
Climbing the dim blue hills of heaven all in the jewelled night;
Thy golden girdle cast around thy dark and untraced form,
And thy starry dirk keen glittering in the midnight's freezing storm.

"Bright issuer from the cold night wave, a watery couch was thine—
A thousand fathom weltering deep beneath the salt sea brine;
Yet here thou art, all standing up against the dome of sky,
With belt and blade and limbs of light, in matchless brilliancy.

"The planets bowled by God's right hand along their whirling track—
The lamps of gold that burn untold o'er the circling Zodiac—
The wild north lights that blaze at nights—the white moon's gleaming ball—
These cannot vie with thee, Orion, kingliest of them all."

The poet describes with much skill the whole body of constellations visible about Orion; thence he alludes to the various passages in Homer in which Orion is described, and, by a natural transition, passes to the sacred view of the subject:—

"But thy sparkle and thy name, too, is on a better page—
E'en God's blessed Book; and here I find a record of thy age.
How young and fresh thou seemest now; yet thine unaltered rays
Sparkled three thousand years ago, before Job's anguished gaze.

"And the Lord himself, thy Maker, wrapped in the whirling storm,
In voice of thunder named thy name, o'er his servant's prostrate form—
As if he would arraign the worm whose troubled spirit dare
Uplift himself 'gainst Him who made a thing like thee so fair."

KRUSHUR.—I do not think Mr. Brooke has been as successful in his poems on the "Phases of Death." The subjects are in general too painful, and very difficult to be dealt with. The poem of "Scarlet Fever," though powerfully dramatic, absorbs every feeling in the sense of suffering; and that of "Delirium Tremens" is full of the horrible and the coarse. The lines on "Infant Death" are sweet and plaintive, and abound in touches of natural feeling; and throughout these poems are to be found passages of great beauty and merit. Trust me, Mr. Brooke's little volume will be gladly read at many a home and hearth, as well as that for which it was chiefly intended.

DE LISLE.—Here is a poetic monument* which a pious hand has reared to honour one of the mightiest of the world's great men—to the giant of the battle of giants, the hero of Waterloo. "Poetry," says Major De Renzy, "cannot be written in a better cause than that of loyalty. To celebrate the brave of past times, and to stimulate the dawning genius of the present day, is a principle of the highest art." The major has, therefore, sedulously gathered together all that has ever been said or sung on the subject of the Duke's victories.

KRUSHUR.—And a strange medley they form; poems of all sorts, styles, and qualities—long and short, good, bad, and indifferent. Every one seems to honour, and contribute a stone to build up the column—some the polished marble, some the rude rubble, some the florid leaf for the capital.

POPLAR.—It is not becoming to criticise in any other spirit than that of kindness, a work composed with such an object in view. Besides, there are

* "Poetical Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington." Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

some poems whose excellence makes ample amends for the short-comings of the others. "Torres Vedras," by Starkey, is really a good poem. The "Battle of Waterloo," by the Rev. William Alexander, is a noble composition; and so are his "Lines on Wyatt's Statue." With what a solemn emphasis do the concluding stanzas now smite upon the heart:—

"Not now so precious, so beloved, as then
When the hour comes—as come it will at last—
Wherein mid tears of stern grey-headed men
O'er WELLINGTON shall dust of death be cast;
His toils all finished, and his warfare past!
And minutes fly, and each succeeding chime
Pealing those minutes faster and more fast,
Tells that old Time grows older—stern old Time!—
And round our trees and homes ivy begins to climb.

"That hour will come too quickly—not for him;
No! but for them who shall be left to mourn.
Not for the exhausted heart and wearied limb;
No! but for those who shall be left forlorn,
Like the wan moon alone at dreary morn.
That hour will come, and often, I suppose,
After it comes, by chance or fancy borne,
While the great city's living torrent flows
The brave and good shall come, and think of his repose,

"And gaze upon his statue—whether noon
Beat on the bronze with its unbroken glare;
Or the cold shining of the wintry moon
Glisten upon it, token the frost is there
With chill bright icicles and nipping air;
Or the big flakes of snow come mutely down,
And rest in masses on the sculptured hair;
And wreath the graven charger with a crown,
Like a cold mockery for a chaplet of renown;

"There shall it stand, unheeding—type of rest,
Beyond hot noon or winter's burning cold—
More—a remembrancer to many a breast
Of the high warfare of the men of old,
Waged not for empire, bartered not for gold—
Not all unworthy of the man who drew
That sword of justice which may not be sold,
Not all unworthy of the leal and true
Whose statue needs engraved no name but WATERLOO."

ANGELICA.—Here is a little volume that has quite taken my fancy.* I do not know when I have met more heart-stirring ballads than those which Mr. Thornbery has given us here.

KRUSHUR.—Ay, there is a hearty earnestness and enthusiasm about him that carries him right through. Besides, he has chosen a mine of unworked gold—that mighty triumvirate who discovered and conquered the New World—Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro—in whose history is to be found so much of romance, and chivalry, and daring, and endurance. I have no fears for this young poet. He has stuff in him that time will be sure to develop. Let him stick to his original composition, and cultivate his genius according to its true bent, not waste it upon translations of Schiller and Goethe.

DE LISLE.—You advise rightly. Few men attain great celebrity as translators. Of living writers we know but two or three who, as translators, could safely trust their fame to posterity. Anster is pre-eminently one; but so is not Bulwer.†

* "Lays and Legends; or, Ballads of the New World." By G. W. Thornbery. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1851.

† "The Poems and Ballads of Schiller," translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Second edition. 1852.

Happily, he can afford to fling away the little wreath of artificial flowers from his brows, to encircle them with the bays which his great and original genius has won for him. When the translator of Schiller shall be forgotten, the author of "Eugene Aram," and "The New Timon," and "The Lady of Lyons," will be remembered.

POPLAR.—One of the faults of Bulwer's translation is, that while he has transferred the thought of the German with sufficient fidelity, he fails in preserving the style. His language is not Germanesque; it is thoroughly modern English, cast in the classic mould of the Latin school. This gives a formality and a frigidity to it, that ever reminds us he is translating. This fault is, perhaps, traceable to his own estimate of his original. "Schiller's poetry," he says, "is less in form than in substance—less in subtle eloquence of words than in robust healthfulness of thought, which, like man himself, will bear transplanting to every clime."

KRUSHOR.—Besides, Mangan's wonderful translations unfit us for enjoying any other. Who that has read his rendering of "The Lay of the Bell," will not feel all others to be tame and spiritless by comparison?

ANGELICA.—Here is a little volume, which belongs to a sister art, "An Account of Handel's Visit to Dublin," by Mr. Townsend.* Who has read it?

DE LISLE.—Who has not read it? It is a delightful book, full of learning and research. The writer has brought to his task all the acumen of the lawyer, and all the enthusiasm of the *amateur*.

POPLAR.—The object of Mr. Townsend is to refute the assertion originally put forward in an anonymous memoir of Handel, published shortly after his death, and repeated by other biographers, that "The Messiah" was *first* performed in London, and coldly received there, previous to Handel's visit to our metropolis, where the merits of the composition were at once and enthusiastically acknowledged, and its success fully established.

DR. GRUNTUR.—I presume the English would be equally rejoiced with ourselves to see this position established. What could be more discreditable to their musical taste and discrimination, than to have been insensible to the beauty and grandeur of that sublime oratorio?

POPLAR.—One would say so. Mr. Townsend states the case thus on both sides. He alleges, and truly, that the authority for the first performance having been in London, is nothing more than an assertion made some years after the great master's death; that subsequent writers repeat, but do not put the position on higher ground; and that the only thing like evidence attempted to be adduced—namely, a memorandum, in Handel's own handwriting, in the original score, proving that the piece was finished on the 12th, and performed on the 14th of September, is a manifest misinterpretation of the German words, "ausgefult den 14 dieses," showing that the oratorio was *finished*—not performed—on that day. The evidence, on the other hand, in favour of the first performance having taken place in Dublin, is—1st. That though the London newspapers of the time chronologically record all the performances of Handel's works, no mention is made of the "Messiah" having been performed previously to his visit to Dublin. 2nd. That Dr. Burney, who was well acquainted with Handel, never heard of the alleged performance in London till the publication after his death. 3rd. That Dr. Burney, after diligent inquiry, could find no evidence to support the assertion. 4th. The tradition preserved among the choirs of Christ Church, St. Patrick, and Trinity College, Dublin. 5th. That Handel "*proved*," on his way to Dublin, some of the choruses that had been hastily transcribed. 6th. That with the knowledge and permission of Handel, it was announced in *Faulkner's Journal*, that it was *composed* for a Dublin charity. Lastly—That in a letter written by him from Dublin, to Mr. Jennens, he thanks that gentleman for some lines sent "in order to be prefixed to your oratorio, 'Messiah,' which I set to music before I left England,"—expressions scarcely consistent with the idea that the piece was *performed* before the event mentioned. Mr. Townsend concludes that he has, from all these premises, established the position he contends for, "with perfect certainty."

* "An Account of the Visit of Handel to Dublin, with Incidental Notes of his Life and Character." By H. Townsend, Barrister-at-Law. M^cGlashan, Dublin. 1852.

KRUSHUR.—If his reasoning do not amount to a logical demonstration, I think it falls little short of it; besides he has, in the first instance, so weakened the strength of the antagonistic position, that it really requires little more than fair presumptive and circumstantial evidence—such as Mr. Townsend abundantly adduces—to displace it.

ANGELICA.—Handel's admiration of Irish music was intense, and his high eulogy of our melodies is well known. He has left a record of this sentiment in a beautiful composition, which Mr. Townsend first made known to the public; and it has since been admirably arranged by Professor Smith.* While in Ireland, Handel composed this piece, which he called "Forest Music," for a member of a family with whom he was intimate. It consists of two movements—the first a cheerful *reveille*, unmistakably in Handel's style; the second is a remarkable blending of the character of Irish music with the peculiar style of Handel. It should lie upon every pianoforte.

DE LISLE.—All honour to Mr. Townsend for his labour of patriotism and love. Had he even failed in his grand object, his book would, nevertheless, be highly instructive and amusing. It is full of personal anecdotes of Handel, and gives, for the first time, some of his original correspondence, which shows us intimately the character and the soul of that wonderful musician. There is also a good preliminary sketch of the state of music in London at the period, and a most interesting topographical and antiquarian notice of some of the then celebrated localities and musical societies of our Irish metropolis.

POPLAR.—Here is quite a pile of books. Some large, some small; some good, some bad; some that one would wish to read carefully over, and recur to again; some for which a glance is sufficient to satisfy one as to their merits.

KRUSHUR.—These sort of people "abuse the king's *press* most damnably." One knows not how to deal with them. They are not worth as much gall as there's in a drop of ink, in the way of censure.

PATIENCE.—Let them alone; they do no harm.

CHARITY.—To write verses is an innocent amusement, and to print them in little books, with pretty blue covers, injures no one but the authors.

KRUSHUR.—You are mistaken. They injure the public—the reading public. Such people have no more right to issue their books with the stamp of literature upon them, than your monster-houses and bakers have to circulate mock farthings with the Queen's head upon them. They are both nuisances—counterfeits that can have no currency—base coin, with just so much resemblance to the sterling, as to deceive the unwary, but not enough to render the utterer liable to prosecution.

POPLAR.—Well, then, as we throw the raps aside till there's enough of them to sell by the pound as old copper, suppose we put these by for the pastrycook and the trunk-maker.

DE LISLE.—Yes; and we'll talk over the others—the very good books and the very bad books, when next we meet.

[*The clock strikes ten—a general rising. Dr. GRUNTUR presents his gold snuff-box to AUNT PRUE. DE LISLE shakes hands with the young ladies. J, ANTHONY POPLAR, shawl ANGELICA, and elope with her.*]

* "Forest Music. Composed by Handel, during his residence in Ireland." Arranged for the Pianoforte by John Smith, Mus. Doc. Prof. of Music, T.C.D. Dublin: Henry Bussell.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE great Duke is no more. A mighty spirit has passed from amongst the living generations of men. We feel it an incumbent duty, and equally a task of satisfaction mingled with regret, not to close the present number of our Magazine, without a few tributary words, in homage to the most illustrious name Ireland can present, in a long list of gifted sons: at once, the sword and shield of the British Empire, the Marcellus and Fabius of her history, blended together in a portrait of superior colouring and more lofty proportions. Many tongues, in different countries and varied languages, are busy in talking of his deeds and character; and the pens of many able writers will long be occupied in recording their impressions of both. On no individual subject has such uniformity of opinion ever been delivered, and that uniformity so completely on the side of panegyric. And yet posterity will probably estimate the Duke of Wellington by even a higher and a more impartial standard. They will come to judgment on a great public officer, with feelings divested of prejudice, and will ponder over events hallowed by time, and tested by comparison. When many hundreds of volumes have been written, and authors of the highest pretension have exhausted their powers on the subject, it is not unlikely that his own published despatches may be referred to, in preference to all other documents, as presenting the most exact reflections of the man and his nature—the most authentic history of his great achievements. They bear the impress of simple, unexaggerated truth, on every page; they supply the index to the clear, consistent, intelligible, patient, perceptive intellect which suggested the operations they describe, and carried out those operations, in the face of countless obstacles, to a successful end.

The warrior-statesman had entered upon his eighty-fourth year, with surprising faculties of mind and body, very sparingly accorded. A long period of existence, entirely passed (with the exception of infancy and early boyhood) in public services, in high commands, in unvarying prosperity, and in uninterrupted health. A life without a parallel, when its combined features are minutely investigated. He became a soldier at eighteen, closed his military career as conqueror of Waterloo at forty-six, and survived for thirty-seven years, to witness and share in the advantages of consolidated peace, and the progress of human civilisation, of which, under Providence, he had been a controlling instrument. The final summons, so long suspended, was somewhat suddenly issued (perhaps also intended as a blessing); and he who never left a field of battle but as a victor, has fallen, at last, under the scythe of the universal mower. The news has startled the land from length to breadth, as a common calamity, a national misfortune, in which all classes participate. The loss of such a man goes home to every heart. It resembles the cutting down of the last patriarchal oak, which had long survived its brethren of the forest. The case was probable, and to be looked for daily, in the ordinary course of nature; and yet, when it happened, we were taken by surprise. We knew that the family were proverbial for longevity. We were well aware of the constitutional temperance and regularity of his habits. We had observed how his early rivals, opponents, and companions in arms, had, one by one, dropped into the grave, from year to year, while he still lived on, vigorous and stately, and seemed destined to survive them all. We saw him rise in his place in the House of Lords, during the late session of Parliament, and vindicate the honour of a gallant brother soldier,* in a few manly, straightforward sentences, before the convincing truth of which, the shallow, shifting expediency of a falling cabinet, shrank and quailed. We felt the value of his presence, the influence of his name, the force which acknowledged integrity gave to his opinions, and the unapproachable prestige of his reputation. We thought, and hoped, the ordinary laws of mortality were suspended in his person alone, and that, as Fontenelle said of himself, in his ninetieth year, Death had forgotten him. But he is gone—

* Sir Harry Smith, late Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

his work was accomplished—and now we ask, when and how is he to be replaced? Where again shall we find a man so thoroughly unselfish, so devoted to a sense of duty, so abhorrent of peculation and jobbery in every shape; so stern and uncompromising when his conscience and clear sense of justice told him he was right—so consistent in his loyalty, so clear and unblemished in every important transaction of his life? The costly statue, the pride of our museum, is broken and mouldering into dust; but we look around in vain for a corresponding masterpiece to occupy the vacant pedestal. The long annals of history furnish but one Aristides, one Washington, and a single Wellington.

A public interment, accompanied by every possible symbol of national respect and admiration, will mark the sense entertained alike by Sovereign and people, of the loss we have sustained.

The mourning of the nations will be deep, impressive, sincere, and reverential. As the funeral procession passes in lengthened array through the crowded streets of the metropolis, business will be suspended, and there will be no whispered comments but of the great departed and his matchless services. Thousands will be there to attend in place and office, in respect and affection; and countless thousands will assemble in every avenue to witness the imposing spectacle. Aged men will remember the obsequies of Lord Nelson, and while their thoughts revert to the two greatest and most disinterested heroes their country has ever produced, all will rejoice that their mortal remains are destined to rest side by side beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The virulence of party politics leads those who surrender to its influence into unimaginable absurdity and extravagance. Since the Duke's death, it has been reiterated in print that he gave, when minister, the great measure of Catholic Emancipation, from *fear*, and because *the army was not to be depended on*. Alas! for the judgment of any who can be misled by such wild assertions. No rational being will believe that Wellington was ever actuated by fear; and as for the fidelity of the army, bitterly should we lament to see it put to the proof on any such unwelcome service as is here alluded to. Should such an unhappy contingency ever be forced on loyal soldiers, very wide, indeed, will the eyes be opened of noisy demagogues, who act as perpetual firebrands, ever ready with a misinterpretation of the most self-evident facts; and who, like Charles V. and Philip II. of Spain, delight in turmoil and strife, while they personally shun the dangers they are anxious to create.

A popular English author, whose history, of many years' labour, is in almost every hand, has taken great pains to disparage the merit of the Duke of Wellington in the crowning glory of his career, the victory of Waterloo. But the writer is not of the military profession, which, in the opinion of some, may detract a little from the value of his conclusions on purely military subjects. The superior ability of the work is unquestionable, and it is much to be regretted that in this, and some other instances, elegance of language and a most impressive style are accompanied by such studied ingenuity of mistake.

Comparisons between Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington have been frequently drawn, and will always continue to be a favourite question for argument. In this discussion, it should be remembered, that the absolute Emperor of France possessed many advantages in the facility of carrying on his campaigns, which were beyond the reach of a British constitutional general, acting as the representative of his Sovereign and nation—who came to protect and liberate, and not to invade. Napoleon, through the law of conscription, held all the adult male population of France at command, to replenish his ranks when thinned by disease or battle. He cared little for the waste of life, which he could recruit at will. His maxim was, to make the war support the war, and to levy contributions, without remorse or measure, in every country he entered, which reduced the business of his commissariat to a very simple process. He had no cabinets to consult, but united all legislative, executive, and financial authority in his own person. He could strike when and where he pleased, without fear of consequences or responsibility. The Duke, on the contrary, was often compelled to adopt the Fabian system of delay, against his genius and his opportunities, because he dared not risk an army which could not be replaced. A single failure would have removed him from command, and might have terminated the war ingloriously. He was usually compelled to pay double the value for every article of daily consumption, and sometimes

was unable to obtain supplies for money. He had to contend with the endless jealousies and opposition of three wavering Governments, and once or twice was almost driven to abandon the contest in the Peninsula, which finally liberated Europe, from the total exhaustion of his military chest. Even his muleteers, without whom he could not march a mile, were sometimes eighteen months in arrears. When weighed in the balance with Napoleon, let each be measured by the resources he had at disposal, and the use he made of them. The greatest general is he who achieves the most with the smallest means. Belisarius conquered for Justinian two formidable, warlike kingdoms, with less than ten thousand Roman-Greeks of the lower empire. The Duke liberated the Peninsula, and won Waterloo, with thirty thousand British troops, supported by motley allies.

An anecdote here occurs to us appositely distinctive of the characters of the two great warriors of modern times. At the battle of Dresden, Napoleon perceived a group of distinguished officers ride up to a conspicuous point, where they paused and appeared to be making a reconnaissance. Pointing to the place, he called out to the officer directing a battery of artillery close at hand, "*Jetez moi une douzaine de boulets, là, à la fois ! Il y a peut-être quelques petits généraux !*" "Throw a dozen of bullets, yonder, all at once. There are, perhaps, some little generals among them !" He was obeyed, and Moreau was killed. At Waterloo, the colonel commanding the British artillery observed to the Duke, "I have got the exact range of the spot where Buonaparte and his staff are standing. If your Grace will allow me, I think I can pick some of them off." "No, no," replied he, "generals-in-chief have something else to do in a great battle besides firing at each other."

Peace be to the honoured ashes of our great commander. His laurel wreath rests on his mausoleum without spot or blemish, and his name descends to future ages as one of the ablest soldiers, and most thoroughly honest statesmen—

"That ever lived in the tide of time."

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Vol. XL.

A PILGRIMAGE TO QUILCA IN THE YEAR 1852 ;*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OLD "BELONGINGS" OF THAT PLACE.

IN A LETTER TO ANTHONY POPLAR, ESQ.

August.

DEAR MR. POPLAR,—Having been several times during these latter years slung, as it were like a stone, by the hand of circumstance, into the immediate vicinity of Quilca, and being much quickened by the associations which connect that ancient place with the names of Swift, Sheridan, and Stella, as well as excited by perusing the memoir, which appeared in your February number, of old Henry Brooke, who was born, bred, and buried in that parish, I took heart of grace, one of these late fine summer mornings, and, exalted in glorious independence, on a rough and rickety jaunting-car—the biga of the modern Celt, and a vehicle, of all others, most suited for tourists, who, like the late Mr. Inglis, desire to see but the one side of the business—with a pleasant and accomplished friend by my side, we started at cock-shout from the neighbourhood of the saucy little town of Kells—anciently and archæologically Kenlis—leaving behind us, in the market-place, its exquisitely sculptured cross, fast obliterating through time and neglect: its grand "round tower of former days," which stands like a tall sentry at the churchyard gate, staring in over the wall at the graves and tombstones, or holding mute communion across the way with its "ancient cromlech crouny," the house of Columbkille, which, covered all up to and over its roof with ivy and greenest foliage, has sentinelled the other side of the

churchyard for more than 1200 years. We drove through the verdant banks which hold the Archdeaconry, one of the noblest glebe-houses in Ireland, and seated on the Blackwater, which here rolls and sparkles along in its course from the bosom of its mother, the beautiful Lough Ramor, to meet and mingle in the embrace of its tawny bridegroom, the yellow Boyne, which happy union takes place at Navan. This river, called by the peasantry Owen Duff, is the ancient Abbain Dubh, and is so fair a water as to belie the legend that St. Patrick cursed it. So good a man was not likely to execrate anything, for even the frogs and toads which, for the convenience of posterity, he "murdered in clusters," had not his anathema, but simply—as the most humorous of Irish lyrics, though written by an Englishman*—has it—

"He gave them a rise,
And he opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation ;"

which seems to have been moral suasion before physical extirpation!

The road from Kells to Moynalty runs between most rich and verdant pasture-lands and plantations; and the breed of cattle nursed and reared in this district of Meath, especially by Mr. Chaloner and Mr. Barnes, is scarcely to be matched, or, at least, not surpassed, for shape, blood, and beauty in any part of England. Presently we arrived at Moynalty, with its Elizabe-

* John Hamilton Parr, Esq., of Liverpool.

than houses, and trim laurel-hedges, and long clean street, the whole concern as polished and as pipeclayed as a sentry on guard at the Upper Castle-yard—a bright village, reflecting much honour on its resident proprietor, John Farrell, Esq.

The morning was lovely; “never shone more tender light on greener grass;” indeed, the emerald in its intensity is the feature of the Meath landscape. But as we neared chill Cavan, this peculiarity became fainter, and on crossing the bridge which spans the Borora, the picturesque trout-stream dividing the counties, it entirely vanished—pastures disappeared, and bare, brown bogs came in sight. The change is all but instantaneous; and the abruptness of the contrast can be illustrated by a sleek, well-conditioned English farmer, in beaver, broad-cloth, and boots, representing Meath, while by his side starts up and stands a wild Irish kern, or gallowglass, semi-nude, depicting this part of Cavan.

“Directly,” as Mr. Dickens has it, we came to Mullagh, the property of an absentee—a long, ugly strip of a village, full of ruin and raggedness; desolate gables with smutted faces; houses windowless, standing up like men whose eyes had been knocked out in a skirmish. Nothing flourishing but frieze coats and whiskey-shops; and so proverbial for its little household eccentricities that our driver informed us, it was a saying of Mullagh, that “the goats were living in the bed-rooms, and the pigs looking out of the parlour window!” On emerging from this, the hills came in view, skirted with wood; and here, advancing from a boreen, to answer our questions touching the whereabouts of Quilca, we encountered a fine old peasant, tall and lithe, with aquiline features and intelligent manners. His own name was Sheridan, and he had much local legends and tradition at command. He pointed out to us where lay “the house of Rantavan,” embosomed in its limes, where Henry Brooke was born. A little further was his father’s church of Mullagh, where his bones repose; and across the hills, lay Longfield, which was the hermitage of his honoured age. From this old churchyard the ground rapidly descends through the glebe meadows to the lake of Mullagh, which is a beautiful bright little mirror for the circling hills to look into,

and admire their heathy head-gear. This lake has two wooded islets, where, strange to say, the sea-gulls resort every year. It has also a legend, of gold secreted in Cromwell’s wars, beneath the waters; and pike swim through its waves, which weigh from ten to fourteen pounds. Our gentle peasant told us much traditional record of the benevolence of Henry Brooke and his family among the poor, and something of their eccentricity also: but his features quite scintillated when he recounted what he had heard his grandfather narrate of Dean Swift, and “how he came to Quilca, play-acting, with Dr. Sheridan; and what knowledgeable folk the Sheridans were; and how the Dean had cut off the heads of twelve elm-trees at Quilca, to make a place on the top of them for diversion and play-acting.” Something like this had, indeed, been done; but it was the act of Thomas Sheridan, the old doctor’s son, and very many years after Swift’s death.

Having had our faces set towards Quilca by our courteous peasant, we soon reached the chapel of Cross—a large, cruciform, barn-like building, unlike what the late Mr. Pugin would construct, or the Ecclesiological Society approve of, as an edifice ecclesiastic. Before us, on the left, in the hollow, lay Quilca, hidden by its trees, with lake, and elm-crowned rath, and mossy mouldering stone walls. You may suppose how eagerly we now stretched on; but our road was rapidly assuming a *mer-de-glace* appearance, full of ruts and knobs, and seamed and pitted as if it had just made a bad recovery from an attack of gigantic smallpox. Our car being in instantaneous danger of dislocation, we deserted it on the chapel-green, and set forward to walk to Quilca. On the way we picked up many crumbs of local information, and dug up from the folk we fell in with a few “nuggets” of legendary interest; and this was caused by my friend’s accosting all comers, with the view of obtaining some of the fossil coins which he hoped to find here, and for which he offered extraordinary largess, but without success. He is an ardent numismatologist—“of buried coins amorous”—and loving them still better when unsepulchred; but the English Pale having stretched down to Trim from Kells, and not running so high or northward as this, such virtuoso dig-

gings as he desired were rare, though he was—

"Content to barter in exchange
Sound guinea gold for silver strange;
And most disloyally preferred
Great Cæsar's head to George the Third."

In about ten minutes after starting we reached our destination; and, turning in on the right through a gate, and crossing a small stream or mill-race which flowed from the lake, we stood in the lawn before what had once been the house of Quilca. It is a very ancient place—solitary, green, silent, save for the many-tongued associations which were whispering in my ears, like the hum of household voices. Here, as in most old places, swallow-haunted and still, "the air is delicate," and "the breath of heaven smells wooingly." To the right, a row of large oaks stretched away on the soft grass to the lake. Before the hall-door, in the lawn, is the well, over which, Swift tells us in one of his letters, he used "to dine:" once, no doubt, cool and pellucid—"O fons Blandusie, splendor vitro," but now choked with ulvæ and swarming with tadpoles. An old man, whose father had been a labourer of Henry Brooke's, at Longfield, accompanied us over the place. We proceeded from the well to the rath, which is before the house. On this mound once grew the "great lime," cut down, with ruthless axe, by a certain Father L—, whose cranium possessed not the bump of veneration, save in a developed adoration of the god Bacchus, in plenary and punctual libations at his shrine.

This Rath is a circular knob, steep and grassy, with a large flat top, which is ringed around by twenty-one fine elms, equi-distant and umbrageous, forming a wild, green, natural tent—like that of an ancient Moorish Emir, which, with the breeze coming in through the stems, was a cool resting-spot for us.

In the days of "Manager Tom" Sheridan, the top of the knoll was often boarded over for displays of histrionic art, and thus became a pleasant summer theatre, such as would have pleased Romulus, or the "unshorn Cato."

"Dum spissa ramis laurea servidos
Excludet intus;
Nec fortuitum spernere capitem
Leges sinebant."

Close behind the house is the garden, walled and weed-grown. In it we found an old square arbour—snug,

trim, and cit-like—with sodded seats, and shadowed by a gigantic laurel. This, we opined, might have been "Stella's" far famed "bower," in a state of degeneracy; but our guide dissenting, took us down to the lake, where, apart from all other planting, are fourteen stately beech-trees, standing on a kind of peninsula, which, he assured us, was the identical "Stellya's bower" (for so he persisted in crucifying that unhappy lady's name). This, with a canal now filled up, was Swift's own work during Sheridan's absence. And again, a little nearer to the back of the house, and about a pistol-shot from the strand of the lake, a brown stone lifts its solitary head over the water, designating where the artificial "island" had been, which Dr. Sheridan threw up in a day or two, in order to surprise the Dean on his return from a temporary absence. There is ample material for such insular architecture, the shore of the lake being a perfect Arabia Petraea in loose rock and shine.

In 1725, Swift, writing to Sheridan, says—"Do you love or hate Quilca most? You will make a thousand blunders in your planting; and who can help it, for I will not be with you." The trees here alluded to stand in a double row on a green slope behind the house; they are noble beech, lofty and in full foliage, and their round stems massive, and white with "dry antiquity." Between them runs a broad grassy avenue, which our cicerone called the "race-course." All about these trees is most park-like and picturesque, though on a small scale.

Near the offices stands what the Dean calls, probably in irony, the "great wall." The mansion itself, at least the original part of it, has all fallen in, save the back wall of the great "painted parlour;" which shows it to have been a very long house, built cottage-wise, full of windows, and apparently of one story high, with extensive offices. Here it was that Thomas Sheridan, the old doctor's second son, entertained the country side in the manner of the ancient Irish—with his dining-room strewn with rushes, and his table spread with antique dishes and cuisinage obsolete (like Smollett's doctor, in "Peregrine Pickle"), till he made them all sick with "swilled" mut-ton, or a sheep roasted whole, and stuffed with geese, turkeys, and chicken packed in vegetables: when, lo! all

was taken away, and the best of modern dinners served up, with plenty of claret and champagne, to wash away unsavoury memories. Here it was that the Banshee of the Sheridan family was heard wailing and keening round and round the house one dark night in the year 1767, when Mrs. Thomas Sheridan died at Blois, in France, which the creature had no right to do, seeing that the lady was an Englishwoman, and her name Chamberlayne. Here it was that, some years previous to her death, her husband, accompanied by Mr. Carver, the painter, went over to Longfield, Henry Brooke's house, and, converting his barn into a temporary theatre, played Brooke's own opera of *Jack the Giant-Killer* to a rustic and wonder-stricken audience. Here it was that Willy Sheridan, called "Cousin Willie," by the Brookes, had the moonlight ride with Henry Brooke, both of them young lads at that time, from Kantavan to Quilca; and how the former, under the influence of a panic, had urged his horse into a furious gallop, because of a dreadful phenomenon—a large black flail descending from the moon, and swaying to and fro, and threatening to thresh the earth and its inhabitants into inanity. This he earnestly asserted he saw on his ride; but the laugh was loud against him when the mystery was solved, by one of the party observing that the ribbon which banded his hat had fallen, and had, during his gallop, been hanging over his eyes between him and a large bright moon. Here it was that, many years before these events, Swift had been staying within these now mouldering walls. It was in the year 1724, and Stella and her duenna, Mrs. Dingley, had accompanied him. Here it was that, during an equinoctial gale, Swift had "relieved the great front door broken by the wind, and dancing back and forward on its hinges." Here he "had fought the *bellum lacteum*, or milky battle, between the Dean and the crew of Quilca—they refusing to milk the cows till eleven o'clock, whereas Mrs. Johnson should have had her milk by eight in the morning." Here it was that he sketched his "Gulliver's Travels," drawing his Brobdingnag farmer from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, a Mr. Doughty, who was a gigantic person—a specimen of Aristotle's *Ανὴρ Τετραγώνος*, or four-square man, and endowed with such enormous strength, as ac-

tually to lift and carry on his shoulder a minn of a Manx pony, which was grazing on the lawn at Quilca, and convey it, kicking and frightened, to the parlour-window, at the Dean's challenge. To this gentleman—Doughty by name and nature, giant-sprung—was born a younger Titan, who, in process of time, espoused a Miss Luther, a first cousin of Henry Brooke, whose father was an extensive landholder near Quilca—so rich, and, withal, so odd, that, on the day preceding his daughter's nuptials, he is said to have put her into one of the scales of a weighing machine, and to have filled up the other scale with her bridal dowry, until the sides were equilibrated; but whether the equipoise was produced by rouleaus of yellow gold, ingots of pale silver, or bags of base copper, thrown in as make-weights, the legend does not determine. The bridegroom's father is, however, well remembered in this part of the country for his good temper and his giantism, which caused him to earn and enjoy the soubriquet—more descriptive than dignified—of "Big Doughty." Here it was, that a gentleman named Tuite, a blunt, free-spoken man, who was afraid of no one, not even the Dean, dined one day with the Sheridans, and Swift asked him the way to Markethill. Tuite said he was ignorant of it.

"This is the way," said Swift, with all you Irish blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next hedge."

"Why, Mr. Dean," said Tuite, "I never was at Markethill; have you not been there?"

Swift confessed he had.

"Then," said Tuite, "what a confounded *English* blockhead you are to find fault with me for not directing you to a place where I never have been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there."

Swift, with a countenance of well-feigned terror, immediately rose, and ran behind Doughty, entreating the giant to protect him, and peeping out on the right and left of his capacious skirts, over the large man's hips, at Mr. Tuite, who sat drinking his wine, very coolly, and enjoying the scene.

Here it was that old Dr. Sheridan met a thousand and one bursts of ill-temper from his irascible friend, by some bright stroke of wit or happy pleasantry, which extinguished the

fire before it got a-head or burst into disastrous violence, so that the bystanders would say that Sheridan's sweetness was the harp of David which could play the evil spirit out of Saul.

Now all was silent and deserted. These spirits "of infinite jest, of endless humour," had left the place, and the world; the "keen encounter of their wits" was hushed. Death had scabbarded their bright swords, and they had gone to their dread account, and nothing remained of them in this spot, but a peasant's record, a grey ruin, and imperishable nature—the old trees, the green grass, the soft lawn, the calm sweet air, the wooded hill, the dark lake, the streamlet's voice, which sounded from the stones, and

— "A perpetual gurgling made;
To the wayfaring or the musing man,
Sweetest of all sweet sounds."

These alone—God's untainted gifts—survived in all their freshness, and taught their moral; and never did I understand better, or more thoroughly appreciate the beauty and meaning of the great dramatist's words, when he speaks of

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A comfortable farm-house now occupies part of the site of the old mansion, and the plough and spade are busy in its precincts; yet it retains thoroughly its decided air of ancient gentility. This house is tenanted by an old woman, the care-taker of a gentleman of the name of Doughty, a descendant of the giant's, who is the present proprietor, holding under Joseph LeFanu, Esq., of Dublin, whose grandmother was sister to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "the orator, dramatist, minstrel" (and who is himself a veritable Sheridan in the gift of rarest genius); so that the property is still in the family. This old servatrix pointed us out a church, across the lake. This was Killinkere, one of the three parishes held for so many years by old William Brooke, the poet's father, and given him by Bishop Wettenhall, a prelate active and evangelical, of whom Ireland may be proud. The ancient crone was eloquent in describing the pictures which had covered the "Painted Parlour" of Quilca; especially a large and splendid one of the illustrious "Garragh-Maw," or

the beautiful woman of the Garraghans, who, unhappily for the neighbourhood, appears to have been carnivorously addicted, and to have ranged up and down the country with the appetite of a cannibal, and the capacity of an Anaconda, devouring men, women, and little boys in corduroy trowsers, till a Romish priest threw a sperdish of holy water on her, which (I suppose, like Mrs. Hatchway, "being a liquor she loved not") extinguished her life; and her body is buried in the mound of Moybullagh, and is to remain there until nine hundred of the family have passed over her grave, which no Garraghan would do for a pound of gold; at which event, she is to arise, and recommence her anthropophagical practices and propensities, to the great edification of the neighbourhood, &c. &c.

Such is the wild legend which has currency in the country.

The true story of the "Painted Parlour" of Quilca is slightly alluded to, in "The Life of Mrs. Frances Sheridan;" but I ascertained the facts afterwards, from my friend who accompanied me, and who, being a lover of the Arts, as well as the *Ærugo*, was much interested in the matter. The room had a coved ceiling—over this canvas was spread, and Lewis, who was a London painter and scene-decorator for Thomas Sheridan, and who was on a visit at Quilca, painted sky and cloud scenery on the ceiling, and underneath, four portraits—one on each wall, in large medallions—of Milton, Shakspeare, Swift, and old Dr. Sheridan. These were supported by allegorical figures, and set-off by draperies, and a goodly-sized sphinx or two, for the corners (doubtless, the origin of the Garragh-Maw). The whole was cleverly and artistically done, and had a vivid effect. There was likewise some good panel painting elsewhere in the house, one specimen of which is alone preserved from the wreck of all. This is an oil painting on a white board, four feet long, by one and a-half deep. It is a very pretty picture, and only wants cleaning and varnish to bring out the colours. It appears to represent Italian scenery.

The fate of the "Painted Parlour" was sad, indeed. It had continually been occupied by Thomas Sheridan's family, and no doubt the great Richard

B. Sheridan, though not born at Quilca, had often played amidst its green solitudes. On his father's death, in 1788, the family seemed to have deserted it, but still it was a lion in the county of Cavan; and numbers flocked to see its verdant glories, hallowed by literary associations; and pic-nics were planned and perpetrated to its rath, and bower, and lake, and "Painted Parlour;" and its fame was great on all sides, till at length it was let to a certain clerical sub-tenant, whose name we will not speak, but of whom 'tis said, that the only intelligible sermon he ever preached at chapel, mass, or station, was in these words:—"Boys and girls, listen to your priest and the Scriptures—'*cresceate et multiplicamini*'—that's Latin for you; and the English of it is, 'Boys and girls, get married as fast as you can.' '*Cresceate et multiplicamini*.' That's the truth and the Scripture, and the best advice I can give you."

By all accounts, this reverend gentleman's hortatory theories on population were only surpassed by his habits of practical potation; and he was not less an admirer of Malthus than of Bacchus. Under the wretched influence of habitual drinking, he utterly neglected Quilca; and, one rainy winter, the wet soaked through the roof, which damaged the ceiling, and discharged the colours from the painted canvas, till, in the total absence of all repair, *eventually the whole roof fell in*; and when Mr. Doughty, the highly respectable landlord of the place, went down to see the extent of the mischief, "he found all the canvas on which the pictures had been painted, *rolled up in a wisp*, in a corner of the room;" and, on attempting to unfold it, in spite of every exertion, it fell to pieces. The painted panel was alone preserved, which I saw at Moate, Mr. Doughty's place, this summer, in the neighbourhood of Kells.

In the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," there is a "Letter in Rhyme," from "old Sheridan," abusing, with more wit than dignity, his own house, and the thievery of his servants; and every one knows Swift's "Lines on Quilca," written with a pen steeped in caustic; or, rather, it is flinging the ink-bottle, full of vitriol, in the face of the family, and all over the house, where his presence had ever been hailed with all the Hibernian rapture of gratified hospi-

talities. The satire of these verses aroused Henry Brooke, then a lad of about fifteen, and he wrote a witty rejoinder in rhyme—"From Quilca House to the Dean;" but, unwilling to enter the lists with so stalworth an antagonist, who would have speared him, Orlando-like, or pinned him, as an entomologist does a beetle, to the wall, in a minute, the lines were readily fathered by one Peter Murray, an eccentric dancing-master in the neighbourhood, and ran like wild-fire through the parish. Every one had them by heart, and compliments, praise, and presents flowed in upon the supposed author, who was a mere rustic Terpsichorist, and had never perpetrated any poetry beyond that of dancing, which, I believe, Lady Morgan calls "the poetry of motion." The lines are playful, and came well apparently from this Peter, who, being an oddity, Swift had often ridiculed—his obscurity being no protection with so unscrupulous a sportsman as the Dean, who was as likely to shoot at a hedge-sparrow as at a pheasant, and to whom, like Touchstone, "it was meat and drink to meet a clown."

Had Swift united to his gigantic talents somewhat of the refined and Christian simplicity of a Cowper, or the cordial *bonhomie* and benevolence of Walter Scott, he would have tolerated the little *désagréments* of Quilca, for the sake of its natural beauties, and the devotedness of the Sheridans to himself. But he was an indulged idol; and at Quilca they spoon-fed him with liquorice and flattery, till, like a regular *enfant gâté*, he turned round, and would have beaten or bitten his nurses. Yet, doubtless, amidst all the personalities which, like a flight of arrows, he was continually throwing round Sheridan, he loved the man—basking himself often and lazily in the brightness of his friend's mind, or bathing in the flowing and fresh waters of his most original and suggestive thoughts; and generally, in practical matters, acting with energy and earnestness as his friend. Witness his letter to Lord Carteret, the original of which is in the possession of Edward Tickell, Esq., Q.C., of Dublin, whose grandfather was Secretary to the Government in Swift's days. This letter is full of praise and eulogium on Sheridan. It procured him a living in Cork, and a chaplaincy, which he lost

by an ill-starred pulpit pun—"shoot-
ing his own fortune dead by a single
text," as Swift said, a circumstance too
widely known to be narrated here.

Swift appears justly to have regarded
Sheridan in the same duplex anti-
thetical light which Pope did Gay :
"In wit a sage—simplicity, a child ;"
and his cold, stern nature was evi-
dently softened to that pity, at least,
which is "akin to love," in his com-
merce with the doctor. Seldom did
that nature evince anything like ten-
derness ; perhaps the volcano glowed
under the crust of his habitual cynic-
ism. His letters to Mr. Stopford,
afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, exhibit
more of a kindly softness than any
other portion of his correspondence.
To him he wrote when he was in sor-
row ; and to him he wrote as "My
dear James," affectionately and fami-
liarly, *but only as long as he was a
bachelor*. When the Bishop became
a Benedict, and had married his own
handsome cousin, Anne Stopford—
styled by Swift, in one of his doggrels,
"sly Nancy of Courtown," it was no
longer "long-shanked Jim," or "dear
James ;" but every post-nuptial note
or letter, coldly begins and ends with
"my dear sir"—not that his friendship
was diminished to the man, but that
his formality had increased by the ma-
trimony.

Swift's unpublished correspondence
with Stopford (who was the friend of
Bolingbroke, Pope, Pulteney, and Gay,
and of whom Swift's own record is,
that he was "a modest, virtuous, learn-
ed, and deserving gentleman") is in
the possession of the family of his
grandson, the late Bishop of Meath.
I have read these original letters, and,
with them, one from Dorothy Stopford,
Countess of Meath—the "Countess
Dolly" of Swift—who, on the death of
Edward Brabazon, Earl of Meath,
her husband, in 1707, a Boyne and
Limerick warrior, and stout Whig, was
married to old General Gorges, of
Kilbrue. They afterwards died within
three days of each other ; on which
couple—"Dolly and Dicky"—Swift
wrote a most humorous and sarcastic
epitaph, concluding thus :—

"Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day ;
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday ;
Requiescant, sic transit gloria mundi."

Another large portion of Swift's un-
published letters is in the possession
of Edward Wilmot Chetwode, of

Woodbrooke, Queen's County. They
are addressed to his ancestor, Knightly
Chetwode. They are written in Swift's
clear, accurate, small holograph, and
seem intended for publicity ; and Mr.
Chetwode is well fitted, by natural and
educational gifts, to edit them, and
give them from the moths and worms
to the world.

I have read these letters also ; they
convey, as do all of Swift's writings,
one pre-eminent idea—and that is, ad-
miration of his masterly English, and
matchless adaptation of the pure Saxon
undefiled. How one delights in the
robust good sense, the bold originality,
the trenchant satire, the admirable
terseness, the economy of language,
never wasteful of a word, the rounded
expressiveness, of Swift's sentences and
style ; and how one laments and revolts
from, at times, his startling savageness,
his nudity of coarseness, and his abso-
lute swine-like revelling in the most
disgusting details of filth.

His imagination, though powerful
and creative, was abstract and coldly
analogical : it wanted poetry and ver-
dure. Like a forest tree, "when au-
tumn has flown," his mind stood up
above its fellows in many points—the
root was deep in the soil—the stem
rose, gnarled, oaken, and unwedgable,
yet not without gracefulness—the
branches sweeping strong and wide,
and every minutest shoot or woody
ramification distinctly traced against a
cold, blue, wintry sky. But no soft
sucker sprung around the root, nor
green, velvety moss-cushions covered
the protruding knobs ; no ivy clung
and glistened up the stem—no fresh
and glossy foliage clothed the robust
branches, among which the sweet birds
might sing, from the million rustling
leaves, into the ear of nature. But
those strong denuded boughs could
whirl awfully in the storm, and lash
the green earth, when under the tem-
pestuous influence of pride or passion.
Perhaps no writer was ever more ori-
ginal or *sui generis*. Occasionally he
borrowed from past writings of others,
but paid back the debt with his own
improvements for interest, in literary
largess to posterity. His "Island of
Laputa" owed something, no doubt, to
the great master's "New Atlantis ;"
but much more to a comedy of Aristophanes,
called "The Birds," in which
there is introduced *Νιφίλοκουρυα*, or
the cloud-cuckoo-house, built in the

air above the earth, and full of poets, painters, priests, thieves, philosophers, lawyers, athletes, vintners, geometers, gamblers, sculptors, soothsayers, and sycophants.

Swift's claims to genuine patriotism are sufficiently apocryphal. He drew his sword-like pen in defence of Ireland more through a clear-sighted view of the wrongs she had sustained from England, and his stern love of truth, than from any regard he could have had for her soil, or even her sons: one of whom, the Lord Blayney, had threatened to shoot him, on his first arrival in Ireland, as a suspected Jacobite, during a solitary ride Swift was taking on the Clontarf sands. One of his MS. letters to Bishop Stopford is dated "Wretched Dublin, miserable Ireland." The matter of Wood's patent coinage has, I believe, been explored and sifted lately by some journalising Niebuhr, and has exploded in something like a Myth.

Swift's sensible mind was persuaded of and acknowledged the just claims of his country to ancient learning, and how brightly she had borne herself among the nations in the days of Claudius and Sedulius—Ussher's constant referees in his learned "Discourse on Ancient Religion." In the days of Duncan and Eriqena, so often quoted by Warton. In the days of Marianus, the chronicler and commentator, who had an European reputation, and was called by Sigebert "the most learned man of the age." In the days of Albin, Clement, Dungal, O'Regan, and Godfrey of Waterford, the oriental scholar; and good Bishop Fitz Ralph, called Richardus Armachanus, after his see, who was our Irish Wycliff. Not to dwell on the days of her lighter literature and its framers, her bards, in long, unbroken succession from the earliest ages—Oisín, Goll, the Irish Tyrtæus, who "wreathed his sword with myrtle;" and Craffine, O'Geran, M'Donnel, O'Sullivan, and Magrath; Rahilly, Heffernan, and Carolan sweet and creative. For Ireland ever has been the land of original song, and her ancient melodies comprehend and combine a larger measure of striking wildness and persuasive pathos, bursting merriment, clarion-toned boldness, wailing melancholy, rich tenderness, and clear, flute-like sweetness, than any national music under the sun.

Mr. Macaulay, in his preface to

"Lays of Ancient Rome," when speaking of the almost universality of ballad poetry, refers to remnants of this kind of lyric as found among the Germans, Danish, Welsh, Saxon, Scotch, &c.; nay, he even crosses the Atlantic to find out songs concerning the ancient Incas of Peru: and takes a voyage with Captain Beechey among the Sandwich Isles, in search of a ballad composed upon a Polynesian gentleman, who rejoiced in the unpronounceable name of Ta-me-ha-me-ma! Yet all the while he "absolutely preternits," as the Baron of Bradwardine says, to make the smallest acknowledgment of even the existence of Irish bardic literature. This is surely a strange omission, in a mind so thoroughly informed. We dare not call it ignorance; and, in a man so richly gifted, we should be slow to style it prejudice.

There is no doubt that Swift evinced a zeal for Irish antiquities, for in 1734 he petitioned Lord Chandos to transfer from Stowe Library to Trinity College the valuable Irish records collected by Sir James Ware, and brought to England by Lord Clarendon. Yet was he no friend to the native tongue; on the contrary, he says, "It would be a noble achievement to abolish the Irish language: it might be done in half an age effectually." One can hardly imagine Swift speaking Celtic, yet as such he is brought forward—"for what will not a Frenchman do?"—by Mons. Leon de Wailly, the translator of Burns and *Hamlet*, who published, at Paris, in feuilleton form, a clever biographical novel, entitled, "Swift, Stella, and Vanessa. In this book, the author says, "Swift, being born in Ireland, could speak Irish:" which is a manifest *non sequitur*. And so he introduces the Dean stilling the *motos fluctus* of a parochial row at Laracor, and scattering an angry mob, by addressing them in Irish!—*quod est absurdum*; for even if the Dean *could* have spoken their loved vernacular, who ever heard of a "row" in the county of Meath, or tumultuous proceedings amidst that peaceful population? who are the quietest creatures under the sun—till they are aggravated!

Swift's translation of the rollicking Irish chant, "O'Ruark's Noble Feast," is full of vigour and raciness. Probably he had some Celtic hand to make the translation—Swift supplying the rhythm. The song itself gave the

spirit; it is full of life, and genuinely national.

I was curious to see "the Mound of Moybullagh," where, like an over-fed Esquimaux, the Garragh-Maw reposes, after the toil of her carnivorous achievements. It is but a few miles from Quilca. It was the third parish in old William Brooke's immense union. Here he often ministered, and amidst these old graves (where our gentle peasant told us "all the Quilca Sheridans bury") his son Henry, doubtless, at times drew into his poetic mind melancholy inspiration.

It stands Rath-like and queenly on a lofty eminence, commanding much of the country. Here are most ancient church ruins, supposed to have at first been built by St. Etchænius, Bishop of Cluanfoddy, in the fifth century, and consecrated by St. Patrick. Here are countless tombs; some of black marble, sunk into the ground, others enclosed within four low walls, built of large, loose shingle. O'Reillys in abundance, the ancient Lords of Cavan before what Mr. Mc'Nevin, in his spicy little *Young Ireland* volume, calls "the confiscation of Ulster by James I."

In the year 1780, a literary gentleman, a friend of Henry Brooke's, visited these ruins and tombs. Here he met with the patriarch of the place and parish, old Mr. Sheridan, a younger brother of the Quilca doctor, who, at the age of ninety, evidenced in conversation much of the classical turn and literary tastes of his brother—*Arcades ambo*. A dialogue ensued between the traveller and this venerable gentleman, from which I will take an extract; the whole colloquy, indeed, is interesting, from the light it throws on Irish education one hundred years ago. It is a most original document, and, to my mind, steeped in tender poetical light—like the sunset in an old picture. Nor must we forget that this "Old Mortality," though in an obscure corner of Cavan, was grand-uncle to him on whose oratory, as on an absorbing spell, Pitt, Fox, and Edmund Burke hung breathless with wonder and delight:—

"Traveller.—'I believe you may be called the patriarch of this parish?'

"Sheridan.—'In point of age, I think I may. I was born in it—I was bred in it. Father Gargan taught Latin in a corner of that church, at the age of eighty. I read

Livy under him, and can repeat some of the speeches at this time. We had no translation of the classics in those times.'

"Traveller.—'The Latin tongue at that day was highly cultivated even in the remotest parts of Ireland.'

"Sheridan.—'It formed almost the whole of our education; the very shepherds could speak Latin.'

"Traveller.—'But you don't appear to have paid any attention to your native tongue, the Irish?'

"Sheridan.—'We had many who excelled in the study of the Irish language too.'

"Traveller.—'I see no epitaphs or inscriptions in this churchyard in that language.'

"Sheridan.—'Yes, there were many, but they have been effaced by time. Many tombstones have sunk into the ground; what you see is only of modern date, comparatively speaking.'

"Traveller.—'It is a pity some one did not copy these inscriptions.'

"Sheridan.—'That would have shown the triumph of letters over death and time. You see the very stones decay, and sink into their graves, whilst the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may be said to flourish in immortal youth. But time consumes all—the ashes and the urn. If they even were transcribed, who would read them? An Irishman won't read what an Irishman writes. And as to foreigners, I may exclaim with the old Irish priest in Rome—"Nobis ex Hibernia, viz butyrum pinguiscit."'

"Traveller.—'A lamentable truth! But the promise of a brighter day already shines on the horizon of this long benighted region.'

"Sheridan.—'Thank Heaven!'

"Traveller.—'This churchyard appears to be the favourite burial-ground of this part of the country.'

"Sheridan.—'It is so. St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, is said to have consecrated it. Then, again, the situation—solitude—the companion of the wise and good.'

"Traveller.—'A mind that is fond of solitude, and disposed to contemplation, could scarce meet with any place better suited to such dispositions.'

"Sheridan.—'I found it so. Even in my boyish days I could not be tempted to forsake it. *My ancestors for generations sleep in that churchyard*. I take my morning and my evening walk in it; it is my library. I dress the graves of those that are neglected by their heirs. It is a very old burying-place; it contains, perhaps, more Milesian dust than all the rest of the kingdom put together. It contains the remains of those who have travelled into foreign countries, in pursuit of fortune and science; but their memories will soon be forgotten.'

"Traveller.—'So that you have no poets or historians to hand them down to posterity?'

"*Sheridan*.—"The muse has fled. The musical finger no longer waits on the soft osten stop. Poverty, with haggard mien, has put them all to flight."

"*Traveller*.—"Then all those pleasures that could soothe us in affliction, or brighten up our joys, have, of course, fled with them."

"*Sheridan*.—"Except Religion. She, of all the train, has yet stayed behind, and points to the skies. One of our best poets sleeps in that corner."

"*Traveller*.—"Let us drop a tear upon his grave!"

"*Sheridan*.—"With all my heart.'" &c.

As a further specimen of the style of polite learning about this time in our country, allow me to introduce a short sketch of Dominie Felix Comerford, who brandished a scholastic ferula, steeped in classic pickle, not many miles from this very "Mound of Moy-bullagh," and was the principal schoolmaster in the County of Cavan, about the year 1715. He was a kind-hearted, pains-taking, pedantic pedagogue; full of love for antiquity, and adjudging the *litera humaniores*, as the depositories of the only knowledge worthy the pursuit of a rational being. Comerford seems to have been one of a class now nearly extinct; the genuine Irish schoolmaster, well versed in Greek and Latin; priggish, acute, scholastic; intensely professional; like Iago, "nothing, if not critical;" pouncing like a hawk on every breach of accident, and exploding in thunder upon every hapless perpetrator of a false concord. Contracted as to general information, but, "*semper paratus*," by pun, quibble, quotation, or sophism, to make up all deficiencies in learning by ready rejoinder and mother wit; ranging in the educational gradus from such men as Dr. Sheridan (one who was accounted "*facile princeps*" for learning, in the judgment of Swift, and Johnson, and Dr. Parr), and who topped the pillar, through a hundred downward degrees of scholarship, till the classification terminated in a dry ditch, or under a bush, in a "*sub sepe magister*;" such as Kerry has produced and Carleton has depicted.

With one of the lowest, but not the dullest of this genus, Mr. O'Connell once found a copy of *Telemachus*. "Master," said he, "who was *Telemachus*?" "Sure, Counsellor, he was the son of Fenelon." "And who was Fenelon?" "Why, wasn't he the man

who wrote the life of Ulysses, Archbishop of Canterbury?"

A letter of this Comerford's, to Henry Brooke's father, is extant, and illustrates the Pistol vein and preposterous pedantry of this peculiar class of "animal eruditum." It commences (I will not, dear Mr. Poplar, like Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, give the translation in a note, but presume that *all* the readers of *Maga* are as learned as ourselves):—"Amplissime Domine—*Epistola tua myrothecii condimentis imbuta meum ita palatum irritavit, ut quasi belluo aliquis vix commesas copulas tam lautas devoraverim*," &c. Yet with all this bad taste, he displays kindness and perception of character, speaking thus of Henry Brooke:—"Young as he is, he is interested in everything that interests man. His departure has spread a gloom over the whole school, for all my pupils are so attached to him that their amusements are no amusements, unless he mingles in them; and he is so sensible of their kindness, that he is often at a loss how to divide himself among them. I rejoice, however, at his transportation to Dr. Sheridan's school, a nursery famous for the richness of its soil and the skill of its gardener," &c.

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"*Sheridan*.—'The muse has fled. The musical finger no longer waits on the soft osten stop. Poverty, with haggard mien, has put them all to flight.'

"*Traveller*.—'Then all those pleasures that could soothe us in affliction, or brighten up our joys, have, of course, fled with them.'

"*Sheridan*.—'Except Religion. She, of all the train, has yet stayed behind, and points to the skies. One of our best poets sleeps in that corner.'

"*Traveller*.—'Let us drop a tear upon his grave!'

"*Sheridan*.—'With all my heart.' &c.

As a further specimen of the style of polite learning about this time in our country, allow me to introduce a short sketch of Dominic Felix Comerford, who brandished a scholastic ferula, steeped in classic pickle, not many miles from this very "Mound of Moy-bullagh," and was the principal schoolmaster in the County of Cavan, about the year 1715. He was a kind-hearted, pains-taking, pedantic pedagogue; full of love for antiquity, and adjudging the *litera humaniores*, as the depositories of the only knowledge worthy the pursuit of a rational being. Comerford seems to have been one of a class now nearly extinct; the genuine Irish schoolmaster, well versed in Greek and Latin; priggish, acute, scholastic; intensely professional; like Iago, "nothing, if not critical;" pouncing like a hawk on every breach of accidence, and exploding in thunder upon every hapless perpetrator of a false concord. Contracted as to general information, but, "*semper paratus*," by pun, quibble, quotation, or sophism, to make up all deficiencies in learning by ready rejoinder and mother wit; ranging in the educational gradus from such men as Dr. Sheridan (one who was accounted "*facile princeps*" for learning, in the judgment of Swift, and Johnson, and Dr. Parr), and who topped the pillar, through a hundred downward degrees of scholarship, till the classification terminated in a dry ditch, or under a bush, in a "*sub sepe magister*;" such as Kerry has produced and Carleton has depicted.

With one of the lowest, but not the dullest of this genus, Mr. O'Connell once found a copy of Telemachus. "Master," said he, "who was Telemachus?" "Sure, Counsellor, he was the son of Fenelon." "And who was Fenelon?" "Why, wasn't he the man

who wrote the life of Ulysses, Archbishop of Canterbury?"

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ledge, and his great solicitude for the morals of his boys. Swift, who best knew the man, says—"He was the first instructor of youth in these kingdoms, or, perhaps, in Europe, and as great a master of the Greek and Roman languages; he had a very fruitful invention, and talent for poetry. He has left behind him a very great collection, in several volumes, of stories, witty, wise, or some way useful, gathered from a vast number of Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, French, and English writers."

[Where are these manuscripts?—Have they perished? Is there not one almond-bearing twig of *such* a fasciculus remaining?]

The rest of Swift's character of his departed friend is only remarkable for its bitterness, its vulgarity, and its intense heartlessness. He forgot the amiable proverb, "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*," as now he strove to make "*Ænée encore plus fade que dans l'Ænéide*." He had giped at the man when living, he trod on him and defiled him when dead. Sheridan was no longer any use to him. The wit which had once streamed forth like lightning, and met and mingled with his own—the generous *bonhomie* which, disdainingly shelter, had so often stood with smiling patience beneath the pelting showers of his chronic ill-temper—the ready and abundant admiration which had softened his cynicism, while it gorged the large thorax of his vanity: these had all passed away, and he stood upon the carcass of the character of his once devoted and warm-hearted friend, like an old baboon, making foul faces at the faults which had died with him, and mumming and grinning at his wife, and chattering and gesticulating at his daughters, and bitterly libelling his own pretensions to any generosity, while he petitions the public to come forward and provide suitable burial for his friend. Perhaps he had a sort of semi-savage, semi-selfish grief, which embittered the mind it could not soften; for afterwards, when drawing near to death himself, in one of his lucid intervals he asked his servant, "Did you know Dr. Sheridan?" On the man answering in the affirmative, "Ah!" rejoined Swift, "when I lost him, I lost my right hand."

This posthumous abuse—this "*insultans tumulo*"—was a thousand times more reprehensible than any vituperation against the *living* subject. Swift

had, over and over again, assaulted Sheridan with tongue and pen, in a kind of half-joke, whole-earnest manner—with the bright stiletto of his wit or the bludgeon of his horse millinery; he had lampooned his wife and daughters in verse and prose, especially the former, whom he absolutely tomahawks with the ferocious gusto of a red Indian, in his "*History of the Second Solomon*." He had ridiculed and exposed, in most ludicrous satire, his house, of which Sheridan was proud, and composed a piece during his sojourn there in 1724, entitled, "*The Blunders, Deficiencies, Distresses, and Misfortunes of Quilca*, proposed to contain one-and-twenty vols. in quarto; begun April 20th, and to be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given." But along with all this bad taste, there were some qualifying features. In the first place, this abuse was always supposed to be a very "excellent joke;" then the aggressor was often attacked himself, and the stinger stung, and if he gave, he got. The feast of Saturnalia was perennial at Quilca, and its fullest license exhibited by the "Quilca crew." If the Dean was pungent, the doctor was peppery. If Swift applied the cautery, Sheridan would flourish the whip. If the Dean, like a great school-boy, half-awkward, half-incensed, rushed in among them with the drawn claymore, the whole family, led on by the doctor, as chief skirmisher, would gather their intellectual ammunition, and pelt him round the room and into corners, with pun, and banter, and quibble, and humorous retort, and rhyme, and a shower of etourderies and brain-pellets, till he often had the worst of it. There was fair play and reciprocity in all this intellectual romping, and room for reprisals. The striking of the living dog, was nothing compared to the kicking of the dead lion; and the cold affixing of a petard to the coffin-lid of his defunct friend, to explode over the dead man, in a discharge of noisy censure, was an act as uncalled for as it was ill-timed and ungenerous.

Dr. Sheridan was born at Quilca, in 1684, and died in 1738. He was, in truth, an Irishman of splendid talents; most ready, replete, and versatile; a rich fountain of untiring Irish humour, ever bubbling up in original streams from the well of mind, and refreshing and besprinkling all around. Yet with all this

brilliancy, he was a disappointed man. He could scarcely be else, for he was over-sanguine; he was a poet, too, and, therefore, little understood: he was an Irishman, and, consequently, little regarded. In one of the Dean's unpublished letters to Bishop Stopford, he says, "Sheridan is full of his own affairs and the *baseness of the world*." Of his vast learning I need not speak again.

Henry Brooke, his cousin and favourite pupil, has left a generous testimony to his erudition and to his amiableness:—"He was the Quintilian of his day; his memory is embalmed in the good he did to every one around him; for he felt for the distresses of others, though his hand could not always obey the warm dictates of his heart. A few years before his death he had transcribed for the press a work of great labour, entitled '*Opera horarum Subsecivarum*' (this is what Swift alludes to in his "*Character*," which was said to contain the copiousness of Plato, the jocundity of Isocrates, and the order of Hortensius. This work, in all probability, is lost, with many others. He left an honest name behind, and pupils not a few, some of whom are burning lights in the Church—some could call the stars by their names—some drank deep of the sacred well, and some could even mould into order a discordant Senate." As Dr. Sheridan's mind and modes of thinking are so little known, I think I may venture to give some playful extracts from a letter of his, written to one Magill, who was his classical assistant in the school. This epistle is dated from Dungarvan, June 3, 1727, and commences thus:—

"DEAR JOHNNY,—Three times the space that measures day and night have I been waiting for a letter from you. A line would do to let me know that you are all well, and then I am well, and my mind is at ease. Tell Ponsy (his wife) that I dream of her every night; and as life is but a dream, I am sure I may say mine is a pleasant one. This is an old town, and nicely situated. I am glad that the shuttle is making progress here. Formerly it

lingered as it flew, but I hope to see the day it will skim the web like a swallow. I am fond of the loom,* and all that belongs to it. I assure you the Roman tongue is not 'a stranger to this town. On passing up a street the other day, I saw the following lines on a window where they sold eggs:—

"*Si sumas ovum
Molle sit atque novum.*"

This tallies with the old monkish couplet—

"*Regula Presbyteri jubet hæc pro lege teneri
Quod bona sint ova hæc, candida, longa nova.*"

If that blundering blockhead, Mil-lar, saw this, he would fancy I was writing something about the Presbyterians; but I have something else to do. Will you have an eye to the garden? I was asked last Sunday to preach, but declined it, for I can read in no book but my own. Tell Ponsy *not to press Carroll for the rent, for he is poor, industrious, and has a large family, &c., &c.*

"THOMAS SHERIDAN."

He was fond of doggrel Latin rhymes, and would rapidly throw them off at dinner, like crackers exploding among the pupils and the plates. For example—on one occasion it happened that an ingenuous youth, being loud in his admiration of a fine dish of smiling potatoes, the doctor assented, adding—"Oh yes, we all know—

"*Vos Hiberni collocatis
Summum bonum in potatoes.*"

I have said Swift spoke of Sheridan on one occasion with kindness. In soliciting a living from Lord Carteret for him, he calls him "a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue; his greatest fault is a wife and four children." Some years after this, Sheridan "had made the crown a pound," on the principle of Father Luke's theory of *Crescate et multiplicamini*, for he writes to Swift in "Grattanian Latin"—*Habeo novem infantes et uxor, non possum tenere illos supra nihil, et ora habebunt cibum, &c., &c.*, all which is to me more melancholy than it is comical.

Two things probably combined to

* Many years afterwards, his grandson said in Parliament—"It is pleasing to mark the progress of the shuttle, from the darkest shade of labour to the brightest hue of invention."

affect and mould the habits of this gifted man, and exercise a hurtful influence over him. The first was his intimacy with Swift; and the second, his ancient Irish lineage. The former kept him in a perpetual whirl of excitement and levity, frequently descending to buffoonery, or deviating into schoolboy folly. He had to *support the character* of an acknowledged and accomplished jester, and to be ready at all times to respond in kind to acrostic, and rebus, and mad dog-grels, and punning epistles in Latin rhyme, poured on him by one whose pen streamed wit, and whose ink-horn was a perennial font of fun. The ball was ever to be struck; and, no matter how fatigued at least one of the players might prove, the flying shuttlecock, struck from hand to hand of these expert humorists, was never permitted to fall.

I can imagine nothing more wretched—nothing more servile—more deteriorating to the spirit—more degrading to all moral and mental dignity—than this constant and compelled “crackling of thorns under a pot.” “Avoid that man,” says Lavater, in one of his aphorisms, “who has no power to be grave when inclined to merriment, and who cannot repress within the bounds of decent sobriety the levity springing from health, or the strong wish to amuse.” Perhaps Sheridan could have done this, for he had cause enough to make him—care, sickness, and poverty, “leashed in like hounds,” had often hunted him, or sat like three pale sisters, spectre-fashion, around his hearth. He might have been serious—no doubt he *would* have been—for he had most sensitive feelings, and a tender heart; *but he was not allowed*—he was kept at high steam pressure, flying through the water till the mind-machinery was worn out, and the vessel gave way. While one drop of the divine ichor of native wit remained in his veins, his horse-leech friend still cried, “Give, give!” and would drain it from him, till at length levity became his element. Habit grew and hardened into nature; and, if we may believe Lord Orrery, what he was in life he was to the last.

Again, his undoubted claim to very old and high Irish lineage must have much tended, in a country like Ireland, to form and foster certain notorieties peculiar to himself and his household, which Swift satirised unsparingly, and

he himself pleads guilty to, in a lamentably comic voice, in verse and prose. I allude to his wasteful, reckless, and over-hospitable mode of living.

The lineal descendant of the O’Nials with the Lhambh-dearg, for centuries Princes of Ulster, could scarcely be expected, in Ireland, to shut his door against a retainer. The Red Hand must still be the ready hand—the steel glove upon it, and the silver gift within it. The crimson “blood of the O’Reillys,” with whose parent stem he was allied, put him under an extensive and unhappy necessity of exercising a more than Arabian hospitality, in a county where that sept abounded. Besides, his own name and family were as ancient, though neither so celebrated nor so powerful as these two other clans; and, living in a wilderness as he did—Quilca being *then as now* a veritable oasis—no doubt the feeling of chieftaincy stole around him, and a sense of feudal importance was forced upon him: and though too keen-witted and sensible a man ever to let it be seen, or to assume what would have entailed on him ridicule, if not denial, yet his poor relations knew it, and his neighbours, and the whole clan of Sheridan, seed and breed, with which that country swarmed, up and beyond Kilmore and down to Mullagh—these all knew well that the Master at Quilca had the “real old genteel drop in him” (the Irish peasantry are passionately and ridiculously aristocratic); and that his larder was well stocked, and his back-door never bolted, but a welcome for all; and thus lazy benevolence and indiscreet profusion formed the atmosphere of Quilca, engendering disorder, and dirt, and roguery, and ruin, as crowds of unrepelled guests—all indubitable clansmen and “bare-legged Finians”—came down like wolves on the fold, to eat, to drink, to talk, and to steal. And many a lazy loller would sit in the kitchen chimney, recounting with vast acceptance and volubility to a pack of hungry—in more senses than one—hearers, the ancient legends of the bold O’Sheridans, and the pomp and extent of their possessions, and the glories of Cloughoghter Castle—its green woods on the mainland, its stern rocky island, and the bright deep water of its black lake.

I was astonished to see in the large map of Cavan, in the Ordnance Survey, the locality of Quilca unmarked by its

designation. Two neighbouring places are recorded that have nothing to recommend them but the oddity of their names—*Palmyra*, which reminds one of Queen Zenobia and Longinus; and *Kilmainham*, suggestive of the hangman. These oriental and municipal titles are remembered, while Quilca is forgotten. Is not this like what Edmund Burke calls a "trampling upon geography?" Probably, the engineering gentlemen employed in the Cavan survey had never heard of Dr. Sheridan's wit, or read Dean Swift's writings.

The evening was coming on fast as we topped the hill over Quilca, returning by a different route, as I wished to look once more down the old avenue of the "House of Rantavan." My friend and I had, on a former occasion, made a descent here, and were courteously entreated by Mr. Kellet, the present owner, and his family. They kindly gave us the only relic of the "old Brookes" which remained in the house—a large oil painting, executed in 1748 by Robert Brooke, the poet's brother. It represents "proud Cumberland" prancing on the "field of Culloden." "The Butcher" is bedight in laced scarlet coat and cocked hat, and sits his heavy Hanoverian grey like a prince and a gentleman, looking rosy and amiable, and much more as if his diet had been roast beef rations and rich canary, than what the Scotch scandal affirmed of him—that he dined on live Highlandmen every day, with a piper or two by way of dessert! This Robert Brooke, like Vandyke, painted his own portrait; it is the picture of a singularly handsome and graceful man, with features delicately chiselled, and a brow and hand as fair as a lady's. Robert had his good looks from his mother's family, "the handsome Digbys," whose beauty Vandyke has immortalised. His pictorial genius he inherited from the same source, as I find his grandfather, Bishop Digby, described in the *Dublin Penny Journal* of May, 1833, as "one of the best amateur artists of his day." His portraits are now, I believe, in the possession of the late Dean Dawson's family.

Once more at Mullagh, and in the hospitable drawingroom of Lakeview; and now out, with its kind proprietor, in the boat on the lake—the woods throwing their black shadows on the water—the bows of our "fairly frigate" rippling through the tide, and

the oars jerking and sounding in their wooden rullocks in the still air; now bending over the gunwale, we peered into the cold deep water, to try if we could discover any of the gold or silver which was cast "in cartloads" into the lake, during the siege of Mullagh Castle, in the old Irish wars; now, sitting upright in the sunshine, we gazed at the lofty knoll before us where, embowered in trees, stood the little old grey church, with its ruined walls, and ivy chaplets, and green graves sloping down in ledges around it, and broken with headstones, and wild wood, and bramble interspersed. Beyond it, and higher up on the bank, stands the new church, snug, fair, and whitewashed, like a well-to-do parvenu lording it over decayed gentility. We landed in the glebe meadows, where we found the younger members of the present rector's family, a courteous and intelligent group. They had kindly secured the attendance of a very old and wrinkled woman, by name Judith Gallaspie (we thought of Milton's hard names in his Tetrachordon sonnet—"Colkitto and Gallasp")—that she, being the nonagenarian of the parish, might point out the precise spot where Henry Brooke was buried; for "seventy long years ago she, as a young colleen, went with the whole country side to Kells to meet the funeral coming from Dublin." And she told of the tombstone and enclosure which had been erected; but now all was broken down and displaced, and scarce a vestige remained save a few sunk stones. But the ancient crone stooped over the sod, and with her long staff, as with a diviner's rod, she traced the lines, and accurately squared the spot where, close under the south-western wall of the ruin, and "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," lay the gentle dust of one, in whom were singularly combined the gifts of highest intellect with the humblest graces of a Christian.

Here, indeed, is no tomb or monumental marble; but in the absence of all such decayable matter, God's sun shines perennially on the spot, and every evening its descending beams will come to visit the old ruin, and with their rich and tender light rest on the good man's grave, bathing the green sod in glory.

There are wild flowers, too, growing there, planted by no human hand—the common yarrow, with its green toothed

millefoils and its bushy blossom; the yellow mellilot, and the wild pansy, *Viola tricolor*—the pale scentless daughter of a more richly odorous family, but none so graceful as this wild sister. Two gentle and accomplished kinswomen afterwards visited with me this old place—one of them sketched the ruins, tombs, and lake—the other gathered the flowers from off the grave, and has preserved

them in her herbal; while I, descending from the mound which holds Henry Brooke's dust, found myself repeating Campbell's fine lines—

"But fling his ashes to the wind,
Whose pen or tongue has served mankind—
And is he dead—whose glorious mind
Lifts mine on high?
To live in hearts of human kind
Is not to die."

And so, dear Mr. Poplar, here ends my pilgrimage to Quilca.

B.

LINES ON AN OLD RAILWAY ENGINE.

Thou rusty ruin—
Thou piece of fallen greatness, that no more
Thy flight pursuing,
Shall through the land like raging monster roar,
Or the deep bosom of the earth explore—
Thou look'st so quiet,
That we may scarcely deem that thou hast been
A thing of riot;
The foremost actor thou in many a scene,
Wherever tumult, sometimes slaughter's been;
A monstrous flyer,
That swift as lightnings o'er the earth did sweep
On wings of fire,
Affrighting night—cleaving the darkness deep,
With trusting mortals, some in tranquil sleep.

And now art branded
As doubtful, dangerous; and thus cast away,
Like monster stranded,
To fancy's eye, upon the shoal decay,
Thou used-up screamer, that has seen thy day;
And never more
Shall the woods echo to thy fiend-like yell,
Nor thy uproar,
In caverns dark, ten thousand echoes swell,
Like fearful discord of tumultuous hell.
Hushed, and for ever,
Thy horrid voice—thy soul-appalling scream;
And thou shalt never
Fright Naiad more from fount or forest stream,
Or rustic rouse from sleepy hollow's dream.

JOS. P. ANTHONY.

CHING TOUR OF FIVE WEEKS IN THE FORESTS OF CEYLON.—ITS
UNINED TEMPLES, COLOSSAL STATUES, TANKS, DAGOBAS, ETC.

BY ANDREW NICHOLL.

PART I.



month of July, 1848, three of
olombo in a hired palankeen
to proceed to Kandy, where
o meet a few others, who had
ed to accompany the Colonial
on one of his official tours
the interior of the island:
nt our horses forward to a
twenty miles distant, the
lay, in order to have them
he journey at that part of the
re the interesting scenery of
commences. The road runs
derable distance parallel with
y Ganga, from the bridge of
he scenery is of a beautiful
racter, its banks being lined
mate rows of jack and teak
nted under the direction of

Sir Edward Barnes. Passing native
gardens of citron, pomegranate, clove,
orange and lime trees, with the bright-
est many-coloured convolvulus-formed
flowers hanging in garlands from their
branches, cultivated fields of paddy
(as the rice is termed) appear in all
stages, from the tender blade to the
ripening ear, intermingled with cocoa
and areka palms; while the gliding
river is seen through their tall, graceful
stems, sparkling in the gorgeous light
of a tropical sun. As we proceed, the
palms become less numerous, and the
foliage assumes more of a European
character. Suria and cotton trees, and
coffee bushes appear, as you approach
the secluded vale of Ambepusse, where
there is an excellent rest-house, em-

bosomed in the heart of an amphitheatre of lofty-wooded mountains; one of the most secluded and lovely spots imaginable. Now we are in the midst of coffee plantations, the blossoms presenting a delightful profusion of verdure and bloom. Large rocks lie scattered on the sides of the hills, with the cactus and aloe, and butterflies of the most brilliant hues hovering over beds of wild thyme and long lemon grass; the warm moist air teeming with odour, while large guanos lay basking on the grey rocks in the burning sun, and snakes and green lizards were seen disappearing in holes among the tangled blooming creepers which everywhere bespangled the ground. Leaving the Hingoole valley on our right, we found ourselves at the foot of the Kadagonava Pass, "the Simplon of the East," which is a gradual ascent of about three miles, presenting a succession of scenery unequalled in variety and grandeur—the sublime of landscape. Here the ebony and ironwood trees are seen of huge growth, with jungle rope and other air plants twined around their stems and hanging from their branches, extending from tree to tree, some fifty feet overhead—fern, which greatly resembles the aloe, of immense size, growing out of the bark. Underneath one of the great nung trees is a seat, within a few feet of a rocky precipice, covered with thick wood, where travellers sit down to rest, out of the heat of the noon-day sun. Here, by stretching yourself on the ground, you look down into a deep, dark, fathomless abyss, where the hissing surge of rushing water is heard, which is shut out from your sight by projecting rocks and overhanging trees. On the left of this wild mountain pass towers the lofty mountain of Aloogalla, with its shattered conical top rising to the height of 3,440 feet above the level of the sea, wooded about half way up. Now the eye wanders over the wide-spread valley of the Hingoole. One solitary house alone is seen, like a spec, nestling in the midst of cocoa and areka palms, once the residence of Old Molli-goddy, the first Adigar, one of the highest of the Kandyan chiefs, who figured in the rebellion of 1815. Mountains rise perpendicular from the road, some hundreds of feet in height, covered with forest trees from base to summit. Huge blocks of rocks have been hurled down from the hills, and seem to shut out your further progress; with rivers

dashing down the ravines to join the torrent below. Turning a projecting promontory, a most extensive scene bursts on the sight. Mountains of various forms, faint and aerial, as far as the eye can carry, are seen. In mid-distance rocky hills and wooded knolls appear; the deep, broad grey shadows in the gorges and recesses of the hills, in strong contrast with the flood of light which pours down on this lovely scene. Far away the Godeppa Oya, winding its sinuous course until it is lost in the distance—once more you catch a glimpse of the sparkling stream, as it winds its way through the feathery, waving bamboos which fringe the banks of the Hingoole. Here the graceful ebony tree towers; and the huge talipot, the giant of the palm, luxuriates, raising its majestic stem to the height of 130 feet, spreading out its great leaves of gorgeous green against the blue sky, crowned with an enormous blossom, fully thirty feet in height, and of a pale yellow colour. The leaves are of a fan-like form, of most gigantic dimensions, measuring upwards of ten feet in length by fifteen in breadth; affording shelter from the sun's rays to sixteen men under a single leaf. The surface of the stems of some of these palms is smooth; others rough, with the jagged points of the decayed leaves projecting out, like the bone of a saw-fish, completely matted over with tangled creepers. Pepper, with its red and green berries hanging in clusters among a marvellous profusion of flowers of every hue, twisted round and round, layer upon layer, one mass of vegetation and bloom, forming a majestic and beautiful foreground so characteristic in an eastern landscape, and adding much to the sublimity and grandeur of this truly wonderful spot. Passing a sharp angle of the road winding up the mountain side, a highly picturesque arched rock or tunnel is seen, overgrown with trees and creeping plants. Now the pass gradually narrows, great rocks lie scattered around, little streams glide and ripple down the hill-sides on the right, among every variety of fern, flowering shrubs, and lemon grass; while on the left of the narrow road the wild torrent dashes along, surging and roaming through its rocky channel, the spray rising like mist among the underwood and trees, now lost to sight in a deep, dark abyss, to reappear some half mile farther down.

Here the monkey and jackal abound, and many a variety of the parrot; while cheetahs, wild hogs and buffaloes infest the neighbourhood, together with snakes, scorpions and land-leeches, which are a frightful nuisance to travellers through the jungle, or in damp moist places. The vast chain of mountains at the foot of this pass formed the boundary of the dominions of the Kandyan monarchs, and resisted for centuries, successfully, the arms of the Portuguese, Dutch, and English. This wonderful road was constructed by Captain Dawson, R.E., and will ever remain a memorial of his genius and skill; with sorrow I add, it cost him his life. At the top stands a handsome column, erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription on its pedestal:—

“CAPTAIN DAWSON,
During the Government of Sir E. BARNES, G.C.B.,
Commanding Royal Engineers, Ceylon,
Whose science and skill planned and executed this
road,
And other works of public utility,
Died at Colombo, 28th March, 1829.

By subscription this Monument was erected to his
memory, by his friends and admirers.”

The Kadagonava rest-house, especially for equestrians, is admirably situated, but was badly conducted—bad fare, disobliging conduct, and exorbitant charges. Kandy is ten miles distant and the road uninteresting; the only objects worthy of a visit are the Paradenia Bridge across the Mahaveli Ganga, constructed of satin wood, 205 feet span; and the Botanical Gardens, which are well worthy of notice. These celebrated gardens have been brought to their present flourishing condition by the late lamented Dr. Gardner, the eminent botanist. They contain a great number of tropical plants, and every species of palm found in the east. A beautiful avenue of fine India-rubber trees lead up to the entrance, their dense foliage completely shutting out the sun's rays, while their huge grey roots intersect each other, stretching along both sides of the sandy road.

The celebrated city of Kandy, the mountain capital of the kings, is situated in an amphitheatre of hills and lofty ranges of rocky and wooded mountains, varying in height from 3,440 to 6,180 feet above the sea level, bounded on the south by a picturesque lake, nearly a mile in length, and about 200 feet in width, encircled by a road which affords a delightful drive and

cool air to the European residents. The finest and most picturesque view of Kandy is obtained from the hills on the opposite side of the lake, with its interesting temples, palaces, and dagobahs, embosomed in a thick grove of cocoa palms; undulating wooded hills, rising in mid-distance, clothed with coffee bushes from base to summit, and bounded by the Kadagonava range.

This famous eastern city was founded by King Panditu Prackrama Bahoo III., in the twelfth century of the Christian era. It was called Siriwardhanapooru, and became the capital of Ceylon in 1592. The Temple of the Malegawa, containing the delada, or sacred tooth of Buddha, the holy relic of their religion, is the building most interesting to the traveller. The chamber in which it is placed is small, and is lighted by oil lamps. Round the doorway are elaborate carvings of elephants and other devices, executed on ivory, close to which stands an altar, covered with sweet-smelling flowers, placed as an offering to their god. The room is lined with rich figured brocade, interwoven with threads of gold, while on a table of solid embossed silver stands the sacred relic, placed within four shrines of pure gold, the innermost containing the delada, lying in the heart of a golden lotus. The outer shrine is upwards of five feet high, and is loaded with a profusion of chains of massy gold, ornamented with the most rare and costly gems—cats' eyes, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, and many other precious stones of immense value. The apartment is strongly impregnated with the scent of the Buddha flowers, which are arranged tastefully in various devices around the object of their worship. The tooth of Buddha is considered their most holy relic, and is visited by pilgrims from all parts of India. It was originally deposited in the great Temple of Juggernath, and, according to the Mahawanso, was first brought to Ceylon in the fourth century of the Christian era. The Buddhists have a superstitious belief that whatever people or nation may become possessed of it, have a right to govern Ceylon. In 1815, when the British forces, after a protracted and severe struggle, overcame the Kandyans and captured their commanders, the taking of this tooth at once restored peace, and put an effectual stop to the

rebellion. Resistance was at an end; the natives exclaimed that "the English were masters of the country," as they had obtained possession of the delada. On the 5th October, 1847, in order to discountenance idolatry, the Governor, Lord Torrington, desired it to be handed over to two priests and one Kandyan chief, at which period a deal of excitement prevailed in Kandy. The rebellion afterwards broke out in July, 1848; but whether this circumstance had any effect in promoting the outbreak I do not pretend to say, as a great diversity of opinion prevailed at the time.

At home, travelling is a commonplace matter of every-day occurrence, having merely to put a few changes into your portmanteau, and a few pounds into your purse; but before starting on a tour through the jungles of Ceylon, each person has to provide himself with bed and bedding, jungle baskets (waterproof), to contain changes of clothing, the necessary provender, and coolies to carry them; taking with you your horse-keeper, appoo, and grass-cutter. In fact, you have to provide yourself with everything, including even basin and soap, as there are neither inn nor house, public or private, in the native villages, where food or lodging can be procured, with the exception of a few Government rest-houses on the direct lines of road; or tapal stations, some twenty miles apart, where a cane-couch is the only luxury to be met with—and a most agreeable and welcome one it is after the fatigue of a day's journey through the forest, under the heat of a burning sun, provided you have a supply of potted beef and a flask of brandy in your basket. Travelling is, indeed, different here from anything a European can conceive. The hot forest path, with not a breath of air; the deep, thorny jungle, the haunts of wild animals; the wide and spacious rivers (many of them two hundred and fifty feet in width), nowsweeping along in majestic strength, impassable—a mighty torrent; again, in a few hours, as dry as the sand of the desert.

On the direct line of road from Kandy to Trincomalee, two miles distant from the former place, is a ferry across the Mahavelli Ganga (the Ganges of Ceylon), where a tree is pointed out called "Davy's Tree," said to be the spot where the wily and treacherous Kandyan, in 1803, induced the pusil-

lanimous Major Davy to deliver Mooto Samy, a native prince, then under the protection of the British, over to his enemies, by whom he was instantly impaled. The entire of the detachment were afterwards surrounded and inhumanly butchered, in couples, by a Caffre named Fernando, by command of the king, Wickrama Singa—Davy being allowed to drag out a miserable existence without shoes, hat or trousers, a despised outcast. Pity history could not give this tree a better claim to celebrity—one more deserving of handing down the name of Davy to posterity. The road the greater part of the way, as far as Matellé, runs parallel with the windings of the river. Cocoa palms, areka palms, and bamboo, with other densely-foliaged trees, line its banks, the hills on either side being coffee plantations for miles around, covered with white blossoms, which emit a delicious fragrance. When the coffee is ripe, its berries are as red as a cherry, hanging in clusters under its leaves, completely covering this beautiful tree, and forming a pleasing contrast with its deep glossy green foliage, at either season; while aerial mountains close in the distance.

White mist after the shower, rose from among the trees, encircling the summits of the hills like thin smoke. Now a precipitous ridge bursting on the sight; then, again, the fog driving across the rocky promontory. The cotton tree stretches out its great branching arms across the aerial hills, as the rapid river sweeps along. The tall upas tree, with its silvery bark, seen towering far above, while the most luxurious vegetation grew around its stem, at once disproving the fabulous stories of the deadly upas, as well as its growth being confined to Java. The upas, however, contains a gum of the most poisonous quality. It was pointed out to me by my fellow-traveller, the late lamented Dr. Gardner, the eminent botanist, who was the first person to discover that the upas grew in the island of Ceylon. Great teak and jack trees densely lined the road, with the broad leaves of the talipot spreading over the mass of foliage; here, also, lime, orange, citron, cardamon, and wild plantain abound. The Kalany Ganga rises at Adam's Peak, and, after encircling the city of Kandy, and flowing for a distance of 200 miles, runs into the sea at Trincomalee.

We arrived at Matellé at eight o'clock in the evening, where about

twenty of our coolies, who had been sent forward with our luggage, were lying and squatted; chatting in Malabar; smoking, singing, and scratching themselves, in shelter of the verandah of the rest-house. Some seemed asleep; while others were cursing, yelling and quarrelling, under the exciting influence of arrack. The big rain came down like a second deluge, with vivid flashes of lightning, momentary and intense, accompanied by deafening claps and volleys of thunder, rolling across the heavens, or bursting with a crash, so sudden, loud, and frightful, as to strike terror into the hearts of all unaccustomed to a thunder-storm in the tropics. The hills were lighted as brilliantly as under the noon-day sun; and the rain poured down as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened; pelted on the earth as heavy as the severest hail-showers in Europe; accompanied with squalls of wind, dashing through the roofs of the dwelling-houses, with a velocity that nothing could withstand; transforming the roads into rivers, and sweeping down the declivities like mountain torrents. Words cannot convey the idea of what a thunder-storm is in Ceylon. The heavens appeared one brilliant flame of fire, with forked and chain-lightning shooting across its boundless expanse.

What a contrast did the following morning afford! Stillness reigned over the face of nature. The leaves of the graceful palm-trees hung quiet and motionless. The craggy summits of the wooded mountains were veiled in vapour, as the gorgeous sun rose from behind the eastern hills, lighting up the smiling landscape, imparting varied tints to the mountain and the valley: while his golden beams streamed through the leafy forest, and danced and flickered on the rippling surface of the Kalany Ganga, forming a strong contrast with the dense mass of foliage looking down the pass of Matellé—the road we had traversed the previous evening. How peaceful then was this quiet village, shortly to become the scene of desolation and plunder—the hot-bed of rebellion.

Four of the party who had remained in Kandy during the night, arrived at Matellé for breakfast at eight o'clock. The following are the names of those who accompanied Sir Emerson Tennent in this interesting tour through the central, northern, and western

provinces:—The late Dr. Gardner, Dr. Williams, R. A.; Captain Galway, Lieut. Evatt, and A. Nicholl, the artist, attended by their appoos, cooks, horsekeepers, and coolies.

Two and a-half miles distant from Matellé, a short way to the left of the Trincomalee road, is the celebrated temple, called the *Alu Wihare*, situated under the shelving portion of a huge mass of granite rocks, which have been hurled, by some convulsion of nature, from the summit of one of the surrounding mountains. The temple is small, and partly artificial, a roof and wall having been built across the cavity of the overhanging rock, and is approached by a flight of stone steps; another flight, hewn out of the rock, leads, in circuitous windings, passing many relics, to the spot where King Walagam Bahoo, ninety-two years before the birth of Christ, assembled the priests, to commit the doctrines of Buddha to writing, which formed the *Bunopata*, or Buddhist Bible. Previous to this period, his precepts descended by tradition. On the top of an adjoining rock a hollow is pointed out, called the sacred footmark, near which is a curiously sculptured stone, cut into twenty-five compartments, the centre one containing a holy relic, the ruins of a small dagobah, and a number of hollows for the reception of offerings. The temple contains a gilt figure of Buddha, in a reclining position, measuring forty-five feet in length.

Out of the crevices of this singular group of rocks, one solitary cocoa palm raised its star-crowned head; while a few of more tender growth, planted by the priests, were fast attaining maturity.

Wooded hills, and mountains with craggy tops, surrounded the valley, which was richly clothed with forest trees; the hills gradually receding from the eye, with bright gleams of sunshine flickering over the landscape, until the distance mingled with the sky.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF DAMBOOL is the most celebrated in the Island of Ceylon, and is situated in a cave in the side of an enormous rock, several hundred feet in height, approached by a steep path, partially overgrown with jungle. The entrance is a magnificent specimen of Indian architecture, composed of a group of kings and warriors, arranged around it, beautifully sculptured out of the face of the rock. The

interior measures 156 feet in length, 73 feet in width, and 21 feet in height, at the front; decreasing as the shelving rock slants downwards towards the opposite side of the cave. This temple contains forty-six statues of Buddhu, three gods and two kings; the roof being elaborately painted in glaring colours, on white cloth, representing figures of their gods and other devices, which have a very good effect. In the centre, opposite to the doorway, stands a handsome dagobah, surrounded with four sitting figures of Buddhu, admirably executed: curtains, and the paraphernalia used in their processions hang around. The first chamber, or temple of the great god, is termed the Mahu-degio Dewale, as it contains the statue of Vishnu, before which trials were decided and vows taken. He is here represented in the form of Ramachandra, one of the transfigurations of Vishnu; and is an unworthy specimen of the sculptor's art. On the left is a reclining figure of Buddhu, cut out of the side of the rock, measuring forty-seven feet in length. The statues are mostly arranged along the opposite side and ends of the temple, the greater number of them being in a sitting position.

The great temple of Dambool contains statues of the gods Saman, Vishnu, and Nata, the goddess Patine, and the kings Kirti Nissanga, and Walagam Bahoo, who founded it *a.c.* 86 years; also forty-six figures of Buddhu, which were gilt, and the temple otherwise ornamented, by Kirti Nissanga. From which circumstance it obtained the name of the golden rock; and an inscription cut in the stone, "*Swarna-giri-guhoya*," terms it "the cave of the golden rock." The only pure water to be procured at Dambool, filters through the roof, dropping into two large vessels, and is considered most holy. The priests will not permit you even to touch the ladle with which it is lifted, but will pour it into a vessel of your own.

From the platform, near the grand entrance, where stood a very large bo, or sacred tree, and several fine cocoa palms, an extensive view is obtained over an immense extent of forest, with clumps of palmyra and tufts of coconut trees, and every variety of wood, backed by an aerial range of mountains. On to the N. and E. the rocks

of Newara-kalawin, Dahiakande, the fortified rock of Sigiri, and the lofty range of Rattigalla, which rises 2,000 feet above the level forest.

An inscription over one of the entrances to this renowned temple, records the munificence of King Kirti Nissanga, in the Nigari character. There are also two other long inscriptions carved on the face of the rock, opposite to which are the remains of the Samna Dagobah.

On the morning of our departure from Dambool, we met numerous buffaloes, laden with dried fish, from Jaffna, Arripo, and different parts of the coast, intended for the Kandy and Colombo markets. We now entered the forest. The trees were of huge dimensions—many of them in blossom. One bore a strong resemblance to the laburnum, but much finer, and was of greater growth—one mass of yellow flowers, partially veiled with white and purple creepers. Here the pea-fowl were seen in great abundance; their dark-green, purple, and gorgeous golden plumes glistening in the bright streams of sunlight, which shone down intensely bright through the leafy screen overhead. The crowing of the jungle cock rang through the thicket, while the gorgeously-coloured flamingo and hundreds of green parrots flitted about—monkeys leaping from bough to bough, and from tree to tree, screaming and chattering. The morning was sultry, with not a breath of wind. The hum of insects filled the air. The frequent trumpeting of elephants, and bellowing of wild buffaloes caused much alarm to our horses; and every glade we passed gave indications of the presence of the cheetah and wild hog. Here some of our party suffered martyrdom from tick-bites: as I said before, they are the greatest pests of the insect tribe. They are found on rocks, in grass, and they gather in masses of thousands among the leaves of trees, falling down with the slightest motion. Their bites are like a red-hot needle entering your flesh, which swells in large lumps, out of which it is difficult to scrape them, as they often get under the skin, causing great pain and sickness, accompanied with a most annoying itch. The tick is about the size of a flea; flat, hard, and black, and is much dreaded by man and animal.

After an interesting ride of fifteen

miles, we arrived for breakfast at the fortified rock of Sigiri, situated in the province of Newerakalowe. The fortifications are said to have been erected in the year 478, by King Kaasyoppa I., as a secure retreat from the Malabars, who invaded Ceylon about that period.

The lower part of the fortress has been built of strong massy masonry, supporting a number of platforms above, which are still in existence. The ascent is gradual for about half-a-mile, along a path, through thick wood. Proceeding up a flight of steps, scooped out of the rock, with no little fatigue and trouble, we reached these singular remains, about 200 feet of the gallery being nearly perfect. It is thought that a tank is still in existence on the summit of the rock, from whence a fall of water pours down, after heavy rains, into the lake, which is partly covered with the beautiful red lotus and white water-lily, and swarming with alligators.

On leaving Sigiri, we obtained a magnificent extensive view, from Hood-rookandy, or White Mountain, over 150 miles of forest; which appeared like a vast sea, studded with islands. Looking westward, the singularly-formed rock, called Westminster Abbey, rose in the midst: Friarshood, Baronscap, and many others, stretching along the distant horizon. To the east Gunner's Coin, with glimpses of the Mahavelli Ganga, winding among the most wonderful trees, the rarest and most costly woods in the world, with which this great forest abounds — calamander, japan, jack, teak, satin, ebony, tamarind, sago, halmillile, and iron trees, interspersed with beautiful flowering shrubs, which filled the air with fragrance. In the middle distance rose the dagobahs and temples of Topare, nestling among the precious woods of this magnificent forest — a perfect wilderness of wealth, tenanted by the cheetah, elephant, and bear, and colonies of the monkey tribe; peafowl in great abundance, and hundreds of parrots and parroquets. A parrot pie is considered one of the delicacies of the island, which may sound strange at home; but parrots in the forests of Ceylon are more abundant than pigeons are in England.

After a stay of about an hour, gazing on this lovely scene, we descended, by a pathway which ran through a narrow

rocky ravine, the dry bed of a mountain torrent, where the horses found difficulty in keeping their feet; great rocks had been swept down, during the rains, at which time it must have been totally impassable. The bare roots of trees stretching across, intercepted us at every step. Several dismounted, and proceeded on foot, leading the horses down this tangled and rugged path, to the banks of the Mahavilli Ganga, which was a welcome sight to both horse and rider, after our journey through the forest. Here the river was wide, rocky and rapid, and we were obliged to cross its circuitous windings three times in less than a quarter of a mile. Some of us swam, others dashed in without stripping. This bath was truly delightful and refreshing beyond conception. We arrived at the secluded little Tamil village of Katavilla, which is temple property, at ten o'clock, and entered our sylvan abode, constructed with the upright stems of palm trees, interwoven with branches and boughs of green trees, the roof covered with white calico. An excellent breakfast awaited us, to which, I need scarcely say, ample justice was done.

The village consisted of three or four houses, and the pansals of the priests. The inhabitants were Moors and Singhalese.

Our fairy-like abode was placed under the shade of a tamarind tree, opposite to a group of cocoa palms; all around us was still and quiet, until near sunset, when hundreds of green parrots and parroquets commenced screaming and chattering in most discordant concert, causing a frightful din. A gun was fired into the trees, when they flew off, filling the air with their annoying cry, but shortly afterwards returned to their old quarters. The sun set in splendour behind the woody hills, the parrots became silent, and quiet was once more restored. In the rear of a little garden, close to our domicile, I discovered eight turtles; they had crawled out of the river in search of food.

A short distance from Topare, is one of these wonderful monuments of antiquity which astonish the traveller in the forests of Ceylon—the gigantic tank of Domoodalla, an immense reservoir constructed for the purpose of irrigating the land, but now in ruins—the embankments destroyed, and its sluices gone to decay. These once fer-

tile plains, where hundreds of acres of rice were formerly in cultivation, are now unwholesome swamps and desolate jungles, the favourite resort of the wild buffalo and elephant. This tank, which is many miles in extent, was literally covered with the blossoms of the red and white lotus, many of its broad green leaves standing up above the surface of the water, others floating amidst an ocean of gorgeous flowers, which filled the entire valley, and diversified the monotony of the forest scenery. Here the elephants congre-

gate to bathe in the cool water, and wallow in the soft mud on its margin. Many of the tanks in Ceylon are upwards of twenty miles in length, situated in the most solitary and desolate parts of the island, buried in the depths of the vast forests, neglected and unknown—no living thing to meet the eye save the pelican or white crane, or occasionally a herd of wild buffaloes, under the shade of the overhanging trees. These gigantic remains are frequently many miles distant from any human habitation.



THE RUINED TEMPLES OF TOPARE.—The most important architectural remains in the island of Ceylon are the ruined palaces and sacred structures of Pollanarue, the ancient capital of the Kandyan kings, greatly exceeding in number and elegance of design anything to be found in the island. Many of these noble edifices were erected in the reign of Prackrama Bahoo the Great, the first monarch of that name, in the twelfth century. After defeating the Malabars, who invaded the

island, and avenging himself on the despisers of Buddha, this renowned prince directed his entire attention to the restoration of the religious edifices in the eastern province of Ceylon. Besides erecting that vast and elegant structure the Jaitawanarama, temples, dagobahs, and every description of religious edifices—restoring and adorning the old ecclesiastical buildings—cutting canals, to conduct the waters to the different tanks, and channels from thence to the rice fields, he also plant-

ed forests of fruit trees, and turned the course of rivers. These services gained him the affection and veneration of the people. This monarch, during a happy reign of thirty-three years, restored the religion of Buddha to all its former magnificence; and, notwithstanding foreign invasions and domestic feuds, he brought the arts to a most flourishing state of perfection. Pollanarue remained the seat of government for upwards of 550 years. The reign of Prackrama Bahoo I. has been designated "the most martial, enterprising, and glorious in the Singhalese history." He studied how to reward merit, and to promote the welfare and happiness of his subjects. His attention and energies were not confined to adorning his dominions. He had the Goodaviree canal made to convey the waters of the river Karagangu into a vast tank, called the Prackrama sea; to be conducted northward through the highly cultivated valleys, by the Kalinda canal, by which the Kalaaweve tank, at An-naradhapooru, was supplied. In the year 1186 of the Christian era, and the thirty-third year of his eventful reign, which was distinguished by a greater increase of prosperity than that of any other Singhalese monarch, died Prackrama Bahoo I.

The ruins of the Jaitawanarama are approached by a path through a noble avenue of trees, where, it is said, the king, attended by his nobles, chiefs, and a large train of priests, walked in procession to the temples. The main entrance to this splendid edifice is formed by two polygonal pillars, having two richly-sculptured stones in front. At the opposite end of the building stands a colossal statue of Buddha, fifty feet in height. Its sides are profusely ornamented with rows of figures, birds, and other devices, tastefully and elegantly executed; and the greater part of its walls are covered with young trees and creeping plants. The building is constructed of brick, covered with a coating of polished chunam, and is a noble specimen of the architecture of its time, measuring 160 feet in length. Opposite are the remains of the Gonsaboe Mundapa, a group of stone pillars, with sculptured capitals, situated on an elevated mound; and close by stands a fine stone dagobah.

A short mile distant from the Jaitawanarama, in the midst of mouldering ruins and great trees, is the singu-

lar temple of Gal-wihare, which is by far the finest specimen of ancient eastern sculpture in Ceylon. Out of the face of a huge granite rock, three figures of Buddha, two temples, and a long inscription have been carved. One of these statues is of colossal dimensions, measuring forty-five feet in length, in a reclining position, the work having never been separated from the rock. The second figure, which is standing, measures twenty-four feet. The third is in a sitting position, and is sixteen feet high, richly ornamented; having a number of fabulous animals at each side—half alligator, half elephant—and a profusion of elegant devices. This figure is represented sitting on a massy pedestal, on the front of which, in different compartments, is a row of curious animals; while inside a temple, called the Isuramuni, or Kalugalla-wihare, is seen a fourth figure of perfect proportion. The attitude is easy and graceful; it is also in a sitting position, with statues at each side. These beautiful sculptures are executed with great care and skill; some of them would reflect credit on any age or country. The temple is apparently supported by four graceful columns, which are a portion of the rock, as the whole has been hollowed out to form the cavity. Between the temple and the standing figure is a large flat tablet, with a long inscription in Nāgari characters. All these ancient remains are part and parcel of the everlasting granite, having never been separated from the rock, and cannot, consequently, ever be removed by the collector of curiosities. These remains are as sharp and perfect as if fresh from the hands of the sculptor.

The Ranket dagobah is a brick structure, the most celebrated at Topari, measuring 159 feet in height, and is covered with forest trees from base to summit. It is surrounded by eight small temples, highly ornamented, with rows of the dodo (an extinct bird, held sacred by the Buddhists) round the doorways and recesses, containing figures in graceful attitudes. These handsome little edifices are partially concealed by flowering shrubs and creeping plants, which add much to their architectural beauty. Huge decayed trees, with silvery stems and tiny branches, relieve the mass of green. Twisted bare roots stretch across, some of which have entered the crevices, and rent their walls asunder. Heaps of

mouldering bricks and rubbish, mingled with fragments of sculpture, lay scattered among a profusion of large leaves and long grass.

The place is infested with bears, having their dens among the ruins, and are very dangerous. Persons visiting the dagobahs require to carry arms, as a protection. The natives are generally provided with a hammer or club.

The Delada Malegawa, or temple of the tooth of Buddha, is a small structure, built of hewn stone, erected in one day, under the directions of King Kirti Nissanga, A.D. 1193. It is now a heap of ruins; the roots of the trees having entered the crevices, and twisted the entire building asunder, but little remains.

Four and a-half miles from the Rasket dagobah are the ruins of the Sat Mal Praesada, or seven-story palace, built of burnt brick, covered with chunam, and elaborately ornamented. Part of the plaster has fallen off, and trees grow out of its sides and on its walls. A number of graceful figures are placed in niches, most of them perfect. This structure is different in form from any of the other buildings, and rises far above the forest trees. At its foot has been placed a large squared block of granite, called "The Book," ornamented on the upper end with a sitting figure of Buddha, having an elephant at each side, with their trunks extended over his head. On its sides are a double row of the dodo; and the flat top bears a long inscription, in the Nāgari character. These sculptures are perfect, and admirable specimens, in basso relievo. "This is the stone which the chief minister, Unawoonandonawan, caused the strong men of Nesson Khu to bring from the mountain of Sigiri Mehintilai, at Annaradhapoorā, in the time of the Lord Sree Kaliny Chakrāwarti."

The palace of Prackrama Bahoo I. is another magnificent erection; remarkable for elegance of design and elaborate finish; and is one of the most picturesque remains of ancient architecture to be met with in the island. It is built of brick, and finished with chunam, which has stood the test of ages, amidst the fertility of a climate so destructive as Ceylon. Several large banyan trees, with huge trunks and immense outstretched arms, grow out of the top of its walls, coming down and encasing their sides like broad

streams of lava, entering the crevices, and, as they expanded, have split and rent its weather-stained walls asunder, from top to base of the building. Its rich, massive, ornamental remains lie hidden among a mass of rubbish, and multitudes of sculptured stones are scattered in every direction around, which must have belonged to other edifices of which there is no mention made in any of the histories of Ceylon. Here these destructive giants of the forest have laid firm hold. Their powerful shoots and fibres are fast creeping over the entire building, and nought will remain in a short space of time, save a heap of ruins.

The banyan or burr-tree belongs to the order of creepers, and grows by twining round some lofty tree, mostly the cocoa or palmyra palm; the latter appearing to grow out of the stem of the banyan, by which, in time, it is so completely encased that not a vestige of the original tree remains. After strangling the palm, which fostered its early growth, it proudly waves its broad, outstretched arms far above all its brethren of the forest. Some of these trees are of immense size, and occupy a great extent of ground, constantly increasing, until their stems form a beautiful sylvan temple. Shoots descend from every bough; hundreds of them hang down like ropes, sink into the earth, and, in time, grow as large as the parent stem. Others twine round the trunks in broad flat layers, lapping and intersecting each other, from top to bottom, like net-work, affording a magnificent shady retreat and shelter for the traveller from the intense heat of the noon-day sun. The finest specimen of this noble tree in Ceylon is at Mount Lavinia, seven miles distant from Colombo. Two roads run through its stems; some of its fibrous shoots have been trained like the stays of a ship, so as not to intercept the road, while others hang half way down, with beautiful vistas of cocoa palms seen through its numerous pillar-like stems. It throws a shadow at noon over four acres of ground.

The Hindoos and Buddhists have a singular veneration for this tree; the former hold their festivals underneath its shady foliage. Armies encamp beneath and around its outstretched arms; and huntsmen and travellers find shelter beneath its leafy canopy.

It affords a home for the squirrel, parrot, and monkey, while dangerous snakes and scorpions lodge in its decayed stems. The banyan is a species of the fig; the fruit is red, and about the size of a small plum, which the wild pigeons and crows eat. It is thus propagated and carried from place to place, as their stomachs do not destroy its germinating qualities. Such is this wonderful specimen of nature's architecture—the most extraordinary production in the vegetable world—the *Ficus indica*.

One of the most important varieties of the banyan is the *Paipal*, or *Ficus religiosa*, commonly called by the Singalese the sacred bo-tree, and is met with in the vicinity of every Buddhist temple in the island. At the foot of each of these trees is placed a small stone altar, for the reception of offerings of flowers. It is a pleasing sight to behold aged men and little children presenting at the simple shrines of Buddhu the blossoms of the lotus, sacred tree, and sweet-smelling jessamine.

Close to the palace of Prackrama Bahoo are the ruins of another brick structure, of a circular form, elaborately and exquisitely finished. A considerable height above the ground is a platform, surrounded by a row of graceful granite columns with richly carved capitals, much defaced by time. There are four entrances leading into the interior, each being approached by a massy flight of stone stairs, ornamented with devil-dancers in basso relievo. Here you see heaped together, in one complicated mass, elaborate sculptures of exquisite workmanship, fragments of statues, capitals of columns, and beautiful carved colonnades scattered about in heaps of rubbish. Ruined walls, overgrown with creeping plants and jungle weeds, evince the power of time and climate over these massy edifices. The numerous vestiges which lie buried in the depths of the forest, and the vast and elegant structures which abound at Topari, together with the mighty tanks, attest the ancient greatness of Ceylon, and convey an excellent idea of the extraordinary taste and skill of those who constructed them, and the perfection the arts had attained at a very early period in the island. The renowned temple of Pollanarue, with its extensive grounds, varying from sixteen to twenty miles in length, its busy bazaars,

its luxurious palaces—all have passed away. Cities, towns, and villages have disappeared, while the gigantic ruined tanks, many of them constructed at a period so remote as to be beyond the reach of tradition, and the magnificent stone temples, colossal statues, and lofty dagobahs, remain buried in the solitudes of the forests, tenanted by wild animals, whose haunts are seldom intruded on by man.

At Topari the creeping plants are as beautiful as they are various. They cover the stems of the loftiest trees, shoot across the top branches, extending from branch to branch and from tree to tree, over a continuous extent of wood; bordering the forest paths, roofing with verdure and bloom the entire thicket, completely shutting out the intense light and heat of the blazing sun—producing a profuse, varied, and rich mass of the most luxurious green tints, the intense light shining through their transparent leaves, while their graceful tendrils hang in wreaths, festooning nature's loveliest arbours—drooping across in garlands of gorgeous blossoms, red, yellow, purple, blue and white; some of them small and tiny, others as large as a peony rose, closing you in with a thin partition of quivering leaves, through which the parrot and humming-bird are constantly fluttering: also, the graceful ribbon bird, which is white, with a tuft on the head and two long feathers growing out of its tail, closely resembling the bird of paradise. Some of these creeping plants are of huge dimensions, and are called jungle-rope, being as thick and as closely twisted as a cable, which it closely resembles.

In our morning's ride, the path for miles ran along the margin of the great tank of Minirie, which is upwards of twenty-five miles in circumference. It appeared like an extensive lake, or inland sea: the distant land, jutting out, forming bays. The embankment is a quarter of a mile in length, and fifty-eight feet wide at the top, completely covered over with old timber. The place is infested with every variety of wild animals peculiar to Ceylon. This beautiful sheet of water presented a wonderful exuberance of bloom, being in many places covered with the red lotus and white water lily, while in every nook and pool on its margin these little wildings of nature nestled. The grass in the dry portions of the

tank, along its borders, fully six feet in height, appeared one flaming mass for miles; a dense body of white smoke, floating across its clear surface, contrasted well against the green and purple mountains in the distance. The bright red blaze had a magical effect, as the glowing flames burst crackling, sending forth thousands of fiery sparks when fanned by the breeze, its bright glare mingling with the green of the long grass; while flocks of wild fowl, with the "did-you-do-it," the "pee-wit," of Ceylon, and the white crane rose frightened from the fens and flew to their mountain solitudes for safety. Tiny kingfishers were hovering over the lotus flowers, and the gorgeous plumage of the peacock shone with dazzling brilliancy among the quivering foliage, while trains of butterflies of every colour flitted about through glade and thicket, in the balmy air of morning. The Veddahs, a race of wild men, had set fire to the grass, to produce a younger crop as food for their buffaloes. Some wild fowl were shot, but owing to the depth of the water and the danger apprehended from alligators, we were obliged to leave them behind.

Here herds of elk and spotted deer, as beautiful as the gazelle, started out of the thickets, and ran across the grassy glades. Numbers of jackals came out of the wood, stood in the path gazing at us, then disappeared in the jungle. A dog called Billy, who followed one of the horses the entire journey, the pair having been stable friends, was in the habit of pursuing the birds; and, having ventured to sport in this wild forest, was closely pursued by an immense troop of monkeys, yelling in full cry after the unfortunate brute like as many devils, leaping from tree to tree, and chattering and screaming with fiendish disappointment as the dog reached the horses, and thus escaped his pursuers. Billy wisely kept close to his friends in his travels through the forest, and seemed to be effectually cured of his hunting propensities ever after.

Our bungalow was a deserted rest-house, in a most ruinous state of dilapidation, having the upright posts and a portion of its roof alone remaining. The ends and sides were restored, for our temporary occupation, by the intertwining of the branches of trees, white calico being spread across the ceiling. In the centre was placed our

portable dining table, together with our seats, consisting of two chairs, paddy pounders and boxes; while our beds, luxuriously hung with mosquito-curtains, were arranged round its sides; with the various luggage and travelling traps lying about in picturesque confusion. I had just returned, feverish and fatigued, after sitting for many hours sketching under the burning sun, and had stretched myself on a couch to rest my weary bones, when frightful shouting was heard. All ran out, thinking a rogue elephant had invaded our quarters. To our astonishment, it turned out to be a regular fight between two ponies and Dr. G.'s large grey horse. The three were pitching into each other with hearty good-will, neighing wildly, and rearing on their hind legs like three unicorns. The Modliar's bay pony seemed to have tried the game before, being scientific in his mode of attack, and determined to die game. As his more powerful opponent made a plunge at him, he would nimbly slip to one side, at the same instant giving the horse a terrible broadside in the ribs with his heels. Such neighing of horses, and yelling and screaming of appoos and coolies, and cursing, and growling, and shouting of Malabar horsekeepers, while the doctor's voice was heard amid the unearthly din, roaring out, "Why the de'il don't you catch him?—catch the b—h, catch the d—d b—h." At last, the horse was captured, the pony taking a parting fling at him, every horse-keeper present giving him a blow with a stick, and the doctor a sound lashing with a heavy hunting whip, vowing that he should be put on short allowance for a week.

Mr. Mercer, the district judge of Trincomalee, and another gentleman joined us. Each day brought forth fresh pleasure and enjoyment; and, notwithstanding the long distance from any town, together with the danger and difficulty of travelling, we had as good fare and as well cooked as any gentlemen in Colombo.

It was truly delightful to stroll out, before retiring to rest, in the cool atmosphere, after the burning heat of the sultry noon, and enjoy the enchanting effect of the bright moonlight. Night in the tropics, when the moon is at the full, is lustrous and glowing beyond conception. Every object appears as clear as day, as she pours down her

floods of light on the distant lake, or among the sparkling dewy foliage of the citron and lime trees, while the feathery pendulous cocoa and areka palms quiver in the air, and the talipot spreads its huge leaves against the clear sky; the enormous vampire bat sailing among the forest trees, where countless millions of the beautiful firefly, like winged stars, or showers of living fire, bespangle the jungle. Nature herself seems to slumber under the delightful influence and radiant glow of the bright moon. Nought is heard save the hum of the beetle or the bark of the jackal in the deep solitude of the surrounding forest. Two hours before daybreak, we were once more preparing for our journey. Loud shouts for appoo; cups of coffee and basins of water; washing, dressing, and packing, beds taking down, all hurry, bustle, and confusion. Now we are mounted, and once more in the forest. In mid-distance, a long line of coolies were seen treading the narrow winding path, laden with the canteen jungle baskets, beds, bedding, and a certain article which Dr. W.'s luxurious jungle habits induced him to bring as a travelling companion. One of the coolies, who wore this wooden necklace, having his head through the hole like a man in the pillory, imparted an agreeable variety to the procession, and caused, occasionally, no small degree of merriment. The train of horses wound its way through the forest, one after the other, in the cool delightful air of early morning; now emerging from a leafy thicket, again crossing a glade, which resembled an extensive English park. Day began to dawn; long purple clouds stretched across the eastern horizon, slightly tinged with yellow, changing to pink and vermilion, as the dazzling sun burst forth in all his glory from behind the wooded hills, the dew sparkling on the leaves and long grass, like diamonds in the reflected glare of the level sun; while the spotted deer ran from glade to thicket, and the song-birds made the forest ring with joy.

KIRI OYA, OR RIVER OF MILK, is a rocky and picturesque spot, where we arrived, and found a sylvan bower, as fresh and verdant as the trees themselves, and an excellent breakfast ready to sit down to. All appeared as if effected by magic, temptingly inviting, as we ascended the steep bank of the river, and inhaled the fragrant

and agreeable odour of broiled ham and jungle cock, and beheld a pyramid of eggs, and cups of smoking coffee.

The scenery was grand, and the bed of the river half dry; whilst the clear stream rippled and glided over rocks or sand, collected in deep, dark pools, overhung by enormous old hoary trees, dead with age, their white withered arms extending across, weeds and the bare roots of trees crept along the glassy margin of the river. There I watched the alligators lurking under shelving rocks in the dark water, which changed my mind, and prevented me taking my accustomed bath. I turned towards our encampment, where groups of coolies and horsekeepers, in their many-coloured costumes, wearing red-and-white turbans, sat on the dry sand, cooking their rice on wood fires, which gave animation to the scene, the thin, blue smoke rising among the dense wood. After remaining in this cool retreat, sheltered from the intense heat of the noon-day sun, for a few hours, we proceeded onward; beautiful glades opening here and there, covered with ripe hay, which filled the mind with sad and pleasing thoughts of home. Passing through leafy arbours, everywhere around us were the tracks of the elephant. Here the great euphorbia luxuriated; myrtle-trees grew as large as an English oak; and iron-trees, of immense size, which is the hardest wood known; passing multitudes of ant-hills, upwards of eight feet in height; and the forest swarming with ticks.

A number of elephant watch-houses, constructed of bamboo-cane, erected against old trees, were seen, close to a little Tamil village, where these poor people stay at night, burning fires to frighten away the elephants and wild hogs from their rice-fields. The natives are obliged to use every precaution against the depredations of wild animals, as they often destroy whole fields in a few hours. The paddy which is not eaten is trodden down and destroyed by the elephants. The latter, when provoked or wounded, often make a charge on these frail erections, which they demolish in a few minutes. On these occasions the watchers take refuge in the trees, concealing themselves among their ranches and leaves until the sun rises.

The scenery here became more savage and wild; the timber was of

larger growth than we had seen elsewhere, and the jungle more dense. We crossed several streams of muddy water, the outpourings of a neighbouring tank. In this hot, moist place the yam flourished most luxuriantly, its great, thick, glossy leaves measuring upwards of five feet in length by four in breadth; underneath one of which I have often taken shelter from the rain. Amid this rank vegetation we heard the wailing cry of the alligator. After turning a narrow angle, and ascending a large granite rock, the beautiful tank of Heenookhiriewe opened on our sight, studded with the lotus and other water-plants; the noble mountain of Retigal Kandy, with

its craggy top, in the distance. Now we were fanned by the cool breeze, which swept over the glassy water—a luxury unknown in colder climes. The most profuse vegetation I ever beheld surrounded us, and the sun's heat was intense. The air was filled with the songs of birds and the hum of insects. The discordant screech of the knife-grinder (a kind of beetle) was heard above them all. An elephant passed round the base of the rock where we sat, and disappeared in the forest; but his frightful trumpeting shortly afterwards reminded us that we should join the others of the party, who were fully half-an-hour's ride onwards.

ClOUGH FIONN ; OR, THE STONE OF DESTINY.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER IX.

PATRICK DONOHUE was a young man of powerful muscular conformation and of inherited strong passions. He was naturally headlong either for good or for evil; ardently affectionate where he loved, but capable of mad resentment if cause were offered to arouse his constitutional violence of temperament. The full gushing tenderness of his nature had been called forth, to meet and mingle with the unguarded and undisguised ebullition of Winny Mulcahy's love; while, under the influence of her beseeching look supplicating for forbearance, he had borne with injury and contumely, which, without such intervention, would have roused the couchant lion within him to unbridled fury. To prove to her the reality and depth of his affection, he would at the moment, if she prayed for it with her eloquent eyes, have stood impassive and allowed her father to have discharged a pistol at his temple. But when Winny Mulcahy had disappeared, and that her mute, but all powerful influence no longer swayed him; and when he beheld the grass reddened with his blood, and felt the pain of shameful gashes from which the stream continued to pour, there came a strong revulsion of feeling: he groaned in agony over

the recollection of the outrages he had so tamely borne, and had Richard Mulcahy stood before him unaccompanied by his daughter, he would have slain him on the spot.

We have before stated, that the oath of vengeance he had sworn, when a child, over his mother's body, he had, under proper culture, learned to regard as irreligious in its character, and revolting in its conditions. This sentiment held full mastery over him while he met nothing but kindness and affection under Richard Mulcahy's roof; but now, as he sat brooding over what he had himself endured; while the blood about his heart boiled with indignation at his own wrongs, his father's and his mother's injuries were thought on bitterly, and revenge appeared for the time to be a duty.

He had seated himself on the spot where he had been degraded. We will not attempt to follow the battling of his thoughts. At times the remembrance of Winny Mulcahy's love came like a gentle breeze across his fevered brain, and again the whirlwind of his fiercer passions banished the soothing calm, and all was uproar within him.

"Patrick Donohue has now the knowledge," said a voice close by him,

using the Irish tongue, "of how Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth, looks upon the son of Sheela Donohoe; Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth will not bestow his daughter on Patrick Donohoe's love."

Patrick Donohoe raised himself to his feet, and wiping away the blood from about his eyes—for, in his morose abstraction, he had allowed it to stream over the closed lids—he looked in the direction of the speaker, and he saw, only a few paces distant, the man from whose gripe he had rescued Winny Mulcahy. While he looked, the speaker continued—

"The blood of the poor pretender to the great man's daughter; and kicks and blows from the great man's foot, and the great man's horsewhip, and spittle from the great man's lips into the pretender's teeth, and the abuse of a foul tongue, and the dog's dismissal from the threshold he guarded, and for which he got food like the dog—these are the gifts of Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth to his watch-dog, Pathrick Donohoe."

"You are the same," said Patrick Donohoe, adopting the language in which he had been addressed, "whose grasp on Winny Mulcahy's arm I loosed to-day?"

"My hatred was on Dick Mulcahy's daughter, when your young arm loosed the old man's hold. There was a day, before the years,—but more than the years, the long and bitter suffering—had made my head white, and my fingers weakly: that day was, Patrick Donohoe; and in that day your young strength would be no more than a woman's strength to stand before me. *Buch avoch, and och hone a rec!* when the chains are put on the strong man's limbs for years, and when the scourge for years hacks the flesh from the strong man's shoulders, freedom, come at last, or even the breeze of his pleasant native hill, will not restore the wasted vigour."

Patrick Donohoe's first impulse, urged on by the surliness of his mood, was to punish the intruder on his privacy, and the scoffer at his wounded spirit, but there was something pathetic and touching in the last words spoken, that stayed his purpose.

"If my recollection does not deceive me," he said, "and I am almost certain the words came from the lips of Richard Mulcahy, you it was, who sent

him here to seek me, on the spot where we now stand."

"If Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth spoke those words, he spoke the words of truth. I sent him here that he might see with his own eyes yourself and his daughter, arm in arm, and cheek to cheek, together in the lonesome glen."

"And why did you this?"

"My head sometimes whirls; at other times I can see a long stretch before me. I sent him here that he might have knowledge of the love you give to his daughter, and that he might, if life was to remain at his heart, put his child's hand in yours, and take you for his son. I sent him, too, that the son of Sheela Donohoe might know what Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth is, in flesh and blood, and bone, and marrow. If the words of Dick Mulcahy came mild, and loving, and warm from his lips, and that he called Patrick Donohoe the son of his choice and heart, Patrick Donohoe or Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth would have never looked again on the remnant of the man that was once strong, and healthy, and happy. I would have turned my back upon both of you; I would have stretched myself on your mother's grave, and I would have died as no man, having a man's nature, ought to die—of a broken heart. And I would have left Patrick Donohoe behind me, to guard with his strong arm the life of Dick Mulcahy-na-Mollocth; and I would have left Patrick Donohoe behind me, to enjoy the riches that Dick Mulcahy had made, out of the miseries of his fellow-creatures; to wield the power that Dick Mulcahy had gained over hundreds that he had made poor. I would have left Patrick Donohoe every day to take Dick Mulcahy's daughter to his bosom, and to love her, and to fondle with her beauty, and to nurse her little weanings on his knee, and to be as happy as the day was long. I would have never crossed your path again, Patrick Donohoe; I would never again have brought my tatters and my bareness to vex your eyesight; I would have gone to my Sheela's grave, and I would have died there of a broken heart. I would have died from the bursting of my heart, because that my oath of vengeance had been broken, and because my Sheela's murder was unrevenged. I would have done this, that I might leave Sheela Donohoe's son

wealthy, and powerful, and with the blessings of the world around him."

The old man's voice faltered; he stopped abruptly, for his words failed him. Patrick Donohoe had listened breathlessly to the outburst; there was but one human being who could speak thus:—

"In the name of God," he said solemnly; but the other suddenly spoke again, he had mastered the temporary weakness, excited by the picture he had himself limned.

"But Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch did not join the young hands and the loving hearts together. Dick Mulcahy raised up his murderer's arm, and he swung it wide, and he cut the flesh from the brow of Patrick Donohoe, and he reddened the green sod with Patrick Donohoe's gushing, warm blood; and he kicked Patrick Donohoe with his booted foot, and he spat upon him, and he despised him; and now—now let Dick Mulcahy answer for his thrice-heaped wrongs against Murtoch Donohoe of Clough Fionn. Now, let Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch answer for the untimely death of the mother; let him answer for having sent the father a wandering, houseless beggar, to run wild through the land, from his own mad thoughts; let him answer for drawing the blood of that mother and father's child with his laden whip, as if that child was a beast, and had not a human shape, or had not a heart and soul to revenge his mother, his father, and himself. Let Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch meet the vengeance that is his due; let the pledged oath be fulfilled. Let Dick Mulcahy die by the hands of the father and son, who swore to be revenged upon him."

"Wretched and outcast man, you are —"

"I am Murtoch Donohoe of Clough Fionn. I was the joyful husband of your mother—I am your father, Patrick Donohoe."

They rushed into each other's arms. After a long-enduring embrace, the old man separated himself from his son, and laying his hand upon that son's shoulder, he again addressed him:—

"I thought I should have lain in my last home, hard by the ruined church of Kilebeg, without pressing Sheela Donohoe's boy to my breast. The blood from my heart is around your heart, Patrick Donohoe. I was the husband of Sheela Donohoe, who

fed you with the milk from her bosom. Well beloved of Sheela was your father. You were born of her to me; in my arms I nursed your weakness. I was a happy and thriving man on Clough Fionn hill. Look upon me now!—look at my hair, with the snow heavy upon it before the winter time of my days!—look at my wasted cheeks!—look at my bare and torn feet! I was your father when I was strong in body, and strong in mind, and strong in worldly goods. Now that my arm is weakly—now that my mind is wild and giddy, as it often is—now that I am in tatters, and, as you tell me, an outcast, I am your father still, Patrick Donohoe."

Patrick Donohoe placed one hand before his wounded face, with the other he clasped that of his parent; heavy sobs rent his breast, and the big tears flowing down, channelled their course through the blood-stains. Hand in hand, the father and son sat down side by side.

"It is now more than fourteen years," said Patrick Donohoe, when he could command his words, "that I have been passing from my childhood to my manhood; what has been your fortune during that long period, my father?"

"I turned my back on Clough Fionn hill, when there was no home there for me, and when I had heard the clay falling, lump by lump, on your mother's coffin. I went, I did not mind or care whither. I wanted to fly from my sorrows, but my sorrows were with me wherever I turned my face. I went wherever the wind blew the loudest in my ears, and the stiffest against my forehead. Wherever I went, or whichever road I took, the hand that first struck me down was still upon me. His ears were listening when the husband and the child pledged their oath on Clough Fionn; and he dreaded the sworn vengeance. He tracked your father over the mountains, and through the valleys, and at his bidding I was seized on; and I was shut into a prison. A small, and a deep, and a dark prison was closed upon me at his bidding; and irons were put upon my limbs. I was chained down at his command—chained down with irons on me. I cried out for vengeance against the slayer of my wife, and the persecutor of her husband; and I struggled hard to gain the freedom of the

hills again. And then they came with scourges, and the flesh was cut from my back with thongs, until the spirit sank down, as if death had frozen my blood. The strong man, who could face the roaring bull, and hold him by the horns in his fury, was as helpless as the weeny child. For many, many summers, and many dreary winters, I roared out against the blows of the scourgers sent by Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch to flay my shoulders. After long, long years, when they had made me crippled, and feeble, and bent down as if I had lived to see a fourth generation of my name, they opened the dungeon for me, and I came out again under the sky of heaven."

"You say that all this was Mulcahy's work, oh! most miserable father?"

"All, all the doing of Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloch. They said to me, when they brought their whips, but they lied when they said so, that Dick Mulcahy did not swear his oath against me; that Dick Mulcahy did not put the scourges into the hands of the floggers. They lied when they said this. I knew in my heart that Dick Mulcahy dreaded my vengeance; and people, who could tell of all his hard-heartedness, gave me the word, that it was he who had shut me up, and had put the irons on my limbs, and who had sent the scourgers to my prison. Ay—oh! ay, I remember they called Murtoch Donohoe a madman, and they said to him that he was bound and flogged, to bring back the senses that had flown away. Och, hone-a-ree! beautiful son of the beautiful Sheela Donohoe, I was not mad. The sorrow was in my heart, and from the heart it came up like a flame into my brain; and Dick Mulcahy flogged your father for having the sorrow on him—the sorrow that was Dick Mulcahy's gift to your father."

"Oh, my God!" ejaculated Patrick Donohoe, "do not in your mercy permit my patience or my Christian feeling to depart from me."

"The knowledge came to my mind," continued the old man, "that they punished me, because my voice cried out against Dick Mulcahy, and I took caution. My tongue was no longer swelled thick, and dry as a cinder with curses heaped upon his head; but in my heart the curses were deep and bitter still, but I did not say any more that Dick Mulcahy was my enemy.

I do not know how long the chains were on me, but I know that my head was black as the raven's wing when their doors closed on me; and it was white as that of a very aged man, when the shower and the sunbeam fell upon it again. It was a long, long time to be scourged and chained—a long, long time."

He paused for a moment or two, and cast down his eyes in thought, as if endeavouring to unwind a ravelled chain of memory. He then resumed:—

"When I came out again into the light of heaven, and when the same breeze that had given health to my youth came cool and refreshing to my sunken cheek, I thought that I could leap and run, but the limbs shook and tottered, and I fell down; and then I knew and felt that the dungeon had made me a feeble man; that the youth and the health were gone from me. And I crept along craving charity—charity I craved, for the love of God. Ay, ay, I was a beggar for the food I ate. I was no longer the stout and bold Murtoch Donohoe, of Clough Fionn's breezy hill."

"Unfortunate and miserable father, you are urging me to desperation."

"It was a long and a weary way for me to crawl back to Clough Fionn; and when I came there was not one—not one that had me in remembrance. No one could think that the white-headed and white-bearded man, with the thin, wrinkled face, and the tottering footstep, was the stout and sinewy Murtoch Donohoe, whom no man of his day could meet to throw the sledge, or gripe at wrestling, or hurl the ball to the contested goal. No one had the thought that the beggar for charity, with bare feet and dressed in rags, was the same Murtoch Donohoe who had been the wealthiest on Clough Fionn, and who had eaten and drunk, and had been clad the best of any on the hill."

"While I had money to command, and while abundance was around me; while my heart was light and joyous, and while I thought not of the past in the pleasure of the present, you, my brave and honest father were in irons and under the scourge. Father, forgive me; I should have raised you on the shoulders of my heart. I should have wrenched your prison-bars, and torn off your fetters; I should have seized the arm that scourged you, and torn it

from the scourger's body. Father, forgive me, that I was not near you, to aid you as your son."

Murtoch Donohoe pressed the hand he held, and rested his forehead on it for a moment, he then resumed the history of his sufferings. For nearly fifteen years he had not met with sympathy, and it was a novel and welcome balm to him.

"Limping over a long and weary way, I came back to Clough Fionn hill, and I sat where was once my happy home. All trace of it was gone; and I went from the hill to the churchyard, where the mother of Patrick Donohoe lies buried; and I spent the first night of my return upon her grave. It is now more than two years since I left my dungeon, and sat on Clough Fionn; from that hour to this, my sleeping-place at night has been within the ruins of the little church, close by the sod that covers my Sheela. I looked upon your brow of manly beauty, son of Sheela Donohoe. Heaven's king alone knows how my heart warmed to you; but I did not call you by the name of son."

"Oh! my father—my persecuted father! Why did you not take me to your heart, and call me son? I would have cherished you there, and no other love should fill it."

He paused, and then continued in a lower tone, partly in communion with himself:—

"Two years back I thought of Winny Mulcahy as one to be loved, but I had not then looked upon the perfection of her beauty, nor had she wound herself around me by her helplessness and dependence. Two years ago I would have loved my father, and none other—none other. Now I love the daughter of the man who has wronged me and mine beyond forgiveness. Although my mother's early death was owing to this man; although my father's sufferings were brought on by him; although he has spurned and outraged me beyond nature's bearing, I love, and I must continue to love, his trusting, gentle, beautiful daughter. Father, why did you not call me son?"

"When I sat on Clough Fionn hill, after the dungeon-door was open to me, I said I would not call upon my son to remember the oath of his childhood; I said I would not bring my son from wealth to beggary, that he might stand by the side of his ragged, weakly

father. When I said this, there was no strength in my bones; a child's push would have brought me to the earth. I said I would bide my time to fulfil my oath on Dick Mulcahy, without the aid of my son's hand. Patrick Donohoe, and every one of all that ever knew me in the prime of my strength, said that Murtoch Donohoe was dead—that he had died far away from home—and that his bones lay amongst the bones of strangers. None could remember him when they looked on the white-haired beggarman. And I said I would fulfil my oath with my own hand, and that none should call the slayer of Dick Mulcahy by the name of Murtoch Donohoe. With the breeze of my native hill of Clough Fionn came to me, one day after the other, some of the strength that was mine when I ran from it; and then I saw that Patrick Donohoe loved the young rose that blossomed on a thorny stem; and the father said, if Dick Mulcahy takes Patrick Donohoe as his son, the chained and scourged Murtoch will die upon his wife's grave, forsworn and unrevenged."

There was silence for a while, and Murtoch Donohoe went on, changing the manner of his speech:—

"You have learned, Patrick Donohoe, that a white-headed and bare-legged beggar gave warning to Dick Mulcahy, when his life was in peril?"

"I have; and thrice have I saved his life, risking my own to do so, and acting on the warning given to Nance Pender."

"And I, Murtoch Donohoe, the white-headed, barefooted beggar—I it was who sent Sheela Donohoe's son to ward off the death-blow from Sheela Donohoe's murderer."

"Why was this, unhappy father?"

"I said that none should raise a hand against Mulcahy but Murtoch Donohoe. I said this to Yoman Soolivan, and I said it to Simeon Maheffy, and I said it to all the others. For not one amongst them—not one of them all had sworn an oath over his wife's dead body, while the soul of the departed was still floating in the air above it. I gave the warning, and the son of my body stood in his strength between Mulcahy and his doom. I desired to slay him with my own hand, for my oath was given to do it. Tell me, Patrick Donohoe, was that the brainless haste of one who had no wits

to guide him? Was that a madman's aimless race, plunged into without forethought? Och! by the hand that made me, Dick Mulcahy's self could not use the cunning of his clear brain with a keener or a riper thoughtfulness."

Murtoch Donohoe's head sank upon his breast; and, for a short time, he muttered rapidly and indistinctly to himself, while his unhappy son groaned in the bitterness of his anguish. Suddenly, Murtoch Donohoe unclasped his hand from the hand he held, and stood erect to his full height. When he spoke it was in high excitement.

"The truth did not come from their lips," he said, "when they told me I was mad. I was not mad, and they lied that said it; I was never mad. If madness was to come on me, there have been bars and crosses enough between me and my vengeance, since the dungeon-door was opened for me, to make the lifeless wild and crazy. Listen to the story of them, Patrick Donohoe, and you cannot gainsay me. When the messenger of mercy from above brought me, after long, long years, once again to look at the sunlight, and drink in the breeze of health, I did not strike at Dick Mulcahy, for my arm could not wound a babe if it lay helpless before me. Then it came to pass, that I looked on Sheela Donohoe's son, and I paused and kept down my hatred, as I said I would not drag him to his father's nakedness. Then others, who had puny cause for vengeance when weighed in the scale with mine, loaded their guns to shed Mulcahy's blood, but I said to them, No! you shall not slay him, for I will not be forsworn: it is I alone must do the act. Then once again Patrick Donohoe was to be the chosen bridegroom of her heart to Dick Mulcahy's daughter, and I tried to smother the burning of my vengeance for the sake of my only son. But now—now child of Sheela Donohoe, there is no bar to stop us—hand in hand the father and the son took the oath to be revenged, and side by side, and hand in hand we will redeem the pledge together.

"Come with me, son of Sheela Donohoe," the now excited man cried out in the highest pitch of voice, "now that met, and now that you have acknowledged your bare—now that your blood has

flowed from the blows of Dick Mulcahy—na-Molloeth—now that he has turned you from his door, and said he would no longer give you feeding at his loaded table—come with me—the night has fallen and the moon is up to guide us on our track. I have no shelter to give you but that of the crumbling ruins of Kilebeg, near to your mother's bones. Come with me, son of Sheela Donohoe and I will lodge you with myself; the grass nourished by the dead to stretch on, and a grave-stone to pillow your wounded head. Now that you are houseless and a beggar like your father, come with me and share your father's bed, near your mother's grave. Follow in my footsteps son of Sheela Donohoe—your father lays his commands upon you—the son must obey the father's bidding, if he would not be accursed!"

The temporary maniac ascended the steep sides of the glen, he stood on the summit for a moment, waved his arm to his son in an authoritative manner, and then strode forward, his breast torn by the warfare of contending passions. Patrick Donohoe hastened after his father.

"I see you by my side, my son," said the impetuous Murtoch Donohoe; "side by side we are to be from this hour forward."

There was no reply on the part of the miserable son, and they walked on silently together. With long strides Murtoch Donohoe crossed the country; he did not seek for any frequented path, but he took the direct way to his goal; and over hedges and over ditches he scrambled and sprang; through water plashe and every obstacle he made his way without deviating to avoid obstructions. In somewhat less than an hour they reached the summit of a trifling elevation, raised above the level of the neighbouring fields: here there was a mound of green turf, forming a nearly circular enclosure; this was quickly scaled. The space within was partially shaded from the moonbeams by some old and shattered trees, but there was sufficient light to distinguish the little grassy mounds that covered the remains of the humble dead. There were lowly headstones over many graves, rudely-shaped and sculptured by the rural artists of the neighbourhood; but for the most part rude, grey stones, unchiselled and rough, marked out the resting-places of the poor. There

was a small ruin standing in the centre of this "country churchyard." This had been a place of worship in days long gone by. The crumbling remnant of the little church was covered almost entirely with luxuriant ivy, and within the walls a grove of chance-sown alder bushes shut out the moonlight, except where a thin stream silvered a chance spot here and there. Close by the wall of the ruin Murtoch Donohoe paused.

"You know where your foot is resting, son of Sheela Donohoe?" he questioned, or rather asserted.

"I do, father, this is my mother's grave; I have often knelt here and prayed for her soul's repose."

"It is not without my knowledge that you prayed over the bones of your mother. This," pointing to the ruin, "has been my only lodging for more than two years, and from within there I have seen you at your prayers, and I have come out when you passed away, and I have put my knees into the marks of yours, and I have prayed too. But with your father's prayers for his Sheela there was always another prayer—he prayed that he might gain the strength to be her avenger. Here, Patrick Donohoe—here—over the grave of her who bore you in her womb, here, join hands with me now as you did over her corpse when you were a child, and renew your oath to revenge her death—join hands, my son."

"No, father, no; even tortured as I am I will not swear that oath."

"You will not swear?"

"No, father, no; listen to me—listen to me I implore of you, with a little patience."

"Then turn your back upon your mother's husband; return again and beg for food and shelter from Dick Mulcahy-na-Molloeth, and if you are taken in through charity tell Dick Mulcahy that Murtoch Donohoe is on his track; tell him this and help him to seize upon your father, and to flog your father's back again. Go, and do this, son of Sheela Donohoe. But you, nor Dick Mulcahy, nor living man, shall ever lay hand on Murtoch Donohoe again, until he stands over the lifeless body of his enemy, and then Murtoch Donohoe will laugh loud at whatever death they give him. Go; turn your back upon your father, son of Sheela Donohoe—go!"

"My poor, misused father, listen to me. I am in the humour to swear

the oath you ask for—my nature is at the present moment savage enough to do so, but our religion teaches us, oh! unhappy parent, that an oath such as you would pledge me to is unhallowed and accursed. Our religion teaches that the name of the All-powerful is not to be invoked for an unlawful purpose."

"Unlawful purpose! to my face you tell me it is unlawful to make the murderer answer with his life for the life he took. Will they not hang me for Mulcahy's death, for die he shall and by this hand! Go from me, boy, and leave me to my loneliness!"

"No, father, I will not part from you; to your side my love and my duty call me. But again I implore you to listen to me."

"Speak, son of Sheela Donohoe."

"Father, I will not go back to Mulcahy's house again; with you, in weal and woe, is now my place; and, although my heart should burst in doing it, I will, for love of my father, give up my love for the beautiful, the mild, the tender Winny Mulcahy. I will give up that love in all its newness, and freshness, and fondness. I will give up that love at its very spring, even while it is most pure and gushing; and I will stand at defiance with Winny's father. Your harrowing tale has not fallen on ears deaf to nature. I will stand at defiance with Richard Mulcahy. I will not skulk behind hedge or fence; but I will meet him face to face. He shall have a weapon in his hand, and my weapon shall be in mine; and he shall answer to me with his life for the murder of my mother—for the chaining and flogging of my father; for although his was not the hand that shut the dungeon door, or wielded the lash, he was the cause thereof. Dick Mulcahy shall answer for the wrongs of my father and mother, and for the blows and kicks he gave to my father and mother's son. And then—and then—farewell for ever and for ever the darling of my heart!"

Thus did Patrick Donohoe, under the influence of his rage, parley with his conscience.

Murtoch Donohoe grasped his son's hand, and shook it across the grave whereby they stood together. The father and the son retired for a while to the shelter of the ruins; and then Patrick Donohoe followed his father to Nelly Glynn's house of entertainment,

Here Murtoch Donohoe made himself known for the first time to a knot of illegal confederates there assembled.

And here fresh strength was given to Patrick Donohoe's resolution to meet Dick Mulcahy in the death-struggle.

CHAPTER X.

"CONFOUND your body and your bones, where on the livin' Lord's earth are you going, in spite o' me, you bull-necked fool of a man?"

Thus questioned Nance Pender of her "forty-first cousin by marriage," Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, of Mount Victory. Nance Pender put this query the day succeeding that on which the events of the last two chapters occurred.

"Go to your business, woman, if you have any," Mr. Mulcahy replied; "and, mind me, don't poke your nose into my affairs while you live again, or you'll repent it."

He was engaged reloading his pistols, and then critically examining the locks, flints, and soforth, when he made this answer.

"Them is very imperent words in your mouth, let me tell you, my fine gentleman. Mind my business, agum-ah! I'll mind what business I like, or what business I don't like, without your lave or license. Bad cess to you, don't look so glum at me. What do I care for yourself or your pistols, either the one or the other. Hoch! I didn't care if a bullet was sticking in my gizzard this minit. I'm heartscalded and heart-blistered with ye all, root and branch. My heavy hatred on ye.—'The rumbunctious bullhead of a man will be lost this turn to a dead sartinty.'—"

"You are plaguing me to no purpose, I tell you."

"Lord grant me patience; did you ever hear such talk out of a man's mouth? Plaguing you! ha, then I will plague you, and no thanks, when 'tis for your good I am.—'He shan't cross the thrashold if I can howld him.'—"

"Upon my honour and sowl, you'll find that to be beyond your strength."

"'Tis romancing you are, I believe. What's beyond my strength, I'd be glad to know? I'm sthronger than you have any notion of; and I tell you to your teeth I won't let you out o' this unlooky house to-day. I wish I never put my fut across the thrash-old."

"Who sent for you, Misthress Nance Pender?"

"Bad cess to your tongue, what's that to you? Who sent for me? I sent for myself, and I came according to the message. Did you hear me, then, you stubborn brute of a man? Go along this very instant, and take them boots and them spurs off o' your feet, and put on your sthrong shoes and your elderherly coat, and hang up the Carline hat, and clap the felt on your pole; and lock up them weapons, and stay at home. I tell you I won't let you budge an inch out o' the house this day, pro or con.—'Bad cess purshue the mule of a man, he'll get the bullet into his skull afore he's a day owlder. Haven't I Nelly Glynn's word for it.'—"

"What did Nelly Glynn tell you?—out with the whole story."

"Who's spakin' of Nelly Glynn?—what put Nelly Glynn into your leathern pate?"

"No tomfoolery with me, Misthress Nance. You know devilish well that when I say must, it must be. Let me know before you're five minutes owlder every word that Nelly Glynn has to say."

"Faith, and I'd have you to know in turn, Mither Big-talk, that when I take the notion I'm as crossgrained as ever you wor. Foch upon Nelly Glynn, I say, and foch upon her Shanavests' Hotel, I say; the owld sinner of a woman."

"What did Nelly Glynn tell you? I ask again, and be quick with your answer."

"I'll not open my lips about her if 'tisn't plaisin' to my own self. Did you hear me that offer, Mither Dick Mulcahy?"

"I advise you to answer my question, woman."

"An owld rush I wouldn't give for your advice one way or the other. And hearken to me —"

Although she would not give up her independence, Nance Pender plainly saw that her interrogator was in no humour to be trifled with. With this impression on her mind she continued—

"Tisn't by ballowring or barking you'd knock news out o' me; and I'd turn my back this minit, and howld my prate, only 'tis for my own satisfaction to open my mouth; and 'tis of my own accord I'll tell what Nelly Glynn said to me:—'Misthress Pender,' she says to me, making a curchy, 'don't let Dick Mulcahy budge the length of the nail that's on your little toe out of the house to-morrow. Keep him and howld him fast,' says she; 'keep him by main force,' says she, 'or you'll never see him in the land o' the livin' again. If he stirs out,' says she, 'he'll be brought home as dead as banna lanna,' says she."

"If she didn't give you more tidings than that, she is not worth one shilling out of the ten she gets from me."

"'Misthress Pender,' says the ould sinner, making another curchy, 'Misthress Pender,' says she, 'let that rumbunctious targate for the Shनावेasts stay within the four walls o' the house to-morrow; there is twice five bullets,' says she, 'to make a riddle of his corpse to-morrow night; and the twice five bullets will be sent by sure marksmen, from the grove at the cross-roads of Knocknaree.' Isn't that enough for you to know to stop you from cutting a flourish on your nag?—'I wouldn't for the price of the best milch cow that ever grazed tell him the rest she said to me.'—"

"Nance Pender!"—Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, looked at Nance Pender as if he would not be gainsaid; and Nance Pender understood the meaning of his look—"Nance Pender, before you and I part from aich other, you must tell me every tittle of every word Nelly Glynn said to you. Upon my honour and sowl you must, and that to a dead certainty. Did you hear me, Nance Pender?"

"You don't spake underher your breath; and you don't discoorse gibberish, and 'tis aisy enough to hear you, if you'd only have sense in your talk. And didn't I tell you—aint I, without stuttherring or stammering in my speech, afther telling you Nelly Glynn's message, word for word."

"No, you are not afther telling me all, Nance Pender."

"Bad manners to your tongue for calling me a liard. An I'll lave you there now, and take your coorse. I'm not to blame if they make a riddle o' you. As often as the pitcher goes to

the well, it comes home smashed at last. Remember that, you stubborn bull."

Nance Pender was turning away to leave the room, but Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, seized her by the arm, raised her up from the floor twice, and then, fixing her on her feet, he twirled her round rapidly half a dozen times, as if he were screwing her to the spot whereon he placed her; then he worked his arm up and down as often again, as if rivetting her to her position; he then walked backward a pace or two, and mesmerised her with his look; and it was in no very supplicatory tone that he addressed her—

"Stand there, now, Nance Pender, or move out of it if you can; no fool's capers with me, my woman. Empty your whole budget to the very bottom, or there you stay."

"My arm is in porridge, and my shoulder-bone is out o' the socket, holus-bolus," said Nance Pender, in a cowed tone. It was plain from her hanging jaw and her staring eyes, that the rough usage she had received had terrified her.

"The devil may mend you; how dare you keep secrets from me."

"Bad cess may purshue—" began Nance Pender; but the tone was far from its usual assumption.

"Poh! poh! no more of this tomfoolery. Give me, this instant, the rest, residue, and remainder, of Nelly Glynn's message—stop a bit—I'll make a guess for you. Did Nelly Glynn tell you anything of Masther Patrick Donohoe?"

"Did she tell me anything of Patrick Donohoe?—'How in the worldly wide did he find that out, the sooth-sayer?'—"

"Very good. I'll make another guess—Did Nelly Glynn tell you, that in return to me for laying the rascal's temples bare, and for sending the blood, that I made too hot, flowing about his heels, two of the five brace of bullets that are to riddle me from the grove at the cross-roads of Knocknaree, are to come from Patrick Donohoe's pistols? Did Nelly Glynn tell you that, Misthress Nance Pender?"

"Who said that; you hadn't them words from my lips, you prognosticator. And I'd stand here till you'd put that pistol to my lug, and blow the roof of my scone about the house, afore you'd make me say the like of

Patrick Donohoe.—"Tisthetruth, the raal, positive, undeniable truth, he's after saying, wherever he made it out; may blobs of blisters scald the tongue of the tattle-tale that towld him."

"That will do, Nance Pendher—that will do; see what a guess I have."

"You guessed crooked, let me tell you.—'No, but he hot the nail straight in the centhré of the head.'—"

"Ay, and I can hit the bull between the horns, Nance Pendher."

"Gíve yourself a brainblow in the forehead, and you'll do that, my bucko."

"Now, you may stump off—I want no more of your annoyance. Stump out of the room in no time—but, wait a bit; listen to a word or two, before you can say *banacth lath*. If, while I'm away, any living sowl but yourself howlds disoorse with my lady daughter up stairs, I'll send you and she hop-step-and-a-leap over the door-stone of Mount Victhory—neck and heels I'll bang the pair o' you out of the house. And, Misthress Nance Pendher, it is not for any out-o-the-way graw I have for you that I give you lave to be with her; but I'll put the whole onus on your shouldhers."

"What's that you say you'll put on myshouldhers.—'He'd be as good as his word, whatever it is.'—"

"You heard my words, and attend to them. Upon my honour and sowl, what I threatened will come to pass, if you don't mind your points."

"Be away out of my sight this instant," he said, with such a sudden elevation of the voice, that the little woman leaped from him, even although he had so effectually screwed and rivetted her to the floor. On the thought of the instant, she made a race, darted out of the room, turned the key in the door-lock without, put it in the very bottom of her deep pocket, and, stooping down, she spoke through the keyhole—

"If you were to go on your bare knees to me, Bull-neck, out o' this house you'll not stir to-day. I'll keep you shut up in prison, my laddo—you can't get through the bars o' the window; and if you don't come through the keyhole, you'll stay where you are—ha! my joker."

A kick from within burst the door wide open; and the little woman and her impotent threats were set sprawling together; and Dick Mulcahy, stepping over her as she lay prostrate, and holding a pistol in each hand,

strutted down the stairs. Nance Pender gained her feet, and hurried after him, with all her speed. He was ostentatiously placing his weapons in the holsters of his saddle, so that all eyes might see him making the deposit. She came close to him, and seized his skirts—

"Isn't my heart blistered, and scalded, and cross-hackled enough," she said, "without this misfortune coming on me. He'll go to his Maker in a hand-gallop in spite o' me. Dick Mulcahy," she whispered, "you're not made up for dying—'tis many a long day since you were at your duty: for the sake of your poor sowl, that's in the cradle of sin, if not for the sake of your good-for-nought carcass, stay at home with me to-day; do, and you'll have my prayers lying and rising for the rest of my days—do, and I'll never say a cross word to you again, as long as I have breath. Dick Mulcahy, Dick Mulcahy, the hand that was for you is against you; and you'll never speak to me again, if you don't be bid by me. Stay at home with me, *alanna machree*—stay at home with me, and don't vex me, or I'll be even with you one way or another."

"Let the hand that is against me guard well the body it belongs to; I'll not spare him, if we meet, no more than if I never saw his face. Go in, Nance—go in, my poor woman; take care of the house, as you always did; mind the ordhers I gave you; depend on it, I'll come back in a whole skin."

He hastily disengaged his skirts, mounted his horse, and rode away at his usual speed. She looked after him, waved both her hands towards him, expressing distinctly that she gave him up as lost, returned into the house, sat down on a chair in the hall, hid her face with her hands, and, in a broken voice, soliloquised so audibly that Davy Spruhan, the footman, had the full benefit of her lamentation—

"That woman never puffed her breath in and out, that's heart-scalded ayqual to your four bones, Nance Pendher—they'll not be said or be led by me; and they don't care the value of an owld brogue, that wouldn't bear the prod of an awl, how they cross-hackle me, and tantalise me, and put me under the earth with fretting and vexation—they're an unlucky breed, egg and bird; and what way to get good of them, I'm cock sure I don't know,

no more than I know how to ride the potstick over the moon. I'd want to be made of a flent-stone to howl out against the crushing I'm getting between 'em. And what contrivance will I make at all, to give comfort to that poor shivering ghost that's up stairs. That the Lord may open a gap for us, is my prayer; for we're dumb-founded, and we're up to our hips in the bog, and the night is pitch dark upon us, and we can't see a stim what way to turn; and the meeroch is tumbling on us, like rocks of stones, battering in the backs of our poles, and dhriving our chins undher the wather; and the more we kick the deeper we are going—och hone! och hone a ree!"

"I'm afraid the evil day is on us, and no doubt about it, Misthress Pender," remarked Davy Spruhan very sentimentally.

Nance Pender started up. "How daare you meddle or make, you skipper-hopper? Well it becomes your jacket with the griskin eape to it, to put in your word or your gabble. Bad cess to your wagging tongue, Masther Bell-watcher."

Part of this invective was poured forth as Nance Pender ascended the stairs to Winny Mulcahy's room.

Winny Mulcahy was seated in a recess between her bed-foot and the wall of her apartment, within which she was screened from observation, and shut up, as it were, with her own thoughts. She had not changed any article of her dress since she had been thrust into the room the previous evening by her father. Her hair was in disorder, and her pallid face was unrefreshed by washing. As she sat she did not move a limb or muscle: both her hands lay listlessly on her lap, the palms uppermost; her parched eyes were looking straight before her on vacancy; her lips were pressed together with an expression of hopelessness; and, but that now and then long, laborious sighs came to relieve her bosom, she was almost as motionless as a statue. Nance Pender regarded her with the most cordial sympathy, and she sat down, without once speaking, on the bed-foot near the suffering girl. Winny Mulcahy fixed a look of apprehensive inquiry on the face of her old friend, as if she expected the announcement of some appalling information.

"I might aisy find some better

work to do this morning," Nance began," besides rowling out paste cake till my heart was broke, for a lady that doesn't think it worth her while to put her tooth in it. If 'twas a slice of the griddle I brought you for your breakfast, there couldn't be a bigger scorn or disdain for it.—'Tis heart-rending to look on her, the poor suffering lamb—heart-rending and heart-scalding to the last degree.'—"

"Do not blame me, my dear Nance; I tried, but I could not eat. I have no desire whatever for food."

"And did any one lay down a plan for you to live, without taking the throuble to ate your food. Tis purty usage I get above and below, God help me.—'She'll brake my heart, the poor sowl.'—"

"Nance, I was hurrying down the stairs just now, but I was not able to stir. I thought that I heard the sound of blows—of scarifying, blood-drawing blows—of such blows as I heard and saw yesterday in the glen. I was rushing on, but my limbs so trembled, I was obliged to sit down here. I could not move one step to prevent the shocking calamity. Did my father strike him again, Nance?—and did the red blood again stream down?—and did he raise his powerful arm, and strike my father low?—and did he place his foot upon my father's neck, and press it down, until my father's face was blackened and distorted? He did not do this in the glen; he understood the petition of my heart; and a lamb under the butcher's knife would make more resistance than he did: he did not even cry out as the lamb would do. The Heavenly Father may bless him and reward him for his forbearance. But in the encounter just now, the uproar of which I heard up here, did not his giant arm give blow for blow, until my father's life was gone? He did not this yesterday—for my sake he did not do it. He bore the cruel blows—blow—blow after blow, he bore; and he bore them as if they were inflicted on a helpless, crippled man, and he did not raise his hand, Nance. Yes, for my sake he bore them. A little while ago I heard the sound of the strokes again, and I could not move hand or foot; even my tongue I could not use to ward off his vengeance from my father. And did I hear my father's death-struggle?—and is my father dead? Oh! if I could

even have cried out, he would have known my voice, and he would have been placid in the very whirlwind of his fury—he would, indeed—he would, indeed."

"If ever poor woman had her purgatory on this earth, you're the one, Nance Pender, you heartscalded crature. What rhaumaushe nonsense is this that's tumbling head and heels through your unfortunate pate?—'The brain-pan is biling over with her, as sure as I have a sowl to be saved.'—"

"Did I not hear loud contention, and heavy blows, and smothered cries, and a hard struggle, as if for life and death—as if two iron hands grasped the throat of one who choked and gasped, and hoarsely called for mercy? Did I not hear all this, Nance? And then there was a heavy leaden fall—I remember every sound distinctly—a heavy leaden fall, as if, life being extinct, the two iron hands had relaxed their hold, and the strangled body fell like a log, helplessly! I heard all this, and I shivered so from head to foot, that all motion was denied me, and I sank down where you found me; and then there was a dead silence; the lifeless body lay where it had fallen; and the antagonist—the strong, unconquerable antagonist—repenting of the hasty and fearful deed—it was his fury, and not his nature, that had urged him—thought of me, and he looked in speechless horror at the blackened face of Winny Mulcahy's father. Oh! it is very terrible, Nance—very terrible! and I am the cause of all."

"The Lord go between me and all harm! if you're not after turning me into a pillar of salt with your words. What put this wicked, unchristian dhrame into your unfortunate scone?"

"Dream!—dream, do you call it?"

"Worse than a dhrame by a score chalks, for you weren't asleep, and your eyes were open."

"Did I not hear the blows, and the choking cry, and the lifeless body falling heavily?"

"Am I a salt herring, standing on my head in a huxsther's window, with a penny bun at one side o' me, and a ha'penny pipe at the other side o' me—am I?—'She'll persuade me that I am, or something of the sort, I suppose, after that.'—"

"Did I not hear the blows, Nance, and the loud strife, and the ——"

"O Lord! O Lord! isn't this a

poor case?—how can I stand it, good, bad, or indifferent, between them all? You heard no such thing, you half-cracked crature.—'I'm afeard she's bidding good-bye to her wits, the poor sowl.'—"

"Can it be possible?—was it only a picture of the imagination? I will pray for your welfare and happiness, if you convince me I was deceived—ardently, fervently will I pray for you."

Taking into account the knowledge that all her friends had of Nance Pender's general ambiguity of speech, it is no wonder if it took some time on her part to undeceive Winny Mulcahy as to the nature of the contention she had heard; and when at length she gave credit to her old friend's repeated assertions, she flung herself on her neck, and wept upon her bosom. Nance Pender, between every hug and kiss she gave her, called her "a rumbunctious young slut," a "heartscald to her," and used many such-like epithets—always, however, qualifying the abusive portion of her speech with *sotto voce* endearing appellations; and between her affected abuse and her real kindness, she succeeded in soothing the fears of "her little pusheen," and her "pride of the rose-bush."

Nance Pender gave a detailed account of her contest with Mr. Mulcahy. The narrative, being consecutive, was not interrupted by the good dame's usual self-colloquy. There was in the tale groundwork for further alarm to the listener. She gave no interruption, however, until it was ended; then there was a pause, and, placing her hands across her swollen eyes, she fell into reflection.

"What curriwhibble is coorsing through your scone now?" questioned Nance Pender, adding, in soliloquy, "We must keep the best part of the story to ourselves."

"My dear good Nance," said Winny Mulcahy, looking into the eyes of her friend and comforter, "there must be more than usual danger threatening my father, to make you oppose his departure so strenuously."

"Tisn't clear to me, but if there was one road as smooth as the carpet, and another road nothing but bog-holes a mile deep, 'tis the bog-hole road he'd go; for, achone, if the brains of all the mules and all the bulls on the face of

the earth could be put into one skull, that's the skull that Dick Mulcahy wears. He's putting the heart across in me, every day he rises from the blankets.—'Faith and she guessed right enough, the darling rose-bud—this is the day of danger for him, above all the days he ever put his foot in the stirrup.'—"

"My dear, dear Nance, have you heard any tidings?"—her voice sank to a low quaver—"any tidings of the wounded and bleeding Patrick Donohoe?"

"I know nothing about him, the unfortunate scapegoat. I dunna where he turned, or what he made of himself. The Lord pity him."

"You were a long time away last night, my dear Nance. During my terror and my wretchedness, I missed your friendly care; for a long, long time, for some hours I think—yes, for full five hours, you were away from my side. I know well you were on an errand of consolation to another sufferer; but I had not courage to question you, when you came to me at last."

"I went out like an owld ownshuch; and all I got for my pains was a wheezing in the gizzard that will stick to me.—'She shan't scrooge it out o' me, if she had a corkscrew in my tongue.'—"

"Yousaw Patrick Donohoe, Nance?"

"That's a tundering untruth for you, Winny Mulcahy. I searched every stock and stone, and bush for him; he wasn't to be got high or low.—'I towld the truth this offer for a wondher.'—"

"Did you hear of Patrick Donohoe, Nance?"

"Tale or tidings I couldn't get of him, no more than if the ground opened and swallowed him.—'That's not the truth Nance, by no manes.'—"

"Nance, is my father's life in danger from Patrick Donohoe's revenge?—is this the peril from which you wished to keep him? Nance, my true, my warm-hearted, my devoted friend and mother, take pity on me—do not leave me in ignorance. If my father falls by Patrick Donohoe's hand, there is nothing for me but reprobation here and hereafter. If I know the worst, there is one slight chance between us and perdition in this world and in the next. If the truth be hidden from me, all of us are lost—all of us, Nance.

If you conceal the slightest circumstance that has come to your knowledge, then, for once in my life, I will have cause to say, that you did not befriend me in my need, but left me to a fate the most horrible that could befall me. On my knees, and with my hands joined before me, as if I was praying at the throne of the most high God, I petition you, my dearest Nance, hide nothing from me. In His name, who looks on my misery, I beseech you to open your mind to me; tell me everything, my true, true friend."

All Nance Pender's affection of sourness and ambiguity departed from her. She dropped on her knees opposite to the petitioner; she moved in this position close to her, and, opening her arms wide, while the tears ran fast from her eyes, she clasped the suppliant to her heart.

"My own darling," sobbed Nance, "I will tell you everything—I believe, in the name of God, it is the best to do. I will put my heart into the palm of my hand, and you may turn it over and over, and read it, like as if it was a printed book. The silent tongue might do the most mischief. Sit down, achorra machree—sit down side by side with me, and rest your pale face against me, and your ear must hear every word I have to tell. In God's name I'll do it; and may he aid and help us, this black and gloomy day."

They sat on the floor, on the spot where they had been kneeling, and Nance Pender made a full confession to her shuddering companion. She told that she had visited the glen the previous night, where she had been a listener to the interview between the father and son; and she told of a subsequent meeting with Nelly Glynn, of the "Shanavests' Hotel," from whom she learned that Patrick Donohoe, and his father, and six others, had resolved to lie in wait for Richard Mulcahy, at the cross-roads of Knocknaree.

With increasing horror at her heart as the narrative went on, Winny Mulcahy listened to Nance Pender. When she knew all, she remained for some time, still resting her forehead on the old woman's shoulder. An occasional shudder shook her from head to foot, and an occasional low moan told her commiserating supporter of her mental suffering. After a while she loosed herself from Nance Pender's embrace, and once more she knelt. Nance Pen-

der again followed her example. Her eyes were dry, and her face was deadly pale; and there was, for her, an unnatural compression of the brow over her elevated eyes, and a significance of resolution about the mouth, as, clasping her hands together, and raising them above her head, she prayed internally. Then she burst out into passionate and audible supplication, as if the intensity of her feelings gained involuntary utterance.

"Our Father, who art in heaven," she cried, "aid and succour me in what I have to go through. Let not, oh, Lord, my disobedience to my father's will turn your pity and compassion from me. Grant success to my undertaking, oh, my God. Let your protecting arm be around me, to sustain me, to enable me to be strong and resolute. And oh, Virgin Mother, accompany me in my perilous path."

For a moment she bent her head low, and again prayed silently, and then, making the sign of the cross over her person, she arose to her feet, and seemed endowed with an energy in full contrast with her previous prostration.

"My dear Nance Pender," she said, solemnly and calmly, "I judge it is now within less than three hours of night. I have some distance to go, and I will go on foot; will you be my companion? I will have none other, except my God; and his support I feel within me. If you accompany me I will be thankful; if not, I go alone."

Nance Pender was awed by the solemnity of her manner. She looked at

her, and spoke to her with unwonted respect and deference.

"Where are you going to, Bird of Paradise?—where will your stately step turn to?"

"I am going, with Heaven's assistance, to fulfil my duty. Your companionship will be needful; I should not go alone, if possible; but except you, there shall be no other witness of my words or acts."

"There is a bar against us, cuishla bawn—your father."

"Well, Nance, continue; leave nothing unsaid. This is the time for speaking."

"Dick Mulcahy swore, and he is no skulker from his words, that you and I should be turned from the shelter of his roof if you exchanged words with any living being but myself."

"Ha! grievous it is to me that he should have issued this command. I would not again incur the penalty of disobedience; it is my heart's desire to obey him for the future in all things, even to the sacrifice of my life. He who sees all hearts can judge for me that I would now yield concession to my father's will, if so fearful a catastrophe did not depend upon the issue." After a pause, she added—"Even at the risk of want, and abandonment, I must proceed; and if my father punishes, I will bow my head in submission. Will you walk by my side, Nance Pender?"

"Round the rim of the world I'll thread in your footsteps," answered Nance Pender; and, after a little while, both left the house together.

CHAPTER XL

THE spot known as the "Cross-roads of Knocknaee" had been selected as a fitting place to waylay Richard Mulcahy; and it had been well selected for the diabolical purpose. Four roads met at the point fixed on; one going directly northward, another to the west, and two other roads, which at their junction formed an angle, gradually diverged from each other, south-east and south-west. The space between those latter diverging roads was occupied, for more than a mile, by a wood of copse oak; the aboriginal trees had been cut down eighty years before, and from the roots shoots had sprung up. Where one large trunk had supported an umbrageous

head in former days, now three or four of more diminutive size supplied the place; and the interstices between this second growth were thickly overgrown with holly-bushes, and briars, and entangling brambles. Either of the roads diverging from the point of junction could be followed by Richard Mulcahy, when he had quitted that going northward—the one being accessible from the other, at the termination of the wood, by means of a narrow and uneven bridle-path.

It had been agreed on in the council of Shanavests, held in Nelly Glynn's "Shanavest's Hotel," that three men, under the command of Yoman Sooli-

van, should lie *perdu* in the wood, half a mile down the road leading north-east ; and three others, under the guidance of Simeon Maheffy, a quarter of a mile further on, screened by the wood also, and adjoining the road leading south-west. Murtoch Donohoe, determined to fulfil the terms of his long-cherished pledge of vengeance, insisted on precedence of the other assassins, and took his place a short distance from the angle of the joining ways, screened by the wood, as were his partners in the intended murder. And Patrick Donohoe, cognisant, we regret to say, of all this fearful preparation, walked to and fro, nearly a mile away from Richard Mulcahy's crouching foes, on the northern road, resolved to meet his former friend on the middle of the highway, to stop him as he advanced, and, weapon to weapon, engage him in what he wished to think an equal combat. He would allow no interference with his individual mode of taking his revenge. When Murtoch Donohoe contended that the father and son should be side by side, the son was so violently peremptory, that the comparatively subdued maniac unwillingly yielded a seeming acquiescence.

Patrick Donohoe, influenced by the collision with his father, by the tales of injurious treatment bandied from mouth to mouth by his temporary companions, and by the bitter recollection of what he had endured himself, came to the scene of intended conflict, thoroughly under the influence of the fiery passions that had been inflamed within him. But as he paced backward and forward, and paused now and then to listen for the tramp of an approaching horseman, moment after moment, the better feelings of his nature gained on him ; the days of his joyous boyhood came vividly before him, and Winny Mulcahy was again with him, petitioning to be carried in his arms when weary from their ramble. He thought of the maternal affection borne him by the good and fond Mrs. Mulcahy ; and he remembered how he used to kneel at her knee to learn his prayers. He thought, too, of Dick Mulcahy's rude but substantial bounty to him—of the frequent hard pressure of his hand within that of the man so repulsive to others ; he seemed again to feel the slap of Mulcahy's palm upon his shoulder, accompanying some warm eulogium or ex-

pression of rough attachment. Winny Mulcahy, in her beauty, floated before his mind's eye ; her look of innocent love was present to him ; the velvet of her cheek seemed pressed to his cheek ; the plaintive gentleness of her voice appeared to sound on his listening ear. He endeavoured to summon back his former scorching sense of outrage and degradation ; but he could not feel as he had felt—the “milk of human nature” had bathed his heart, and he was humanised and softened. He felt an impulse to rush away, and throw himself in some lonesome place, and hide his head, and think coolly, if he could. Had he alone been concerned, he would have abandoned his deadly purpose ; but he was the leagued confidant of desperate men, and with agony he felt that his flight would not save the victim.

The night advanced while he was thus agitated ; but there was a clear bright moon shining overhead, without a cloud to dim the silver radiance. There was a projecting bush at hand, beneath which a seat of turf had been formed. He sat down on this, and rested his forehead on his hands : he was endeavouring, while so seated, to arrive at some conclusion in accordance with his new ideas. He remained in this position for some time, unable to reflect with calmness or decision. A light footstep sounded near him ; he hastily raised his head—a well-known female form stood before him, and a well-known voice pronounced his name. He started to his feet, involuntarily took off his hat, and held it in his hand.

“Oh, my God !” he exclaimed, “is this possible ?—is this Miss Winny Mulcahy ?”

“Yes, Patrick, it is I ; I have set out from home to seek you. I have found you. Am I too late, Patrick ? am I too late ?”

“If you mean ——”

“I will not for one second, Patrick Donohoe, leave you in doubt as to my meaning. Has your hand—has that hand of yours, Patrick, so often raised in defence of my father, and so often to shield myself—has that hand taken away my father's life ? Have you revenged your injuries ? and am I by your deed a reprobate child ? Am I a parricide, doomed to shudder under the merited malediction of my God ?”

The young girl's words came as if

from her inmost heart, and with a solemnity of expression that took Patrick Donohoe by surprise. She did not present herself before him as the helpless being that had leaned on his boyhood and his manhood for support; she appeared now to possess a self-sustaining spirit, and to be endowed with a sybil-like inspiration, that elevated her in his eyes. As his lips separated to answer her, her unwinking look rested steadily and searchingly on him, and *her* white lips were pressed hard together, with a resoluteness of purpose he had never seen before.

"Your father is unharmed," he answered; "no arm has been raised against him to his injury."

"Father in heaven," ejaculated Winny Mulcahy, elevating her eyes and hands, "I thank thee for thy goodness—I thank thee for thy mercy. From the bottom of my soul I give thanks, oh, my God!"

She bowed down her head reverently, and, after a moment's pause, again addressed Patrick Donohoe, who had not attempted to interrupt her prayer or her silence.

"Patrick," she said, "I have never known you to use even the slightest equivocation of speech; and I take your simple word as the truth. Even on this momentous question of life and death—even on this question of peace to me for time and eternity, I take your word."

"I swear solemnly to you, Winny—I ask your pardon—Miss ——"

"Patrick, call me by the old familiar name of Winny; Winny call me, as you used to do when we were young, and innocent, and trusting children together."

Her voice was modulated to softness as she said this, and she held out her hand to him, and he took it into his, and pressed it. She left it with him for a while, and then withdrew it.

"Patrick," she continued, "I have walked with my utmost speed to meet you: a strength has been bestowed on me not my own, praises be given to Heaven. I was told you were to be here, Patrick, and I was told your purpose. I knew that your insulted and degraded nature must urge you to revenge. Patrick, the terror at my heart was fearful. If by your hand my poor father had perished, I, his daughter, must be accused—the pa-

rent's death would be owing to the child. On earth I could never rise my head; in the next world I should stand at the judgment-seat as my father's earthly destroyer. There was an awful fate before me, Patrick."

"Winny," said Patrick Donohoe, visibly influenced by the young girl's example into a similar tone of thought and feeling—"Winny, I see in you an angel of grace, a special messenger of heaven, sent to restore me to myself. I have been as one possessed—possessed by a foul and malignant fiend; your presence has banished the demon from me. Blind and raging fury was within me; you have brought calm and peace to my burning breast. See, here are the weapons of death—thus I cast them from me, that their contact may no longer scorch me; and with them I fling away my thirst for vengeance. I will not wound you, Winny, either to revenge my own wrongs, or the more deadly wrongs of others."

As he spoke, he drew two pistols from his breast, and threw them far from him over the fence near at hand.

"Oh, this is a blessed change, Patrick. You shall have Winny's prayers and Winny's blessings. The gratitude of an overflowing heart shall be yours, Patrick. Whenever I bend my knees to Heaven, your name shall be on my lips. I will be grateful to you as long as my heart beats."

"Gratitude!" said Patrick Donohoe, in a melancholy voice; "yesterday I hoped, ay, and I believed——"

"Patrick," interrupted Winny Mulcahy, "I did not intend to speak to you of yesterday, but——"

"Forgive me, forgive me!" cried Patrick; "I said the words without intention. I should remember that a scorned and beaten dependant ought not to presume. It is unfit and ungenerous of me to do so; forgive me for my presumption."

"Patrick," Winny said most gently, "do not speak thus to me. My avowal of yesterday was, to be sure, unpremeditated and unforeseen; but——"

"But what? What would you say, dearest Winny?—do not pause."

"I would say"—and her voice drooped almost to a whisper, and her eyes sank from the gaze fixed on her—"I would say that I do not retract my avowal, even unthought of as it was; to say that would be an untruth, and I will not say it. But——"

"I am listening breathlessly."

"I know this is not the time, nor is this the place."

"You are right, Winny—I have been selfish and ungenerous."

"Another opportunity may not, however, occur for some time; and even now, and even here, I will speak, Patrick. Patrick, our affection, forbidden by my father, must not be gratified against his will. Over and over, during the long, long night, I have thought on this, until my heart ached, oh, how painfully! We must not rebel against my father, Patrick."

She wept, and her voice was tenderness itself; and she looked beseechingly at her lover through her tears. And she laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and did not refuse to yield the other into his. They stood so, in silence, for a moment or two.

"True—true," said Patrick Donohoe; "and I yield to your sentence of banishment against me."

"It is not my sentence, Patrick; do not be doubtful of me; I would not have said the words of yesterday to you, if they were not true—if they were not the truth itself. But, Patrick, the duty of the child is above all others; no blessing can be with the girl who disregards this sacred obligation, even to be happy; even if her heart should break, the daughter must obey the father, Patrick."

"Winny, I will not pretend to misinterpret you. As I hold this gentle hand in mine I do believe you—I will believe that your young fresh love is mine. I should not have used the word, but I could find no other; there is no other word of the same sound or the same signification."

There was a soft pressure of his hand, that told him he was understood.

"I can join with you also, Winny, when you give precedence to your duty—to the duty you owe to an only parent; I have a father, too, a wretched and an outcast father: and I have a duty, a heavy and an onerous duty on me."

"Your father's piteous story has been told to me, my dear Patrick; and if I dared I would reward the son devotedly, for his endurance of his father's wrongs."

"I see it cannot be, Winny: a duty lies upon me, as well as you—not now to revenge my father, by shedding human blood—no, your angel presence

has scared away the evil thought from me, never to return. But, Winny, I must henceforward be at my father's side. His place is lowly, indeed; and lowly must be my place, too—lowly as his. I must be with him to cherish him, to save him from himself, to reconcile him to his bitter fate, and to train him to forgiveness. Your father and my father, dearest Winny, cannot abide together; nor would my unfortunate demented and demented father receive the beautiful daughter of Richard Mulcahy as his child. Forgive me, Winny, oh! forgive me; I have said what will, perhaps, pain you."

"Our fate is a wretched one, my poor Patrick."

"It is, a very wretched fate, Winny—very—very. I see that from henceforward we are to be separated, and, most likely, for ever; I see that our duties lead us opposite ways; I see, that loving one another since our very infancy, we must part on this spot, perhaps never to exchange a word together again."

Patrick Donohoe spoke in a melancholy, desponding tone, and Winny Mulcahy's tears flowed upon his shoulder, and she sobbed painfully.

"I distress you, dearest Winny; I will call you so—Heaven only knows when I may so speak to you again. I know I am to blame; I should not make you wretched. Well, well, I understand you, Winny; and I love you the more, because I understand you: and we are to part here, to take our separate paths. The name of my poor father has reminded me, that *your* father has other enemies to fear to-night, than the man he wounded and spurned from him."

"Oh, save my father, Patrick—save him."

"I will save him, Winny, even although, as almost to a certainty, I foresee—but I will not daunt you; it is little matter, now." He heaved a deep and painful sigh, almost a moan.

"Winny, I will prove my love to you this night; I will prove it so, that even your father will say it deserves more than blows as its recompense; after this night, your father himself will say, that love such as mine might be as valuable even to him as the love of one in eminent station."

"Patrick, there is something hidden in your speech that alarms me, I know not why."

"There is a presentiment upon me, but I will cast it off; I will prove to you, Winny, and to your father, that my love is not selfish—has not been cherished because he was wealthy and because I was dependent on his bounty. And now, Winny—loving, and gentle, and trusting Winny, I will pray that God's blessing may be with you and about you; I go to save your father from the danger that is before him; there is not another instant to be lost, if I would fulfil my promise. Nance Pender, my old, my true, my warm friend —"

Nance Pender had been for some time looking on at the painful conference between the lovers; when she was thus addressed, she began in her usual vein of affected sauciness—

"Bad cess may attend you, where are you scampering to, you rumbunctious"—but she could go no farther; the tears burst from her, and she gave way, without farther resistance, to an explosion of grief.

"My dear Nance," Patrick Donohoe continued, "I must instantly away,

or I may be too late, and all would then be over. Take charge, Nance, of this drooping flower. And, my dear Nance, attend to my words—quit this public road as soon as possible; I have good reason for giving this advice: make your way home by the path through the fields, that leads by the blessed well. Mind me now, Nance, quit the road at the stile, before you reach the wood; I beg of you to attend to this direction. Winny Mulcahy, have reliance on me; your father shall be saved; whatever blood is shed this night, it shall not be that of your father. Rely upon me, Winny; and now, in the name of God, once for all, again I say, may God's blessing be with you, and guard you, ever and ever."

He strained the unresisting girl in his embrace—resigned her into the arms of Nance Pender, and raced at his utmost speed up the road leading northward from the spot where he and she had met; nor did he turn his head to take a parting look, but ran as if escaping from hot pursuit.

TYRONE POWER; A BIOGRAPHY.—PART II.

UP to the period of which we are now writing, the life of Power had been a series of struggles with many difficulties and disappointments. The favouring tide in all human affairs, which taken or neglected at the decisive turn, directs their after-current, had shown no disposition to flow towards him. The river on which his boat was launched presented as yet, no clear, transparent Pactolus, flowing gently onward over golden sands, but remained a muddy, turbid stream, beset by windings, rocks, and shallows. His exertions were also badly seconded by a very scanty supply of the circulating medium—that invaluable auxiliary in every undertaking, without which, as Horace emphatically assures us, talent, virtue, and hereditary descent are, in the estimation of the world, viler than sea-weed. Yet, with small means, and when in the receipt of a trifling salary, he contrived to subsist on his income, such as it was; he always maintained the appearance and character of a gen-

tleman, with an aspiring spirit, and an agreeable address, which carried him into society far beyond his immediate pretensions, and opened many doors usually closed until the stamp of acknowledged professional excellence unlocks them with a patent key. Those who knew him intimately in his transition days, were often surprised that he was able to live as he did, respectably and honourably, without becoming embarrassed by debt, or committing any of the innumerable petty meanesses which that unhappy condition usually entails. Naturally fond of company, he had no turn for gambling or dissipation. Early marriages bring heavy responsibilities, but these are more than balanced when they also induce habits of regularity.

When Power turned his thoughts once more to the stage, after the episode of his African expedition, the art dramatic was flourishing with a lustre which gave no symptoms of approaching decay. Great names adorned the

daily play-bills. There were Edmund Kean, Young, Macready, Charles Kemble, Munden, Dowton, Bartley, Liston, Fawcett, Farren, Harley, Emery, Jones, Braham, Sinclair, Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, Miss Paton, Miss Kelly, Miss Foote, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Bartley, and many more of approximating pretensions. Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble had faded from the scene; but the race of Titans, now nearly extinct without progeny, were still healthy and numerous. New theatres were beginning to spring up in varied localities. The great companies, from time to time, were losing many of their most attractive members, less by death than scission. Not satisfied with being a subordinate, although important pillar, each became inoculated with the ambition of enacting *Atlas* or *Sampson*. A single artist of eminence, with an enormous salary (the pay, of course, enhancing the merit), was found sufficient to support a minor establishment. The star system expanded rapidly, temples were reared with magic speed; but actors of the true cast, to supply them, were not found under every hedge, as Stephen Kemble once intimated to Liston, when he had offended him. The anecdote is worth preserving. Liston, before he came to London, was a great favourite in the Newcastle company, then under the management of Stephen Kemble. Building on his popularity, he refused a part which he thought beneath him. The manager became irate, and swore, as was his wont when crossed, in oaths as bulky as his person, that he should do it. "I will sooner give up my engagement," replied the indignant son of Momus. "You may go when you please," retorted the angry potentate; "there are plenty of actors to be found under every hedge." And so they parted, frowning mutual defiance. The next day, Stephen the Great, solacing himself with a walk in the fields, espied his rebellious subject, creeping slowly along in a dry ditch, carefully investigating the hedge by which it was bounded on either side. "What are you doing there, Mr. Liston," thundered he, "when you ought to be at rehearsal?" "Looking for actors, sir; but I have not yet discovered any!"

Free trade is, without doubt, a sovereign specific for all wants and im-

perfections—the real philosopher's stone, which has so long baffled discovery. The *Times* says so; and all the world knows the *Times* is infallible. Free trade may effect great marvels, but it cannot create genuine actors as quickly as it can build theatres, and propagate speculation. If the anti-monopolists, as they style themselves, could obtain a charter for the invention of genius, with as much ease as they can get a license for opening a theatre, a saloon, or a casino, they would do more good to society, and would advance our national drama to a higher position than the present working plan seems likely to accomplish. Amongst other evils, the leveling system—the abolition of patent rights, has engendered a spurious race of authors, actors, and audience, while it has entirely broken up the great schools of Dublin, Edinburgh, Bath, and Liverpool—those prolific nurseries from whence Drury-lane and Covent-garden, in their days of proud supremacy, drew their best recruits, and which furnished nearly all the distinguished names so abundant in our histrionic annals. Increased demand soon produces a superabundant supply of the article in request, but the quality is inferior. Where there was one actor in the market there are now twenty; but they are not quite as good as their predecessors. The difficulties of management are multiplied beyond measure by the changes of the last thirty years; so much so, that we wonder how any ambitious spirit can be found, self-confident enough to elect himself into the office of a theatrical autocrat. Absolute power is no compensation for a couch, as well studded with thorns as the barrel in which Regulus was immolated, was filled with iron spikes. The manager is the most unhappy of potentates. The principle that "the king can do no wrong," is subverted for his especial case; everything that miscarries is charged to the account of his ignorance and incapacity. All understand his business better than he does. If an author cannot get five hundred pounds in advance, for a bad play, the manager is obtuse. If an actor worth three pounds per week, cannot get the thirty, at which he values himself, the manager is blind. If he repeats a play which draws money, the free list, who have seen it three times already, and the performers, who dis-

like their parts, exclaim—the manager is mad. If the expenses exceed the receipts, the manager is a bad chancellor of the exchequer. If he attempts to govern (where he has the sole responsibility on his shoulders), without the advice of a cabinet council, which never agrees in opinion, the manager is a wilful despot who ought to be deposed. But his indulgent judges forget that he cannot help himself. A system is made for him, and not he for a system. He must submit to follow where he cannot lead—that is, unless he had rather be a martyr than a conqueror. If, in devotion to what Othello calls “the cause,” he adopts strong original measures, and sets himself against public taste and the bias of the day, with the hope of reforming either, he rushes into a “sea of troubles,” in which, after much floundering, he will ultimately sink without a hope of extrication. The monarch of the mimic world may faithfully apply to himself what Shakspeare says of real sovereigns:

“Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toll;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endless cares.”

A few months before Power sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, the celebrated Irish Johnstone, called more familiarly by his intimates, “Jack Johnstone,” retired from the stage. It is probable that the young and then unnoticed actor, had often witnessed his performance, without dreaming that he was destined to become his legitimate successor. No previous performer had ever approached Johnstone in his peculiar line. Moody, the original Major O’Flaherty in the *West Indian*, enjoyed considerable reputation as an illustrator of Irish character, under the reign of Garrick, and afterwards, until he left the stage in 1796. Churchill, who was chary of praise and prodigal of censure, eulogises Moody; while he informs us that Irish peculiarities were even more travestied in those days than they are at present:—

“Long from a nation ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn their sport—with partial view
Form’d general notions from the racial few;
Condemned a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banished, seek our own.
At length, howe’er, the slavish chain is broke,
And sense, awaken’d, scorns her ancient yoke;
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise,
Mirth from their follies; from their virtues,
praise.”*

Moody was very grateful to Churchill for these lines, which stamped his rising reputation; he always considered them his passport to the temple of fame. But Churchill died twenty years before Johnstone appeared; and those who recollect both, pronounce decidedly on his great superiority over Moody. A writer of theatrical biography, in 1807,† says—“We remember that veteran of the sock (Moody) about sixteen years back, and we have seen him repeatedly play the cast of characters which is supported by Mr. Johnstone; but had the two comedians been contemporary rivals in the opposite theatres, and paralleled, it would have been placing a Scotch pebble beside a diamond, and Moody would have been lost in the lustre of the other.” As in the case of Power, a question has been raised, and not so easily settled, whether Moody was an Irishman; the place of his birth resting doubtfully between Cork and London. In the lives of Jack Johnstone and Power there is more than one incident of striking similarity. Each was the son of an officer in the army, left under the care of an indulgent mother, and intended for the military profession. Each imbibed a fondness for the stage, from intimacy with two managers who gave them the *entrée* of their respective theatres in early youth—Johnstone with Ryder in Dublin, and Power with Adamson in Cardiff. Each encountered the strong opposition of parent and friends in the course he had resolved on, and each came out and persisted for years in a line contrary to that for which his attributes were especially moulded. Their ultimate success was equal, but here the parallel ceases; Johnstone lived to extreme old age, while Power was cut off in his prime. We are not aware that any distinct memoirs of Irish Johnstone have ever been published. A few particulars respecting him may, therefore, not be considered an inappropriate introduction in a biography of Tyrone Power. The writer knew and acted with Johnstone and Emery (during his novitiate in Edinburgh), in *John Bull*, *The West Indian*, *The Rivals*, and the farces of *Honest Thieves*, and *The Review*. These great artists, of whom we may despair of

* See Churchill’s poem of “the Rosciad.”

† Gilliland, “Dramatic Mirror.”

seeing duplicate impressions, usually visited the provinces together, during the London vacation. By combining their talents in many pieces written expressly for them, their profits and attraction were materially increased. Those who are curious to know how plays were acted in the days of the giants, should examine the original cast of *John Bull* as a sample. They will there find every character supported by performers of the same calibre with those we are now commemorating. It was the play in all its parts that made the hit, and not the insulated actor. The public were attracted by John Bull, rather than by Peregrine, Job Thornberry, Dennis, Dan, or Tom Shuffleton, as individualised by Cooke, Fawcett, Johnstone, Emery, and Lewis. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*, as the mock doctor says in the old French farce. We suspect the alterations are not improvements either in dramatic or medical practice.

Johnstone was naturally gifted with a fine voice and a correct ear. His first wife, a Miss Poitier, was a profound mistress of the science of music. Her instructions rendered him an accomplished singer. He appeared in Dublin as Lionel, in the opera of *Lionel and Clarissa*; and after more than seven years' apprenticeship, obtained an engagement at Covent Garden, for himself and spouse, through the interest and recommendation of the veteran Macklin. For his *début* in London; he again selected his favourite character of Lionel.* This occurred on the 3rd of October, 1783. During several seasons he flourished as a leading vocalist; but Brnham rose, and soon distanced competition. At this time, the characters of Irishmen

were feebly supported at all the London theatres. Johnstone observed and seized the opportunity. He struck into the new walk with success beyond example, and never again encountered a rival up to the hour of his final retirement. When Sir Walter Scott discovered that Lord Byron was beating him as a poet, he merged into the novelist, in which he stands alone. Johnstone continued to hold his position in London for nearly forty years. He took his farewell benefit at Covent Garden, on Wednesday, June the 28th, 1820, in one of his most popular characters, Dennis Bulgruddery, with the epilogue song, and some additional lines written for the occasion by Colman, the author of the comedy. He had not intended to appear again, but two years afterwards, on Saturday, the 18th of May, 1822, he came forth from his retirement for a benevolent purpose, which deserves to be remembered. A performance took place at Drury-lane, consisting of *John Bull*, a concert, and *Two Strings to your Bow*, given in aid of the fund raising for the immediate relief of the extreme temporary distress then afflicting several provinces or districts in Ireland. He was announced as follows:—Dennis Bulgruddery (with the epilogue song), Mr. John Johnstone, who, on this occasion, although retired from his public duties, has, unsolicited, allowed himself to be announced for that character, in the humble hope that his re-appearance for this night only, may serve a cause in which he feels a deep interest. He was then in his seventy-third year, a remarkable instance in the small list of actors who have retained their physical powers to such an advanced period. On Friday, December 26th, 1823, he died at his residence, No. 5,

* A large pair of paste shoe-buckles, which he wore on this occasion, are now in possession of Mr. Harley, of the Princess's Theatre—another "Jack" of infinite mirth and fancy, who may be seen nightly, fresh and blooming as an evergreen; a trusty exemplar of the real school. The relics of celebrated actors are cherished with natural devotion by their brethren and descendants, and are more authentic than many others of superior pretensions. Tate Wilkinson, of eccentric memory, possessed a pair of buckles which had belonged to Garrick. These he passed hours in polishing, and gazing on with affectionate reverence when he had nothing else to do. Garrick's widow presented Edmund Kean with the star, George, garter, and other paraphernalia used by her husband in Richard III.; those have now passed into the hands of his son, Charles Kean. The elder Kean brought home from America, what he persuaded himself was a toe-bone of George Frederick Cooke. He valued it as the apple of his eye, and went nearly frantic when his wife threw it out of the window, and told him the servants had lost it. When John Kemble retired from the stage, in *Coriolanus*, he parted many articles he had used that evening amongst his brother performers. The late C. Mathews obtained his sandals, which he exhibited triumphantly, exclaiming, "I have got his sandals, although I shall never stand in his shoes."

Tavistock-row, Covent Garden, aged eighty-one; and on the Saturday week following, January 3rd, he was buried in a vault in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Jack Johnstone, in addition to his professional talents, was one of the most agreeable table companions that ever enlivened society; and, for an after-supper song, unrivalled;—convivial, and at the same time prudent and saving in his worldly affairs, qualities not often blended in the thoughtless sons of Hibernia. He was a remarkably handsome man, of elegant manners and deportment; and in personal appearance, presented an exact *beau idéal* of the travelled Irish gentleman and officer; while his clowns were embodied with a natural richness of humour, which none but Power has ever approached. We shall endeavour to draw a closer comparison between those two eminent actors, in a more suitable place. Johnstone was twice married. By his second wife, Miss Bolton, he left an only daughter, to whom he bequeathed a considerable fortune—a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, who married Mr. James Wallack, and died about two years since.

Power's early practice had given him a distaste for country theatres. He remembered the hard work and small emolument, which sometimes dwindled into none at all, according to the fluctuations of the managerial treasury—a high-sounding designation for a department whose cheques are not always as negotiable as those emanating from the chambers in Whitehall—an example of "*lucus a non lucendo*," which may be added with advantage to the next edition of the Eton Grammar. He wished to settle himself in London, but nothing was open to him except the minors, and even they were fenced round with obstacles not to be overleaped by mere volition. From time to time he shifted from one to the other, going nearly the entire round, with little notice, as an actor of all work, on a salary seldom exceeding fifty shillings a-week, but with energy untiring,

and a determined zeal to excel, not surpassed by his subsequent efforts when rewarded with twenty pounds per night. He was never an actor who regulated his exertions by his pay, as some have done, on the commercial principle of value received. When T. Dibdin was manager of the Surrey Theatre, he observed one of his performers habitually careless in his style of delivering his parts. He attributed this to lack of zeal, more than to deficiency of talent, and took the delinquent to task accordingly. "Mr. T—," said the manager, "I find great fault with your acting, which disappoints me, and is far below what I expected when I gave you such a liberal engagement." "Excuse me, sir," replied the actor, "for differing in opinion with you, but I really consider mine good average acting for five-and-twenty shillings a-week. Make my salary five pounds, and you shall see how I will act for you." This son of Thespis was a humorist, something in the style of the well-known Parson Patten, curate of Whitstable, during some part of the last century. He chose to omit the Athanasian Creed when performing the Church service, for which his diocesan, Archbishop Secker, desired his chaplain and secretary to visit him with a remonstrance. "His Grace wishes to know," inquired the chaplain, "why you omit the Creed of St. Athanasius?" "I don't believe it," replied Patten. "But his Grace does," rejoined the chaplain. "His Grace," retorted the curate, "believes at the rate of ten thousand a-year—I at the rate of fifty pounds." This same Patten, who had been chaplain of a man-of-war, was an incorrigible joker, given to tipples withal, and certainly a strange subject for the clerical profession. His fondness for punch so subdued him, that whenever his sermons were too long, any one showing him a lemon would bring him readily to a conclusion.* More than once he was nearly unfrocked; but he did the work of an unhealthy district on very cheap terms, and thus many of his eccentricities were looked over. Being present at a convocation, he ventured

* Parson Patten once being furnished with refreshment without drink, at the Archbishop's, left these lines on the table:—

"They sent me fish,

In a dish,

From the archbish—

N.B.—Op is omitted here, because there was no beer."

to remonstrate with Dr. Secker on the smallness of his stipend. "I have received," said he, "the paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum for doing the duty of a living which brings in full three hundred. I need not remind your Grace that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.'" "Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," interrupted the archbishop, who wished to cut short the question. "No; but I hope your Grace will," added the undaunted subordinate.

Power commenced his career in London by a single performance of Young Wilding, in *The Liar*, at the Cobourg, for a benefit. After this he offered himself to Elliston, then presiding over old Drury, for what is technically called a trial appearance, his engagement to be regulated by the result—a hazardous experiment, depending too much on the caprice of the manager, or the humour of a single audience. For the actor, it is scarcely engaging on equal terms, and seldom resorted to except by novices, or daring confident spirits, who venture all on a throw, in the application of the military apothegm, which says, "Dans la guerre l'audace est presque toujours prudence." The part selected was Tristram Fickle, in the farce of *The Weathercock*. The performance came off on the 20th of August, 1821. It was neither a brilliant success, nor a signal failure. There was no disapprobation, and no warm applause; the audience accepted the new candidate coldly; the manager refused his endorsement; and Tyrone Power, with much chagrin, turned his back on that gorgeous temple which Charles Matthews, with melancholy aptitude, has designated "the mausoleum of Shakspeare." His hour was not yet come; he had nothing left for it but to wait, and remember the consolation administered by Durandarte to Montesinos, in the enchanted cavern, "Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards." But truly does "the whirligig of time bring in its revenges;" in a few years after, he was specially courted to re-enter, as an auxiliary, an attractive, leading star, in large letters, with a ten-pound nightly salary.

With some difficulty he procured an engagement in the company of the

Olympic, during the winter of 1821. Here he worked himself, by degrees, into many characters of importance, and, amongst others, gained considerable credit as Captain Cleveland, in the *Pirate*, an adaptation from Sir Walter Scott's novel of the same name. But the season failed, and he was forced to try fresh ground. He played for some time at the Queen's Theatre, in Tottenham-street; and also appeared at Astley's, in an equestrian drama founded on *Tom and Jerry*, as Corinthian Tom—a part for which he was specially selected for his skill in equitation. He rode a race, leaped a five-barred gate, drove a real four-in-hand, and led the field in a foxhunt. But he disliked the business, the association, and the locality; and got rid of all three as soon as possible. His theatrical prospects became more cloudy and uncongenial than ever; and, as a last resource, he thought seriously of accepting a military appointment at Sierra Leone, which, through some unexpected interest, was offered to him. This was almost going to certain death. So unhealthy was the climate at that time, that few European constitutions could battle with it for six months. The colony was divided into two sections—those who were laid up with the fever, and those who were going to be laid up. There was also always a double staff of governors—one dead, and another on the voyage out to replace him. Accident changes the current of many human destinies. At this juncture Power met accidentally Miss S. Booth, at whose suggestion and recommendation he applied to Mr. Arnold, of the Lyceum Theatre, with whom he engaged, and commenced operations on the 2nd of July, 1822.

It has been stated that his first appearance was as Robert Maythorn, in *The Turnpike Gate**—a singing character, which had been represented by Incedon, and little suited to one who possessed very limited pretensions as a vocalist. Here he began to make Irish character his study; and here, perhaps, the first gleam broke upon his mind of the high estimation to which that study would lead. Dame Fortune for once turned to him with a smile, and presented him with an original part, Corporal O'Connor in *Broken Promises*,

* See Marshall's "Lives of the most celebrated Actors and Actresses."

in which he achieved great success, and contributed much to the attraction of the piece.* He also obtained another Irish part, in a new comic piece by Planché, entitled, *I will have a Wife*. A critic of the day speaks of him thus: "Mr. Power makes a gentlemanly Irishman, and gives proof, on every occasion, of a smart talent, which will, we think, by proper cultivation, introduce him to a higher station in his profession." From this it may be collected, that he was working his way slowly and laboriously, gaining upon the public, but still far from taking them by storm, as he afterwards did, when his talents were fully developed and his reputation established. Many enthusiastic tyros try to delude themselves into a belief, that great acting is the creation of a moment, the spontaneous effort of conscious genius, as Venus rose suddenly from the sea in the perfection of beauty. It takes years of toilsome apprenticeship to remove the film that blinds, and to convince the ambitious how few are destined to accomplish what appears so easy to inexperience.

During the Lyceum season, in the month of August, Power performed one night at Covent Garden, with a volunteer company selected from such actors as were then in town, for the benefit of the widow and children of John Emery. The part allotted to him was Fag, in *The Rivals*. C. Kemble, who was the Captain Absolute of the evening, complimented him in flattering terms. His hopes were excited; but this time they evaporated in words, without an engagement. Some years later, on the 16th of February, 1830, the Lyceum theatre took fire, and in a few hours was burnt to the ground. Power, on this occasion, distinguished himself by his usual active intrepidity. Accompanied and assisted by a fireman, he was very instrumental in saving the money, papers, and books in the treasury, getting severely burnt in the face and hands in the operation. It is surprising that theatres are not burnt down more frequently than they are, considering the increased danger arising from gas, if not properly turned

off, the peculiar facility of combustion, and the difficulty of watching the watchmen. A fire in a theatre may be prevented, but is not easily extinguished. The best precautions, next to general carefulness, are a small portable engine on the stage, with a hose attached, and a supply of water from the roof. In the first twenty minutes all the mischief is done—while the alarmed neighbours are shouting "Fire!" and a few are knocking their heads against each other in a futile search for the plug, which no one can find in the critical moment. A fire-plug resembles a policeman—always in the way except when it is wanted. Tell-tale clocks are good evidences of the care or neglect of the night guardians; but if these worthies are experienced in their business, they can soon put them into such a thorough state of disrepair, that it would baffle the ingenuity of Archimedes, or even of Mr. Hobbs himself,† to restore them to a serviceable condition. As historical events, the conflagration of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres, within the lapse of a few months, are equally lamentable and remarkable. The first catastrophe was the result of negligence‡—the latter, in all probability, of malice prepense.

At the close of the Lyceum season of 1823, Power transferred his services to the Olympic, where, for some time, he filled the additional duties of stage-manager; but his eye was always steadily fixed on the two great national theatres, in one or the other of which, he felt an undying presentiment, that he should sooner or later become an established favourite.

From the Olympic he migrated to the little Adelphi, in the Strand, where he appeared on Monday, the 19th of January, 1824, in a piece founded on "St. Ronan's Well." Soon after, a monstrous melo-dramatic abomination, entitled *Valmondi*, was produced, crammed to overflowing with horrors and fustian, written expressly up to the measure of the audience. Crowded houses, and a well-filled exchequer, delighted the manager, while the actor, as the hero of this farrago, was too

* This occurred at a later period, in 1825, after he had appeared as Larry Hoolagan at the Adelphi. We thought it was earlier, when the passage was written.

† The great American pick-lock.

‡ Covent-Garden was burnt down on the 20th September, 1808. Drury-Lane, on the 24th February, 1809

happy, for the moment, to win the public approbation, which he had long wooed in vain under a more legitimate form. Such are the anomalies of taste, and the eccentricities of fortune. This very *Valmond*, which his own better sense repudiated, while enraptured audiences lavished their applause, proved in the sequel a valuable stepping-stone. It drew on him again the notice of Mr. Charles Kemble, and opened the road to Covent-Garden. The Adelphi engagement gave him, also, another and a better opportunity. The manager, Mr. T. Rodwell, had compounded a farce from many sources, which he re-christened *The Irish Valet*. Power was requested to sustain the character of Larry Hoolagan, but he stubbornly rejected it, as falling within the range of *low* comedy, for which he fancied himself unsuited. He had tried his strength in more than one Irishman, of the light, gentlemanly caste, but the humour of a drunken, scheming menial, he considered beyond his reach. The experiment was almost forced on him. His success astonished himself as much as it delighted his auditors, and the *Irish Valet* continued, from that hour, high on the list of his chosen parts, to the close of his career. Power was singularly happy in his delineations of drunkenness. He hit the exact point of humour and effect, without exaggerating either, or leaving nature in the background. Actors in this line generally become coarse and offensive, if encouraged by the loud laugh of the galleries. It requires great taste and delicate refinement of art to mark the line of distinction. Charles Kemble was exquisite in the insulated drunken portions of Cassio, Don Felix, Charles Oakley, or Tobine, in *The Suicide*. Murray, late manager of the Edinburgh theatre, was almost as good. Jack Johnstone's third-act scene of Dennis Bulgruddery could not be surpassed; and those who have witnessed James Wallack's Dick Dashall, in *My Aunt*, will not easily forget the treat he afforded them. But Tyrone Power was the only actor we ever saw who could carry drunkenness through a whole play, as he did in *King O'Neill*, for two successive hours, full of variety in every speech and movement, keeping the audience in a perpetual roar—never monotonous or tiresome, and never for a moment

indulging in commonplace, traditional vulgarities. A comic actor of our acquaintance, and of considerable reputation, was much given to high-colouring. He boiled over with humour, but he knew not where to stop. "When do you consider your audience has had enough of a joke?" we once ventured to ask him. "Never, until they begin to hiss," was the ready reply. The scale is scarcely to be recommended for general adoption, as either safe or judicious.

Power made his first bow at Covent-Garden, as Rolando, in *The Honeymoon*, on the 7th of Oct., 1825. The part was well suited to his appearance, and lively, animated manner. He established a favourable impression at starting, and played a variety of characters through the season, with diligence and steadily progressing success. His engagement confined him to no particular walk; he took all that came in his way: Fag (*Ricards*), Trip (*School for Scandal*), Rashleigh Osbaldistone (*Rob Roy*), Duke Vivaldi (*Clari*), Robin (*No Song No Supper*), Lamotte (*French Libertine*), and sometimes Rochester (*Charles the Second*), when Jones was either ill or absent. From the Irishmen alone he was excluded. That profitable line, now the object of his ambition, was hermetically sealed against him, being entirely occupied by Charles Connor, on whom a portion of the mantle of Jack Johnstone had gracefully fallen, and who had lately made great way with the public, by an excellent, original impersonation of Doctor O'Toole, in Lord Glengall's farce of the *Irish Tutor*. Connor had numerous requisites, but unfortunately he was unable to sing, a deficiency which marred many of his happiest efforts. Johnstone, as we have stated, was a first-rate singer; Rock, Webb, and Weekes, were all gifted with vocal abilities. Power's compass of voice was small, but he possessed excellent taste, and a well-regulated ear. Connor was one of the most valuable men in the theatre: well-looking, gentleman-like in appearance, versatile, and quick of study. He could play tragedy, comedy, or farce, all well and agreeably—always good, occasionally more than good, and never under mediocrity. The partiality of friends has placed him on a level with Johnstone and Power, sometimes above both; but just criti-

cism must decide that he was not equal to either. It is true he was cut off suddenly, perhaps before he had reached his meridian as an actor ; and thus a vacancy occurred, without which Power might have waited many years for lack of opportunity. He never acted an Irishman at Covent-Garden, until after Connor's death, although they sometimes worked together in the same piece, and in characters of a different cast ; particularly in *Lilla*, a new comic opera, in which Connor appeared as Michael Brand, and Power as Victor St. Phar, a young French officer.

Poor Charles Connor was the son of a respectable auctioneer in Cork. He received a good grammar-school education, and was intended for mercantile business, but while a very young lad, became stage-struck by acting minor characters with the Apollo Society, in his native city. On two or three occasions he received applauses, the sounds of which were continually ringing in his ears. Contrary, of course, to the wishes of his friends, he soon added another illustration in proof of the old theatrical proverb, that "the youth who has once rubbed his skirts against the wings of a stage, will never be satisfied with any other profession." To the stage, therefore, he flew, and having a good person, with a genteel address, addicted himself to high tragedy and elegant comedy. He was such an actor, that an audience could sit out his *Ranger*, *Lord Townly*, or *Jaffier*, without absolute ennui. If he didn't astonish, he never offended, and was safe in everything entrusted to him. An acquaintance with Jack Johnstone opened his eyes to his real forte. The veteran became his friend, trained him up to his own line, which he was about to quit, and, as a proof of personal regard, presented him with his stage properties for Major O'Flaherty and Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Connor was gifted with a rich, mellifluous Cork accent, an agreeable Irish face, and sufficient humour to satisfy the million. He was well established in public opinion, and young enough to have held his ground against competition for years, but, like many other actors, he was fond of hot suppers and late hours. On the night of Saturday, the 7th of October, 1826, returning home through the Park, he dropped down suddenly, and was found

dead in the morning, supposed to have been carried off by apoplexy. His name was in the bills for Trebonius, in *Julius Cæsar*, on the following Monday, in which same character he had last trod the boards he was never to step on more.

This unlooked-for casualty, which abruptly closed the career of one actor, brightened up the prospects of another. Power stepped into the opening so anxiously desired, when least expected, and succeeded, as a natural inheritance, to the post vacated by the death of his countryman. Hitherto, the Irishman in a comedy or farce had been a feature, and a very amusing one, thrown in to relieve, rather than a central pivot, on which the entire action revolved. The new actor introduced a new school, founded on his own physical energy and inexhaustible spirits. Authors began to write pieces for him, which depended entirely on himself. He was the alpha and omega, seldom absent from the scene, while the laugh never ceased, and the audience never yawned. The curtain fell, after three or four hours of joyous excitement, and there stood Tyrone Power—fresh, smiling, and untired, as when he bounded on the stage, under the first burst of acclamations which greeted his entrance. A natural, unassumed buoyancy, made his labour light, and doubled the satisfaction of the spectators, who felt that he entertained them without effort. When we witness the heavy, measured, hard, mill-grinding attempts of some of his successors, we think of him with redoubled regret ; and a feeling very similar to what the late Daniel O'Connell meant to convey, when we once heard him say of a tiresome orator, at a public meeting—"That young man does not remind me of his father."

It seems rather an odd contradiction, although a common case, that professed comic actors are often constitutional hypochondriacs—men unconscious of a joke, except those set down for them, and who never laugh out of character—bending under morbid melancholy until relieved by brandy-and-water, or fidgeting in a state of nervous irritation, not many degrees removed from lunacy. "Go, and see Liston," said an eminent physician to a patient, who consulted him as to the best cure for low spirits. "Alas, I am the man !" replied the sufferer, in a despairing

tone.* Power was always an exception to this rule—as merry and entertaining in private as on the stage, full of humorous anecdote, and conversible on many topics. When we recollect that his theatrical duties seldom afforded him a holiday, that he found time for literary pursuits, and gave many hours to society, we can understand the full value of “a light heart,” and believe, with the old song, that accompanied by light marching-order, it will carry us through the world, and all its battles.

Within a month after the death of Charles Connor, Power obtained an original Irish part at Covent-Garden—Sergeant Milligan, in a farce written principally for W. Farren, called *Returned Killed*. This was not at first intended for an Irishman, and is a character of second-rate importance; but he contrived to render it prominent, and gave good evidence of what might be expected from him with more promising materials. Better opportunities were at hand, and before the season closed, O’Shaughnessy in the *One Hundred Pound Note*, and Phelim O’Sceud in *Peter Wilkins*, firmly established his pretensions, and placed his permanent success beyond any farther dispute. He was now thirty, had been twelve years on the stage, with a short interval, and the fickle goddess seemed at last disposed to court him with her smiles. She had often evaded him, but he now felt that he held her fast. From this date his progress was rapid and unimpeded, though, for the present, he was still obliged to blend incongruous and uncongenial parts with the line in which he exclusively excelled. The season had not yet arrived when he could stipulate for conditions, which, however extravagant in a comparative sense, are justified by attraction. The real value of any article is what it will produce in the

market. The actor, whether biped or quadruped, who fills the treasury, may always demand a commensurate reward. If public taste, as it has sometimes done, should happen to prefer the flight of a young lady, dressed like a zephyr, from the back of the stage to the upper gallery, or a steeple chase of dogs mounted by monkeys, to a classic representation of Shakspeare or Sheridan, these eccentric artists are fully justified in exacting pay proportioned to their fashionable popularity.†

Throughout the season of 1827–28, Power, in addition to the usual round of old parts, such as Dennis Bulgrudery, Sir Lucius O’Trigger, Looney M’Twolter, &c., essayed for the first time, Dr. O’Toole, in the *Irish Tutor*, in which, though Connor was not forgotten, he was very warmly received, while frequent repetition proved that the performance was ratified by the treasury. The year following he confined himself entirely to Irishmen, and escaped for ever from walking dukes, flippant footmen, generous sailors, and semi-melodramatic villains—an important advance, of more consequence than those uninitiated in the arcana of the green-room can readily understand. Exclusiveness is as symbolical of high caste on the stage as it is in private society. The performer who once becomes generally useful, or ready to go on for anything at a minute’s notice, may despair of being great, or of being greatly paid. Both manager and public undervalue an actor-of-all-work. He cannot afford to be a star to-night and fall back into the ranks to-morrow.

Power possessed an extraordinary faculty of quick dressing. He would come into his room a few minutes only before he was wanted on the stage, and yet be ready in time, fully appointed, cool, and self-possessed, while the stage-manager and prompter were

* The story has been fathered on Liston, where it fits very well, but we have seen it in print, recorded of a celebrated French Comedian, who flourished more than a century ago.

† The *troupe* of trained dogs and monkeys, who exhibited at the minor theatre, in Dublin, some two or three seasons since, to overflowing audiences, were commanded at the Castle, for the private amusement of the Lord Lieutenant and a select circle! The viceregal patronage, ever afterwards announced with a becoming flourish, as a matter of course, doubled their value, attraction, and terms. These illegitimacies are not so modern as some critics imagine. In an old number of Walker’s “*Hibernian Magazine*,” now before us, we have a description and print of pony races, at the theatre, in Bow-street, under Daly’s management, in 1795. The course was formed on the stage, a portion of the pit, railed off, covered over, and taking the sweep of the house, the noise and attraction were prodigious.

in agonies. The writer has seen him do things in this way which made his hair stand on end, and almost threw him into a fit of the gout, while the merry comedian enjoyed and chuckled over his perplexity. Once, at Covent-Garden, Power was too late for a scene of Captain O'Cutter, in *The Jealous Wife*, which of necessity was cut out, and the play passed on. He was much chagrined at the omission, occasioned by himself, and gravely suggested to Fawcett, who was stage-manager, that, by way of compensation, he would introduce it in the next act. The gruff official stared with astonishment, and negatived the proposition by an unceremonious "No!"

Having acquired an important addition to his list of originals, O'Slash, in *The Invincibles*, he began now to be inquired for in the provinces. Profitable engagements were proffered, but above all, he was desirous of establishing himself in Dublin. His London diploma wanted some value in currency, until countersigned by his own countrymen. The Dublin audience were ever proverbial for enthusiastic encouragement and liberal applause; but they were also jealous and slow on the one question of national character. They hesitated to receive a supposed representative on the dictum of the London papers, and the opinion of the London public. Submissive votaries of fashion on all other points, they here declared for independent judgment. For this reason Irish actors were generally unattractive. They drew houses elsewhere, but they failed at home. Not so much that a prophet has no honour in his own country, but that the country discredited the pretensions of the prophet. They had often proved that he was none. We speak from a personal experience of twenty-seven years, and if our opinions have become obsolete from antiquity, they are at least historical.

On the 22nd June, 1829, Power made his first appearance in the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street, then under the management of Mr. Bunn. He was announced as "The celebrated representative of Irish characters, from the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden." He had not visited the capital of his native land since he was a novice, and his Crow-street campaign of 1818 was forgotten. Madame Vestris had then just commenced her engagement. The public was expected to be a pro-

minent attraction, and Power came out with that fascinating actress, in his original part of Corporal O'Slash. But the ground was pre-occupied. Barry, "from Cork," an old favourite, had established himself with the public and the local press. He was the first; and let the talents of the second be what they might, possession, as in law, was nine points in favour of the earlier representative. Who does not bow to the influence of first impressions? Power and the writer of this biography met now for the first time, after a long separation, and renewed their former intimacy. Each had much to relate of personal vicissitude, and many reflections to ponder over, arising from their changed positions. The public at once decided that the new candidate was worthy of his place and pretensions. They received him with universal applause; but the press, with one or two exceptions, was cold, contradictory, and divided in opinion; reserving or qualifying the sentence which they hesitated to pronounce for the moment, but, on further acquaintance, handed in with unanimous enthusiasm. His second appearance was in Sir Lucius O'Trigger, followed by the *Irish Tutor*, and the "Groves of Blarney," which ever after was called for, whether in the bills or not, and generated into a fruitful source of squabbling, between the manager, the actors, and the galleries—a perpetual apple of discord, arising from an unsophisticated melody. Any Doctor O'Toole, after this, who omitted the "Groves of Blarney," had no more chance of a good deliverance, than the prisoner at the bar, who pleads guilty, and throws himself on the mercy of the court. In the course of this, his first Irish engagement, Power played also O'Shaughnessy (*Hundred Pound Note*), Larry Hoolagan (*Irish Valet*), Dennis Brulgruddery (*John Bull*), Murtoch Delany (*Irishman in London*), Loony Mac, Twolter (*Review*), Teague (*Honest Thieves*), and Thady O'Blarney (*Botheration*). He was underlined several days for Trappanti, in *She Would and She Would Not*; but the play, intended for the benefit of Madame Vestris, was laid aside. We subjoin a few extracts from the papers, as curious illustrations of the humours of criticism, the differences in opinion of professed judges on the same question, and to impress on aspiring actors that they have yet another formidable or-

deal to encounter, whether they subside complacently into a dressing-gown and slippers, or rush to the symposium of a congratulatory supper, after an apparent triumph.

The *Evening Mail* of June the 24th, 1829, says :—

"The opera of *Home, sweet Home!* was repeated on Monday evening with indifferent success, and the amusing farce of *The Invincibles* followed. The great attraction of the afterpiece, notwithstanding the Vestris herself, was the announcement of Mr. Power in Corporal O'Slash, 'the best representative of Irish parts (we quote from the official puffs) that has appeared since the days of Jack Johnstone.' The announcement was imposing,* but the result proved that it was exceedingly injudicious. Mr. Power may be a very good Irishman, in London, but he comes up to anything, in our conception, than a representative of the character at this side of the channel. He wants *archness, vivacity, humour*, and, above all, he wants *brogue*. (We have often heard these quoted as his peculiar attributes, and, in our innocence, believed they were.) There is nothing ray in his acting—nothing mellow in his voice; and, whatever of the vernacular he might have possessed, when in a state of nature, he appears to have lost, like Mr. O'Connell, by practising the Saxon tongue in London. His singing—but of this, the less we say the better. Barry, with all his exuberance of manner and extravagance of style, was, to our thinking, a better O'Slash. Last evening, the comedy of *The Rivals* was performed. Mr. Power played Sir Lucius O'Trigger. He appears to have mistaken the thing altogether. His low characters he makes genteel, and his genteel ones vulgar. We were led to think there was nothing in him, till we saw him in O'Toole. It was one of the richest and most happy efforts we ever witnessed. Indeed, we could scarcely bring ourselves to think that it was represented by the same individual whom we had before seen, and of whom we had written as each performance struck us. That Mr. Power possesses capabilities of a very high order, no one that saw him in the *Irish Tutor* can for a moment doubt. Why they were not brought into action upon occasions apparently as favourable for their display as the character under review, is a question that we cannot solve. Perhaps Mr. Power can."

The question is certainly a puzzler, and must be referred to those natural philosophers who study what is called idiosyncrasy. The *Freeman's Journal*

of July the 3rd, 1829, assumes a different tone from its contemporary :—

"Mr. Power has been a most valuable auxiliary during the last fortnight. His Dr. O'Toole, and Larry Hoolagan, in the new farce of *More Blunders than One*, are amongst the best and most finished pieces of acting we have witnessed for a long time.

"July 6th.—Madame Vestris's Benefit.—Among the leading attractions of the evening we must enumerate Power's Doctor O'Toole. If there be in Dublin a lover of genuine Irish humour of the very richest cast, who has not yet seen this performance, we exhort him to attend to our admonition, and go to the theatre this evening; there is laughter enough in store for some to dispel care for a month. If anything can beat Power's O'Toole in this way, it is his Larry Hoolagan.

"July 7th.—This evening is announced as Mr. Power's benefit, and last appearance. He has contributed greatly to the attraction of Madame Vestris's engagement, and we sincerely wish his benefit may prove a bumper. During his short stay among us, he has been received with warm applause, and shouts of laughter, the surest test that the efforts of the comic actor are appreciated by the audience. We have seen no Irishman on our boards at all to be compared to him, since the days of Jack Johnstone. We understand that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland have expressed the warmest admiration of Mr. Power's professional abilities, and have signified their intention of honouring him with their presence this evening."

The unenthusiastic *Saunders* is much more guarded :—

"Tuesday, June 23rd, 1829.—The principal feature in the evening's entertainment was the importation of an Irishman, as some of our contemporaries designated him, 'second only to Jack Johnstone.' We feel every respect for the efforts of Mr. Power, but he would require a *power of brogue*, in addition to what he possesses, to make us for a moment institute a comparison. Whenever Mr. Power performs before a Dublin—nay, an Irish audience, he should lay aside the Irishman in London, and feel himself breathing that air which, as St. Patrick says in the song, 'banished all the vermin.' It is more than ridiculous to see a Cockney twang mixed up with an Irish brogue: it is like heathen Greek with Christian English. These remarks may seem severe, but they should not be used, did we not know Mr.

* We have given the exact announcement above, as copied from a play-bill in our possession; but there may have been *variorum* editions.

Power to possess qualifications of a high order.

"Wednesday, June 24th.—Last evening was performed Sheridan's celebrated comedy of *The Rivals*, in which Mr. Power, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, considering the difficulty of getting a good Irishman on the stage, was, without entering into minute criticism, really respectable." As Dr. O'Toole, particularly in singing 'The Groves of Blarney,' he received applause.

"Thursday, June 25th.—Mr. Power certainly improves on acquaintance. The character he selected for his first appearance was one by no means as suited to his abilities as others in which he has since appeared. He imbued the part of O'Shaughnessy, in *The Hundred Pound Note*, with a vast deal of humour.

"Monday, June 29th.—Mr. Power's Larry Hoolagan has gained him, it is said, celebrity on the London boards; but, generally speaking, in order to make effective points, in his Irishman, to please an Irish ear, we would recommend him to use less rapidity in his delivery. His acting, as a drunken Irishman, after coming out of the closet, gained him much applause; and, on the whole, reserving a few observations on the author's attempts at Irish wit, of Mr. Power, in his endeavours to carry them into effect, we may say he got on fairly.

"Tuesday, June 30th.—The entertainments of the evening concluded with *The Hundred Pound Note*, in which Power's O'Shaughnessy was the *Primum Mobile*."

Our readers must form their own judgment on the literary and critical value of these notices, either as guides to the public or hints to the actor. Some of them were on the north side of encouraging, to use the expression of the worthy Bailie Jarvie; but Power was not the man to be "snuffed out by an article," as Lord Byron says of the sensitive John Keats. He worked on, and soon enjoyed the satisfaction of forcing a reversal of these qualified opinions, through perseverance, and a gradual conviction that they had not rendered him justice. He was certainly not so accomplished an artist in 1829 as he showed himself to be a few years later; but the materials were the same, although blended together with inferior skill and less accuracy of proportion. He returned to Dublin the next season, with a valuable addition to his repertoire in the farce of *Teddy*

the Tiler, written expressly for him, and ever one of his most attractive performances. Here, for the first time, he carried the entire piece on his shoulders, never staggering for a moment under the unusual weight. At the close of his Dublin engagement he visited Cork, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Kemble, and was received with most enthusiastic applause by another Irish audience, remarkable for tenacious judgment. Power was extremely gratified by his reception in Ireland, now that he stood before his countrymen as their national actor. He felt that it set the seal on his success, enhanced his London reputation, and added to his value everywhere. From this time forth his yearly visits became importantly profitable to the manager, and agreeable to himself. He was courted by the best society, and became a universal favorite. We have lived many years in Ireland, are connected with that country by ties of collateral relationship, and include many warm-hearted Irishmen in the catalogue of our dearest friends; but we never met with any one more honestly attached to his native soil, more keenly alive to its interests, and more grateful for personal kindness, than the individual of whom we are endeavouring to preserve a faithful and characteristic memorial. Power was often misunderstood by those who were but slightly acquainted with him, and whom he mystified or repelled, for amusement, or to check unwelcome advances. All have their failings, nor was he exempt from the usual allotment. Perhaps his chief weakness was a disposition to court the great and titled, to win the notice of the aristocracy, more than was either necessary or becoming in a son of genius, and the artist of his own fortune. The same charge has lain at the door of Ireland's great lyric poet. But in every important transaction of life, both were men of high, independent spirit, and unblemished integrity; alike incapable of compromising themselves by the meanness of undue adulation.

Never expecting to become a biographer of Power, nearly all his let-

* There is no term more hateful to the perceptions of an ambitious actor than that of respectable. It chills him like a wet blanket; yet many critics consider and mean it as warm praise.

ters in the possession of the present writer have been heedlessly destroyed, or given away as autographs—a voluminous correspondence of many years, from which some interesting selections might have been culled. We subjoin one, written in 1830, to a friend in Liverpool, with which we have been favoured by the kindness of the gentleman to whom it is addressed:—

“To JOHN P——, Esq., Liverpool.

“MY DEAR P——,—I owe you a letter—that account is easily settled; but how shall I repay the kindness which dictated yours, or indeed all your other kindnesses to me? The assurance that they have not fallen upon a barren soil, is the only mode of payment I can at present devise. I must, therefore, beg you to accept that, and give me credit for the balance. ‘We met and parted,’ old boy, not amidst ‘the tears of the cup.’ It was an occasion for some sorrow, and the heavens sympathised with us mourners. Save us from many such exhibitions of elemental woe! I could not help laughing as I afterwards recalled your matter-o’-fact glance cast over the passing drag, through the veil of waters. You looked like an old badger just come up to blow a little, after an unsuccessful dive in chase of a cock salmon. Your very whiskers had a despairing drip, and the whip, as it lighted between the near leader’s ears, had a dying fall. You had ‘em nicely together tho’, old chap; prettily packed for roulin’ down that d—d pitch which forbade a pull up. I hinted my opinion to the dragsman: ‘Ay,’ said he, ‘John P—— is the man as can teach some on ‘em som’at.’ You must know, I did the thing myself the next two stages. [N.B.—Never drive in kids in heavy rain; mine split in each division; my fingers were blistered for a week, all sticking fast together if left to themselves for five minutes; and every morning I woke to find myself, not web-footed, but web-fingered.] Here I am at Cambridge, and I assure you a pretty place it is, with its monastic-looking domuses—*antiqua et religiosa*, as the learned have it. I’ve been wandering about these old trees dreaming of Milton, Cromwell, Cranmer, Gray, and my friend John Clarke’s papa, mixing them up with their several attributes—poetry, regicide, heresy, travels, &c., &c.—till I got as stupid as a gib-cat, and by way of an enlivener turned to Liverpool and you. I send a paper by this post to Hall, who is quite undeserving of it, for I wrote to him six weeks ago, and he has not had the grace to send me an answer. I shall cut him if I don’t hear from him soon, tho’ he did put salt in my porridge in Bolt-street. Does he think he owes me nothing but meat and drink? Does he think that a man is to be crammed into silence like a stuffed turkey?

Tell him, if I do not find a letter at home on my return to town, October 4th, he and I are no longer one. I am going from here into Norfolk and Suffolk, to shoot at the birds for a few days, and then take a run over to the Netherlands, on purpose to look over some ground I am writing about. Adieu, dear P——; I know not what nonsense I have written. Give my regards to all we know, but particularly to my respectable friend, Evans. That’s a man, sir, who is honest, and thinks rightly. I think highly of his mind, and yet more highly of his heart. If you see Mrs. Macdougall or Mrs. Copeland, say all to them that may be said to other men’s wives. I look forward as to holiday, to the time when I may again sit in the sun of their generous eyes.

“Yours always,

“TYROSE POWER”

Power, a little before this time, had begun to employ his leisure hours, or such as he could snatch from a life of incessant work, in writing. From earliest youth he was fond of handling the pen, and kept ample journals and diaries, which have been nearly all lost. He commenced author by various contributions to magazines and annuals, and by a monthly periodical, called “Lo Ziugaro,” which was not continued. The opening story of this intended series was afterwards published in “The Club Book,” a collection of original tales by various authors, of good repute, including James, Ficken, and John Galt, a celebrated and voluminous novelist, of whom it is recorded, to the honour of independence, that when editor of the *Courier* newspaper he gave up a lucrative appointment, rather than allow the insertion, though at the request of a minister, of an article which he considered objectionable. In 1829, the novels of “The Lost Heir,” and “The Prediction,” published together, were well received, and gave sufficient evidence that our hero’s abilities were not limited to the exercise of his ordinary profession. His second novel, “The King’s Secret,” was attended by increased reputation and profit. This is the work alluded to in the foregoing letter. It embraced the history and life of Philip Van Artevelde. To verify certain descriptions therein introduced, he was desirous of looking with his own eyes on the localities. Power found himself at Brussels, and, much to his surprise, in the centre of a sudden revolution, got up extemporaneously as a sequel to the grand Parisian spectacle

of the barricades, and which succeeded because it ought to have failed. He was standing beside Lord Blantyre when he was shot looking out of his drawing-room window, was the first to bring home the news of the Belgian revolt, and furnished many interesting particulars in an account of it published in the *Standard*. He had great difficulty in getting back to England in time to meet his engagements, and was obliged to ride with a butcher from Brussels to Ostend, carrying cockades in his pocket of both colours, to be hoisted as necessity required. While in this dilemma, he met two French merchant sailors who wanted to get to their ship in the port. Accompanied by them, and declaring himself to be the captain of the French packet, he was allowed to go off in a boat. They pulled in the direction of the French vessel until they got a good offing, and then made for an English one, which was just getting under way. They were fired upon from the port, but escaped without damage.

Power wrote with great rapidity, when the humour seized him. One night after supper, sitting alone with one of his sons, then a boy, he desired him to light candles, and leave his writing-materials ready in the bathroom. "Fred," said he, "I will wager you a sovereign, and lend you the money to pay it if you lose, that what I write to-night you will take double the time to copy to-morrow." The next morning, at breakfast, he produced the entire manuscript of the farce called *How to Pay the Rent*, on which he bestowed very few additions or alterations. It is mentioned of Mozart, that when thoroughly exhausted by previous labour, he composed the overture to *Don Giovanni* in fewer hours than the most practised copyist would require for the transcription.

During the season of 1830–31, at Covent Garden, which commenced with *Teddy the Tiler*, not yet exhausted from its run of the preceding year, Power obtained several new characters, of which Pat Rooney, in *The Omnibus*, proved to be the most amusing and profitable. At Christmas he was led into an eccentricity which did no good either to himself or the management. An introduction to a pantomime came out, entitled *Harlequin* *Harlequin Bat, or the Giant's*

Causeway—Rhadamisthus O'Mullingar, afterwards Harlequin Pat, Mr. Power. On the sixth night he abdicated peremptorily, and nothing could induce him to resume the part, into which Keeley was persuaded to induct himself, stuffing to suit the title, which was altered to *Harlequin Fat*. Mr. Charles Kemble made him a present of a handsome gold snuff-box for the sacrifice. The reward was some consolation, but both actors were uselessly compromised. Managerial policy is not exempt from damaging expedients. On February 2nd, 1831, Power first appeared before the public in the combined character of dramatist and actor. The petite comedy of *Married Lovers*, in which he sustained Colonel O'Dillon, was favourably received, and repeated many nights; but it died with the season, and underwent no revival. When Covent Garden closed, he again visited Dublin, that theatre having now passed under the management of Mr. Calcraft. His attraction in his own country was steadily increasing, but had not yet reached its apex, as will be seen by the following letter on the question of terms, written during a subsequent negotiation:—

"4, Albion-street, Hyde Park.
"Saturday, May 5th, 1832.

"MY DEAR C——, — You are turning screw, you wretch. I am obliged to make a worse engagement with you than with any other villain of a manager. You say I shall get £250. Now I will accept the terms you offer, viz., for twelve nights, from the 18th June, &c., £100, and a half benefit. But as a *sine qua non*, you must ensure me another £100 at this said benefit. Of course you will, with many thanks for my unprecedented liberality, and a supplementary piece of plate to crown the whole. You will also wonder that I ask so little, considering what you pay to others, whose tails I sometimes hold up when the joints are broken, and they are trailing in the mud. 'Comparisons are odious,' so I say no more. This is my ultimatum, and without this I won't budge, because a benefit is always liable to some slip, although I fancy in Dublin I am pretty safe. I conclude I have already received your reply in the affirmative, so I have booked the contract, and you may expect me on Monday, the 18th June. There's a day to begin an engagement, you rusty old musket, that you are. Which of us thought of it first? Hurra! for Wellington and Waterloo! and d——n the Mounseers, as Goldfinch says. I will send you a couple of pieces to get your ragamuffins perfect in—which you won't, or rather they won't. I

think these novelties will do us some good. One, 'The Irish Ambassador,' of which you may have read something, only you never read—that is, you never read anything to your advantage, except my letters. I never read yours, because they are illegible. (This is a parenthesis.) The other, an alteration from the 'London Hermit,' a sort of second 'Etiquette.'—Yours ever,

"T. POWER."

The Irish Ambassador, produced with great success at Covent-Garden, proved equally a trump-card at Hawkins'-street; and continued to be one of Power's most attractive impersonations from this date forward. The piece itself, ingeniously modelled from the French, is excellent, and the introduction of the Irish baronet, a happy improvement by the English adapter—a very old and established playwright, Mr. Kenny, author of *Raising the Wind*, a farce of the old school which has never been supplanted. The first appearance of the *Ambassador* in the Dublin theatre was honoured by the special patronage and attendance of the Marquis of Anglesey, then Lord Lieutenant. About this date, the destroying scourge of cholera swept, for a second time, over the Irish metropolis, and terrified the public even more than on its former visitation. The engagement of Power was followed by that of Miss E. Tree, and Sheridan Knowles, combined expressly for the production of the *Hunchback*, a play which, by its unprecedented success, had rescued Covent-Garden from impending bankruptcy, and carried the fame of the author to the lofty pinnacle from which it has never been displaced. Miss E. Tree, although not the London representative of the heroine, had been particularly named and selected by Knowles for this occasion, when he presented himself in his original part of Master Walter. Power delayed his departure, and, with excellent taste and feeling, volunteered his services in *Teddy the Tiler*, to wind up the entertainment, and do honour to the *entrée* of his gifted countryman.* A singular fate has attended the *Hunchback* in Dublin. Enthusiastically received on its production, justly praised by the critics, applauded to the echo on frequent repetition, and affording

a scope for acting of the highest order, this beautiful and classical drama has never been productive to the treasury. There is scarcely a play on the list which draws so little money. Why is this? The public and not the manager must answer the question. The fact is more easily stated than the problem solved. An empty, brainless spectacle—an elephant, a dog, a monkey, or an acrobat, will woo and win the fashion which lofty genius courts in vain. Let philosophy moralise and ponder over these strange errors in taste, and, while it mourns, despair of finding a remedy.

In the winter of 1832, Power transferred his valuable services to Drury-lane, then under the management of Mr. Bunn, at a large nightly salary; but before the season terminated, he returned to his old quarters at Covent-Garden, where he closed with his benefit on the 29th of May. During his short connexion with Drury-lane, he appeared in a new farce, *The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*, and brought forward his own historical drama of *St. Patrick's Eve, or the Order of the Day*. M'Shane and Major O'Dogherty, two characters utterly opposed to each other in all their attributes—the one a scheming, half-bred *Chevalier d'Industrie*; the other, a gallant, chivalrous soldier, were embodied with a distinct individuality, and marked the total absence of mannerism, by which the best efforts of many otherwise good actors are weakened and disfigured. Power was never the same, and never repeated himself. When he changed his wig and his dress, he became identified with the transformation. The individual peculiarities were never obtruded in discordance with the assumed character. His versatility of humour was such, that if he had two drunkards to personate in the course of one evening's performance, he could manage to present them with totally different effects.

He was now in the receipt of a large certain income—fame and fortune flowing in steadily, and not a rival in the field to interfere with his laurels. Tempting offers were made to him from America. His friend, Stephen Price, the experienced mana-

* Many years later, when Maurice Power, the son of Tyrone, appeared in Dublin as the Irish Ambassador, the veteran actor T. P. Cooke remained, after his own engagement had terminated, to assist the *début* of the young candidate, out of respect to the memory of his father.

ger of New York, who had a very clear perception of pounds, shillings, and pence, assured him that a mine was ready whenever he chose to commence digging. All appeared so promising that he resolved to try the experiment. In conversation with the writer, who expressed surprise that he should give up certain returns, for what at least was hazardous, and a large yearly receipt at home for a contingency, which might be foiled by accident or caprice, he answered—"I know I am laying up store, but it is only by degrees. I want a large lump of money at once, and then I shall feel myself independent, and work on with double zest." He already began to dream of a future, not many years distant, when he should have realised enough to retire from the stage, and devote himself entirely to writing. This plan he constantly recurred to, and certainly would have carried into effect, had his life been prolonged. He visited Dublin twice in 1833, and took his farewell benefit, previous to his first transatlantic trip, on the 15th June, 1833. A few days previous, an influential journal, not formerly in the list of his enthusiastic admirers, recorded a change of opinion, in the following clear and decisive paragraph:—

"POWER appeared in the afterpiece of *The Nervous Man*, and with his usual success. This gentleman, we perceive, takes his departure next week for America; and we cannot permit him to leave our shores without expressing our acknowledgement for the satisfaction and amusement he has so frequently afforded us by his personification of a class of our countrymen which, until Mr. POWER's appearance on the stage, were unrepresented in the dramatic world. He may be said to have carved out a line of his own, in which fidelity to nature and a clear observance of the everyday peculiarities, incident to the lower order of Irish, are amongst the striking characteristics. Habit has so reconciled us to these peculiarities, that we do not feel them to be such until we perceive them invested with the broad humour and farcical colouring of this national portrait-painter. A rich treat awaits our transatlantic play-goers—at least, such of them as are susceptible of the comicalities indigenous to Irish soil, and almost exclusively pertaining to Irish character, in the first appearance of POWER upon

the American boards. He is the first comedian in his line that has ever visited that country."

POWER sailed from Liverpool on the 16th July, on board the good packet-ship *Europe*—one of those noble *liners* which kept up what was thought sure and rapid communication between the old and the new world, before the Cunard steamers spanned the Atlantic as with a bridge, reducing to hours what had formerly occupied weeks, and multiplying life and energy with increased locomotion. A voyage of three thousand miles is now scudded over more rapidly, and with infinitely less discomfort, than it took our ancestors, two hundred years back, to rumble, in a lumbering diligence, from Edinburgh to London. The passage of the *Europe* round the north coast of Ireland, and so on to the banks of Newfoundland, was slow, stormy, and monotonous; and on the 20th of August she landed her passengers safely at the battery of New York. POWER's first appearance and reception cannot be better described than in his own words. The Park Theatre, in the capital of the States, was considered their Drury Lane and Covent Garden—the college from whence degrees were issued to all new comers, which gave them currency, and a right to practice with success throughout the Union:

"To my first night at New York," says he, "I looked with much anxiety, and not without reason. I had, contrary to the advice of many friends, given up a large income, the continuance of which the increasing favour of the public gave me reasonable promise of. I had vacated my seat, and quitted my country on no other engagement than one for twelve nights at New York, the profits of which were wholly dependent upon my success, as were my engagements in other cities dependent upon my reception in this. One kind soul assured me, that every drama I possessed had been already anticipated; another, that they had no taste for Irish character; or that accustomed, as they had long been, to associate with the representative of my poor countrymen a ruffian with a black eye and straw in his shoes, the public taste was too vitiated to relish a quiet portrait of nature undebased. This was flattering, but not pleasant. The only man whose views appeared sanguine was Mr. PRICE,† who had been my

* "Impressions of America," Vol. I.

† Proprietor of the Park Theatre, New York, and for several seasons lessee of Drury Lane. STEPHEN PRICE was, in many respects, a remarkable man. His biography would be very amusing, and illustrative of theatrical history, as well English as American.



companion on the voyage, and whose cheering reply to all doubters was, 'I tell you, sir, it must do.'

"The theatre was announced to be reopened on the 28th of August with the *Irish Ambassador* and *Teddy the Tyler*. The day was one of the hottest we had known; and towards night it became oppressively close. No strange actor of the least note could open in New York to anything short of a full house. It seems to be a hospitable principle, to give the aspirant for fame a cordial welcome and a fair hearing. Let it not be considered egotistical, therefore, when I say that the house was crowded—from pit to roof rose tier on tier, one dark unbroken mass. I do not think there were twenty females in the dress circle; all men, and enduring, I should imagine, the heat of the black-hole at Calcutta. I at the time regretted the absence of the ladies, when, had I been less selfish, I should have rejoiced at it.

"The moment came when *Sir Patrick* was announced; and, amidst greetings as hearty as ever I received in my life, I made my first bow to the Park audience. I saw no coats off, no heels up, no legs over boxes: these times have passed away. A more cheerful, or, apparently, a more English audience, I would not desire to act before. I was called for at the end of the play, and thanked the house for its welcome. If the performance had not gone off with that electric and constant laughter and applause to which the partiality of my own countrymen had accustomed me, I had received positive assurance, that my new clients were intelligent and very attentive; and I therefore no longer entertained fears for the result. Not so, however, one or two of my friends, whose anxiety and kind wishes it would have been hard indeed for any measure of applause to have satisfied. Amidst the congratulations they brought me were, therefore, mixed up some little cautionary drawbacks. 'It was capital,' said one; 'but you must not be so quiet. Give them more bustle.' 'In some other piece,' replied I; 'here it is not in the bond.' 'You must paint a little broader, my dear fellow,' said another. 'You're too natural for them; they don't feel it.' 'If it's natural, they must feel it,' said I; adding, 'My characters are drawn according to my ability; and, if my executive power carries out my conception, painted from nature. They are individual abstractions with which I have nothing to do. The colouring is a part of each; and I can't change it as I change my au-

dience. 'Tis only for me to present the picture as it is—for them to like or dislike it.'

"In the six following evenings the houses, though not great, were equal and good; each night I found my audience understanding me better, and felt that I was grappling them closer to me. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, earlier than the manager counted upon, created a difficulty, to obviate which I waived my claim to six of my nights, as my acting must have kept them idle. A day or two before my departure for Philadelphia, I witnessed the first appearance of this lady and her husband. Her reception was enthusiastic, but Malibran had left impressions it was difficult to compete with; and although her brilliant talent was on all hands admitted, I am not sure whether her husband's manly style of singing a ballad was not to the full as much considered as her execution of the most brilliant scena. The Park Theatre is, as well as I could judge, about the size of the old Lyceum, of the horse-shoe form; has three tiers of boxes, is handsome, and in all respects as well appointed as any theatre out of London. The company I found, for my purpose, a very fair one, my pieces requiring little, save correctness, from most of those concerned, except where old men, like Aspen (*Nervous Man*), Frederick the Great (*St. Patrick's Eve*), &c., occur, and all such parts found an excellent representative in an American actor called Placide. Descended from a long line of talented players, he possesses a natural talent I have rarely seen surpassed, together with a chastity and simplicity of style that would do credit to the best school of comedy; yet he has never been away from his own country.* I trust the model may not be lost on those who have to follow him. I had heard a good deal of the disorder of the American stage, and the intractability of American actors; with my first specimen I had, therefore, every reason to be pleased. I am rather a hard drill, too; but I also know how painful is the task of studying and practising new parts for the star of the day, to be thrust out by some fresh stuff got up for his successor.† I am aware of this, and therefore strive to make the pill less bitter by doing my spiriting gently, when I see a desire to be attentive on the part of my friends. As I may not have occasion to revert to New York theatrically again, let me here say that, after repeated renewals of my engagements, my last were amongst the greatest I made in this city. How, after this, the

* Some time after this, Placide came over to England, and ventured on an appearance at The Haymarket as Sir Peter Teazle. He made no permanent impression, but the circumstances were not in his favour.

† Downton was once asked to re-study a character he had long acted as originally written, and thought the proposed addenda no improvements. However, he consented, and thus wrote to the manager:—"Mr. H— has been a civil man to me, so I shall study his trash to oblige him. By the way, he is the only comic actor I ever knew who cuts out all his jokes; but I suppose that may be the fashion in America."

American public can be called cold or fickle, I at least have no means of judging."

From New York, Power "progressed" to Philadelphia and Boston, and so on in the usual routine to Charleston and New Orleans, always with success and steady attraction, filling his purse, receiving many personal civilities, and dividing his time between pleasure and profit, agreeably balanced. His account of his appearance at Natchez, on the Mississippi, then little better than a clearing in the wilderness, is original and amusing :—

"Saturday, February 7th, 1834.—Cold, and wind unabated : walked in search of the theatre, and found it was not in the town, but standing about a mile off, like a solitary vidette—in a grave-yard, too! Got through the rehearsal of *Born to Good Luck*, and inwardly resolved that the best fortune that could befall any player on this day would be to get off acting for the night. This was in due time happily accomplished without stir of mine ; for the oil of our lamplighter being just landed, after the night's frost, from the deck of the Abeona steamer, refused to burn at a short notice, a resolution which, when communicated to me, I very much applauded, declining with many thanks the manager's kindly-tendered substitute of candles. The appearance was, therefore, of necessity, put off, and the audience, as well as myself, granted a respite until Monday.

"Monday, 9th.—The weather a little milder ; took a gallop into the country ; dined early, and about six walked out of town to the theatre, preparatory to making my bow. The way was without a single passenger, and not a creature lingered about the outer doors of the house. The interior I found in the possession of the single lamplighter, who was leisurely setting about his duties. Of him I enquired the hour of beginning, and learnt that it was usual to commence about seven or eight o'clock, a tolerable latitude. Time was thus afforded me for a ramble, and out I sallied again, taking the direction leading from the town. I had not proceeded far, when I met several men riding together ; a little farther on another group, with a few ladies in company, passed leisurely by, all capitolly mounted ; others I perceived were fast approaching from the same direction. It now occurred to me that these were the persons destined to form the country quota of my auditory. Upon looking back my impression was confirmed by seeing them all halting in front of the rural theatre, and fastening their horses to the neighbouring rails and trees. I now hastened back to take a survey of the scene, and a very curious one it was. A number of carriages were by this time arriving from the town, together with long lines of pedestrians ; the

centre of the wide road was, however, prominently occupied by the horsemen. Some, dismounted, abided here the coming of their friends, or exchanged greetings with such of these as had arrived, but were yet in their stirrups ; and a finer set of men I have rarely looked upon. The general effect of their costume, too, was picturesque and border-like. They were mostly clad in a sort of tunic or frock, made of white, or of grass-green blanketing—the broad, dark-blue selvage serving as a binding ; the coat being furnished with collar, shoulder-pieces, and cuffs of the same colour, and having a broad belt, either of leather or the like selvage. Broad-leaved, white Spanish hats of beaver, were evidently the *mode*, together with high leather leggings, or cavalry boots and heavy spurs. The appointments of the horses were in perfect keeping with those of these cavaliers. They bore *demi-pique* saddles, with small massive brass or plated stirrups, generally shabracs of bear or deer-skin, and in many instances had saddle-cloths of scarlet or light blue, bound with broad gold or silver lace.

"The whole party having come up, and their horses being hitched in front of the building to their satisfaction, they walked leisurely into the theatre, the men occupying the pit, whilst in the boxes were several groups of pretty and well-dressed women. The demeanour of these border gallants was as orderly as could be desired ; and their enjoyment, if one might judge from the heartiness of their laughter, exceeding. After the performance, there was a general muster to horse ; and away they rode, in groups of from ten to twenty, as their way might lie together. These are the planters of the neighbouring country, stout yeomen, who care neither for toil nor weather ; many of whom came nightly to visit the theatre, and this from very considerable distances ; forming such an audience as cannot be seen elsewhere in this hackney-coach age. Indeed, to look on so many fine horses, with their antique caparisons, picquetted about the theatre, re-called the palmy days of the Globe and Bear-garden."

During Power's first sojourn in America, I received several letters, detailing his operations, and describing matters of varied interest. None of these have been preserved. The following is obligingly contributed by the same friend to whom we are indebted for the one inserted earlier :—

"Nahant, Massachusetts,
"July 20th, 1834.

"MY DEAR P——R,—After a journeying of twenty days through the western part of New York ; after visiting Trenton Falls, Lake Erie, and its metropolis, Buffalo ; after sitting under the waters of Niagara, and stewing above the waters of the Great Western Canal, with the glass at 108°, be-

hold me, a most mosquito-bitten bully, seeking coolness and quiet on a little rocky peninsula that juts boldly out into the mighty bay of Massachusetts, and commanding, from the window whence I indite to my Johnny, a wild coast view, clear from Cape Cod to Cape Anne (they've no saints here), with 'the sea, the sea, the open sea!' as Barry Cornwall sings, right in front, limited only by the shores which clip thee in, my P—r, and a few others whom I'd give a good deal to be clipping about, within the next six hours. It is now about meridian. I was much pleased with your letter; more let me say with the proof it brought, that I was not by all forgotten, than by the matter. What the devil have you to do growling like an old toothless mastiff? As if there was anything on earth worth growling about. Here is much to enjoy, and many to love. In the name of all that is respectable and venerable, be happy, and 'with mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come,' since come they will, and may for me, as I cannot prevent them. You have had your penn'orth for your penny, so don't be ungrateful, and begrudge the fiddler his fee. I have undergone many privations in this pursuit of mine, which in your eyes appears so enviable, of which you know nothing, and of which I don't say much, not being in love with the reminiscences, nor very communicative: therefore, you don't know with what light dreams my early day was gilded, or what a stirring spirit lay within to work them to fulfilment. And yet, behold, they all are concentrated in the possession of my mess of porridge. Yet will I not make it bitter by repining, but bless the gods, eat, die, and take my chance of being forgotten. I have learned to laugh at the world quite as heartily as any portion of it ever laughed at me. I am, however, true to myself, and for the rest, my fortune has to answer, not me. Here's a homily gratis for thee, John. Read it, if thou canst, and be as happy as thy nature will allow.

"You in nothing gave me more pleasure, that in letting me know that my dear Mrs. Stewart, and our other amiable friends, are well, and had not ceased to feel some interest in my wayward fortunes. It will be to me a happy day when I can in person thank them. At present, in your best manner, my P—r, I beg you will do this, like a true knight-errant. I laid my commands on a Paynim Scot whom I had served, to place my wishes at the feet of Mrs. Stewart; and if he hath proved recreant, and neglected his bounden service, I'll flay the craven when next we encounter. Say this to Mrs. Stewart; and say, also, I would write to her, but have nothing of interest to a lady, which I could commit to post, so spare her patience and her purse till a better opportunity occurs for taxing both.

"After recruiting here for a month, I open a new campaign at New York, and about

December shall take my way south by sea to New Orleans, mounting the mother of rivers with next April, and *via* the valley of Virginia, from Cincinnati, pursue my way to Washington, and so north again to New York, where I trust to embark about the end of June, 1835. Then hey for our next merry meeting! Say, shall we be pious and sentimental, or uproarious and drunken! It shall be as you will, since I know I shall be 'armed for either field,' as the hero has it in Rowe's tragedy. Talking of tragedy, our tragic muse is wedded, wedded to a Yankee Doodle! Alas, the day! as somebody says somewhere. As for Harold, I've done with him; and deny his paltry half letter, in three miserable instalments. I have sent him various epistles, long and short, but shall cease firing, unless he will waste a little powder in return. How is the villain? Bibulous, crapulous, and uxorious, I guess. Has he twins yet? and how is his spouse? When you see her, offer my compliments. She is, I am sure, a dear, good person, and makes a good wife to our hospitable friend. I often, when alone, parade you all in my mind's eye, with our old doings and sayings, or fancy your present occupations. I was pleased to hear your opinion of my friend and compatriot, Evans. You may depend upon it, his heart is in the right place, however men may differ about the position of his head. I wrote to him according to his desire, and my promise made at parting, but know not whether he received my missive. Remember me to him, to the Grays, and, indeed, to all; and say to W. Neilson, that once upon a time, 'twas in Philadelphia, I met a brother of his, one Dan, who had escaped cholera, and the land-crabs of Demerara, and was, as he said, about returning to his native land. So I'll offer no further information upon the chapter of Daniel, but vent, in a Jeremiad, my longings and regrets, at this woful distance dividing me from so many that I love, amongst whom, my dear P—r, I need hardly assure you, is yourself. Tell Tip to wed the widow off-hand. With a widow, half measures will never succeed. Tell him to go the entire swine, and not be dilly-dallying. Why I'd have married half the widows in Lancashire by this time—ay, and Cheshire to boot.—Yours, dear John,

"TYRONE POWER."

In the course of the two years consumed in his first tour, Power visited Canada, and almost every city of note throughout the union, traversing the United States from north to south, from east to west. After making an ample allowance for travelling expenses, and all other necessary outlay, he found himself master of a sum exceeding double what the exercise of his art would have given him in the same time at home. No exotic had

ever been attractive to such an extent, and so long a time. The Americans invariably receive our actors with open arms, and send them home with well-lined pockets; but, in the interchange of national civilities,* they have not yet given us, in return, a great native artist. Forrest was not far from the mark. His faults were those of education. Nature had endowed him liberally. He possessed noble attributes, and amazing physical power; but he indulged in vulgarisms and a coarse style, which early practice in a better school would have softened or removed.

Power sailed from the Delaware, on his homeward voyage, on the 21st of June, 1835, and landed at Liverpool on the 16th of July, about the same hour, and on the same day of the month, in which he had left England two years before. To make the accidental coincidence more striking, he passed the Europe, in which he had gone out, so close, as she quitted the harbour, that letters for America were tossed on board. His farewell to the land in which he had been so hospitably received, was expressed in a few impromptu verses:—

ADIEU!

Written on board the Packet-ship *Algonquin*, Captain Cheney. Bay of Delaware—Pilot about to quit the vessel—Two, P.M., June 21st, 1835.

"Adieu, Columbia! I have mark'd thee well,
Nor yet for ever do I leave thee now;
And busy thoughts of thee my bosom swell,
And thronging recollections load my brow.
I've pierced from North to South thy endless woods;
Have dream'd in fair St. Lawrence's sweetest isle;†
Have breasted Mississippi's hundred floods,
And woo'd, on Alleghany's top, Aurora's smile.

"And now we part! The ship is flying fast,
Her pathway deck'd with whirling wreaths of foam;
And all the swelling sails that bend each mast
Obey the flag which, fluttering, points to 'Home!'
Home! home!—that tender word let me retrace,
And bid each letter conjure o'er the sea
Some cherish'd wish, and every well-lov'd face,
To banish thought of those from whom I flee.

"Yet shame I not to bear an o'erfull heart,
Nor blush to turn behind my tearful eyes;
'Tis from no stranger land I now depart,
'Tis to no strangers I devote these sighs.
Welcome and home were mine within the land
Whose sons I leave, whose fading shores I see;
And cold must be mine eyes, and heart, and hand,
When, fair Columbia! they turn cold to thee."

Our traveller was happier than Queen Mary when she left France on her return to Scotland, and gazed with longing eyes on the land which had been to her a second birth-place, in which her dearest ties were centered, and her happiest days had been spent; and with a sad presentiment that she should behold it no more. Soon after his arrival, he published his "Impressions of America," in two volumes; an interesting narrative, written in an

easy, lively style, full of satisfaction at all he had seen, and very complimentary to the people he had quitted. A marked contrast to other works, which had dealt unsparingly in censure, and found little or nothing to praise. He sent me a presentation-copy, in token of old friendship, and when we met, asked me how I liked his book? "Very much, indeed," I replied; "but, from its general tone, it is quite evident you mean to cross the Atlantic again."

* The ill-treatment of Mr. Macready, on his last visit, is not to be considered a national affair, although some thought so at the time. It was an excitement produced by party professional feeling, and individual malice.

† St. Helena.

"Why should I not?" was his answer; "I have left many warm friends there, have passed two happy years, and have brought home that 'lump' of money I told you I was in search of. I cannot return kindness by severity, even if it was just." His preface describes his views and feelings in a clear, consistent manner, and may be taken as a true index to the pages that follow. He was not a visitor who journeyed without seeing the "fat of the land," and perpetually exclaimed, "'Tis all barren!" "I seek," says he, "to describe America as I saw it—a mighty country, in the enjoyment of youth and health, possessing ample room and time for the growth which a few escapades incident to inexperience and high blood may retard, but cannot prevent. Heaven has written its destinies in the gigantic proportions allotted to it; and it is not in the power of earth to change the record. I seek to describe the people as I saw them, clear-headed, energetic, frank, and hospitable; a community suited to, and labouring for, their country's advancement, rather than for their own present comfort. This is, and will be their lot for probably another generation. To those, then, who seek scandalous innuendoes against, or imaginary conversations with, the fair, the brave, and the wise, amongst the daughters and sons of America, I say, read not at all; since herein, though something of mankind, there is little of any individual man, woman, or child, of the thousands with whom I have reciprocated hospitality and held kind communion. On the other hand, it can be objected, that I set out by giving evidences of a partiality which may cause my judgment to be questioned. Frankly do I own this fault; and in my justification have but to add, that the person who, for two years, could be in constant intercourse with a people, to the increase of his fortune, the improvement of his health, and the enlargement of all that is good in his mind, yet feel no partiality in their favour, I pity for coldness more than envy for philosophy. But whilst I am by nature incapable of repaying kindness by aspersion, I feel that I am no less above the meanness of attempting a return in that base coin—flattery. That which I say, I saw, and as I saw it. I blame none of my predecessors for their general views, but claim the

right of differing from them whenever I think fit; and if my account of things most on the surface even, should sometimes appear opposite to theirs, I would not by this desire to impeach their veracity, since the changes working in society are as rapid, though not quite so apparent, as those operations on the face of these vast countries whose probable destinies do, in truth, render almost ridiculous the opinions and speculations of even the sagest of the pigmies that have bustled over their varied surface."

In the interval that elapsed since Power wrote, America has made enormous advances, while, at the same time, she has checked and impeded her own progress by more than one important political mistake. In this, she follows in the wake of older nations who, with more experience, have less excuse. England and America are now beginning to understand each other with a better and more friendly feeling than they have hitherto cultivated. Each is lending a helping hand to clear away the mists which have blinded both, and placed them relatively in false positions. The interests of humanity, the welfare of the family of mankind, demand that all which was dark or doubtful, should become bright as an unblemished mirror.

A few noisy malcontents, or interested journalists, may raise a cry of war on slight pretexts or trivial misunderstandings; but such attempts are likely to end in mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Thirty-six eventful years have passed over since the Treaty of Ghent terminated a very unnecessary and somewhat unnatural dispute between England and her great western descendant. A war, too, which had been carried on with feelings of personal bitterness more resembling a petty family squabble than a great national contest. The incidents which characterised it were such as to leave behind them deep impressions of dislike and mistrust. The wounds were cicatrised, but the scars remained as unsightly memorials. On either side there had been predatory inroads, plunderings, burnings, and buccaneering expeditions. The first stone was undoubtedly thrown by Brother Jonathan, in the attack of the President frigate, under Commodore Rogers, on the *Little Belt* sloop-of-war, in May 1811. As far back as 1807, a conflict

had taken place, in which blood was spilt, between the Leander and Chesapeake, in consequence of the British captain insisting on the right of search for deserters, which were found in the American ship. This was mutually explained, and friendly relations, of an ambiguous cast, continued for some years longer, while constant bickerings gave tokens of a coming storm. The overt act took place before any declaration of hostilities, and attempts were made to diplomatise and "wriggle" out of it as an unintentional mistake. A *casus belli* was established on almost imaginary grounds. The voice of President Madison, like that of Sempronius, was "still for war," and thus the American government threw down the gauntlet and thrust themselves into the general quarrel with scarcely any provocation. As all the rest of the world was at loggerheads, why should they not have a finger in the pie? The opportunity was tempting. We had Napoleon on our hands, backed by the power of tributary Europe. Our resources were strained to their last fibre in that colossal duel, and we could afford for the moment nothing across the Atlantic but a war of detachments—one of those miserable *little* wars of great nations, which our illustrious captain has denounced as equally undignified and ruinous. The conquest of Canada, then, for the first time, dawned on the imagination of the federal legislature—a splendid meteor, which has dazzled and seduced many of their otherwise able statesmen ever since. The love of glory is an epidemic which spreads with electric rapidity. When once a nation is inoculated with this fever, there is no purification without indulgence. But glory is an expensive commodity to speculate in, and leads to debt and taxation. Mr. Bull knows something of this from long personal experience. That clear-headed writer, the late Rev. Sydney Smith, pointed it out very forcibly to our transatlantic brethren, long before Pennsylvanian repudiators forced him to writhe when he would rather have smiled, and shook his faith in the moral perfection of free and enlightened republics.

When the overthrow of Napoleon,

in the spring of 1814, released our armaments, our measures against America were not sufficiently decisive. They were planned without concert, and failed in the execution.

We placed a large force under an inefficient general in the north, which did nothing, from being badly commanded. In the Delaware and Chesapeake we harassed, without crippling the enemy; while in the south, we miscarried altogether, because the means employed were inadequate to the object, and success was frustrated by the usual delay. It was not the first, nor the tenth time that similar results had arisen from similar causes; yet our Government continued blind to the errors of a system which everybody detected but themselves, and persevered to the last in hitting short without effect, when home thrusts would have inflicted deadly wounds. The opportunity, whether for good or evil, was lost, never to be recalled. A combined movement, with twenty thousand men, and twenty sail of the line (half the force sacrificed at Walcheren), against the centre of the Union, would have gone near to break it up altogether, and would have wrought a mighty change in the future destinies of the North American continent.* There was no secret made of this at the time amongst themselves. A very general conviction prevailed with the deep-thinking politicians of the day, that had the war continued for twelve months longer, several of the southern and eastern states would have entered into separate treaties, without consulting the general government. These questions were very ably discussed some years afterwards by General Sir Charles Napier, in a publication not immediately relating to America. The principle was most decisively carried out at the close of the war with China (but again after the usual inconclusive skirmishing), when, by cutting the communication of the grand canal, and advancing up the great river Yang-tse-Kiang, to the occupation of Nankin, the Celestial Empire was divided in two, and its main arteries completely paralyzed.

The treaty of Ghent was popular for the moment. The Americans had begun to grumble under the disagreeable no-

* The population of the United States in 1814 was scarcely more than one-third of what it is at present.

velty of war-taxes, and the total suspension of their commerce. The Englishman who arrived with the ratification of peace was borne by the citizens and people through the streets of New York in triumph and jubilee.* But after a little reflection, neither of the late belligerents was satisfied—the fight was not taken out of them. Our national glory was tarnished by the miscarriage of the ill-managed expedition against New Orleans; nor were the Americans entirely consoled even by the boast that they had foiled the conquerors of Napoleon, when they turned their eyes towards Canada, and saw that coveted prize securely rescued from their clutches. There was peace, but there was no cordiality. For some years the published accounts of British travellers fomented, rather than assuaged mistakes, exhibiting, in many instances, a jaundiced view of the people they came to visit, in manners, morals, and institutions. All this was as mischievous, as ill-judged, and as futile as the abuse of Louis Napoleon in some of our daily journals. The Americans felt keenly that they were misrepresented, and retorted, as they best could, whenever they found an opportunity.

At more than one crisis, another war seemed inevitable, particularly during the Canadian insurrection, and while the North-Eastern and Oregon boundary questions were so long in dispute. But all this has passed over, and a much more cordial feeling exists between two countries, which common ancestry and reciprocal interest should find together as close allies in the march of human improvement, rather than embattle them as enemies to check its onward progress. The changed tone of English writers on the United States, will do much towards our knowing their inhabitants better than we have hitherto done. There is now panegyric, where there was formerly detraction—an error on the right side, if it be one. A consciousness of mutual respect has superseded the old heaven of mutual dislike, and a fraternity of feeling is now beginning to be really blended with unity of lan-

guage and institutions. It will be much to be lamented if political intricacies should, at any future period, interfere with or overcloud this dawn of harmony. England and America, the representatives of Anglo-Saxon industry and independence, hold between them a controlling influence on the happiness or misery of the world. Let us hope that influence may always be exercised in alliance, and not in collision. Increased familiar intercourse is the most effectual step in furtherance of this object. Books are permanent memorials, producing durable effects. When written with the clear good sense, the kindly spirit, and well-tempered amenity which distinguish the American reminiscences of Tyrone Power, and others of a recent date,† they will do more towards the strengthening of friendship, and the utter dissipation of prejudices, than volumes of orders in council, decrees of congress, or ambassadorial remonstrances.

American and English character and institutions are nearer to each other than are generally supposed. Ultrarepublicanism in the abstract, is a fearful mistake, cured, however, by its being at the time a delusive impossibility. Moderate republicanism, or rational, gentlemanlike democracy, restrained by the influence of education and refinement, supposing such a political system to be practicable (or practised in America), is more like constitutional monarchy than it appears to be on the surface. The difference lies in the form rather than the reality; and that external distinction, with every succeeding year, will become less perceptible, and less palpably defined. Our American friends, in their hearts, are as essentially fond of titles, distinctions, and defined degrees of position, as we are. They bow down as readily as we do, before the paraphernalia of rank and state. A real lord or lady finds certain favour in their eyes, and they acknowledge the ascendancy of fashion almost as universally as they do the autocracy of dollars. These are among their weak points, which they hesitate to confess,

* See "Pictorial History of England," reign of Geo. III. Vol. VI.

† See particularly, "Travels in the United States, &c., during 1849 and 1850," by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley; and "A Glimpse at the Great Western Republic," by Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Conyngham. 1851.

while they illustrate them by daily practice. The motto of the good city of Edinburgh, "*Nisi Dominus frustra!*" has been whimsically translated by a satiric wag, "You can do nothing here unless you are a lord." The application may be extended without straining the truth. Very lately we have seen "the celebrated amateur of rank, Sir William Don, Baronet," announced at full length, and in large letters, in all the leading theatres of the United States. The title is evidently as valuable a point in the estimate of the manager as the talent of the distinguished aristocrat. The dignity of the bloody hand may be a little scratched in the meantime; but it is a long way off; and should he return home "loaded with wealth and honours dearly won," the new gilding will, perhaps, cover up the blemish. It was reported last year in more than one journal of repute, that Barnum, the

great speculator, had engaged, as a rival attraction, the Countess de Beaucarné, widow of the respectable gentleman guillotined at Mons for murdering his brother, and intended to carry her on a tour of exhibition throughout the American continent. The lady was acquitted, nobody could tell why, and embarked for New York soon after. The patient, as they call a criminal abroad, conducted himself with composure, and made an edifying exit. To complete the exhibition, the *entrepreneur* should have purchased for his museum the head of the decapitated count, embalmed, in a case, after the manner of Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. If this had been effected, we will venture to say, shares in the hazard would have sold by auction at a cent. per cent. premium, and the whole affair would have produced an unprecedented sensation. J. W. C.

THE FISHERMAN.

FROM GOETHE.

The waters rose, the waters rolled,
A fisherman sat there,
And coolly watched his line unfold,
His heart was free from care.
And as he sits and gazes on,
The waters open wide,
All dripping from the stream, upon
The flood a woman glides.

She sang to him, she spoke to him—
"Why dost thou lure to death,
With human art and human snare,
My offspring from beneath?
Ah! didst thou know how happy there
Below the flood they are,
The deep descent thou now wouldst dare,
And joy below prefer.

"Bathes not the lovely sun beneath
The ocean, and the moon?
And does he not, with wavy breath,
Shine doubly bright at noon?
Does heaven's high arch not tempt thee—
The dewy, glorious blue?
Does not thine own shadow tempt thee,
Seen in eternal dew?"

The waters rose, the waters rolled
And flowed around his feet;
His soul was filled with joy untold,
As when two lovers greet.
She sang to him, she spoke to him,
She called not now in vain;
She drew him in, he sunk within,
And never more was seen.

A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.

BY FITZGUNNE.

THIRD ROUND.

"'Tis time we should proceed with our good poem,
 For I maintain that it is really good,
 Not only in the body, but the poem,
 However little both are understood
 Just now; but by-and-by the Truth will shew 'em
 Herself in her sublimest attitude;
 And till she doth, I fain must be content
 To share her beauty and her banishment."

BYRON.

COLONEL —, the baggage-master at the Irving-house, had weighed my carpet-bag and portmanteau, had procured me a cab, and had pronounced his blessing upon all Englishmen who take three-quarters of an hour to get up in the morning, inasmuch as Yankees can arise and depart in ten minutes, when I, "Fitzgunne," paid my shot, and shot myself off; and after flying over land and water for the space of four hours, found myself bounding up the main street of Philadelphia. The day was charming, and the prospect lively. A thoroughfare something like Old Bond-street, stretched away into the distance; the shops displaying their tempting wares in plate-glass windows of handsome proportions, covered, from garret to ground-floor, with gold letters; the street almost destitute of omnibuses and carriages, but filled with foot-passengers, principally of the fairer sex, crowding along the *side-walk*, with no other noise than the pattering of feet, the suppressed whispering of voices, and the rustling of dresses, and apparently with no other object than to see, and to be seen. All this, observed under a bright sun, which lighted up gilt devices and pretty faces together, combined to form a scene of no small enchantment.

Making the best of my way through the crush of people who were taking

their afternoon promenade, according to the custom of the place, I observed as I went that the streets, which branched off on each side at right angles, were numbered from one up to fourteen, or thereabouts; and after circumnavigating the city, I discovered it to be one vast chest-board, the squares whereof were "blocks" of houses, with streets surrounding. The inexpressible garment of the "loafer" who approaches, will exemplify the plan as well as anything else. Take his vertical red stripes, running from top to bottom, as the principal avenues—Chesnut-street, Walnut-street, Pine-street, &c.;* then will the horizontal yellow represent the numerical crossings, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th streets, &c. Whether the city of the unorthodox Quaker had originally received a benediction, and had been crossed by St. Yankee Doodle, I cannot say; but there can be no doubt whatever that the plan is an excellent one, economising space, favouring ventilation, and by no means precluding architectural beauty—a leading feature of which is uniformity.†

With fine mansions in Walnut, Chesnut, and some other streets, Philadelphia hides on the north side a number of shabby and narrow alleys, lanes, and closes; and on the south, a district surpassing in squalor, filth, and wretchedness the Liberties of Dublin, or the worst villages of Munster.

* It is remarkable, that most of the streets in this city borrow their names from the vegetable kingdom.

† The Philadelphians deserve great credit for the cleanliness and neat appearance of their principal streets; and Grandpapa John might take a lesson from Grandson Jonathan in hydraulic arrangements. The Cochituate, Croton, and Fairmount water-works supply the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia with abundance of that cleansing element, so much needed in many of our English cities.

The adventurer intruding into this region is justly punished for his temerity by the hideous sights which *greet* his eyes, and the intolerable stench which *salute* his nose. Loitering about in front of hovels without doors, and generally without windows, the walls discoloured by the pestiferous gases distilled from putrid green pools, and heaps of garbage, which lie fermenting in the miry passages, may be seen an unsightly animal, bearing the human form, but participating equally in the characteristics of the monkey and demon. Squatting or moping about, a few foul rags hanging on their horrible carcasses, these wretched compounds of white and black humanity look more like exhumed corpses than beings, of each of whom one is obliged to say, "Is he not a man and a brother?"

Life and property here can scarcely be said to be secure to the intruder. The rude clutch of the ruffian, or the secret stab of the bowie-knife, may await him; for those sentinels of justice, the police, who in our country seldom desert their post, are, in American cities, a race more obsequious to the *right honourable mob*; and being content with performing social duties on a large scale, they are prone to be civil to the masses, and to "pass by on the other side" the solitary individual who "falls among thieves." I myself on one occasion overheard these executives of the strong arm of the law consulting as to what amiable weaknesses they might overlook with a charitable eye; whether they were bound to notice this or that trifling breach of the laws relating to order and property, and whether a mild administration, excusing the unfortunate dispositions and propensities of some of their species, might not succeed better in furthering the ends of justice with the people at large.*

Among the buildings of Philadelphia the Gerard College stands pre-eminent in point of excellence. A quadrangular building of white marble, supported by lofty fluted columns of the composite order, and resembling in appearance the temple of Theseus seen in bright sunshine, is no undig-

nified object. This, the principal part of the edifice, contains the school and class-rooms, &c. Behind is a long building, with side-wings, containing the sleeping apartments of the scholars and the dwelling-houses of the masters. The institution is of a charitable kind, and the posthumous work (if we may so call it) of M. Gerard, a Frenchman, who, by a life of parsimonious industry, amassed an enormous fortune, a great part of which—viz., three millions of dollars, went towards the building and endowment of this college, with the stipulation, that no minister of religion whatever should, on any account, be permitted to enter within its walls. This clause in the bequest of a dying man may seem strange, but it was not altogether without reason; for, had he opened the doors of the place to religious instruction, not one, but fifty chaplains would have stepped in—all anxious to instil into the youthful mind their fifty different theories of Christianity, with the probable result of making a confusion approximating to that of Babel. Where there is no established Church, all religions are naturally recognised by the State as being on an equal footing. What is the consequence? Why, that every individual sect being convinced of its own infallibility, is naturally zealous for what it supposes to be the propagation of the truth, which, of course, must be the spreading of its own peculiar tenets. Emulation between sects produces emulation in individuals. One sectary enjoys a greater degree of light than another; he accordingly separates and founds a new body, and thus religious equality gives birth to sects, which increase and multiply in geometrical progression. When the opinions of teachers coincide, this emulation will be found to evaporate in little amicable scuffles for the leadership of a congregation. Thus, in one of the Dutch reformed churches in Philadelphia, the pulpit having become vacant, two candidates were especially anxious for the honour of occupying it. Several pitched battles were probably fought at the commencement of morning and evening services, the results of which had evidently thrown the worst man into a state of anxious

* During some serious disturbances at Philadelphia, occasioned by the rivalry of different "fire companies," bulletins were daily despatched to Montreal by telegraph. First comes, "Philadelphia is in an uproar!" Next, "Philadelphia has passed a bad night, and is considerably worse this morning!" After four or five days the following came to hand:—"The riots still continue—the police are exerting themselves—no arrests have as yet taken place."

lapping the desk three times—"because I guess they darn't do it." The Prophet raised his voice and rapped harder. "Because their systems couldn't stand if they did!" The Prophet shrieked loudly, and dealing a terrific blow on the desk, seemed anxious to prove by the trial whether its material or his fist were the harder. A pause of about a minute. "The wolf," quoth St. James, softly but impressively resuming the thread of his discourse, "is one of the bravest *hanimals* in the forest"—he pointed to the walls, as if he had just observed one of the animals in question, and then suddenly changing his attitude, snapped out—"when the *taiger*'s not there. I guess he'll give you a deal of trouble to catch, and so I calc'late will an old ewe," said the Prophet, speaking fast, and in a familiar tone, strikingly in contrast with his former didactic, lofty manner, while, at the same time, he slowly untied his neck-handkerchief, and folding it up neatly and with the greatest deliberation, put it down beside him. "And so I calc'late will an old ewe, unless you corner him; mayhap you may corner him if you're *put smart** about it. Well, and the *taiger*'s the bravest *hanimal* in the forest, when the lion's not there; but he'll tarnation soon whip his tail between his legs and sneak just right off, when the lion comes. So it is with our *enemise*. They darn't come here to tell us that our system is wrong. Why? Because, as I said before, they darn't."

This argument seemed a clincher, and so the Prophet pulled out a dirty old cotton pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his face, while a momentary convulsion of coughing, spitting, and clearing of throats, reminded me of a Scotch kirk, when the paraphrase has just been given out.

The foregoing rhapsody had been listened to by the audience with excessive gravity. He continued his discourse by taking the passage of the charge to the Apostles, where it is said—"These signs shall follow them that believe." &c. He said that the words applied to the present day as well as to the times of the Apostles, as his hearers were well aware. He observed that doctors and other infidels had said to him, "Drink the poison, and then

we'll believe what you say." "But," said he, "they err, not knowing the Scriptures; people *couldn't even see* the miracles until they really did believe that they could be done." This I thought probable enough.

I have neither time nor space to put down the rest of his observations, among which was this:—That the expression, "to be *dammed*," in Scripture meant, to be damned; that infidels who did not believe the true doctrines, should be "dammed up" for a thousand years, and then come into the world again to have another chance. Suffice it to say, that he was sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes blasphemous. He once mentioned the Mormon Bible, and alluded to "Latter-day Saints," from which I concluded that he was one of the prophets of that strange sect.

I shall now return to touch lightly upon the institutions of the Quaker city. The Philadelphia Penitentiary, which, like the Gerard College, lies at some distance from the town, is one of the most extensive establishments in the country. I seized an early opportunity of paying a visit to it.

Issuing from one of the narrow streets on the north side of the city, I found myself in a straggling suburb, where houses squatted singly or in couples. Behind lay Philadelphia, with its rows of roofs, chimneys, and lines of dotted windows, and its sharp church spires; before loomed the Penitentiary, surrounded by very high walls, with flanking towers, and looking not unlike a gloomy baronial fortress. Cerberus growls within, and the ponderous doors, studded with knobs of iron, revolve and admit the traveller. A moment's walk brings one to the centre of the building, the plan of which something resembles a cart-wheel. Standing in the middle of the nave, the spokes are represented by long, narrow arcades, which radiate from it. Rows of cells, some in two tiers, some in one, and most of them containing some wretched prisoner, are disposed along these arcades, and are opened by small grated doors. A dreary silence prevails, and the footstep of the turnkey echoing at a distance, the tapping of a solitary hammer, or the rattle of the weaver's shuttle, are almost the only sounds disturbing its monotony. The cells were geue-

* Pretty smart.

rally divided into a workshop and sleeping apartment, or rather *compartment*, and these opened into a diminutive yard, where a limited patch of sky might be seen, and a walk of two steps might be had, only however at certain periods of the day. The cells were dismally lighted from the top, and on the walls of some of them quotations from Scripture were hung up. Some of the prisoners had made gardens in their little yards, some had painted the walls, and one had accomplished a tremendous calculation in simple multiplication, which must have taken him a very long time to work out.

Every convict who understands a trade is given work to do as soon as he chooses to ask for it, and a very brief period of solitary confinement will drive him to that course. Plenty of books are also allowed; at first these were confined to works of a religious character, but this plan not being found to answer, other descriptions were admitted. Strangers are sometimes permitted to visit one or two of the better conducted; the rest, with the exception of some few employed in cooking, or in taking care of the prison garden, seldom see a human creature beside the moral instructor and the turnkey. A long period of incarceration, under such circumstances, cannot fail to have an injurious effect upon the mind; and the lower and more uncultivated the intellect, the worse are the consequences. Every morning the wretched creature opens his eyes to contemplate the four whitewashed walls of his cell; each day there is the same stillness of death, the same weary monotony. Of the sun and the sky he can only get the smallest glimpse. He has no stores of memory to work upon, no capacity for reading. Hitherto, perhaps, his life was passed in hard and healthy daily labour. Many a field, perhaps in the far distant British Isles, had been upturned by his spade; but now he has no trade to turn to, and no other employment can be provided for him but to pick oakum, or work at the loom—tasks in harmony with the eternal sameness of his prison life. Evening shadows at length de-

scending upon him, shut out the tiresome panorama which encircles him, and sleep closes his eyes. Thus pass weeks, months, years; but ere long the mind, weary of its cruel captivity, breaks its chain, and, as it were, strays out of itself, leaving an idiot carcass behind.*

But while such deplorable results accompany the confinement of some, a man of a naturally thoughtful and intellectual turn does not appear to suffer so much: He can write, read, improve his mind, learn some useful occupation. His cell becomes nothing worse than that of a recluse, who renounces the world, if not with all the good will, at least to pretty much the same purpose, as the thoughtful sage, or godly Eremit.

I saw a living proof of this in the case of an Englishman, a native of Warwickshire, who had been incarcerated eight years for housebreaking. On entering his domicile, I observed through the small door which divided his bedroom from his workshop, a figure dressed in an old flannel shirt and coarse grey trousers, almost destitute of buttons; a leather belt encircled his waist, an old cloth cap covered his head, and in his hand was a leather-cutting instrument. The usual quantity of light glimmering through a narrow window, showed the table he was leaning against covered with pieces of leather, built up in a cylindrical shape. When spoken to he pulled off his cap, and made a sort of obeisance. He was very intellectual-looking, and had a quiet, subdued sort of air, which one might fancy was caught from the stillness of the prison. He told me that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, but that he first heard the name of the great poet and philosopher who has immortalised that place, in the *Philadelphian Penitentiary*. The works of Shakspeare had been his particular study, and he gave me critical opinions concerning them, and repeated several passages, for he had committed much to memory. Once or twice I fancied I perceived symptoms of an imagination slightly disordered. As for instance, when he spoke of *Macbeth*, he

* There are several "refractory" cells, each having a heavy iron ring fastened to the middle of the floor—

"And in each ring there is a chain—
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,"

And a very little of that sort of discipline suffices to subdue the most rebellious spirit.

said he did not like the description of *Lady Macbeth*—it was too horrible. This, indeed, might be put down to the account of the poet. He was very well-informed on many subjects, and the prison authorities considered him as a reformed character, and a triumphant proof of the success of the system. He asked rather anxiously whether he was to be soon released from confinement, but no information could be given him. It appears that he was promised his discharge, in consequence of good conduct, nearly two years before, but when the time arrived he had been forgotten. A letter from the judge who had condemned him was all that was necessary, but the judge was either too indifferent to the matter, or too much engaged with others, to find time to write it.

We were taking our departure when the prisoner requested permission to read out something. It proved to be an essay on solitary confinement, in which were many strong arguments against the system, clothed in most eloquent language. I was as much surprised at the style of composition as I was when he informed me that the large sheet of card-board on which it was written, and which was not marred by a single correction, was the rough copy; and though the poor man's reasoning was powerful, one could not help allowing that he was, in some respects, himself a living contradiction to it, inasmuch as he had come into prison ignorant, and was likely to depart (if ever permitted) a man of letters.

While there is something to commend in the system adopted at this prison, there is also much which calls for reformation. The advantages which accrue to the prisoner from passing his period of punishment at once free from contamination, and with the prospect of coming out *incognito*, are greatly counteracted by the cruel separation from the living world, and the tyrannical discipline which deprives him, in

so great a measure, of air, of light, and of exercise—a punishment too often incurred for the very slightest breaches of the law. That the younger disciple should not be associated with those who, after an *extensive practice*, have taken their degrees in crime; that old thieves, housebreakers, and murderers, should not be herded together to weave new webs of mischief to society; and that criminals should not be made so comfortable as to excite the envy of better-behaved subjects, are all conditions reasonable enough; but there is no reason why they should not all be fulfilled with due regard to those principles of mercy, which are in reality part and parcel of strict justice. Is it fitting that, for every transgression, a human being should be cooped up like a wild beast? Is it necessary for his moral welfare that a criminal of inferior intellect should be caged till he lose what few wits he had? Is there so much electricity in wickedness that convicts must not so much as see one another, for fear that, although not permitted to converse, some *mesmeric* communication may take place between them through the medium of their elbows, their finger-ends, or the backs of their heads? Perhaps some free American will kindly give me some satisfactory answer to these questions; but till then, I trust I shall be excused for expressing my surprise, that in the boasted LAND OF LIBERTY a prison should be found sharing many bad features in common with that *ancient aristocratic penitentiary*, long pointed at by Americans as a legitimate fruit of monarchical government—the Bastille of France.

Looking into the statistics of the prison,* one cannot help being surprised at the extraordinary impropriety in the terms of imprisonment prescribed to violators of the law. Among others, we find the following; the numbers are used instead of the names of the convicts, for the sake of secrecy:—

No.	Crime.	Sentence.	Years.	Months.
2241	Larceny	Imprisonment	6	6
2234	Burglary	Do.	6	0
2245	Passing counterfeit money	Do.	6	0
2237	Murder	Do.	6	0

* Vide "Annual Reports of the Inspectors of the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania."

Here are four different offences evidently viewed as equally heinous in the eye of the law; and dim, indeed, must that eye be which can see no distinction between a petty theft and wilful murder. An independent administration of justice, which is so lofty as to be above all rules, human or divine, is, however, without doubt, a glorious thing. Another extract from the same source will show that *the liberty* enjoyed by some individuals may sometimes be so extensive as to infringe on that of others. The warden, in his report for the year 1848, complains that "the frequent commitment to prison of persons of unsound mind continues to be a serious evil. During the past year several of this class have been sentenced to undergo imprisonment here—individuals whom their friends and neighbours acknowledge to be insane, who, from this cause, being an annoyance to their neighbourhoods, have been arrested for some breach of the law, tried, convicted, and sent to the Penitentiary, in order (as in some instances the officer who has brought them has been candid enough to avow) to get rid of them."

Such is the sympathy offered to those whom misfortune marks as her peculiar offspring. Whether they really have done anything worthy of punishment, or whether they have been smuggled into a court of justice through the kind exertions of "friends and neighbours," to undergo a mock trial, does not appear; but the result is certain—they are "convicted and sent to prison"—there, dreaming crazily amid the silence of the cell, to catch a glimpse of the fearful crime they have been guilty of, in coming into the world with a benighted intellect, and thus be led to repentance.

It is, indeed, to be feared that justice—that inalienable right of man, not according to Paine, but according to nature, that patrimony which belongs equally to Esau and to Jacob—is not always to be obtained under the star-spangled banner. If idiots are to be punished with the same rigour as murderers, and if (as I have heard affirmed by Americans themselves) the rich often escape altogether from the clutch of the

law, there must surely be something defective either in the laws or in their administration.

The humane must ever regret that the silent system in this prison is not carried out under different regulations; as for instance:—1st, By awarding confinement of an *exclusively solitary* nature to none but the more atrocious criminals. 2nd, By providing out-door employment, such as wood-cutting, farm-work, or any other kind of hard labour for the men; and healthful exercise for women, in keeping clean the prison, and in washing for the inmates in the open air, all subject to the surveillance of overseers, to prevent any communication between the prisoners during those periods when they may be together.*

In conclusion, however, it may be remarked, that the whole system significantly fails in one important end of all criminal punishment, that of keeping the consequences of crime before the public view; but setting aside this consideration, should the warden, the physician, or the moral instructor happen to be men either wanting in sympathy, or careless about their duties, the evil results would greatly counter-balance the benefits attained.

To take a look at the garden, the cooking-house, the stores of cloth woven by the prisoners, and other external arrangements, was all that remained to be done after inspecting those of the interior. In one part of the building was a yard containing some fierce, noisy dogs, which were allowed to prowl about at night to give notice of any attempted escape. Looking through a window at them, my guide and some of the turnkeys began to make remarks about the animals, all of which with one exception were prancing furiously, and tugging at their chains with violence in a futile endeavour to fly at the window. Quoth one of the janissaries, in allusion to the only passive dog amongst them—"That 'ere hanimal ain't worth much, a guess." "No," says another, "he ain't to look at, but he's a *great traveller*,† I tell you."

Musing upon the quaintness of the expression, I turned my back on the

* There might be added a third regulation, that prisoners who have behaved well, and have, in consequence, earned a curtailment of a long sentence, should not be left locked up and forgotten, like old furniture in a lumber room.

† A rather fast dog than otherwise.

prison, and my face towards an asylum for lunatics not very far distant. The door was opened by an insane porter, and insane guides showed us over various parts of the building. These people had weak points, but were perfectly trustworthy, and quite harmless. It was, nevertheless, rather bewildering, and made me cautious of imputing sanity to those I subsequently met, however suspicious-looking they might be; the natural consequence of which was, that I put down one matron and two physicians as stark mad. I went through all the rooms, and was disappointed to find that no particular system of treatment was pursued, with a view to the recovery of the patients (further than that of leaving them pretty much to their own devices); the more so, as the Americans have much to boast of in their manner of treating these diseases.

Beyond an old cracked pianoforte and a library (which had no readers), there was nothing tending to amusement or instruction. Those who could pay had some few advantages and comforts; to the rest, there was no other resource than to mope about the building. Upon the whole, the poor creatures were a most miserable-looking set; few of them made any noise, and the greater part sat in painful attitudes, as if suffering from headache, or from some one idea perpetually haunting them. To the best of my recollection, the only beings who seemed to enjoy any degree of felicity, were one or two who were quietly laughing at the oddities of the rest. There is, thought I, at least *one* faculty possessed in common by the sane and the insane, the wise and the fool—namely, *a keen perception of the follies of their neighbours*. There is something, I think, in the habits and character of the American, causing diseases of the mind to assume a gloomy complexion. There is little of mirth in their composition, and nothing shows this more clearly than the fact, that games of any kind among the children and youth of the country, are almost entirely unknown. The silence that prevails at a *table d'hôte*, and the universally grave appearance of the inhabitants, cannot fail to strike the stranger as peculiar. They are generally of a very practical turn. The only kind of contemplation the majority are capable of, is (to use their own phraseology) "cal-

culatation." They will be found in their hotels and boarding-houses, sitting thoughtfully, puffing tobacco or turning a quid in their mouth for a couple of hours or so; they are *turning*, at the same time, some speculative project in the mind, with the view of *turning* a dollar by it. Directly they have hit upon some plan, they take themselves off—perhaps to some far distant city—to put it in execution. It will be readily imagined, that minds running almost exclusively upon gain, acquire a tendency towards madness of a melancholy cast. I am informed that in some of the asylums in the States, the madmen are set to watch one another, and exhibit an extraordinary degree of acuteness of judgment. These will call attention to dangerous patients, and give notice when one of their number is meditating self-destruction, so perfectly do they understand one another, when professional knowledge would be quite at fault.

Among the other institutions of Philadelphia, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum may be favourably mentioned. Much pains appears to be taken in the instruction of the children, whose quickness and intelligence is surprising. I attended a public examination at the institution: seven children stood with their faces towards the spectators, and their backs to seven black boards. The examiner was on the left flank; and when he made a certain gesture, the whole *faced to the right about*, and instantly wrote down the word represented. Progressing by degrees, he at length, by means of various twists of countenance and contortions of the body, brought out a story of some length, which was immediately done into English by all the children, with some variations in the language employed. A number of extracts were afterwards read out of a book, exhibiting the state of the uninstructed mind, and the singularity of the ideas which may take possession of it. Some children had conceived the sun to be the face of a man looking from heaven to see whether men did right or wrong. One thought that the stars were sparks from the chimney, which flew up in the evening and became fixed in the sky; and another, that the sky was only a few feet distant—deponent had tried to touch it with a stick, but failing, thought the stick was not long enough. A third—a little girl—could

not understand how people could lie in their graves so quietly—thought, if buried, she should become weary of the monotony, and would, probably, like to get up and pass part of the day in the house.

The Museum and the Mint at Philadelphia, are both worthy of a visit. At the former, may be seen one of the best ethnological collections; at the latter, the Californian ingots, which are here converted into gold eagles and eaglets by very neat machinery.*

The Art-Union exhibition of oil-paintings in Chesnut-street, contained some very fair specimens of art—nothing, perhaps, of very striking merit; yet there is no reason why artists in this country should not, now-a-days, arrive at eminence. They enjoy nearly the same advantages as others. They can have our English books, or reprints of them, and they may visit other countries to improve themselves; indeed, there are in Italy at present, and there have been for many years past, a considerable number of Americans hard at work among the old masters. One thing was remarkable at this exhibition—and I observed the same at New York—namely, the total absence of drawings in water-colours.

In a more mechanical branch of art—the Daguerreotype—the Americans succeed to admiration. I saw in Philadelphia, finer specimens than in London. They appeared to me much larger and more distinct, and their subjects were better arranged. I went into "Root's" Gallery, which appeared to be one of the best displays of the kind, and was there shown many of the leading men of the country. "That's Dan'l Webster," said the cicerone, "our greatest orator in the world, I guess."

The enterprising Barnum possesses in this city (and in what city does he not possess) a museum. These museums have theatres attached. This combination of the histrionic and the scientific, is designed by the artful contriver to entice those whose religious scruples prevent them from counte-

nancing the regular drama. A walk through a room full of stuffed birds and beasts, boasting of little to interest anybody, serves as a kind of *penance* for what is to follow. At the regular theatref in Walnut-street, I witnessed the performance of a play of a very singular character; it was called *Extremes*, and although written by a Yankee, was nothing more or less than a satire on the country. This was certainly something new; most of the auditors did not appear to understand the drift of it at all; there was some laughter caused by the perpetual recurrence of the exclamation, "This is a great country!" which was always shouted when some Americanism was brought forward. For instance, when a polite company were thrown into a state of consternation at the appearance of a black man among the guests; when a very religious lady talked about *charity*, and *dear* Mr. So-and-So the clergyman, pausing occasionally in her rhapsodies to *beat* and *pinch* her children; when a stump oration was made to a lot of drunken Irishmen, who were to return a member for the democratic interest. At each of these representations, the gentleman who acted as "chorus," threw up his hands, and said, as related above, "This is a great country!" Some of the persons near me were at first mirthfully inclined at these things, but observing that I was also amused, they changed their tune and put a new face on the matter, becoming more and more sedate as the play proceeded, till one breaking out with an oath, swore it was too satirical, another seconded, and several got up and walked out. There was much of the usual bombast about freedom and independence, and the genus "gentleman" was held up to public contempt by its impersonation—a lispng puppy, who walked as if skewered, having a tie branching out horizontally at least twelve inches on each side of his chin, and sleeves and trowsers as wide as sacks. During a dialogue, the words put into the mouth of the hero, who seemed to be an inferior sort of Brutus, were

* An Englishman is the superintendent.

† The American actors are not, I think, in general distinguished for grace. I observed also that they thought little of what, in an English theatre, would be considered the most heinous offence—viz., turning their backs upon the audience. Provincialism and the nasal twang also grate unpleasantly upon the ear, and break that deceptive charm which is the more rarely to be met with, the oftener one frequents the once enchanted regions of the playhouse.

something to this effect—"Gentleman!—what's a gentleman? Talk of a *man*, and then I shall understand you." This brought down the house; not so a peroration, which one might suppose would have roused the enthusiasm of an American audience—"The States of the Union," said the heroine, "shall hold together as long as the sons of Freedom remember the name of Washington!" Drury-lane, I may safely say, would have given a thundering tribute to the memory of the

modern Cincinnatus; but here, in the principal theatre of that city, from whence the memorable Declaration of Independence went forth, I fear the name of "Barnum" would have caused more excitement; nor dare I affirm that the illustrious Washington behind the footlights would, at that moment, have met with half so good a reception as the dollar-making hero, who has acquired celebrity by showing off stuffed birds, and by catching and caging Swedish nightingales.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XI.

POLITICS AND NEWSPAPERS.

THE venality and corruption which accomplished the Legislative Union between England and Ireland admit of as little doubt as of palliation. There was an epidemic of baseness over the land; and but few escaped the contagion. To whatever section of party an Irishman may belong, he never can cease to mourn over the degenerate temper of a time which exhibited the sad spectacle of a Legislature declaring its own downfall. Nor does the secret history of the measure offer much ground for consolation.

And yet, what a position did the Irish Parliament hold, but eighteen short years before that event! Never, perhaps, in the whole history of constitutional government, was the stand of a representative body more boldly maintained, alike against the power and the secret influence of the Crown; and England, in all the plenitude of her glory and influence, was forced to declare the necessity of finally adjusting the differences between the two countries.

The very admission of separate interests seemed a fatal confession, and might—had a more cautious temper swayed the counsels of the Irish party—have led to very momentous con-

sequences; but, in the enthusiasm of victory, all thought of the spoils was forgotten. It was a moment of national triumph, from which even the coldest could not withhold his sympathies. The "Dungannon Declaration" became at once the adopted sentiment of the national party; and it was agreed that Ireland was bound by no laws, save such as her own Lords and Commons enacted.

In the very crisis of this national enthusiasm was it that the Duke of Portland arrived as Viceroy in Ireland. His secret instructions counselled him to endeavour to prorogue the Parliament, and thus obtain a short breathing-time for future action. This policy, in the then temper of the people, was soon declared impossible. Mr. Grattan had already announced his intention of proposing a final settlement of the national differences by a "Bill of Rights," and the country would not brook any delay as to their expectations.

But one other safe course remained, which was, by a seeming concurrence in the views of the Irish party, to affect that a change had come over the spirit of English legislation towards Ireland, and a sincere desire grown up to confirm her in the possession of

"every privilege not inconsistent with the stability of the empire." Mr. Grattan was induced to see the Viceroy in private, and submit to his Grace his intended declaration of rights. Without conceding the slightest alteration in his plan, the great leader was evidently impressed by the conciliating tone of the Duke, and, with a generous credulity, led to believe in the most favourable dispositions of the Government towards Ireland. The measure in itself was so strong, and so decisive, that the Duke could not say how it would be received by his party. He had no time to ask for instructions, for Parliament was to assemble on the day but one after; and thus was he driven to a policy of secret influence—the origin of that school of corruption which ultimately was to effect the doom of Irish nationality.

I am sorry to be obliged to impose upon my reader even so much of a digression; but the requirements of my story demand it. I wish, as briefly, of course, as may be, to place before him a state of society wherein as yet the arts of corruption had made no great progress, and in which the open bribery of a subsequent time would have been perfectly impossible.

This was in reality a great moment in Irish history. The patriotism of the nation had declared itself not less manfully than practically. The same avowal which pronounced independence also proclaimed the principles of free trade, and that the ports of Ireland were open to all foreign countries not at war with England. It is humiliating enough to contrast the patriotic spirit of those times with the miserable policy of popular leaders in our own day; but in the names of the men who then swayed her counsels, we read some of the greatest orators and statesmen of our country—a race worthy of nobler successors than those who now trade upon the wrongs of Ireland, and whose highest aspirations for their country are in the despotism of an ignorant and intolerant priesthood.

The Duke of Portland was not ill-suited to the task before him. A man of more shining abilities—one who possessed in a higher degree the tact of winning over his opponents, might have awakened suspicion and distrust; but his was precisely the stamp and temperament which suggest confidence; and in his moderate capacity and easy

nature there seemed nothing to excite alarm. "Bonhomme"—shame that we must steal a French word for an English quality!—was his great characteristic; and all who came within the circle of his acquaintance, felt themselves fascinated by his free and unpretending demeanour.

To him was now intrusted the task of sowing schism among the members of the Irish party—the last and only resource of the English Government to thwart the progress of national independence. The Opposition had almost every element of strength. Amongst them were the first and most brilliant orators of the day—men trained to all the habits of debate, and thoroughly masters of all Irish questions. They possessed the entire confidence of the great body of the people, asserting, as they did, the views and sentiments of the country; and they were, what at that time had its own peculiar value, men of great boldness and intrepidity. There was but one feature of weakness in the whole party, and this was the almost inevitable jealousy that is sure to prevail where many men of great abilities are mixed up together, and where the success of a party must alternately depend upon qualities the most discrepant and opposite. The very purest patriotism is sure to assume something of the character of the individual; and in these varying tints of individuality, the Irish Government had now to seek for the chance of instilling those doubts and hesitations, which ultimately must lead to separation.

Nor was this the only artifice to which they descended. They also invented a policy which, in latter days, has been essayed with very indifferent success—which was, to outbid the national party in generosity, and to become actual benefactors, where mere justice was asked at their hands: a very dangerous game, which, however well adapted for a critical emergency, is one of the greatest peril, as a line of policy and a system of government. In the spirit of this new tactic was it that Mr. Bagenal's motion to confer some great mark of national gratitude on Mr. Grattan, was quickly followed by an offer of the Viceroy to bestow upon him the Viceregal Palace in the Phoenix Park, as "a suitable residence for one who had conferred the greatest services on his country, and as the

highest proof the Government could give of their value of such services." A proposal of such unbounded generosity was sure to dim the lustre of the popular enthusiasm, and at the same time cast a shadow of ministerial protection over the patriot himself, who, in the event of acceptance, would have been the recipient of Royal, and not of National, bounty. And when, in fact, the grant of a sum of money was voted by Parliament, the splendour of the gift was sadly tarnished by the discussion that accompanied it.

Enough has here been said to show the general policy of that short, but eventful administration; and now, to our story.

My father's reception of the Viceroy had blazed in all the ministerial papers with a kind of triumphal announcement of the progress the Government were making in the esteem and confidence of the Irish gentry. Walter Carew was quoted as the representative of a class eminently national, and one most unlikely to be the mark for Castle intrigue or seduction. His large fortune was expatiated on, and an "authentic assurance" put forth that he had already refused the offer of being made a Privy Councillor. These statements were sure to provoke rejoinder. The national papers denied that the hospitalities of Castle Carew had any peculiar or political significance. It was very natural that one of the first of the gentry should receive the representative of his Sovereign with honour, and pay him every possible mark of respect and attention. But that Walter Carew had done any more than this, or had sacrificed anything of his old connexion with his party, the best contradiction lay in the fact, that his guests contained many of the very foremost and least compromising men of the Liberal party; and "Curtis" was quoted in a very conspicuous type as the shortest refutation of such a charge.

It was, unfortunately, a moment of political inaction—a lull in the storm of Parliamentary conflict—when this discussion originated; and the newspapers were but too happy to have any theme to occupy the attention of their readers. The Castle press became more confident and insulting every day, and at last tauntingly asked why and how did this great champion of nationality—Curtis—take leave of

Castle Carew? The question was un-replied to, and consequently appeared again, and in larger capitals, followed by an article full of innuendo and insinuation, and conveying the most impertinent allusions to the antiquated section of party to which Curtis belonged.

It is notorious that a subject totally devoid of any interest in itself, will, by the bare force of repetition, assume a degree of importance far above its due, and ultimately engage the sympathies of many for or against it. Such was the case here; certain personalities, that occasionally were thrown out, giving a piquancy to the controversy, and investing it with the attraction of town gossip. *Falkner's Journal*, *The Press*, *The Post*, and *The Freeman*, appeared each morning with some new contribution on the same theme; and letters from, and contradictions to, "A Visitor at Castle Carew," continued to amuse the world of Dublin.

The fashionable circles enjoyed recitals which contained the names of so many of their own set; the less distinguished were pleased with even such passing peeps at a world from which they were excluded; and thus the discussion very soon usurped the place of all other subjects in public interest.

It was remarked throughout the controversy that the weight of authority lay all with the Castle press. Whatever bore the stamp of real information was on that side; and the national journals were left merely to guess and surmise, while their opponents made distinct assertions. At last, to the astonishment of the town, appeared a letter in *Falkner's Journal* from Curtis. He had been ill of the gout; and, as it seemed, had only become aware of the polemic the preceding day. Indeed, the tone of the epistle showed that the irritability consequent on his malady was still over him. After a brief explanation of the cause of his silence, he went on thus:—

"The Castle hacks have asked why and how did Curtis take his leave of Castle Carew? Now, without inquiring by what right these low scullions presume to put such a question, I'll tell them—Curtis left when he discovered the company by whom he was surrounded; when he found that he should sit down at the same table with a knavish pack of English adventurers, bankrupt in character and beggars in pocket.

"When he saw the house where his oldest friend in the world was wont to gather round him all that was eminently Irish, and where a generous hospitality developed a hearty and noble conviviality, converted into a den of scheming and intriguing politicians, seeking to snare support by low flattery, or to entrap a vote, in the confidence of the bottle: when he saw this, and more than this — that the best names and the best blood in the land were slighted, in order to show some special and peculiar attention to vulgar wealth, or still more vulgar pretension, Curtis thought it high time to take his leave. This is the why; and as to the how, he went away in the same old convenience that he arrived by; and, though drawn by a sorry hack, and driven by a ragged Irishman, he felt prouder as he sat in it than if his place had been beside a duke in the King's livery, with a coach paid for out of the pockets of the People.

"This is the answer, therefore, to your correspondent. And if he wants any further information, will you tell him, that it will be more in accordance with the habits of Irish gentlemen, if he'll address himself personally to Mr. Curtis, 12, Ely-place, than by any appeal in the columns of a newspaper.

"And now, Mr. Editor, a word for yourself and the others. I know nothing about the habits of your order, nor the etiquette of the press; but this I do know, I am a private gentleman, living, so far, at least, as you and the like of you are concerned, out of the world: I am very unlikely to fill a paragraph either among the marriages or the births; and if — mark me well, for I am not joking — you, or any of you, print my name again in your pages, except to announce my decease, I will break every bone in your body; and this 'without prejudice,' as the attorneys say, to any future proceedings I may reserve for your correspondent."

None who knew Curtis doubted for an instant the authenticity of this letter, though many at the time fancied it must be a mere quiz upon his style. The effect of it was, however, marvelous; for, in the most implicit confidence that he meant to keep his word, his name entirely dropped out of the discussion, which, however, raged as violently, if not more violently, than ever. Personalities of the most offensive kind were interchanged; and the

various guests were held up, with little histories of their private life, by the journals of one side or the other.

Up to this moment my father's name had never been regularly introduced into the discussion. Regrets, it is true, were insinuated that he who could afford the shortest and most satisfactory explanations of everything, should not condescend to give the public such information. It was deplored that one who so long enjoyed the confidence of the national party, should feel himself bound to maintain a silence on questions which a few words would suffice to make intelligible. Gradually these regrets grew into remonstrances, and even threatened to become reproach. Anonymous letters, in the same spirit, were addressed to him in great numbers; but they all failed in their object, for the best reason, that my father saw none of them. A feverish cold, attended with some return of an old gout attack, had confined him to bed for some weeks, so that he had never heard of the controversy; all the newspapers, filled as they were with it, having been cautiously withheld from him by the careful watchfulness of MacNaghten.

Such was the state of matters as my father, still weak from his attack, descended, for the first time, to the drawing-room. MacNaghten had persuaded my mother to accompany him on a short drive through the grounds, when my father, whom they had left in his room, thought he would make an effort to get down stairs, and surprise them on their return. He was seated at an open window that looked out upon a flower-garden, enjoying, with all an invalid's relish, the balmy air of a summer's day, and feeling as if he drank in health at every stir of the leaves by the light wind. His illness had not only greatly debilitated him, but had even induced a degree of indolent inaction very foreign to the active habit of his mind in health; and instead of experiencing his wonted curiosity to know what the world had been doing during his illness, he was actually happy in the thought of the perfect repose he was enjoying, undisturbed by a single care. The rattling of wheels on the ground at last gave token of some one coming, and a few moments after, my father heard the sound of voices in the hall. Resolved

to deny himself to all strangers, he had risen to reach the bell, when the door opened, and Rutledge entered.

"Why, they told me you were in bed, Carew," cried he, endeavouring by a half-jocular manner to conceal the shock my father's wasted appearance imparted. "They said I could not possibly see you, so that I had to send up a few lines on my card to say how urgently I wished it, and meanwhile came in to await your answer."

"They only said truly," muttered my father. "I have crept down to-day, for the first time, and I'm not quite sure that I have done prudently."

"What has it been?—gout—rheumatic fever?"

"Neither; a bad cold neglected, and then an old ague on the back of it."

"And of course the fellows have bled and blistered you, without mercy. My medical skill is borrowed from the stable; hot mashes and double body-clothes are generally enough for a common attack; but rich fellows like you cannot get off so cheaply. And Madam—how is she?"

"Perfectly well, thank you. And how are all your friends?"

"As well as men can be who are worried and badgered every hour of the twenty-four. It's no use in sending Englishmen here—they are never trusted! I don't believe it's possible to find an honest man, nor a truer friend to Ireland, than Portland; but his Saxon blood is quite enough to mar his utility, and poison every effort he makes to be of service."

"The children are paying off the scores of their fathers, Rutledge. The sentiment that has taken some centuries to mature, can scarcely be treated like a mere prejudice."

"Very true; but what bad policy it is—as policy—to obstruct the flow of concessions, even coming from a suspected channel. It's rather too hard to criticise them for doing the very things we ask them."

"I have not looked into a newspaper these few weeks," said my father, half wearied of the theme.

"So that you know nothing, then, of ——" He stopped short, for he just caught himself in time.

"I know nothing whatever of the events that have occurred in that interval, and, however inglorious the season, Rutledge, I must make it,

I'd almost as soon live over my attack again as hear them. Take it as a sick man's peevishness or sound philosophy, as you may; but, in the jarring, squabbling world we live in, there's nothing so good as to let by-gones be by-gones."

"That's taking for granted that anything is ever a 'by-gone,' Walter; but faith my experience says that we are feeling, to the end of centuries, the results of the petty mischances that befell us in the beginning of them."

My father sighed, but it was more in weariness than sorrow; and Rutledge said—

"I came out to have a long chat with you, Walter, about various things, but I fear talking fatigues you."

"It does fatigue me—I'm not equal to it," said my father, faintly.

"It's unlucky, too," said the other, half peevishly, "one so seldom can catch you alone; and though Mac-Naghten is the best fellow in the world——"

"You must still say nothing against him, at least in my hearing," added my father, as if to finish the sentence for him.

"I was only going to observe, that in all that regards politics——"

"Pardon my interrupting you again," broke in my father; "but Dan never pretended to know anything about them; nor is it likely that a fellow that felt the Turf a contamination, will try to cultivate his morals by the intrigues of Party."

Rutledge affected to laugh at the sneering remark, and after a moment resumed—

"Do you know, then, it was precisely about that very subject of politics, I came out to talk with you to-day. The Duke told me of the generous way you expressed yourself to him during his visit here; and that, although not abating anything of your attachment to what you feel a national cause, you never would tie yourself hand and foot to party, but stand free to use your influence at the dictates of your own honest conviction. Now, although there is no very important question at issue, there are a number of petty, irritating topics kept continually before Parliament by the Irish party, which, without the slightest pretension to utility, are used as means of harassing and annoying the Government."

"I never heard of this before, Rutledge; but I know well, if the measures you speak of have Grattan, and Flood, and Ponsonby, and others of the same stamp to support them, they are neither frivolous nor contemptible; and if they be not advocated by the leaders of the Irish party, you can afford to treat them with better temper."

"Be that as it may, Walter, the good men of the party do not side with these fellows. But I see all this worries you, so let's forget it!" And so taking a turn through the room, he stopped opposite a racing print, and said—"Poor old Gadfly, how she reminds me of old times; going along with her head low, and looking dead beat when she was just coming to her work. That was the best mare ever you had, Carew!"

"And yet I lost heavily on her," said my father, with a half sigh.

"Lost! Why the report goes that you gained above twenty thousand by her the last year she ran."

"'Common report,' as Figaro says, 'is a common liar; my losses were very

nearly one-half more! It was a black year in my life. I began it badly in Ireland, and ended it worse, abroad!"

The eager curiosity with which Rutledge listened, suddenly caught my father's attention, and he stopped short, saying—"These are old stories now, and scarcely worth remembering. But here comes my wife; she'll be glad to see you, and hear all the news of the capital, for she has been leading a stupid life of it these some weeks back."

However uneasy my mother and MacNaghten might have been lest Rutledge should have alluded to the newspaper attacks, they were soon satisfied on that point; and the evening passed over pleasantly, in discussing the sayings and doings of the Dublin world.

It was late when Rutledge rose to take his leave, and my father had so far rallied by the excitement of conversation, that he already felt himself restored to health; and his last words to his guest at parting were—

"I'll call and see you, Rutledge, before the week is over."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING THAT "WHAT IS CRADLED IN SHAME IS HEARSED IN SORROW."

ACCUSTOMED all his life to the flattery which surrounds a position of some eminence, my father was not a little piqued at the coldness of his friends during his illness. The inquiries after him were neither numerous nor hearty. Some had called once or twice to ask how he was; others had written brief excuses for their absence; and many contented themselves with hearing that it was a slight attack, which a few days would see the end of. Perhaps there were not many men in the kingdom less given to take umbrage at trifles than my father. Naturally disposed to take the bold and open line of action in every affair of life, he never suspected the possibility of a covert insult; and that any one could cherish illfeeling to another, without a palpable avowal of hostility, was a thing above his conception. At any other time, therefore, this negligence, or indifference, or whatever it was, would not have occasioned him a moment's unpleasantness. He would have explained it to himself in a dozen ways, if

it ever occurred to him to require explanation. Now, however, he was irritable from the effects of a malady peculiarly disposed to ruffle nervous susceptibility; while the chagrin of the late Viceregal visit, and its abrupt termination, was still over him. There are little eras in the lives of the best tempered men when everything is viewed in wrong and discordant colours, and when, by a perverse ingenuity, they seek out reasons for their own unhappiness in events and incidents that have no possible bearing on the question. Having once persuaded himself that his friends were faithless to him, he set about accounting for it by every casuistry he could think of. I have lived too long abroad; I have mixed too much in the great world, thought he, to be able to conform to this small and narrow circle. I am not local enough for them. I cannot trade on the petty prejudices they love to cherish, and which they foolishly think means being national. My wider views of life are a rebuke to their pettiness;

and it's clear we do not suit each other. To preserve my popularity I should have lived at home, and married at home; never soared beyond a topic of Irish growth, and voted at the tail of those two or three great men who comprise within themselves all that we know of Irish independence. “Even idolatry would be dear at that price,” cried he aloud, at the end of his reflections—bitter and unpleasant reveries in which he had been sunk as he travelled up to town some few days after the events related in the last chapter. Matters of business with his law agent had called him to the capital, where he expected to be detained for a day or two. My mother had not accompanied him, her state of health at the time requiring rest and quietude. Alone, an invalid, and in a frame of, to him, unusual depression, he arrived at his hotel at nightfall. It was not the “Drogheda Arms,” where he stopped habitually, but the “Clare,” a smaller and less frequented house in the same street, and where he hoped to avoid meeting with his ordinary acquaintances.

Vexed with everything, even to the climate, to which he wrongfully ascribed the return of his malady, he was bent on making immediate arrangements to leave Ireland, and for ever. His pecuniary affairs were, it is true, in a condition of great difficulty and embarrassment; still, with every deduction, a very large income, or, at least, what for the Continent would be thought so, would remain; and with this he determined to go abroad, and seek out some spot more congenial to his tastes and likings, and, as he also fancied, more favourable to his health.

The hotel was almost full, and my father with difficulty obtained a couple of rooms; and even for these he was obliged to await the departure of the occupant, which he was assured would take place immediately. In the meanwhile, he had ordered his supper in the coffee-room, where now he was seated, in one of those gloomy-looking stalls, which, in those times, were supposed to comprise all that could be desired of comfort and isolation.

It was, indeed, a new thing for him to find himself thus. He, the rich—the flattered—the high-spirited—the centre of so much worship and adulation—whose word was law upon the turf, and whose caprices gave the tone to fashion, the solitary occupant of a

dimly-lighted division in a public coffee-room, undistinguished and unknown. There was something in the abrupt indifference of the waiter that actually pleased him, ministering, as it did, to the self-tormentings of his reflections. All seemed to say, “This is what you become when stripped of the accidents of wealth and fortune—these are your real claims.” There was no deference to him there. He had asked for the newspaper, and been curtly informed, “that *Falkner* was engaged by the gentlemen in the next box;” so was he left to his own lucubrations, broken in upon only by the drowsy, monotonous tone of his neighbour in the adjoining stall, who was reading out the paper to a friend. Either the reader had warmed into a more distinct elocution, or my father's ears had become more susceptible by habit, but at length he found himself enabled to overhear the contents of the journal, which seemed to be a rather flippant criticism on a late debate in the Irish House of Commons.

A motion had been made by the Member for Cavan, for leave to bring in a bill to build ships of war for Ireland, a proposition so palpably declaring a separate and independent nationality, that it not only incurred the direct opposition of Government, but actually met with the disapprobation of the chief men of the Liberal party, who saw all the injury that must accrue to just and reasonable demands, by a course of policy thus exaggerated. *Falkner* went even further; for he alleged that the motion was a trick of the Castle party, who were delighted to see the patriots hastening their own destruction, by a line of action little short of treason. The arguments of the journalist, in support of this view, were numerous and acute. He alleged the utter impossibility of the measure ever being accepted by the House, or sanctioned by the Crown. He showed its insufficiency for the objects proposed, were it even to become law; and, lastly, he proceeded to display all the advantages the Government might derive from every passing source of disunion amongst the Irish party—schisms which, however insignificant at first, were daily widening into fatal breaches of all confidence. His last argument was based on the fact, that had the Ministry anticipated any serious

trouble by the discussion, they would never have displayed such utter indifference about mustering their forces. "We saw not," said the writer, "the accustomed names of Townley, Tisdale, Loftus, Skeffington, and fifty more such, on the division. Old Roach didn't whistle up one of his pack, but hunted down the game with the fat poodles that waddle after the Viceroy through the Castle-yard."

"McCleary had a caricature of the Portland hunt this morning in his window," cried the listener, "and capital likenesses there are of Bob Uniack and Vandeleur! Morris, too, is represented by a lame dog, that stands on a little eminence, and barks vigorously, but makes no effort to follow the chase."

"Much they care for all the ridicule and all the obloquy you can throw on them," replied the reader. "They well know that the pensions and peerages that await them will survive newspaper abuse, though every word of it was true as Gospel. Now, here's a list of them alphabetically arranged, and will you tell me how many will read or remember one line of them a dozen years hence. Besides, there is a kind of exaggeration in these attacks that deprives them of credit; when you read such stories as that of Carew, for instance, throwing a main with the dice to decide whether or not he'd vote with the Government."

"I would not say that it was impossible, however," broke in the other. "Carew 's a confirmed gambler, and we know what that means; and as to his having a particle of principle, if Rutledge's story be true, he has done far worse than this."

My father tried to arise from his seat; he even attempted to call out, and impose silence on those whose next words might possibly contain an insult irreparable for ever: but he could not do either; a cold sweat broke over him, and he sat powerless and almost fainting, while they continued:—

"I'd be slow to take Master Bob's word, either in praise or dispraise of any man," said the first speaker.

"So should I, if he could make it the subject of a wager," said the other; "but here is a case quite removed from all chance of the betting-ring."

"And what does it amount to if true?" said the other. "He married somebody's illegitimate daughter.

Look at the peerage—look at one-half the small sovereignties of Europe."

"That's not the worst of it at all," broke in the former. "It was the way he got his wife."

"Then, I suppose, I have not heard the story aright: how was it?"

"Rutledge's version is something in this wise:—Carew had won such enormous sums at play from one of the French princes, that at last he actually held in his hands some of the rarest of the crown jewels as pledges. One of the ministers having heard of the transaction, went to the prince, and insisted, under threat of a public exposure, on an immediate settlement of the debt. In this terrible dilemma, the prince had nothing for it but to offer Carew the valuable paintings and furniture of his chateau—reputed to be the most costly in the whole kingdom. The report goes, that the pictures alone were estimated at several millions of francs. Carew at once accepts the proposition; but, as if not to be outdone in generosity, even by a royal prince, he lets it be known that he will only accept of one solitary article from the whole collection; rather, in fact, a souvenir than a ransom. I suppose, the prince, like everybody else, felt that this was very handsome conduct, for he frankly said—"The chateau, and all within it, are at his disposal—I reserve nothing." Armed with this authority, Carew never waits for morning, but starts that night, by post, for Auvergne, where the Chateau lies. I believe it is not ascertained whether he was previously acquainted with the circumstances of the Prince's domestic affairs. The probability, however, is, that he must have been; for within a week, he returned to Paris, bringing with him the object selected as his choice, in the person of a beautiful girl, the natural daughter of his Royal Highness. Whether he married her then under compulsion, or, subsequently, of his own free will, is to this day a secret. One thing, however, is certain: he was banished from the French territory, by a summary order, which gave him barely time to reach the coast and embark. Of course, once in England, he had only to select some secluded out-of-the-way spot for a while, and there could be no likelihood of leaving any trace to his adventure. Indeed, the chances are, that Rutledge is about the only man who could have unra-

velled so tangled a skein. How *he* ever contrived to do so, is more than I can tell you!"

My father sat listening to this story more like one whose faculties are under the dominion of some powerful spell, than of a man in the free exercise of reason. There was something in the mingled truth and falsehood of the tale, that terrified and confused him. Up to that moment he had no notion in what a light his conduct could be exhibited, nor could he see by what means the calumny could be resented. There was, however, one name he could fix upon. Rutledge, at least, should be accountable! There was enough of falsehood in the story to brand him as a foul slanderer, and *he* should not escape him.

By an effort that demanded all his strength, my father rose, the cold sweat dropping from his forehead, and every limb trembling, from weakness and passion. His object was to present himself to the strangers in the adjoining box, and by declaring his name, to compel them to bring home to Rutledge the accusation he had overheard. He had no time, had he even head, to weigh all the difficulties of such a line of procedure. It was not at such a moment that he could consider the question calmly and deliberately. Next to the poignant sense of injury, the thought of vengeance was uppermost in his mind; and the chances were, that he was ready to wreak his fury on the first object that should present itself. Fortunately, might I not rather say unfortunately, since nothing could be more disastrous than the turn affairs were fated to take; it seemed, however, at the moment, as though it were good fortune, that when my father, by an immense effort, succeeded in reaching the adjoining box, the former occupants had departed. Several persons were leaving the coffee-room at the same instant; and though my father tried to hasten after them, and endeavour to recognise the voices he had overheard, his strength was unequal to the effort, and he sank back, powerless, on a bench. He beckoned to a waiter who was passing, and questioned him eagerly as to their names, and giving him a guinea, promised as much more if he should follow them to their residences, and bring back their addresses. But the man soon returned to say, that as the strangers were not remarked by

him, he had no clue whatever to their detection in the crowded streets of the capital.

It struck my father as though destiny itself pointed out Rutledge as the only one of whom he could seek reparation; and now he retired to his room, to weigh the whole question in his mind, and see by what means, while gratifying his thirst for vengeance, he should best avoid that degree of exposure which would be fatal to the future happiness of my mother.

In this lay all the difficulty. To demand satisfaction from Rutledge required that he should specify the nature of the injury, open the whole history of the slander, and, while giving contradiction to all that was false, publish to the world a true version of an incident that, up to that moment, he had never confided to his dearest friend. Terrible as seemed the task of such a revelation, it was nothing in comparison with what he judged would be the effect upon my mother, when she came to learn the course of events which preceded her marriage.

And now this must be given to the world, with all that accompaniment of gossip and scandal such a story would be sure to evoke. Was this possible?—could he venture to embark upon such a sea of peril as this?—could he dare to confront difficulties that would rise up against him at every step and in every relation of life, to assail his political reputation to-day—to slur his personal honour to-morrow—to cast shame upon her whose fair fame was dearer to him than life itself twice told—to be an inheritance of disgrace to his children, if he were to have children? No, no! For such an exposure as this nothing short of downright desperation could give courage.

Far from serving to allay his passion for vengeance, these difficulties but deepened the channel of his wrath, and made the injury itself appear more irreparable. Nor did he know whom to consult at such a crisis. To unbosom himself to MacNaghten was like confessing that he could do, from personal motives, what he had shrunk from in the full confidence of his friendship; and such an avowal would, he was well aware, give heartfelt pain to his best friend in the world. Many other names occurred to him, but each was accompanied by some especial dif-

ficulty. It was a case which demanded great discretion, and, at the same time, promptitude and decision. To have allowed any interval for discussion would have been to incur that publicity which my father dreaded beyond all.

The indignant energy of his mind had given a kind of power to his emaciated and wasted frame; and, as he paced his room, in passionate emotion, he felt as though all his wonted strength and vigour were returning, to "stand by him" in his hour of peril. He had opened his window, to admit the cool air of the night; and scarcely had he thrown wide the sash, when the cry of a news-vender met his ear.

"Here's the 'List of the *Castle hacks*,' to be sold to the highest bidder, the Government having no further use for them, with the pedigree and performances set forth in full, and a correct account of the sums paid for each of them."

To this succeeded a long catalogue of gentlemen's names, which were received by the mob that followed the hawker with shouts and cries of derision. Groan followed groan, as they were announced, and my father listened, with an agonising suspense, lest he should hear his own amidst the number; but, to his inexpressible relief, the fellow concluded his muster-roll without alluding to him. Just, however, as he was about to close the window, the man again broke out with—"On Saturday next will be published the account of the five bought in by the Crown; and Mark Brown, Sam Vesey, William Burton, Ross Mahon, and Walter Carew, will be given in full, on a separate sheet, for one halfpenny!"

A wild outburst of derisive laughter from the crowd followed, and my father heard no more.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

WE hail this book with a welcome of no common cordiality, because it is really a book, and that upon a subject of thrilling importance. We have before us no sickly, sentimental novel, filled with nothing like human nature that has been, is, or shall be; written with no higher pedestal in the mind's eye than the shelves of a provincial circulating library, and published with no nobler motive than that of killing the dull evening of a duller reader. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we have a fine and deeply-impressed mind unburdening itself of a load of bitter truth, gathered from years and scenes of painful experience, until it becomes too mighty for a solitary bosom, and is solemnly committed to the reflective world. Nor is the legacy thus bequeathed without its responsibility. The story of the Christian slave is no rapid, unreal piece of fiction, which grave men may turn from with that contempt which too many works of the same class deserve, leaving it to be devoured by the inveterate novel-reader, whose only object is the destruction of a tedious hour. Reader, we have here an earnest, religious soul pouring forth a bitter tale of existing

evils into the open ear of our common humanity; and he who reads, with understanding, the denunciation of the slave-trade, which these pages contain, has from that moment a mission to espouse and a duty to fulfil. The man who witnesses the commission of open violence and cruelty, without lifting up his hand to arrest the descending weapon, or the man who daily shuts his eyes to the current of some fraudulent transaction, which is stealthily creeping past him morn and even—we say that each of these men is deeply culpable, and woefully deficient in the duty which man owes to his fellow-man. What shall we say, then, of the reader who can coolly peruse a work like this, detailing the atrocities of a system which defies heaven and pollutes earth, by trading brutally in the very image of God, and rise up from the harrowing spectacle, from the foulest disgrace of human nature, without feeling that his firmest energies should be pledged for the utter extinction of a sin so hideous? It is the chief merit of our modern novels, with rare exceptions, to suffuse the boudoir with a gentle emotion, or to send the electricity of a broad grin through a row of young

clerks, who suspend their quills to revel in the distortions of gross caricature; but "The History of a Christian Slave" is a book for earnest, full-grown intellects—a book for the silence of the study and the calmness of reflection. And unless there be something out of joint in the state of the heart, we are confident that no one can spend an hour in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," without going forth to "chew the cud" of stern and indignant meditation. It will not be a mere fiction that will haunt his steps, and cause a shadow to fall at times over his knitted brow; but the abolition of a real, existing evil will be the problem which concentrates his thoughts—the right of one man to barter and enslave another the absorbing question, which will meet him on every human face that crosses his path.

As "The History of a Christian Slave" is published with the avowed purpose of striking a blow at the unhallowed traffic which is still carried on in human blood, the reader will, perhaps, expect us to give some slight sketch of the origin and progress of a trade so odious to the common feelings of humanity. He may desire to ask us whence the source of the iniquitous custom of trading in men, women, and children?—if nothing has been done for its utter abolition?—and what arguments are still of sufficient plausibility to palliate, or sanction the continuance of so foul a trade?

Slavery, it is vulgarly believed, owes its origin to the captives taken in war by savage tribes, and spared the fiery horrors of the stake, to fall by the tardier, heart-breaking bondage of the most degrading and crushing servility. The Hebrew word, rendered in our version of the Old Testament "servant," but literally meaning "slave," helps us to carry back the rise of slavery to an earlier date, and would assign it a birth as old as the subsidence of the Flood. We find Noah making use of this word in the curse which that patriarch was constrained to invoke upon Canaan—"Cursed be Canaan: a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." From this period it was no uncommon thing for servants, male and female, to change hands in barter. Abimelech made reparation to Abraham by means of "men-servants and maid-servants," together with meaner merchandise.

But to this traffic there were limits in ancient times, which would rejoice in some measure the heart of the modern philanthropist. Among the Jews it was enacted by their lawgiver, "he that stealeth a man and selleth him, shall surely be put to death." And so far from any slave being a prescriptive and perpetual right of any master, what reader of Old Testament history does not know of that year of jubilee, when fetter and shackle fell from liberated hands, and upon his once-forfeited but now restored fields the freeman could begin anew the race of life? When shall such jubilee resound through the swamps and plantations of the far West, or ring amid the cabins of the African villages? Not till the will of God be more powerful with man than the love of gold, and the soul of his oppressed brother rise into more consequence than the sweat of his brow and the toil of his frame. Let not the trader, however, appeal to the Word of God, and vauntingly cry, "There are the origin and sanction of slavery!"

Reader! the Bible is a narrative of the fall, and its consequences; and while it is the *historian*, it does not follow that it is the *apologist* of crime. We have seen that the doom of slavery was first pronounced in a curse, and a curse it has continued ever since to the human race. It is a curse to those who fall under its grinding severity, for it deprives them of the enjoyment of every national blessing, taking joy from that sun which lights them to their cheerless toil, and relish from the bread that must be eaten in captivity. But a curse of darker doom it will yet prove to the upholders of a system which reduces a human being to a mere machine, and cares as little for the soul, intelligent and immortal, as though it perished with the fretted and time-worn chain, whose frail links can no longer keep it from the boundless liberties of other scenes.

Tacitus gives us a strange account of slavery among the ancient Germans. He represents it as no uncommon circumstance for a desperate gamester to stake his own personal liberty, or that of his wife and children, on a hazard of the dice. Men, who thus seemed to be undeserving of that liberty which they knew so little how to prize, were, it is worthy of remark, treated with greater severity than other bonds-

men. But in general, slaves were tolerably well used by the Teutonic nations; and, employed only in the labours of the field, were seldom transferred to other hands, or removed from the spot whereon their vassalage began. Personal chastisement and imprisonment were comparatively unknown; and the German slave approached, in his condition and employment, the old English serf.

Among the Greeks, Spartans, and Romans, slavery assumed a rigorous and cruel form. The refined literature of Greece did not prevent its slave-markets from being disgraced with the most wholesale severity. We learn, from the choicest productions of the Greek muse, that captives taken in war, without reference to rank, sex, or age, were doomed to bondage of the vilest character. The Phœnicians and Macedonians were guilty of carrying the traffic in human beings to the utmost extent; and Alexander sullied his greatest victories by the remorseless sale of the prisoners which always ensued. The Spartans stained their character for bravery by a treatment often even more cruel of their vanquished opponents: and what reader of the much-admired classics of Rome has forgotten the slave chained to the patrician-door, or the island of the Tiber, whitened over with the bones of aged slaves? This most atrocious and indefensible of all human customs found its terrific climax on the scorching coasts and burning interior of Africa. This vast unexplored country has been known, from the remotest antiquity, only for its mysterious rivers, that lose themselves in savage solitudes; its interminable deserts, that stretch away, like the ocean, into blank distance; its dusky natives, who bear the marks of the wildest barbarism; and, as if to cope with these exaggerated features, slavery in its most unrelieved and hideous form. Traffic in human beings existed between the Phœnicians and Lybians from the era of the Trojan war. The Carthaginians, a colony originally from the former of these, were addicted, from their earliest settlement, to the sale and sacrifice of their fellow-creatures. It is a common misapprehension, that among the negroes the slave-trade is a custom of recent date; but the indefatigable Mr. Whitaker, in his elaborate review of Gibbon's Rome, has proved beyond

question that the cry of the poor slave rung upon the coast of Guinea some centuries before the Portuguese had commenced their wanton cruelties in these sad regions. The wandering Arabs of the desert have from time immemorial been known to possess their negro drudge, and in many a country, ever since the days of Ishmael, the wretched son of Africa has been despoiled of all the more precious rights and privileges of the human being.

Having traced the progress of slavery, we are ready, in a few words, to dispose of the second question proposed:—What has been done for the extinction of a practice so revolting as that of the slave-trade? For a time, the lust of gold prevailed in England, as elsewhere, and blinded the freest nation on the face of the globe to the rights of man. The white man long continued to traffic in the lives of his black brethren, and bundled up for sale, like bales of merchandise, the bodies and souls of the unhappy negroes. Better feelings, however, began to awake, and more Christian views to be entertained. Amid crowds of lucre-loving and heartless traitors, voices of manly, religious dissent arose, like the indignant throes of long-pent volcanoes, and scattered to the winds the sophistries of mammon. Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others had the courage to assert the moral equality of man, and the Christian firmness to associate the words "*heart and home, soul and affections*" with the hartered and burdened frame of the black bondsman. It is needless to dwell upon the noble stand made by such men: the countryman of Wilberforce has often, and will often, review the struggle so dear to humanity; and many a dusky African, who never heard of his name, will yet rejoice in the blessings which he owes to his generous efforts.

And how was the Christian warfare of the Abolitionists met? What arguments were cast in their philanthropic path? These questions bring us to the last proposition. The lawfulness of slavery; the right of one man to overpower and sell another. The slave-trader goes back, at one bound, to the days and practices of Abraham. But we are not satisfied with the "father of the faithful" in this respect, and only see that *he* also sinned, like his progenitor, Adam. But, says the dealer in

human flesh, "granting that Abraham and his brother-patriarchs were sinners, why did God permit them to have slaves?—and since he did so, must not slavery be right?" To this piece of sophistry we simply reply—"Why, Mr. Trader, does God permit *you* to live in open wickedness; to play the parts of drunkard and profligate by turns?—and since he does so, according to your mode of reasoning, must it not be right?" At this rate, sin itself must be right, since God permits it; and as we approve of slavery, because the men of the olden world set the example, it only remains for us to borrow incest and polygamy from the same high authority. The Almighty *suffers much, of which he does not approve*. He bears long, but judgment is sure. Slavery is a form of sin; sin we are all bound to extirpate, so far as we can. What, then, follows? Slavery is an old custom, forsooth! be cautious how you interfere with the venerable depravity. Murder is older still; yet we hurry it to the gibbet, and hide its carcass from the sun. But it is hard, very hard, to put down the slave-trade; for there is a man who was left a plantation by his father, with its complement of human drudges, and an alteration in the system will cost the planter dear. Gracious Heaven! are all our sympathies ever to be enlisted on the side of the monied man? Are we always to be more than commonly careful of his slippered ease and luxurious board, while yonder poor, black wretch, with all the feelings and affections of our common humanity, bleeding and writhing within her fainting frame, is to be grudged a single crumb of the finer sympathies of the lords of creation? Away with all such one-sided reasoning! If the holy pilgrim of Nazareth had any ground for telling the young man to part with goods which he loved too well, before he could nourish the hope of entering heaven, we tell the slave-owner, whose best argument for maintaining the slave system is the derangement which his affairs would sustain by an alteration of it—we tell him that his reasoning, like his traffic, is contemptible and mean-spirited in the extreme, and that *he* has little right to speak of hardship and sacrifice as long as he is blind to the glaring truth that his table is spread and his wants satisfied by the trembling hands of the degraded and miserable.

Men and women were created for higher purposes than physical toil. The Almighty loves to behold them brightening homes and educating hearts. "There is a spirit in man"—did the slave-trader ever discover it? Affections and feelings, moral and mental capacities are his, no less than bones and sinews; has the slave system provided a seminary for these, or written an account of one of them in its unholy ledger? The Creator put under our feet the dominion of earthly things, but not of one another; and the dire tyranny over soul and body which slavery exercises, every Christian is as much bound to trample under foot and destroy, as he is to tear from his own bosom the root of any sin which grows for the destruction of man, or the defiance of God.

The year 1807 was a year of jubilee to Africa, when the untiring efforts of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and other champions of slave-emancipation, were crowned and rendered effective by the approval of the British Senate. But the touch of the magical British soil is not universal, and many are the dark provinces of America which are printed with the foot of the crouching slave. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a cry wrung out from a noble, Christian heart, against the grinding bondage which exists amid the too supine districts of the Far West; and upon the appealing accents of that cry there are wafted such tales of ruthless oppression as may well excite the indignant protestations of every reader on this side the Atlantic. Until we opened "The History of a Christian Slave," we confess our ignorance of the extent of the slave-system as existing in many transatlantic states, and but for the air of veracity which reigns throughout the work, we could scarcely credit the enormities with which it abounds. But it is full time to retreat from generalities and abstractions, and cast ourselves amid the graphic and harrowing details of the book itself. We may, first, be allowed to present such a sketchy outline of the story as may excite attention without materially destroying the after-interest of any one who has not yet read, but may hereafter choose to read, this fascinating tale, and conclude with a few extracts taken from pages where all is instructive, picturesque, and touching.

The story opens in Kentucky, upon

the estate of Mr. Shelby, a wealthy, but, in the meantime, a somewhat embarrassed planter and slave-owner. Haley, an unscrupulous and unfeeling trader, is in possession of a number of Shelby's bills; and we are introduced to him, at the commencement of the narrative, pushing his advantage in that insolently-familiar manner which the coarse and low-bred delight to assume towards their superiors in station and refinement, whenever the chances of the world give them the power. The trader has fixed his eye upon poor Uncle Tom, who lives in a neat, snug cabin upon Shelby's property, and is known to all the children about the place by this homely appellation, conferred on him for his kindly and gentle disposition. The wife of the planter has a female attendant of extreme beauty, who is married to a slave upon a neighbouring estate—no uncommon thing in these parts—and has a lovely little boy called Harry. At the sight of these two, the mother and her child, the greed of gain rises strongly within the avaricious bosom of the trader, and he refuses to settle accounts with the embarrassed planter, unless they are cast into the bargain with Uncle Tom. Shelby is one of those men often to be met with in the world, who have not quite so much religion as enables them to shake off the temptation of circumstances, and prefer a sacrifice to convenience, and yet not just so little religion as to permit them the luxury of a quiet conscience after the selfish adjustment has been made. Shelby is ill at ease about selling Tom, Eliza, and Harry; but then, in steps the overpowering logic of selfishness—"What can I do? If I don't acquiesce, the loss must be great." Mrs. Shelby, on the other hand, is a person of a different stamp; with a deep sense of religion in her heart, keenly alive to the unredeemed iniquities of the whole slave-system, and an advocate for making every sacrifice at the shrine of duty. She has been a careful and anxious instructress of her slaves; has taught them the monstrous and inexcusable doctrines, that the wretched negro has a soul precious as that of the white oppressor; that the marriage of the black slave is holy and binding as the marriages of the great; that the maternal and filial duties are as obligatory upon poor Eliza and her little Harry, as between herself and her own

offspring. Now, reader, you are not aware, perhaps, that Mr. Haley, snugly seated in yonder corner, and driving his bargain, with a glass of brandy in his hand, would open his eyes in wrath and wonder at doctrines like these. He kindly intends taking Uncle Tom from a comfortable and friendly home, and knocking him down to the first brutal trader with whom he meets, who, taken with the unfortunate slave's muscular frame, may buy him, like a powerful beast of burden, out of which he has a fair prospect of wringing long labour. In the height of his beneficence he designs Eliza to be sold to any pampered mistress who is desirous of purchasing an ornament for her sumptuous boudoir; or to any scion of fashion and profligacy, who may marry her, or not, just as he pleases. Reader, be not horrified at the idea of a second matrimonial tie, ere the first is broken. We call this bigamy, but the good folks on the other side of the Atlantic are free from all such old-fashioned notions; and then, you know, she is only married to a slave! But the warmth of Mr Haley's anxiety does not stop here. No, no; he does nothing by halves. Eliza's child will, of course, be a drag on her motions; and so he benevolently intends separating mother and son on the first occasion; and after a little attention to his growth and education, selling him, out of pure goodness, for a bagful of dollars. Poor Eliza overheard a rough sketch of this humane arrangement, and fled from her shelter, in the silence of night. She fled, not, however, without leaving friends behind her; and although Mr. Shelby's selfish disposition could prompt him to no sacrifice, his noble and Christian wife did not yield up her favourites without a humane and strong religious protest:—

" 'Well, Emily,' said her husband, 'so I have always felt and said; but the fact is, that my business lies so that I cannot get on without. I shall have to sell some of my hands.'

" 'To that creature? Impossible! Mr. Shelby, you cannot be serious.'

" 'I am sorry to say that I am,' said Mr. Shelby. 'I've agreed to sell Tom.'

" 'What! Our Tom?—that good, faithful creature!—been your faithful servant from a boy! O, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom too—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now;

I can believe *now* that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I don't know why I am to be rated, as if I were a monster, for doing what every one does every day."

"But why, of all others, choose these?" said Mrs. Shelby. "Why sell them, of all on the place, if you must sell at all?"

"Because they will bring the highest sum of any—that's why. I could choose another, if you say so. The fellow made me a high bid on Eliza, if that would suit you any better," said Mr. Shelby.

"The wretch!" said Mrs. Shelby, vehemently.

"Well, I didn't listen to it a moment; out of regard to your feelings I wouldn't—so give me some credit."

"My dear," said Mrs. Shelby, recollecting herself, "forgive me. I have been hasty. I was surprised and entirely unprepared for this; but surely you will allow me to intercede for these poor creatures? Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, if he is black. I do believe, Mr. Shelby, that if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you."

"I know it—I dare say; but what's the use of all this? I can't help myself."

"Why not make a pecuniary sacrifice? I'm willing to bear my part of the inconvenience. O, Mr. Shelby! I have tried—tried most faithfully, as a Christian woman should—to do my duty to these poor, simple, dependent creatures. I have cared for them, instructed them, watched over them, and known all their little cares and joys, for years; and how can I ever hold up my head again among them, if, for the sake of a little paltry gain, we sell such a faithful, excellent, confiding creature as poor Tom, and tear from him in a moment all we have taught him to love and value? I have taught them the duties of the family—of parent and child, and husband and wife; and how can I bear to have this open acknowledgment that we care for no tie, no duty, no relation, however sacred, compared with money? I have talked with Eliza about her boy—her duty to him as a Christian mother, to watch over him, pray for him, and bring him up in a Christian way; and now what can I say, if you tear him away, and sell him, soul and body, to a profane, unprincipled man, just to save a little money? I have told her that one soul is worth more than all the money in the world; and how will she believe me, when she sees us turn round, and sell her child?—sell him, perhaps, to certain ruin of body and soul!"

"I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily; indeed I am," said Mr. Shelby; "and I respect your feelings, too, though I don't pretend to share them to their full extent; but I tell you now, solemnly; it's of no use—I

can't help myself. I didn't mean to tell you this, Emily; but, in plain words, there is no choice between selling those two and selling everything. Either they must go, or *all* must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage, which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked, and scraped, and borrowed, and all but begged, and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance, and I had to give them up. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and *had* to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have *all* sold?"

"Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet, she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan."

"This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing!—a curse to the master, and a curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave under laws like ours. I always felt it was; I always thought so when I was a girl; I thought so still more after I joined the Church; but I thought I could gild it over—I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom. Fool that I was!"

This touching appeal was heard by Eliza, and finding that no power in this world seemed likely to save her from mammon, she committed herself and child to the God of Heaven:—

"There was one listener to this conversation whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby little suspected."

"Communicating with their apartment was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, her feverish and excited mind had suggested the idea of this closet; and she had hidden herself there, and, with her ear pressed close against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the conversation."

"When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress's door, and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress. There was the pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there a little case of books, and various little fancy articles, ranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple ward-

robe in the closet and in the drawers—here was, in short, her home; and on the whole a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

"Poor boy!—poor fellow!" said Eliza, 'they have sold you; but your mother will save you yet!'

"No tear dropped over that pillow; in such straits as these the heart has no tears to give—it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence. She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote, hastily:—

"O, Missis! dear Missis! don't think me ungrateful—don't think hard of me, any way—I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy! you will not blame me? God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

"Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and, so fond is a mother's remembrance, that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favourite toys, reserving a gaily-painted parrot to amuse him, when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but, after some effort, he sat up, and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed, with his little coat and cap.

"His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry," she said, 'musn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him—she is going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him.'

"Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and, taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and opening a door in her room which led into the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out.

"It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck.

"Old Bruno, a great Newfoundland, who slept at the end of the porch, rose with a low growl as she came near. She gently spoke his name, and the animal, an old pet and playmate of hers, instantly, wagging his tail, prepared to follow her, though appar-

ently revolving much, in his simple dog's head, what such an indiscreet midnight promenade might mean. Some dim ideas of imprudence or impropriety in the measure seemed to embarrass him considerably; for he often stopped, as Eliza glided forward, and looked wistfully, first at her and then at the house, and then, as if reassured by reflection, he pattered along after her again. A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window-pane.

"The prayer-meeting at Uncle Tom's had, in the order of hymn-singing, been protracted to a very late hour; and, as Uncle Tom had indulged himself in a few lengthy solos afterwards, the consequence was, that, although it was now between twelve and one o'clock, he and his worthy helpmeet were not yet asleep.

"Good Lord! what's that?" said Aunt Chloe, starting up and hastily drawing the curtain. 'My sakes alive, if it isn't Lizy! Get on your clothes, old man, quick!—there's old Bruno, too, a pawin' round; what on airth! I'm gwine to open the door.'

"And, suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the tallow-candle, which Tom had hastily lighted, fell on the haggard face and dark, wild eyes of the fugitive.

"Lord bless you!—I'm skeered to look at ye, Lizy! Are ye tuck sick, or what's come over ye?"

"I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe; carrying off my child—master sold him!"

"Sold him?" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold him!" said Eliza, firmly; 'I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night, and I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both, to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day.'

"Tom had stood, during this speech, with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated himself, on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. 'O, it don't seem as if it was true! What has he done, that mas'r should sell him?'

"He hasn't done anything—it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell; and missis—she's always good. I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her 'twas no use; that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn't pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all, the man was driving him so hard. Master said he was sorry;

but, oh! missis—you ought to have heard her talk!—if she an't a Christian and an angel, there never was one. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so; but then I can't help it. She said herself one soul was worth more than the world; and this boy has a soul, and if I let him be carried off, who knows what'll become of it? It must be right; but if it an't right, the Lord forgive me, for I can't help doing it!"

"Well, old man," said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go, too? Will you wait to be toted down the river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I'd a heap rather die than go there, any day. There's time for ye—be off with Liza—you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly around, and said—

"No, no; I an't going. Let Eliza go—it's her right! I wouldn't be the one to say no—'tan't in *water* for her to stay; but you heard what she said. If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. I s'pose I can b'ar it as well as any on 'em," he added, while something like a sob and a sigh shook his broad, rough chest convulsively. "Mas'r always found me on the spot—he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass no ways contrary to my word, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go, than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r an't to blame, Chloe, and he'll take care of you and the poor!"

Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed full of little woolly heads, and broke fairly down. He leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse, and loud, shook the chair, and great tears fell through his fingers on the floor; just such tears, sir, as you dropped into the coffin where lay your first-born son; such tears, woman, as you shed when you heard the cries of your dying babe. For, sir, he was a man, and you are but another man. And, woman, though dressed in silk and jewels, you are but a woman, and, in life's great straits and mighty griefs, ye feel but one sorrow!

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing place, and he told me to-day that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again—she turned away, and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added, in a husky voice—"tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven."

"Call Bruno in there," she added; "shut the door on him, poor beast! He mustn't go with me."

"A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away."

"It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin."

"Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither could she go from a home like that?"

"But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward."

"The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she troubled at the sound: every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above—"Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

"If it were your Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape—how fast could you walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom—the little sleepy head on your shoulder—the small soft arms trustingly hugging on to your neck?"

"For the child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep if you want to."
 "But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure*!" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came on her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty."

We are here brought into contact with nature working in two very different phases, but in both depicted correctly. The devotion of Uncle Tom, and the devotion of the female slave, Eliza, how different in their modes of expression—how opposite in their tendencies; and yet how true to real, living humanity! They are both pierced by the shaft of a cruel anguish; but the agony nerves the one to patient endurance, while it excites the other to determined, though despairing resistance. The necessities of their master sell them both alike; but poor Uncle Tom cannot forsake one whose infancy was dandled on his knee; whereas Eliza has a child of her own, every glance at whose innocent and sleeping brow bids her arise and begone from the perilous place. Tom decides upon ministering to the comfort and convenience of the man whom he tended in the helplessness of infantile years. Eliza receives new vigour from the confiding defencelessness of her infant son, and hurries onward lest slavery should lay upon him her desolating hand, preventing manhood and the reflection proper to that season, from being the blessed gifts which a beneficent Creator would have them to be. Oh, nature! how multiform is thy shape on this earth of ours! But in all thy moods and aspects thou art nature still. It is thy world-wide spell which wrings the bereaved bosom beneath the stars of royalty, and sprinkles the poor man's coffin with the tear-drops of

sympathy. It is thy mysterious but irresistible power which wakes the feeble infant of a few days to weeping and wailing, and calls up some dim memory from the distance of half a century, to stir with a strange emotion the aged and callous man who thought that the fountain of his cold heart had long run dry. And here, thou universal presence—here we have thee working in our noble, devoted slave, who almost forgets himself in the selfish interests of his master; and no less subtly and powerfully in yonder fugitive woman, who hurries, beneath the icy moonlight, unmindful of all save her sleeping child! Nature! in thy holier moods thou art ever varied, but ever beautiful; and whether glancing like the sunbeams of morn, or weeping like the dews of even, we hail thee and love thee still!

We must here leave Eliza to effect her escape as she best can; for the main current of the story now runs into a different channel. Uncle Tom is the hero of the narrative; and we are called upon to follow, for a little while, the course of his fortunes. We may here mention, however, that our tale branches off into three different channels, to no one of which can we assign a very decided superiority over the others, either in point of execution or interest. In the end, they are all very naturally brought to meet, just as, to continue our figure, we may behold the great delta of some American river, composed of three large outlets, pouring their accumulated tribute into the wide, deep main. The chief channel, however, is that in which the destinies of Uncle Tom are embarked; and we find him, under the care of the respectable Mr. Haley, shooting rapidly down the waters of swift Ohio. In the passage down this beautiful river occurred one of those touching episodes with which this book abounds, and which we cannot forbear extracting, as illustrative of the heartless and inhuman conduct by which the slave-trade is characterised. Haley has bought a coloured woman and her child at one of the wooding places on the river: he resolves on disposing of them separately; and, though painful, let us watch the affair and its results:—

"It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville,

The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprung to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters, who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope, she pressed forward to the front rails, and stretching far over them, strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"'Now's your time,' said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. 'Don't wake him up, and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal.' The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

"When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there,—the child was gone!

"'Why, why,—where?' she began in bewildered surprise.

"'Lucy,' said the trader, 'your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see I know'd you couldn't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can.'

"The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every humane weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institution, he decidedly disliked agitation.

"But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart, for cry or tear.

"Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning

of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

"The trader, who, considering his advantages, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to administer such consolation as the case admitted of.

"'I know this yer comes kinder hard, at first, Lucy,' said he; 'but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won't give way to it. You see it's *necessary*, and can't be helped!'

"'O! don't Mas'r, don't!' said the woman, with a voice like one that is smothering.

"'You're a smart wench, Lucy,' he persisted; 'I mean to do well by ye, and get ye a nice place down river; and you'll soon get another husband,—such a likely gal as you—'

"'O! Mas'r, if you *only* won't talk to me now,' said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

"The trader walked up and down for a time, and occasionally stopped and looked at her.

"'Takes it hard, rather,' he soliloquised, 'but quiet, tho';—let her sweat awhile; she'll come right, by-and-by!'

"Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him, it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalise, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an every-day incident of a lawful trade; a trade which is the vital support of an institution which an American divine tells us has '*no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life.*' But Tom, as we see, being a poor, ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the *wrongs* of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, bleeding, yet immortal *thing*, which American state law coolly classes with the bundles, and bales, and boxes, among which she is lying.

"Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his own cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the palsied heart could not feel.

"Night came on,—night, calm, unmoved,

and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand, from that distant sky. One after another, the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature,—‘O! what shall I do? O Lord! O good Lord, do help me!’ and so, ever and anon, until the murmur died away in silence.

“At midnight, Tom waked with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head,—the woman’s place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

“Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labour in love; for sure as he is God, ‘the year of his redeemed *shall* come.’”

Uncle Tom, by a lucky chance—one of those rare green spots which occur amid the inhospitable desert of the negro’s bondage—finds a kind and indulgent master, in whose service his time passes away placidly and brightly. The stream of the narrative here flows through many valleys of quiet beauty, and winds round many a happy and delightful scene. We here become acquainted with the little daughter of Tom’s master, Eva St. Clare; and truly, while we watch the gambols, and listen to the gentle tones, and gaze upon the unearthly loveliness of this winning child, after we have turned in disgust and horror from the brutal traders, we feel as if our bark had emerged from the barbarism of hideous deserts, and were wafting us, beneath the first tender and dreamy indistinctness of twilight, amid meads of the freshest green and groves of the sweetest fragrance. Fain would we linger in the bosom of tranquillity so fair and witching—fain observe, for a little longer, the beauty and happiness of those peaceful scenes—fain listen to the sounds of mirthful voices, that impart the reality of earth to a spot so bright. But

the bluest sky soon overcasts—the fairest and most tranquil nook is open to the tempest—and the ripples, that leap and laugh in the sunlight, in a moment grow black, and wail drearily as they pass beneath the scowl of an angry heaven. Eva St. Clare, with her sweet, dreamy looks, and her prematurely-thoughtful brow, melts before us, like some ethereal form of vapour, which at once brightens and lessens beneath the sunbeam. Her heartbroken father speedily follows her to the silent valley; her vain, frivolous, heartless mother sells, without mercy, the happy slaves, who lived in the smiles of those who can protect them no longer: and the stream of the narrative abandons the quiet and lovely spot, and plunges into scenes of wilder desolation and more profound horror than its waters have yet traversed.

We would willingly have paused to give an extract from the history of the St. Clare family—to point out some discriminating touches in the homely and truthful character of Miss Ophelia, so full of the economical tact, and quaint, fireside devotion, which may sometimes be found united in the female character—to palliate the careless vices of the high-minded Augustine St. Clare, set off by concealed and half-suppressed virtues—and even to dwell on the eccentricities of Topsy, that perfect miracle of sly wickedness and ready candour. There is a strong desire within us, too, in favour of a peep into a certain wise senator’s abode, wherein it is abundantly proved that legislation cannot alter the deep lines of humanity; but, in spite of the touching scenes of pathos—perhaps the most effective in the book—which are presented there, we are compelled to tread onward in the rough path of Uncle Tom. His last master was one who had no more feeling than a block of stone. The dews and winds of heaven fall and breathe upon its rough sides without acknowledgment; and the tears, and pain-wrung groans of his wretched slaves made as little impression on the savage, demoralised Legree. The sudden change made by our poor black friend forcibly reminds us of a remark once uttered in our hearing by a southern planter—viz., “That the happiness of slaves depended on the master—some are as comfortable and joyous as any domestic servants I have seen in Britain; others—well, I reckon they’ve a

hard lot." And this is the system which so many defend upon the fact, that a good master may be found here and there! Heaven help the happiness which is utterly dependent upon the chance kindness and probable humanity of a man! Arm no creature, we say, with the power of buying and selling, taxing and scourging human flesh, as long as he is filled with the vices and passions of sinful mortality. Man has little to boast of in the management of himself: he is ever choosing what is injurious, and doing what is wrong; and we will not listen for a moment to his right or title to rule his neighbour with an absolute sovereignty. This may be a plausible doctrine enough to the greedy slave-owner, who has been bequeathed bodies and souls in his father's will; but it does not satisfy a man who is born in a Christian country, and is accustomed to consult his Bible for faith and practice. If there is a vestige of truth in thine end, poor Uncle Tom—and we believe it to be a shadow of real horror—surely the hour draws nigh when the lash must be scorched in the grasp of a cruel greed by the hot indignation of every freeman:—

"Tom heard the message with a fore-warning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment;—he knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet death, rather than betray the helpless.

"He sat his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, oh Lord God of truth!' and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

"'Ay, ay!' said the giant, as he dragged him along, 'ye'll catch it, now! I'll boun' mas'r's back's up high! No sneaking out, now! Tell ye, ye'll get it, and no mistake! See how ye'll look, now, helpin' mas'r's niggers to run away! See what ye'll get!'

"The savage words none of them reached that ear!—a higher voice there was saying, 'Fear not them that kill the body, and, after that, have no more that they can do.' Nerve and bone of that poor man's body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God; and he felt the strength of a thousand souls in one. As he passed along, the trees and bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole scene of his degradation, seemed to whirl by him as the landscape by the rushing car. His soul throbbed,—his home was in sight,—and the hour of release seemed at hand.

"'Well, Tom!' said Legree, walking up, and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage, 'do you know I've made up my mind to KILL you!'

"'It's very likely, Mas'r,' said Tom, calmly.

"'I have,' said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, '~~done—just—that—thing~~, Tom, unless you'll tell me what you know about these yer gals!'

Tom stood silent.

"'D'ye hear?' said Legree, stamping, with a roar like that of an incensed lion. 'Speak!'

"'I *han't* got nothing to tell, Mas'r,' said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

"'Do you dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don't know?' said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"'Speak!' thundered Legree, striking him furiously. 'Do you know anything?'

"'I know, Mas'r; but I can't tell anything. *I can die!*'

"Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice, 'Hark'e, Tom!—ye think, 'cause I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say! but, this time, I've *made up my mind*, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out agin' me: now, I'll *conquer ye, or kill yer!*—one or t'other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em, one by one, till ye give up!'

"Tom looked up to his master, and answered, 'Mas'r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save ye, I'd *give* ye my heart's blood; and, if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely, as the Lord gave his for me. O, Mas'r! don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than 'twill me! Do the worst you can, my troubles 'll be over soon; but, if ye don't repent, yours won't *never* end!'

"Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence, that the tick of the old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

"It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause,—one irresolute, relenting thrill,—and the spirit of evil came back, with seven-fold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

"Scenes of blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear. What brother-man and brother-Christian must suffer, cannot be told us, even in our secret chamber, it so harrows up the soul! And yet, oh my country! these things are done

under the shadow of thy laws! O, Christ! thy Church sees them, almost in silence!

"But, of old, there was One whose suffering changed an instrument of torture, degradation and shame, into a symbol of glory, honour, and immortal life; and, where His Spirit is, neither degrading stripes, nor blood, nor insults, can make the Christian's last struggle less than glorious.

"Was he alone, that long night, whose brave, loving spirit was bearing up, in that old shed against buffeting and brutal stripes?

"Nay! There stood by him ONE,—seen by him alone, 'like unto the Son of God.'

"The tempter stood by him, too, blinded by furious, despotic will, every moment pressing him to shun that agony by the betrayal of the innocent. But the brave, true heart was firm on the Eternal Rock. Like his Master, he knew that, if he saved others, himself he could not save; nor could utmost extremity wring from him words, save of prayer and holy trust.

"'He's most gone, Mas'r,' said Sambo, touched, in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"'Pay away, till he gives up! Give it to him!—give it to him!' shouted Legree. 'I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses!'

"Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. 'Ye poor miserable crittur!' he said, 'there an't no more ye can do! I forgive ye with all my soul!' and he fainted entirely away.

"'I b'lieve, my soul, he's done for, finally,' said Legree, stepping forward, to look at him. 'Yes, he is! Well, his mouth's shut up, at last—that's one comfort!'

"'Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul? that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning!

"Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious prayers had struck upon the hearts of the imbruted blacks, who had been the instruments of cruelty upon him; and the instant Legree withdrew, they took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life—as if *that* were any favour to him.

"Sartin, we's been doin' a drestful wicked thing!' said Sambo; 'hopes Mas'r'll have to 'count for it, and not we.'

"They washed his wounds; they provided a rude bed, of some refuse cotton, for him to lie down on; and one of them, stealing up to the house, begged a drink of brandy of Legree, pretending that he was tired, and wanted it for himself. He brought it back, and poured it down Tom's throat.

"'O, Tom!' said Quimbo, 'we's been awful wicked to ye!'

"'I forgive ye, with all my heart!' said Tom, faintly.

"'O, Tom! do tell us who is *Jesus*, anyhow?' said Sambo—'Jesus, that's been a

standing by you so, all this night!—Who is he?'

"The word roused the failing, fainting spirit. He poured forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—his life, his death, his everlasting presence, and power to save.

"They wept, both the two savage men.

"'Why didn't I never hear this before?' said Sambo; 'but I do believe!—I can't help it! Lord Jesus, have mercy on us!'

"'Poor critters!' said Tom, 'I'd be willing to bar all I have, if it'll only bring ye to Christ! O, Lord! give me these two more souls, I pray!'

"That prayer was answered!"

We fear that our remarks have extended to an unreasonable length, for which we cast ourselves upon the mercy of the reader, and hasten to offer him some atonement by bringing up to a speedy anchorage. Since writing these pages we have heard a good deal about the exaggeration and gasconading, with which Mrs. Stowe's graphic production is said to abound; and one of our contemporaries pronounces it to be a striking fiction, full of "unreal" and wildly-deceptive pictures of the slave-trade. Now, we should be heartily vexed to find this charge true; for we have certainly been reading Uncle Tom with the painfully-vivid impression that we were gazing upon the dark shadows of horrible substantialities. We have all along been under the belief, that the authoress was writing, because she had *something* to tell—that, like Lady Macbeth, she had a dismal tale, which would not and could not sleep, and which must be disclosed. Does the sale in America speak of untruth? We can easily make allowance for the tricks of an excited and powerful imagination brooding upon dreadful realities, until, like the grotesque and ghostly shadows, cast by the evening firelight on the walls of a dim chamber, shapes of more than living individuality move through her sad pageant. But we cannot for a moment believe that the simple, yet thrilling pathos—the graphic and life-like sketches—and the tone of intense earnestness which breathes, like plaintive melody, throughout this fascinating work—we cannot believe that these characteristics are the offspring of a vulgar desire to treat us to a legend of startling, but unreal, horrors. No! there is truth in these appealing, heart-rending pages; or Mrs. Stowe has, like Siddons, played her part so well, that she weeps and wails in good

earnest. But let us not forget to mention, that the authority, to which we have referred, admits its want of positive evidence for the charge of unreality and exaggeration. Now, because in this land of freedom and order we witness no scenes like those, which are represented as disgracing the slave-states of America, let us not assert that such things are not. We can suppose that in Legree's establishment a tone of exaggeration prevails, but to us Haley, with his assumed piety, and real inhumanity, is the most revolting villain of them all; and, without becoming tedious, more especially in the absence of all substantial proof, let us just say, that in any country of the world, you have only to subject one man to the passions of another, in order to give birth to cruelties most shocking to humanity. Let the slave-system be established anywhere—let the opportunities be given, which solitary settlements can afford—let there be a slumbering justice, which makes few inquiries, and takes fewer precautions—and we fearlessly assert of *man as he is*, that there is brutality enough within him to produce all the enormities of negro suffering over and over again. Like fire and water, the passions of man must be held in check.

Before laying down our pen, we have a word or two to say about the execution of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The scenes are too graphic to be unreal, in the main; and the language too warm from the springs of the heart to flow forth for the irrigation of trick and falsehood. Every element of this book is natural and life-like. The pathos gushes from living fountains of great depth and purity; and the glee bubbles up from sunny and irrepressible springs. Mirth and sadness chase each other, like sunbeams and shadows, and are naturally scattered over the whole groundwork of the narrative, just as they occur in that human life which we spend, "like a tale that is told." The stream of the story flows on, for the most part, in depth and gloom; but here and there sunny reaches may be seen dancing and gleaming with humorous and playful ripples. We

confess, however, that we prefer Mrs. Stowe's lower to her higher life. It was remarked of Richardson, that, while he was quite natural and graphic among the humbler characters of his novels, he was never at home in the saloon and drawing-room. Low life he painted as she sat to him—of high life he only caught distant glimpses, and drew falsely. He was a creator in the one case—an imitator in the other. Now, we give the preference to Mrs. Stowe's humble characters. Oh! what niggers she does sketch! Sam and Andy are irresistible in their fun; and Tom, in his lowly endurance, is without a flaw. Mrs. Shelby is the best and most lady-like of her higher characters. Marie is over-drawn, we think; perhaps Legree, also. Cassy stands by herself, and is an instance of Mrs. Stowe's power over the wilder passions and darker features of humanity. Sweet, chirping, little Mrs. Bird, ever ready to laugh with the gay or to weep with the sad, is perfect in her way, and truly loveable. Augustine St. Clare is intended to be a polished, easy gentleman; but a gentleman he is not, at least by the standard of England. His ease is vulgarity—his nonchalance, effrontery—and his general demeanour too full of swagger. But a truce to criticism. Uncle Tom, we drop a warm tear upon thy cold ashes, and heartily thank thy hard lot in the world for the lessons it teaches, and the noble examples with which it abounds. Thy simple and suffering life, together with thy dreary and cruel death, may preach powerfully to multitudes of the gay and careless sons of opulence, who are accustomed to deride the scanty enjoyments, and to underrate the heavy afflictions of thy despised caste. In thy trampled nature there was a deep capacity for pleasure or pain; and we fondly trust that the story of thy wrongs may serve to awaken, among the white population, a more Christian spirit towards their coloured brethren, and help them to remember, for their own honour and the equal rights of others, that of one blood hath their God made all the nations of the earth.

THE DUTY OF THE LEGISLATURE AS TO LIFE ASSURANCE.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of modern legislation that so much attention is now given to the protection and security of those who are unable adequately to protect themselves. The regulations as to factories, prisons, schools, passenger-ships, and many other similar legislative measures, will immediately occur to the intelligent reader; and the provisions made, by means of inspectors, for the due fulfilment and enforcement of the regulations enacted by the legislature, are no less worthy of regard.

Of all the contrivances of modern times, for the comfort and independence of families, there is none which holds a higher place than that of Life Assurance, and there is certainly none which is more deserving of the countenance and protection of the Legislature. But hitherto it has been left without that fostering care which has been extended to other departments of social life, though there is none which more imperatively calls for legislative interference and control.

It is probable that this must be attributed to the comparatively limited extent to which Life Assurance was, till lately, carried. Till within these few years this singularly happy expedient for mitigating the evils of premature death, and for making provision for families who might otherwise be left destitute, was, in a great measure, unknown, and even now it is not carried to the extent to which it is desirable it should go, and to which, it is to be hoped, it will ere long be extended.

In the meantime, the innumerable companies which have recently sprung up for carrying on this branch of business demand the serious attention of the country and of the Legislature. The enormous evils which may arise from

miscalculation, or from other causes, are of such momentous importance as to call for an immediate and stringent remedy.

Our attention has been strongly called to this subject by several recent publications, and particularly by two letters addressed to the President of the Board of Trade, by two very distinguished managers of Scottish Life Assurance offices, and also by a pamphlet on the "Schemes, Difficulties, and Abuses of Life Assurance."* These publications, and several others of a similar nature, demand the serious attention of the public, and show the extreme danger of relying too implicitly on the statements put forth by Life Assurance offices. They demonstrate the duty of every life assurer to ascertain the principles and footing on which the office, in which he means to insure, are founded, before he invests his money in what may turn out ultimately to be a ruinous speculation. This may happen not merely where no fraud or unfair purpose is intended, but from sheer ignorance of the true principles on which the doctrine of life assurance rests. And nothing can be more certain than that it has now become the imperative duty of the legislature to interfere for the protection of the public against the ignorance or fraud which may so easily and so lamentably deceive and mislead in such cases.

For it must be carefully borne in mind that, even where there is no fraudulent intention (as has happened in regard to at least one or two Assurance Companies), but where everything is intended to be openly and fairly transacted, the public may be as effectually injured and deceived by ignorance of the correct principles of Life Assurance, as by gross fraud. To demonstrate

* "Letter to the Right Honourable Joseph W. Henley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, regarding Life Assurance Institutions." By Robert Christie, Esq., Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries, and Manager of the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society. Edinburgh: 1852. "The Present Position of Life Assurance Interests of Great Britain; a Letter to Mr. Henley." By William Thomas Thomson, F.R.S.E., Manager of the Standard Life Assurance Company, &c. Edinburgh: 1852. "Life Assurance; its Schemes, its Difficulties, and its Abuses." London: 1852.

this, all that is necessary is to explain briefly the principles upon which Life Assurance is founded.

The basis of Life Assurance is the well-ascertained fact, that in masses of the population, human life is uniformly of an average endurance: that is to say, out of a thousand individuals of a given age, say twenty years of age, the average endurance of life will be about forty years. Of these thousand, some will die every year, perhaps every month; but when the last of them dies, at the age, probably, of 95 or 100, if the whole of their ages were added together, the result would be an average of about forty years. This is given, however, as a mere illustration of the general principle on which the doctrine of Life Assurance is founded, without being intended to state positively the correct average.

It is upon this singular, but indubitably ascertained fact, that the doctrine of Life Assurance rests. The leading principle is, that while the life of every individual is as uncertain as a vapour, which any wind may blow away, so that no man, however healthy or strong, can, with certainty, count on a future day or a future hour, still the average of human life, in a mass of the population, is so certain and fixed, as to admit of no reasonable doubt. This is unquestionably a great mystery, which nothing but experience could have demonstrated to be true; but it is a truth, so demonstrated by experience, that it may be safely assumed as a certainty. The average may, perhaps, differ at different times, or in different states of society; but that there is a certain fixed average of human life is now ascertained beyond all question or dispute.

It was long before this fact was ascertained, and, till ascertained, any correct theory of Life Assurance was impracticable. It was ascertained by keeping what are called *life-tables*; that is, by ascertaining how long a certain number of individuals continued to live, and when the last of them died. Thus, if a thousand individuals were taken at the same age, it would be found, that while some of them would die every year, others would survive for many years; and then, by adding all the lives together after the death of the last survivor, and taking the average of the period during which each of these individuals

had lived, it would be found that it gave a certain definite amount. Now, this definite amount, whatever it may be, is held to be the *probability* of life for each of the thousand individuals; and upon this supposed *probability* is calculated the premium for the insurance of life; so that, upon the whole, when all the calculated premiums are added together, and accumulated with interest, they shall raise a fund sufficient to pay all the sums assured.

Suppose, for example, that each of the thousand persons above mentioned, were to insure £100, payable to his representatives at his death, it is obvious that £100,000 must be raised for this purpose. Now to raise this amount, each person would require to pay a yearly premium of about £2 for forty years, which, according to the illustration given above, would be the average of the supposed lives. Some of these persons, however, would die within a year or two, after paying £2 or £4, and their representatives would draw the £100 insured; but those of them who survived till 95 or 100, and all the intervening ages, by continuing their yearly payments till their death, would make the average contributions the same as if each assurer had contributed his premium for forty years. The ultimate result would be, that the amount of the whole contributions would, at the death of the last survivor, be at least £100,000, so as to be sufficient to pay to the representatives of each the £100 insured.

Though this is given as an illustration of the general principles on which Life Assurance proceeds, it is unnecessary to say that such a thing as the assurance of a great number of persons of the same given age can never occur in practice: but the difference of ages is fully compensated by a corresponding increase in the amount of the premium paid, or by the payment of a certain fixed sum, instead of an annual payment.

Though nothing, therefore, can be more certain than the endurance of life in masses of the population, nothing, as already noticed, can be so uncertain or precarious as the life of any individual. It is this proverbial uncertainty of human life, combined with the undoubted certainty of the endurance of life for an average period in masses of the population, which gives to Life Assurance all its value and all its confidence.

It will follow, from the explanations now given, that if the calculations for Life Assurance could be made with entire accuracy, the result would be that, on the death of the last survivor of the thousand persons above supposed, there would remain £100 to pay the sum insured by him. The result would thus be the same as in the former case of the ages, that, upon adding together all the premiums received, and the accumulating interest, there would be found a sum which, divided by the thousand insurers, would give exactly £100 to each, at whatever time he might happen to die. This, of course, is but a rough mode of explaining the principles of Life Assurance; for it apparently allows nothing for the expense of management, and for those other contingencies which must necessarily occur in practice; though, in truth, the supposed premium of £2 at the age of twenty, will be found, with the accruing interest, to provide a fund amply sufficient to meet these contingencies, as well as to provide for the sums insured. But, at all events, it may suffice, and this is its sole object, to explain the general principles upon which this system proceeds. Upon the death of each insurer, though he should survive only a single year or a single day after paying his premium, his family will get the £100 insured; so that, by paying £2 at first, and continuing this payment yearly while he lives, he insures to his family £100 at his death, whenever that may happen.

In this way, practically, every insurer contributes by his premiums to raise a common fund, out of which the sums insured are paid to the families of the insurers; and thus, in truth, all Assurance Companies, even the strictest proprietary offices, are Mutual Assurance Associations. It is from the premiums paid by the assured that, not only the sums insured are paid to their families, but also that the entire expense of management is defrayed, and that the large profits derived by proprietary companies are paid. These profits, as well as the *bonuses*, as they are called, shared in Mutual Assurance Companies, arise entirely from the premiums being higher than are necessary to cover the risks and the expenses incurred in carrying on the business.

From this explanation, it will at once

be apparent what, on the one hand, are the advantages which Mutual Assurance Companies have over those which are proprietary, and, on the other hand, what the benefits are of insuring with a proprietary office. In the former, all the clear profits, or overplus after providing for the sums insured, come to the members, in the form of *bonuses* or *dividends*, instead of going into the pockets of the partners of proprietary offices; but, on the other hand, if there should have been any miscalculation or mismanagement, the loss in a Mutual Assurance Company may ultimately fall on those who have contributed the largest amount of premiums, and who were best entitled to share in its benefits, but who, by survivorship, come to that period of its history when its funds are exhausted by the payments made to the families of deceased contributors. In a proprietary office, such a contingency would fall on the capital subscribed by the proprietors, or for which they were responsible; but so long as that capital was available, it would not affect the assured.

Whether this branch of business, therefore, be conducted by Mutual Life Assurance Societies, or by Proprietary Companies, it must be obvious that the sums assured must, when the business is successfully conducted, be paid entirely out of the contributions of the parties insured. And this at once leads to the consideration of the enormous risks which may arise if either the rates of premium should be miscalculated, or if there should not be a sufficient amount of business done to sustain the average which this contract so imperatively demands.

It must be perfectly evident, that if the premiums shall be miscalculated, an assurance office may go on for a great number of years, in apparently very flourishing circumstances, and may regularly pay all claims arising by the death of contributors, while, in reality, it is utterly and irretrievably insolvent. Such an office might go on for thirty or forty years, or even much longer, if it were regularly recruited by fresh contributors, paying out of the yearly premiums all the claims which emerged; and at a distant period, the older contributors, who still survived, might find that all the funds had been exhausted in paying the claims of the predeceasing contributors, and that there

remained for them nothing but to submit to the ruinous and aggravated loss which the ignorance or unskilfulness of the projectors of the scheme had occasioned. Such a catastrophe, besides the ruin it would inflict on many families, would give such a blow to Life Assurance, generally, as would be greatly to be deplored.

But even though the premiums were calculated on the most accurate principles, still, if the number of persons assured were not sufficient to keep up, by their contributions, that average which is so indispensable to Life Assurance, and upon which all its calculations are founded, the same disastrous result might arise; and it is impossible to contemplate such occurrences without trembling for the consequences.

The remedy for all such evils is plain and obvious. The Legislature ought to interfere, and to take all Life Assurance companies of every description under its fostering care. Inspectors ought to be appointed, who should examine the accounts of every Life Assurance company, and report periodically as to its affairs. No such company should be permitted to carry on business without a license from Government, and without a report upon the soundness of the principles on which its business was to be conducted. No Mutual Life Assurance Company should be permitted to commence business, till either such a number of persons had agreed to join as should be sufficient to secure the proper average, or till such a sum were deposited in the public funds as would sufficiently secure to each person assured the amount of his insurance. In regard to proprietary companies, it should be the duty of the Legislature to provide that such a sum should be invested in the public funds as would be sufficient, along with the premiums contributed, to secure to every person assured the full benefit of his insurance. The affairs of all Assurance Companies, both old and new, should be investigated, and reported upon at short intervals, by inspectors appointed by Government, and the result of such inspection should be reported, and published, along with every advertisement issued by any Assurance Company.

Some such plan is indispensable for the protection of the public, and it should be adopted without delay. If the pamphlets already referred to can

be relied on, there are several Assurance Companies now carrying on business on the most delusive and unsafe principles, and which, both for their own sakes, and for the protection of the public, should either be immediately suppressed, or should be compelled to alter their present system, and to give that security to the public which is so indispensably required. We do not inquire at present how far the statements now referred to are correct; but it is sufficient for our purpose that such evils may exist, and ought to be remedied. We have no reason, however, to doubt—but, on the contrary, the best ground for believing—that the statements to which we have referred are far from being inaccurate; and that, unless an immediate and stringent remedy be applied, the most grievous and calamitous results will, ere long, follow. But as we have no hostility to any Life Assurance Company, and, on the contrary, heartily wish prosperity to all such associations, we merely discharge what we regard as a public duty, in calling the attention of the Legislature to this important subject. Though we have hastily sketched a plan for guarding against the abuses and errors referred to, we have no desire that it should be adopted, if any better expedient for attaining the same end shall be suggested. Our sole object is the public safety; and it is as much for the benefit of Life Assurance Societies themselves as it is for that of the public, that some effectual check against errors or mistakes should be provided. We are persuaded that every respectable Life Assurance Company carrying on business on sound principles, would hail with gratitude any system of Government inspection; and any company which should object to this, or be jealous of it, would afford no uncertain proof that it was founded on erroneous principles, or was carrying on its business in an unsafe manner.

When it is kept in view that a Life Assurance Company may be utterly insolvent for many years, before its bankruptcy can be known, and even when it is carrying on its business, with apparent, but delusive prosperity, and perhaps giving large bonuses in addition to the sums assured, the necessity of a vigorous and early check must be very apparent. Any kind of inspection should ascertain, not merely that

the premiums are sufficient to cover the risks, and that these are duly paid, and properly invested, but also that the number of contributors is sufficient to maintain that average, without which Life Assurance would be a mere delusion. The influx of new contributors is necessary to keep up the average; and if a Life Assurance Company were to become stationary, so as to have no accession of new contributors, it would be the imperative duty of any inspector to ascertain, by minute calculation, that the interest of all the members was so secured that the last survivor, or his representatives, would draw the full sum assured.

In considering this subject, it is impossible to overlook the extreme hazard with which some of what are now the most flourishing and prosperous Life Assurance Companies first commenced business. Most of the Mutual Assurance Companies commenced with so few contributors, that if one of them had died during the first or second year of the establishment, the whole contributions would have been exhausted by paying the sum assured. They were singularly fortunate in this respect; but if the hazards of such an enterprise had been then as well known as they now are, some of these associations would never have been commenced. Now that these hazards are better known, it is well to provide against them, and to call the attention both of the public and of the Legislature to this important subject.

Our object in this article has been chiefly to give such a popular view of Life Assurance as may enable the public to judge of the evils which must arise from crude or ill-digested schemes, and to guard against the dangers which may be occasioned by giving too implicit credit to those flaming advertisements which are too often put forth by some Assurance

Companies. There is no business which can more easily be perverted to the most ruinous purposes, by unprincipled spectators, than that of Life Assurance. By underrating the premiums, a fraudulent company might contrive to carry on a large business for a considerable time; and the more dupes they got, the longer and more easily could they carry on their deceptive business. Even where no fraud is intended, mere ignorance may lead to the same result; and every consideration, therefore, concurs in rendering it the duty of the Legislature to interfere, without delay, in placing this branch of business on a secure and safe footing. Let it never be forgotten that, of all public institutions, a Life Assurance Company is that which may be the longest carried on under false colours, and which, in the end, may terminate the most disastrously for those who have relied on its obligations. Even under the most fair appearances, a Life Assurance Company may carry on business for many years, and pay all demands, while it is really in a state of hopeless insolvency. This it is enabled to do by the fresh accession of members, and out of the premiums paid by them; and in this way it may, for many years, carry on a ruinous business, to the injury of other companies established on sounder principles, and to the utter disappointment of those contributors who have survived the payment of many premiums, and who live only to see the cruel disappointment of all their hopes and expectations.

It cannot, therefore, be too strongly impressed upon a paternal Government to take some immediate and decisive steps for averting so great an evil; and if the few foregoing remarks shall conduce to draw attention to this important object, our design will be accomplished.

ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF FISH, WITH PRACTICAL REMARKS.

SOME time back, in this Magazine,* we discussed at large the subject of the fisheries, in connexion with a measure then before Parliament, for the amendment of the laws regulating the fisheries in Ireland. We do not usually recur to a subject which we have once fully discussed, but in the present article our intention principally is, to address ourselves to a topic which only, in an incidental manner, has relation to the general subject of the fisheries—we mean the methods lately mooted for breeding fish, for useful and economic purposes, by artificial means. The French Government has recently issued a commission to investigate this matter, preparatory to a more ample development of the fisheries on the French coasts; and upon the present occasion we purpose making a few observations on that somewhat interesting subject.

We are very far from saying that this proceeding, with reference to the artificial breeding of fish, is not, on the part of our continental neighbours, a step in the right direction. Let us examine into it more particularly. Two French fishermen, named Gehin and Remy, some years back set themselves to work, to replenish, by artificial means, the stock of trout in the streams of their district (the department of the Vosges), and very successful results having attended their efforts, the French Government has at length engaged their services, with the view of carrying out these processes on a more extensive scale. The methods here adverted to, of breeding fish by artificial means, are not now heard of in our own country for the first time. On the contrary, in Scotland, many years ago, and in a very systematic form, Mr. John Shaw† carried on

these processes, adjacent to the river Nith, from the year 1833, when his experiments first commenced, until their publication in 1836. In these experiments he succeeded perfectly, both in breeding salmon-fry, and retaining them in his enclosures near the river, during the several stages of their growth, as far as that stage when they acquire the peculiar characteristics and migratory instincts of the salmon-fry. There, however, his care and tutelage ceased, as at that stage the impulse to quit the river takes place, and they must then be allowed to seek the sea, otherwise they die; but, from the artificial exclusion of the mature ova and milt, either from living salmon or from salmon recently killed—which ova, fecundated with the milt he had buried or covered in the gravel of his ponds, in imitation of the mode adopted by the salmon themselves, in their natural spawning places in the river—to the appearance of the embryo fish emerging from the gravel—and then through the several stages of their growth during two years, until they had manifested themselves healthy and vigorous salmon-fry—through all these processes, Mr. Shaw succeeded perfectly in breeding and rearing salmon-fry, and dismissing them from his fish-ponds to the sea. We may add, that in the course of his experiments he fully established the fact of the identity of the salmon-fry with the small fish called the graveling—a discovery which had escaped the acuteness and the research of all naturalists, and the merit and credit of which is due to Mr. Shaw alone. The experiments we allude to were carried on under the surveillance of distinguished naturalists and other literary savans; and the detail of all the processes may be seen in Vol. XIV.

* No. CCXXVII., for November, 1851.

† As the breeding of fish by artificial means is now likely to attract much attention, it might be well to give its history shortly. The Count Von Golstein, a German naturalist, in the year 1758, first conceived the idea of breeding fish by artificial means, and realised it, by actually producing living fish from spawn; but Mr. John Shaw, of Drumlanrig, in Scotland, first applied this discovery to useful practical purposes, by performing, skillfully and successfully, a whole series of experiments with the salmon, from the egg to the fish, and he has left nothing to be done in breeding and rearing them, except, perhaps, to apply or extend further his useful discoveries.

of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh." Still these experiments have not as yet had any useful practical results—at least on any large scale—such as have attended the efforts of the French fishermen with river fish. Undoubtedly the migratory instinct of the salmon species interposes a difficulty. If that difficulty did not exist, the whole process of breeding salmon by artificial means might be considered as *un fait accompli*: since no doubt whatever now exists, that we have it in our power to breed, by artificial means, salmon-fry to an unlimited extent, either in ponds or in the actual spawning places in the river.

We have read and carefully collated all that has been published on this interesting subject for some years back, as well in the records of the proceedings of the learned society above referred to, as also in many published communications from practical persons, which have at different times appeared in the leading organ of the sporting world in England; but we have not yet formed a decided opinion, nor do we intend to come to any hasty conclusion on the whole of this subject. We shall reserve our judgment pending the inquiries and operations of the French Commissioners; and if we can see (which we by no means despair of doing) useful results developing themselves, we shall have no hesitation in taking a lesson from the book, now opened for the first time, by our ingenious continental neighbours.

In Ireland a difficulty presents itself at the outset, in the way of such investigations. Here, public rights of fishery exist in almost all the rivers, and private rights also are much subdivided: he, therefore, who would take upon him the office of incubator general in any river, would only realise the complaint made by Sir Walter Scott, in "Redgauntlet," and would become merely a sort of clocking-ben to hatch fish for other folk below him to catch and eat; in Scotland, where many of the rivers, from their sources to the sea, are held as fiefs; or in France, where this subject is now taken up by the Government, such researches, possibly, may be best prosecuted.

Nevertheless, we shall not hesitate to offer our opinions, and suggestions as to the direction in which success may be hoped for; in an inquiring age

like the present, and in the face of some very successful experiments, the public are not likely to rest satisfied with the gradual decline of our salmon fisheries, concurrently with the knowledge of the fact, that from a single pair of salmon, some thousands of their young can be produced in a single season, either by artificial means in ponds, or by the natural process in the river, in the spawning-beds selected by the salmon themselves.

With respect to indigenous river fish, and particularly river trout, we can see no obstacle whatever to a similar success in our rivers, with that which has attended the French methods in breeding them to an almost unlimited extent: with lobsters and other crustacea which inhabit the sea, we also think the project perfectly feasible; as regards oysters, we know that we can multiply them in artificial beds almost to any extent, and under the existing fishery Acts, the necessary powers for that purpose are given; a large extension of the oyster fisheries has already taken place under those provisions, and there is an ample, almost an unlimited field for further extension.

But the salmon!—there's the rub: he is a roving gentleman, and once fully formed as a minute creature in the river, he takes his leave of us for a while, and puts to sea, where all we know of him is, that his growth is remarkably rapid, and that he will, if not intercepted, infallibly return in two or three months to the river and place in which he was bred.

We have said that salmon-fry can be produced in rivers to any conceivable amount, either by the natural process or by artificial means: no doubt whatever exists respecting the extraordinary fecundity of the salmon; and since they produce their young in such vast abundance by the natural process, the objects to be attained in adopting the artificial mode are, that we by such means acquire a more complete command of the spawning-beds, and a greater control over the parent fish and over the brood, and can exercise that control for the purpose of protecting them from various casualties to which they are exposed in the main course and channel of the river. Thus, by hatching the spawn in ponds, or in retired streams, it can be protected, while buried in the gravel, from the

injurious effects of floods, or from dangers arising from the opposite condition of the river—we mean drought—when the spawning-bed is often left high and dry, to the complete destruction of the whole brood so circumstanced; both these destructive causes are under control if we carry on, or compel the process to be carried on, in secure or sheltered places. This protection can be also continued to the brood when it emerges from the gravel, and for the long period (two years*) during which the fry remain in the river, previous to their first descent to the sea; this further tutelage protects the fry from the various dangers which surround them in the river at large—we mean those from the angler, the poacher, the pike, the waterfowl, and other natural enemies, not forgetting the miller's-man.

Now, these destructive agencies are all avoided by breeding them ourselves in secure places—that is, excluding the spawn by pressure, and placing it in gravel, in imitation of the method adopted by the salmon themselves; or, by coercing the fish, by confining them in their range, to breed in small streams, which latter we conceive to be the best mode, restricting them to a moderate portion of the river or stream, or confining them altogether in a lateral cut, or canal connected therewith, and, by proper adaptations, providing against the injurious effects of floods, or the opposite casualty—the sudden falling off of the water.

So far, the investigations and experiments hitherto made in Scotland have been completely successful, and they do not, in fact, much vary from the process of committing to the parent earth the vegetable seeds. You take the eggs of the salmon (the roe fecundated with the milt), and merely provide for their natural vivication in the gravel by the ordinary effect of the seasons, and temperature of the atmosphere and water. Without further disquisition on this head, we may advance our position some steps, and come at once to the conclusion that the ingenuity of man has already settled the question that *salmon-fry* can

be bred by artificial means in rivers or streams in any conceivable profusion. But then comes a second problem. We have dismissed our progeny of salmon-fry in countless myriads into the sea—there we lose sight of them; we have protected them in their infancy in the river—how are we to protect them in their adolescent state in the sea?

We confess, to our belief, that unless this second problem can be successfully mastered, no very extraordinary or very important practical results will follow from the successful mastery of the first.

We shall explain our views on this point as concisely as possible. We do not think, as we have already said, that any extremely important practical results will follow from breeding salmon-fry artificially in rivers, unless we can go a step further, and protect them, at least for some period, in the sea; and the following are our reasons: In spite of all opposing circumstances, the number of salmon-fry annually produced by the salmon themselves, by the natural process in the river, is at all times so prodigious, and the fry, which actually descend to the sea from every river, and in every season, are so numerous, that we cannot escape from the conclusion, that some enormous waste goes on in the sea from natural causes; and that, until this waste can be controlled, it will answer no paramount practical purpose to multiply further the abundant production which the salmon (if allowed to go up to spawn in sufficient numbers) can, without any adventitious aid, effect for themselves. The leaves on the trees are not more abundant than the prodigious swarms of salmon-fry which we have seen in some seasons descending rivers; and yet, in ensuing seasons, no observable increase, either of grilse or matured salmon, has taken place.

We have often, also—indeed, continuously, for a period of some thirty years—been puzzled with a fact, which we have constantly and invariably observed, namely, that when a flood occurs—opportunistically, as is often thought, at the very period (say the be-

* We do not think it desirable to embarrass our subject with the controversy as to whether the salmon-fry are of the age of one or of two years, when they first go off to the sea. We think Mr. Shaw has proved his case, and that the fry have completed the second, and are entering on their third year, when they first quit the river.

ginning of May) when the fry are on their passage to the sea—the very result that would naturally be expected from the safe transit of the whole body of the fry from the river to the sea—does not actually take place, but the very opposite; and the ensuing and corresponding salmon season often shows not an increase beyond the average of other years, but very frequently a diminution. Many years back we were so much struck with this circumstance, that we resolved to keep, and did keep, a registry of floods; and we have found the result invariable—viz., that when the whole brood has been carried off to the sea, on a flood, in the month of May, realising the piscatory proverb—

“The first flood in May
Takes all the fry away,”

the produce in salmon, of ensuing and corresponding years, has been frequently less, and not, as might have been expected, immeasurably more, than in seasons when the fry were detained in the river in comparatively dry seasons, making their descent gradually, detained and obstructed by mill-dams, and subjected, during their tedious passage downwards, to all the ills that fry are heirs to. The same observation may be made with reference to winters when unusually large numbers of salmon have been known to spawn in rivers, and unusually large numbers of fry have been produced, and yet the produce in grilse or salmon of succeeding years has been very deficient. It will be said, in answer to these perplexing facts, that we, perhaps, miscalculate the age and periods of migration respectively, both of the fry going down and of the grilse coming up; and, consequently, miscalculate the periods that would correspond with the descent of the one and the ascent of the other. We are aware of the arguments that can be founded on that objection, but have taken a large margin and several rivers for our observation; and our conviction remains clear, that when countless myriads of mature salmon-fry have passed off to the sea in safety, by means of floods, ensuing seasons do not at all show

those results which might naturally be expected to follow.

Our conclusion from the above premises is, that an immense waste and destruction of fry takes place in the sea, or at the mouth of the estuary.

This waste may be occasioned in all seasons, by the havoc made upon the ranks of the tiny brood on their first migration to the sea, by fishes which await their descent at the mouth of the river; or, in case of floods, the whole brood may suffer from being launched too rapidly into the sea, before they have been sufficiently “acclimated,” if we may so use the word; or they may be carried away so far to sea by the force of the flooded waters* as to be unable to regain the sandy banks or shallows, which would seem to be the primary resort of those minute creatures on their first arrival in the sea; or—but we need not suggest theories. We grapple with the fact, and rest our fulcrum upon it: that a vast destruction of salmon-fry does actually take place, in all seasons, in the sea.

We have just escaped from a theory—we ignore theories, and studiously avoid them. In following the finny tribes into the recesses of the deep, theories may be multiplied without end, and yet no advance be made; we shall offer our views with diffidence, but yet offer them, as they are founded on experience and observation. The conclusion we have arrived at is, that if success, with marked and ample results, is to be attained at all in breeding, by artificial means, the migratory fishes, it will be by seeking, in some degree, to extend our control over them to the sea. This, to a certain limited extent, might, we conceive, be done by retaining them even for a short period in salt-water lakes, or in enclosures of sea-water, formed in the shallows of sandy bays. In such shallows we see other minute fishes, of various species, developing themselves in endless multitudes, and securely awaiting, in those safe retreats, a more advanced stage of their existence.

Though the growth of the salmon-fry is so slow and gradual in the river, its growth in the sea is as remarkably

* It is worthy of remark, that in descending a river or stream, in rapid water, the salmon-fry always go tail foremost—so also do salmon, if the stream be rapid; if the current be only moderately rapid, neither salmon nor salmon-fry will “tail it down,” but go in the usual way.

rapid. A fry of two ounces' weight, when it reaches the sea, becomes, in eight or ten weeks, a grilse, or young salmon, of five or six pounds. We conceive, then, that if means can be devised to retain the young brood in salt-water enclosures for a portion of this period, even for a fortnight, or for a week, a position would be arrived at, a *locus standi* would be obtained, from which extreme results might, with some confidence, be calculated.

We shall—but merely for example—suppose a locality, or localities. We take, for instance, in the vicinity of Dublin Bay, that portion of strand covered with sea-water, which is enclosed by the line of the Dublin and Drogheda Railroad, and into which the river Tolka discharges itself; it is manifest, that with little difficulty or expense, salmon-fry, in any quantity or profusion, could be produced in the Tolka, and be then, at the proper periods, discharged into this large tract of sea-water, and there retained, by suitable arrangements, for a few weeks, during which they would acquire strength, and become “acclimated” gradually; and, above all, be protected from the various dangers which await them from natural enemies on their first ingress to the sea. We do not, however, think that the neighbourhood of a large city is the suitable place for such experiments—particularly when so many pure mountain streams and secluded localities can be so easily selected.

In the small streams which discharge themselves into the sea at Bray, near Dublin, and which are excellent spawning streams, frequented by their own native salmon, salmon-fry could be produced in any conceivable profusion, and be discharged at the proper season into a suitable enclosure accessible to the sea-water; and be thus protected, at all events for some portion of their existence, in their new element.

But we shall select a locality where this experiment, or, rather, all these experiments, might be tried on a large scale, and at a small expense, and under the most favourable conditions. We mean that large reach of sea or tidal-water which flows up near the town of Wicklow into a *cul-de-sac*, forming a large salt-water lake, and into which the little rivers Vartry and Rathnew discharge themselves. We shall endeavour, in relation to these two rivers, to exemplify the whole pro-

cess of breeding fish by artificial means, not doubting that numerous other localities equally suitable will be found in various other counties in Ireland, where this process, if found desirable, might be carried out. These two rivers, the Vartry and Rathnew, are both excellent spawning rivers, abounding in beds suitable for the deposition of the spawn, supplied with the pure mountain stream, and resorted to annually by their own native salmon; but, unfortunately, it is only a lucky pair or two, in any season, that are allowed to spawn in these rivers; for, no sooner do the male and female salmon make their appearance on the spawning-beds in the commencement of autumn, than they are recklessly speared in large numbers. We say, then, take a couple of miles, or less, respectively, of each of these secluded, well-sheltered, and easily-protected rivers, and restrict the salmon to that range; protect that limited distance thoroughly, night and day; provide against the disturbance of the beds by floods, and against the deposition of mud from the same cause; provide also, by a slight regulating process, against the falling-off of the water below a certain level, merely to ensure that no part of the spawning-beds shall be left dry. Make all these provisions, simple and feasible as they are, and in four months those rivers, by the natural process alone, will contain one living mass of the small fish called “gravelings,” which subsequently become salmon-fry. The oldest inhabitant, for the best of all reasons, will have never seen anything like it. We say, then, protect these fry while they remain in these rivers. Allow them, at the proper period of their growth, to pass off into the salt-water lake which we have described (called in the locality the “Leitrim,” but marked on the Ordnance map as the “Broad Lough”), which they will do in their respective seasons—about the commencement of May. Retain them in that marine locality even for a brief period, and the whole process, we conceive, will have been carried out to a successful or, at all events, decisive issue. We are averse to hazarding an opinion as to what results might be expected; but we would be slow, indeed, to affirm, that extraordinary results might not issue out of such an experiment.

Having offered our mite, in the way of suggestion, upon this topic—in its

relation to the breeding of salmon—of the feasibility of breeding other fish to useful purposes, by artificial means, no manner of doubt exists—we would again observe, that the migratory habits of the salmon species interpose a very serious difficulty. Still we conceive this should not deter experiment and careful investigation. If the whole process of breeding salmon by artificial means were carried out now, and at once, with the most stupendous results, and to the fullest measure of success, it would yet be a mere cypher to the marvels which the present age has already accomplished.

As we have already intimated, a difficulty exists in Ireland in dealing in this way with rivers, as no individual has such an exclusive property in any river and the coast adjoining as would enable him, or would warrant his entering upon such large experiments. We shall, however, at all events, carefully observe, and note any "progress" that may be made in this line in Scotland or by the French Commission just appointed—from which latter important results are expected. In the meantime, our suggestion would be—adopt, without further loss of time, the practical measures for the resuscitation of the Irish salmon fisheries, contained in the bill lately before Parliament; and, failing these, we might then have recourse to the French methods.

But as these processes can at all times be availed of advantageously in small and in much exhausted rivers—as the breeding of salmon-fry by artificial means in enclosed streams or ponds will be always an aid, and useful addition to the ordinary stock of salmon-fry produced in the river; and as it may be assumed, and taken as a general rule, that the greater the mass of salmon-fry sent down to the sea, the greater will be the per-centage that may be expected to return;—for all these reasons, we think it would be well to have in the new measure, a clause exempting from the penalties of the Act, any persons found taking salmon, trout, or other fish, off spawning beds, in the close season, for scientific or for practical purposes; provided such persons have the license of the Commissioners for so doing.

In our former article upon the fisheries in this Magazine, to which we have already adverted, we discussed fully that *veratu questio*—the policy of per-

mitting the use of fixed nets within rivers and harbours. Since that period some discussion has taken place in Parliament—we mean, the discussion which took place when the bill in question was brought forward for second reading; and from what then transpired, it is plain that any effort for the total abolition of those engines in rivers and harbours, will be attended with great difficulty: it is not our intention to alter one iota of our opinions upon that question. Indeed, we wish it to be understood, that we put forward the article in question as a complete practical system for the improvement of the salmon fisheries: we propounded our own opinions, and drew solely from practical sources, having their origin in our own experience. We shall not now modify or vary any of those, our carefully considered opinions; if we here re-open the question as to fixed nets, we do so not upon practical, but upon political grounds.

Our opinions remain the same. We consider that the legalisation of stake and bag-nets by statute, and the permission thus given to erect such fixtures in our rivers and estuaries, was a most unfortunate and mistaken act of legislation; interfering, up to the very point of indignation, with the free navigation of our rivers and harbours, and the personal liberty of the subject; being in direct opposition to the provisions of our most ancient statutes; and in derogation of *Magna Charta* itself, or the clause in it which prohibits the use of *hidels*, or fixed nets, except upon the open sea-coasts. The Fishery Act of 1842, we conceive, was passed in contravention of all these ancient statutes, and also of the common law, being subversive of the right of the subject to the free fishery and free navigation of the waters of the great harbours and estuaries of the kingdom. The Act in question, indeed, might have been intitled, "An act to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer," since it transferred the public right of fishery from the poor, who exercised it from time immemorial, in our harbours and estuaries, to the landowners who possessed land upon the shores. Our opinion, therefore, as to the impolicy and injustice of that enactment, remains unaltered.

But a grave and difficult question remains: will the Legislature now consent to retrace its steps, and make void

those titles which have become vested under the Act of 1842. On public grounds, we would say, yes; and that a strong and vigorous Government should meet an acknowledged public evil with a resolute and vigorous hand. This, however, is a weighty and important question in a legal and also, perhaps, in a constitutional sense, upon which the Government and the legal advisers of the Government are the proper parties to decide.

But as the discussion which took place in the late House of Commons, on the motion for the second reading of the Fisheries Bill introduced by Mr. Conolly, does not seem to augur favourably for the views of those who seek the total abolition of those fixtures, it might be useful, should the present Government be averse to introduce any very sweeping measure as regards those fixtures, here to inquire what practical means could be adopted to lessen the evil, and confine the operation of the statute to its strict letter, making it conformable with the evident intent and meaning of the Legislature in framing it.

We shall endeavour to state our views, and make our suggestions on this head, with as much brevity as possible. First.—We conceive that a rule for defining the *mouaths* of rivers should be appointed by the Legislature. In the Act of 1842, a power to fix by by-law the mouths of rivers in Ireland was given to the Commissioners of the Board of Works; which power has been exercised by them in an arbitrary manner, without any regard whatever to scientific rules. We may give, as one out of many instances, the metropolitan river—the Liffey. The Board of Works, in 1843, fixed its mouth three miles inside its natural or nautical mouth: this, in legal parlance, was a fraud upon the power—an undue exercise of the obligation imposed by the Legislature. A mere reference to the Admiralty charts would have enabled the Commissioners to have fixed the mouth in accordance with natural, hydrographical, and nautical rules. In the case instanced, it was done to answer a purpose, or meet a particular case; but no such purpose was contemplated by the Legislature, or is within the meaning of the Act; it is not, therefore, inconsistent with the previous legislation to resume a power which has been improperly exercised,

and now appoint, by positive enactment, a fixed and determinate rule for defining river mouths.

Secondly.—We should recommend a vigorous application of the rule provided by the 22nd clause of the Act of 1842, restricting (except in the certain specified cases) the use of these engines in rivers and harbours, to places where the width of the channel, at low water or spring tides, is less than three-fourths of a mile.

Thirdly.—We should suggest a declaratory clause, effectually preventing the erection of fixed nets from piers or artificial harbours. The enabling clauses (18th and 19th) in the Act of 1842, empowered landowners to erect such engines “attached to that part of the shore adjoining such land;” but clearly, it was not the intention of the Legislature to authorise their erection from piers projecting, perhaps, a mile or more into the sea, from the boundary or shore of such land.

Fourthly.—We should suggest such a regulation of the mesh of all fixed nets, as would prevent the capture of unsizeable salmon, or salmon-peal, under the weight of five pounds.

Lastly.—An adequate and stringent administration of the existing or amended law. Unless a speedy provision for this purpose be made, the rights of the public will be continually invaded, and the public fishery be gradually appropriated by private persons, until, at length, encroachment and usurpation will become prescriptive right.

These are the practical measures we would suggest to modify the injurious operation of those fixed engines upon the fisheries at large. We confess, however, we should much rather see a Government willing and strong enough to assert the public right by a vigorous enactment, and sweep away for ever from our rivers and harbours those pernicious fixtures, at least all those erected under colour of the Act of 1842. This, we conceive, might be done by a mere declaratory law, as these novel engines are almost all illegal, under the terms and provisions of the Act itself, which saves and excepts the rights of navigation, and the right of the *public fishery*.

We would now shortly direct attention to the manner in which the new code of fishery laws has been carried into execution. It is a saying, that Englishmen forget all their good, ster-

ling common sense when they come to deal with Ireland. In 1842, all the Irish Fishery Acts, from the 5th of Edward IV. to the 1st of Victoria, were repealed, and the Government then confided to the Board of Works the administration of the fisheries, rendered truly difficult and arduous by the repeal of so many ancient statutes. In the place of many of the express provisions of those statutes, was substituted a power to make by-laws and regulations, which demanded from the Board appointed to frame these by-laws and regulations, an extensive and practical knowledge of the very technical subject with which they had to deal, and one in its nature intricate and complicated; but neither the Board collectively, nor any individual member of it, had the necessary, or any experience or knowledge of the subject to guide them; and the consequence was, that theories the most absurd took the place of substantive facts, long known and ascertained: by-laws were made and regulations promulgated repulsive to the understanding of the whole fishing community; and Acts and amended Acts were passed, making confusion worse confounded. Memorials were daily laid before the Commissioners, who, having no independent knowledge of their own for their guidance, groped their way as well as they could, until at length the public prints, public meetings, and, finally, a select committee of the House of Commons, pronounced the utter incapacity and inability of the Board of Works to administer the fisheries.*

But let us not be severe on that Board. On its chairman, in the highest assembly in the world, a high eulogium has but recently been pronounced; and every member of the Board is entitled, we believe, to unqualified respect—but we stop there. Their maladministration and mismanagement of the fisheries we have always unflinchingly exposed, and submitted to the public gaze. We had the most cogent reasons for doing

so. We saw the salmon fisheries declining from year to year, and palpably from the mismanagement of the Board. Had evidence of our assertions been necessary, we might, amongst other proofs, have submitted in testimony against them their own annual reports to Parliament. These published reports, although entombed in blue books, go directly to the point at issue. Without assigning any sufficient cause, these reports, taken separately or collectively, just amount to this—that from the appointment of the Board, in 1842, down to the present day, the fisheries have been going from bad to worse.

Still we would not deny to the Board generally an anxiety properly to fulfil their trust; but the difficulty interposed by the want of adequate knowledge on their part was not to be overcome; they were driven on technical and intricate subjects to rely on hearsay evidence, or the fallacious authority of voluminous blue books, of the weight, or, rather, of the value of which they could not judge; and thus decisions were arrived at, and by-laws and regulations made, subversive of private property, and injurious to the interests of the public. We cannot better illustrate our ideas upon this head, than by a quotation from an article in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* (upon a totally different subject), which very clearly expresses our views. In reviewing the merits of a recent publication, and descanting on the difficulties encountered by any party anxious to form a correct judgment on matters of opinion, without the aid of *independent knowledge*, the reviewer proceeds:—

“He may form a perfectly honest and a perfectly sound judgment, as far as the data before him are concerned; but unless these data contain all that is required for the formation of a just opinion, or unless his own acquaintance with the case can supply the deficiency of the documentary evidence supplied him, he may be led into the strangest fallacies, and his decision may be utterly worthless.”

* “Considering the number and extent of duties devolved upon the Board in so many other departments of public business, your committee is of opinion, that under the peculiar circumstances of the salmon fisheries of Ireland, and regard being had to the many conflicting rights and claims arising out of the same, it is absolutely necessary to their due administration, that it be confided to a separate department of the executive Government (not connected with the Board of Works), and that adequate means ought to be immediately provided for that purpose.”—*Report of Select Committee of House of Commons, 1849.*

And further he observes :—

"Written evidence, whether statistical or other, is only available and safe in the hands of a man who can sift and test it."

With these observations we fully and entirely concur. Had even one of the Commissioners possessed a stock of independent practical knowledge, paradoxes and fanciful theories would have been rejected; complex questions in relation to the fisheries would have been subjected to patient and competent analysis; natural facts might have been recognised, and plain solutions admitted: he might have, on all occasions, given a reason for the faith that was in him, and so, upon momentous public questions, have helped to a wise and sound decision; since we do believe, that when an important truth or a practical fact is submitted to the test and analysis of impartial examination, we do, we say, believe that truth and fact, and particularly a natural truth or fact, cannot escape recognition.

But the Board of Works, overwhelmed in engineering, architectural, and statistical pursuits; immersed in questions of drainage, or of inland navigation—in geological researches, or in vast works of computation, found themselves suddenly entangled in the meshes of nets, and all the mysteries of trammel and trawl—the regulations of the seasons and periods of fishing—the extension of artificial oyster-beds—the processes of curing—the adjusting and composing the disputes of fishermen—regulating the complicated details of the salmon-fisheries, stake, bag, and seine, with all their meshes and entanglements, queens-gaps and fishing-weirs, hecs, cruives, inscales, and all the rest—the very names of which, much less their uses, they did not understand.

The many occasions on which the Board of Works, as Commissioners of Fisheries, were at fault can readily be conjectured: this may be exemplified, however, by describing, with particularity, their perplexities and mishaps in relation to the fixing a proper "close season" for the salmon-fisheries, a question perhaps the most important of all others in the whole range of salmon-fishing subjects.

The Commissioners, first of all, were given a power to fix a close season suitable for each river in Ireland; the

difficulties incidental to the exercise of this power they prudently avoided by espousing a theory of *uniformity*—that is, they resolved to allow all rivers, early and late, to enjoy the same close season. This was cutting the Gordian knot.

But then came the question, what should be the proper uniform season? and in deciding this question they committed a vital error, sufficient alone to account for the decline of the salmon fisheries.

The error may be shortly stated thus:—In the year 1722, the Legislature enacted (8 George I. c. 7) that salmon fishing in Ireland should cease on the 1st of August in every year; but in the year 1842, new and most destructive engines for capturing salmon had been invented, and were then legalised. The Commissioners of the Board of Works, who had the preparation and conduct of the bill in its progress through Parliament, fixed the 20th of August; and, by a subsequent Act, the 1st of September, as the commencement of the close season. This extension of the killing season, just at the period when the salmon are running up to spawn, was, and is, of the most vital injury to the salmon fisheries. The error is, that with engines of capture vastly improved since 1722, a *prolonged* period of capture was appointed by the Board—the reverse should have been the course adopted: as the means of destruction are increased, the opportunity for reproduction should be enlarged, not diminished; additional waste, additional compensation, will be now, and always, a good maxim, or rather axiom, of salmon fishing.

But when the sanction and authority of a public Board is given to an error, or series of errors, however manifest, it is difficult to combat them; nevertheless, the task was undertaken, and more particularly upon this issue respecting the close season, as it is the very corner-stone of the well-being of the salmon fisheries. The demonstration was first attempted with the Commissioners themselves; there it utterly failed. It was next submitted to the test of public opinion, in the public prints; and, finally, an opportunity was taken during the sittings of the Commission of Inquiry, held in 1844, to submit it to Parliament and the Government in a documentary form, and under the sanction of an oath. This,

we believe, settled the question; the document we refer to having been published in the Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries to Parliament, circulated throughout the whole fishing community, both in Scotland and Ireland, and silently worked its way; but even subsequently to its publication, and in direct opposition to its suggestions, the Board of Works, in 1846, procured the passing of another Act (9 & 10 Vic. c. 114) *extending* the fishing season to the 1st of September in each year. The ruinous consequences which ensued, and which had been confidently predicted, have at length produced the re-action. Nobody now doubts that all the rivers in Ireland have been overfished, and that *that* tells the tale of their rapid and progressive decline. The Select Committee of the House of Commons (1849) has so declared it; the whole fishing community in Scotland and in Ireland now acknowledge it; and, finally, the Board of Works themselves now reluctantly admit it.

The first step in the right direction taken by the Commissioners on this head, since their appointment, was made on the 5th of June last, when the Commissioners issued their preliminary notice, fixing the 13th day of August as the commencement of the close season for the Limerick district; but it is not likely that this, and other all-important questions relating to the fisheries, will be left any longer to the adjudication of the Board of Works; it is more probable that a prompt legislative remedy will be applied. The Duke of Argyle brought in a bill last session to curtail the fishing season of the Scotch salmon fisheries; and it is not unreasonable to expect that the bill about to be introduced by the present Government for the improvement of the Irish fisheries will, in this respect, adopt the recommendation of the Select Committee of the late House of Commons.

Our own opinion is, that no radical improvement in the salmon fisheries can be expected, or will take place, until the propensity to over-fishing be peremptorily met, and an accurate adjustment made, and *balance kept*, between the means of capture on the one hand, and the means of reproduction on the other. This restriction upon over-fishing we conceive to be a *sine qua non*: it should, however, have the

necessary incidental aid of other and concurrent remedies; but we think, if even fifteen or twenty days be taken off the fishing season, at the proper end, that is, when the salmon in large numbers are on their actual passage to the spawning-beds, that very remarkable and immediate results will follow, derivable from two sources. We think that, from this single restorative measure, the increase of food to the community, and of advantage to the salmon fisheries, may be predicated with something like certainty, and be estimated in the aggregate only by some great arithmetical approximation.

For years we have harped upon this topic, knowing its paramount importance; the task, however, has not been an unpleasing one. We do not know of a more genuine source of satisfaction than that of promulgating a plain and unsophisticated fact, however strenuously opposed and continuously resisted; nor do we know of any more legitimate object of ambition—nay, of ardent aspiration, than that of being instrumental in carrying into practical operation and effect (when duly and successfully demonstrated) a system or series of facts which experience and conviction assure will be useful to mankind.

To trace effect to cause, and from known premises to prognosticate results, is surely not presumption—it is rather, we should say, the fit exercise of reason and province of experience. If the decline of the salmon fisheries has been predicated continuously for a series of years, from known causes of waste, it is equally consistent to predicate their prosperity from known means of reproduction.

In the approaching session of Parliament, two important measures relating to Ireland await discussion, and we hope satisfactory settlement, each calculated, in no ordinary degree, to promote industry and awaken the dormant energies of this country—we mean the landlord and tenant question, and the fisheries question. The whole material surface of our island, the land and the water, will now, as it were, pass in review before the legislature. Let us hope that in this transit through Parliament, the laws enacted respecting both these essential elements of our prosperity, will acquire some characteristics of equity and wisdom, at present wanting to them. The land question is in

able hands; if our present Attorney-General, with his great experience and acknowledged ability, cannot construct a wise and equitable measure from such a mass of confused enactments, we might almost despair. But we do not despair—we have confidence in any workman who is master of his work; but in dealing with legal or social questions of great magnitude and difficulty, the danger to be apprehended always is, lest

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Without in the least, by such our quotation, intending offence to the one side, or flattery to the other, we think the land question has now a fair prospect of judicious treatment; and that the measure about to be proposed by the present Government will be a wise, just, and impartial settlement of that great question.

Property is the very key-stone of the social arch—the bond that holds society together. We deprecate any insidious attempts to sap its rights, or undue and rash interference with its settlement; any such interference we conceive would be only one step towards communism. Theories that tend not to improve, but to reverse the relations of landlord and tenant, we look upon as "progress" certainly, but progress on the road to anarchy. With very rare exceptions, indeed, it will be always found, that those who assail the rights of property are those who have no property themselves.

The fisheries question will supply a useful moral: that question, too, is a complicated one of property; but some theorists in 1842—professing, by the way, nothing but regard for the public good—palmed their crude opinions on the Government of the day, and upon the public, and proceeded to unsettle, and shake to its basis, the ancient adjustment of that species of property; repealing the whole code of fishery acts, and substituting in their place, a statute embodying the rashest innovations. And what has been the result?—anarchy and confusion from that day to this: the recognised maxim and practice, in fact, now being—

"That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

Public rights of fishery invaded—private rights sacrificed, or reduced to a mere scramble; and, eventually, the animal itself, the salmon, in complete

horror (as an honourable member lately expressed it in the House of Commons) at such bungling and unskillful legislation, had retreated gradually before the assaults of that honourable house, and eventually had almost forsaken our rivers altogether.

A wise and just settlement, then, of both these questions is now absolutely required; and is, indeed, necessary to the welfare and tranquillity of the country; and we have every confidence that both will be proceeded with, under the auspices of the present Government, upon sound, just, and equitable principles. The adjustment of the practical machinery by which our agriculture and our fisheries are moved and regulated, would, indeed, appear to be almost the very first step in useful legislation. After the transient storm of 1849 had subsided, an effort was at once made to direct the national mind to our neglected resources. The land, it had been calculated, did not produce more than one-sixth of its capabilities: our river fisheries were exhausted, and our sea-fisheries totally neglected: our mines, and other sources of national prosperity, almost absolutely unthought of. A system of practical instruction, combined with measures for the development of all our resources, was then initiated. Lord Clarendon endeavoured to ingraft the Saxon energy of character upon the mercuriality of the Western Celt; and thus an impetus was given, which we do believe—if these two important measures be now equitably settled—will tend to our enfranchisement from national indolence, and effect a complete evolution of the national character. When employment and education, together with increased comforts, and improved social habits, come in at the door, combination, and outrage, and discontent will fly out at the window.

We have just mentioned the sea fisheries. It is scarcely credible that so little attention has been given to this subject. On a former occasion we contrasted the manner in which the Scotch sea fisheries are encouraged by the Government, with the utter neglect of our own—the produce of the Scotch herring fisheries alone, for the year 1849, amounting to 1,151,979 barrels, worth upwards of one million sterling. We do not at all over-estimate that resource in our own country—we mean

the herring fishery—when we say, that our fishings might equal, probably surpass those of Scotland, if properly encouraged: we have little doubt we should be able to export annually to as large an amount as Scotland, if our sea and coast fisheries were fully and adequately brought forward, and should, at the same time, be able to give profitable employment in various ways, to a vast portion of our population. Certainly, a rivalry and competition in the export trade might then arise between Scotland and this country; but if free trade makes way, our combined fisheries would hardly suffice to supply the Continental markets, and there is every reason to suppose that the unlimited demand for that species of food in different Continental states, will open an unlimited market—at least, such be the free trade doctrines.

But what are the means of development? We admit that the system of bounties will not answer. Still we contend that the sea fisheries of Ireland cannot be brought into activity without ample assistance from Government. Our coast population have no means, being without capital, without bank accommodation, and without the assistance and encouragement of a wealthy landed proprietary, to procure for themselves the *expensive equipments* necessary for embarking in the deep-sea fishery. Some assistance, therefore, from the State, might reasonably be expected. Large Government grants, and the facilities of banking accommodation, supply this capital in Scotland. The Cornish fishermen also obtain ample assistance through banking accommodation and otherwise. The consequence is, that the men fishing those boats (worth, with their equipments, about £200 each) soon become *owners*. We think this system, or a somewhat similar one, might be carried out in this country on a large scale; but employment, with fixed wages, will not be found to answer with fishermen. There must be a *venture* to stimulate the very great and incessant hardships which fishermen are forced to undergo. If the necessary equipments be obtained, say for instance, by means of a loan-fund, the fishing should then be prosecuted on *shares*, upon a system well known and recognised both in this country and in England, and found to answer. The capture, or produce, if represented by *seven*, is

divided thus:—the boat gets one-seventh, and the other six-sevenths are divided equally; three-sevenths go to the train of nets and other fishing gear, and three-sevenths to the crew. These proportions are found to remunerate the men amply. And if these proportions be a fair remunerative adjustment (which we believe to be the case) it follows that the account for boats, nets, and equipments, balances itself. In point of fact, the result practically is so; and the capital being supplied, and the boat and equipments purchased, and leased out, as it were, in this way—two or three average seasons suffice to make the crew owners. Frequently some individual of the crew becomes sole owner. Now, this system, we conceive, can only be carried out in Ireland by means of Government aid, through the medium, we might suppose, of a loan-fund, which we conceive might be formed upon a system perfectly safe, as regards security to the Government.

But the political economists!—what will they say? They will certainly raise a host of objections. It is an often-quoted saying of Napoleon's, "that a Government of political economists would grind an empire of adamant to powder." But what will they say? They will begin with *capital*, and make us acquainted with its rights; and having shown us the *laissez-faire*, or principle of *non-interference*, they will then explain to us the law of *competition*. Then, say they, leave competition unshackled and capital free; and it follows quite plainly that your manufactures and resources will develop themselves. This reasoning applied to England (manufacturing and labouring England) means simply this: let money be the tyrant, and labour the slave, and let wages bow down for ever before the Moloch of capital. But this, by the way, is out of our line. Our purpose is, in relation to our fisheries, to see how these economic principles have been applied, and are still sought to be applied to Ireland. The political economists say, let prostrate Ireland, which can neither walk nor creep, get up and compete with wealthy England, having at command the accumulated wealth of ages—foster and encourage the British fisheries (we prefer calling them the Scotch fisheries) by means of Parliamentary grants and Government aid, and let

the Irish fisheries develop themselves through the ordinary processes of capital uninterfered with, and free competition.

The result follows: capital has it all its own way; the Irish fisheries lie waste; and Scotland, until very recently, exported to Ireland cured fish to the amount of from £200,000 to £300,000 annually. Even in our present prostrate state, she exported to us for the year ended 5th January, 1852—as appears by the Report of the Commissioners of British Fisheries—81,340 barrels of cured herrings, the total exports of the same article, for the same period, to all other parts of Europe together, only amounting to 182,659 barrels. So that Ireland took nearly one-half of the gross total of export; and if this country had not been in its present depressed state, it is not improbable that our imports of Scotch herrings, and other cured fish, might by this time have reached half a million sterling.

But we have another view of this subject of our Irish sea fisheries to take. We would maintain, that independently of the humane duty of affording remunerative employment to the starving population of the coasts, and thus reducing the pressure of rates upon the land, Government aid to our fisheries is a measure of political importance, with a view to forming a nursery for seamen, if not for the purpose of our defences, at all events for the purposes of the mercantile marine.

We are not going to write a war article. War, for aggressive purposes, in the present relations of civilised Europe, becomes not very probable; indeed, one unmixed and unalloyed feature of good, presented by the free-trade system is, the tendency it has to bring all nations into friendly unity and harmony; still war at all times is possible. Very recently warlike rumours floated gently from the distant shores of the Atlantic, all about some mackerel in the Bay of Fundy. Modern civilisation, and perhaps also the tangible concerns of commerce and exchange, aided the respective diplomats, and will always, it may be hoped, render two great commercial nations indisposed, for any but substantial reasons, to disturb their amicable relations. Laertes says, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel;" but probably our own Sterne supplied a precedent for the recent protocols, or suggested the terms

of arrangement; at all events, certain it is, we fraternised at once, both exclaiming, with our own uncle Toby, "Brother, brother, we were both of us in the wrong."

Still war is always possible, but all our historians and naval and military authorities assure us, that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. War, in the present era of the world, whenever it does arise, will be a dire calamity, and will bring in its train evils and misfortunes unknown to former times. The manly bearing and the martial spirit must give way before the modern improvements in warlike implements and engines; and the pathetic lament of the chivalrous knight of La Mancha will be, indeed, realised in fullest force. Death will revolve itself in many shapes; space be calculated nicely, but not for humanising ends; and the deadly Minie become the implement of distant and cowardly assassination.

But in our remarks we would eschew war. We hate war; it forms no part of our subject—it has none of our sympathies. We merely say to Britannia—Duly and impartially develop our fisheries; give to a people perishing for want of employment a field for industrial exertion; cultivate and foster your sea and coast fisheries of Ireland for economic purposes—if it answers any other purpose, *tant mieux*.

But we cannot doubt that, in the approaching session of Parliament, a wise, liberal, and humane policy towards this country will be unfolded; if much longer delayed, our green Erin will run the risk of becoming one vast, unpeopled desert. Political individuality, we have none: our brightest names and most gifted sons, as well as our noblest and bravest enthusiasts, have tried that question in vain; but there is a path by which we can obtain a moral victory over England, and which nothing but our own internal dissensions, polemical agitations, and impracticable requirements prevent our achieving.

It cannot be that amidst all her achievements and renown, amidst that moral and material splendour of her metropolis—that wealth and status which makes happy Albion the gaze and wonder of the nations, the emulation of the good and wise, the envy and the hate of the malevolent—it cannot be that, as regards this coun-

try, she will longer hesitate in the good work of—ay, we will say it—reparation! Fain would we see her, by a series of humane and equitable measures, now erase, at once and for ever, from her escutcheon those dark stains, which, like the spots upon Macbeth's dagger, will not “out” until full measure of humanity and justice be accorded to us: not partial, not niggardly, not bit by bit ameliorations and developments, but good measure, heaped up, pressed down, and flowing over.

Sir Robert Peel spoke of Ireland as his “difficulty;” we are humbly persuaded that the policy here indicated is the only lever that will ever raise and overthrow it.

Never was more fit or apposite quotation than that lately enunciated by Lord Eglinton in Belfast:—“There is no nation,” says Sir John Davis, “under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish.” Let *that* be our motto: such the practical, and visible, and tangible object of our pursuit—such our propaganda: justice to our commerce, to our manufactures, to our agriculture; justice to our fisheries—justice to our ports—justice, justice, justice. The advice of Lord Anglesey was, agitate, agitate, agitate: the word of Lord Eglinton is—justice.

If we read history in events, or on the pages of our statute-book, we shall see a sad and chequered story. It is easy to ascribe our prostration and our misfortunes to a hundred or a thousand causes, and yet omit the true ones. We say, let by-gones be by-gones. But, as regards our own country, let the practical issue of the nineteenth century, to be now put upon England in the approaching session, emphatically be:—Is this country to be the co-equal in arts, and industry, and arms—the participator in the prosperity—the companion and sister of happy Albion?—or is she to be dragged, without concern and without remorse, suffering and prostrate, at her chariot-wheels.

Hopefully—nay, under present auspices, almost confidently—we await that issue. We are now in transition—our destinies are in the balance. Let us now pause, and here, Mirza-like, take a hurried glance at our social and political horizon, endeavouring briefly to shadow forth its manifestations.

Foremost, our polemical dissensions; do they not blast for us all germ and hope of national regeneration? all word of promise—religion? We almost fear to touch upon the theme, or rashly enter within its venerable precincts. Too often do we see it made the mere tocsin and talisman of discord; familiar to the lips, when it is dead and withered at the heart. Now, on one side fresh seeds of dissension are in germination; on the other, newschisms intervene, splitting off into sects and sections, until the weary traveller is bewildered on his way, and knows not which road to take. Oh! could we but resolve on all sides to cultivate true toleration—to let true religion be our end and aim, and leave it to education and enlightenment to be the arbiters. But no; daily do we lift ourselves up in self-exaltation and uncharitableness, forgetting those divine precepts which, above and beyond the soar of all philosophy, vibrate upon the heart with the force and sanction of unerring truth. Where—unfailing test—is that ethereal charity defined for us upon the everlasting page?—that soul-becoming, love-begetting charity? Where—oh, where?

Now again the earth denies to us its gifts; its blackened surface tells but too well the tale of woe. See, again, our fisheries—ineestimable resource, designed for boundless measure of productiveness, yet lying waste by the perversity of man. Again, another apparition!—the gaunt and living tide of emigration pours from our isle, like some pent-up torrent bursting from its bounds; our care-worn sons of toil hasten from our shores, forgetting their homes, their altars, their traditions, and that impulsive love which once bound them to their native soil. Whence comes the change? It is not yearning for some longed-for Utopia—some fond, some distant land of promise; it is not hope, it is not enterprise—it is despair.

Again—the calamities of the rural districts reflect themselves upon the towns. Are not all avenues of industry closing up about us?—all trades, professions, occupations stagnating?—our resources neglected?—our commercial and manufacturing interests depressed? All bow down before the competition of England, with its accumulated powers of credit, capital, and wealth. We stand beside a Goliath, and are obscured beneath the shade.

Formerly, in our capital the learned professions, and the great schools of science and learning, almost sustained the social edifice; but see—they totter, they oscillate to the centre. Let us briefly look over our notes.

Our *law*—there was a word!—"the expectancy and rose of the fair state;" but a devastating simoom has swept around its halls, careering through its ancient privileges, meeting withal, and prostrating in its course many imperfections and ancient abuses. Where is that fabric of feudal origin—that pile of venerable fictions, cemented with the learning and the research of so many by-gone sages? Where the tortuous and never-ending labyrinths of the equity suit, the huge unwieldy bill, the ponderous reverberating answer?—and last, though least to be regretted, where that science conversant about the "special plea," with all the fruitless and interminable mazes of its Penelopean web? Did not Truth sometimes stand abashed, Right bow the neck, and Justice herself become mesmerised under its potent spell? What else was it but a myth—a gilded bubble, a gorgeous piece of nothingness? Oh, how many have climbed Fortune's ladder by those golden rungs, now and for ever broken, when the "plea," in all its parchment folds, outvied the "declaration;" and the "replication," unless tripped up by the "demurrer," led on the dance to the "rejoinder;" and then the "rebutter," and the "surrebutter," all in their lengthy folds, until the luckless client groaned and gasped under the infliction. Ah! how many a widow's tear and orphan's sigh have mourned over the recorded wrong; but Justice at length asserts her sway, and lo! she sweeps for ever from her halls the worthless cobwebs.

Let the philosophers of Laputa succeed to the flimsy abstractions. Farewell the special plea!—its mystic lore farewell!—it is gone to its eternal rest, and the recording angel will drop no tear upon it.

Proud are our recollections of the wit and eloquence which once resounded through our domes; sincere our admiration and respect for the many, many past and present sages of our law, whose learning and whose eloquence adorned, or still adorn, our halls; deep and warm our sympathy with those many learned and laborious

men who, toiling in a humbler sphere of forensic usefulness, are now left stranded by the receding tide: but few and small are our regrets for that science of the special plea.

And what, alas! remains for honourable pursuit or practice of all that system of our jurisprudence, which once rivalled the proud halls of Westminster? A mere wreck. "Progress," demon or angel said the word, and, lo! a proud profession fades before the wave of the magician's wand. Still we must admit our legal system was all too unwieldy for our wants. No more the butterfly will be spread upon the wheel, or vast machinery be set in motion to do some Lilliputian work. Lofty was the system, high and independent was its practice, and proud its prestiges; but it is gone: shorn of its rays, its profits, and its privileges—it withers, and it dies.

And what at length will survive of all our ancient lore and forensic reminiscences—a mere ideal—the charm and gift of eloquence! the high and patriotic aspiration! the poetic fire! and those holier and loftier missions of the jurist and the statish that would make eternal truth and social good, free from all dross and earthly alloy, the only end and aim to be attained.

Our medical institutions, and the practice of the "healing art," have not they also felt the ruthless hand of innovation and reform? We may anticipate the response—the fall of one profession or resource reacts upon another; so many links displaced, the whole social chain is in disorder. But so long as disease and pain, and all the motley train of mortal ills must be the lot of humanity, and man must still, in health or in disease, but onward "crawl toward death," the healing art, with all its humanising attributes, will hold its enviable place, and have its honourable fame; but its pulse will throb, and rise or fall, with the advance or retrogression of our national resources. The issue for it, too, will be momentous; its institutions may wane, its honorary distinctions diminish, its practice decline—its contributions to science, its distinguished names, its prestige, will remain.

But new fields, fresh prairies, must be sought out; other vistas will arise, and other springs of industry and action be set in motion; nor will the stalwart arms and vigorous minds which now

droop listlessly in our isle, want useful occupation, if *equal and impartial justice* be extended to all our material, commercial, and national advantages.

When will the pioneer advance to clear away the rubbish that retards our way, and forbids our ports to open their capacious bosoms to the sails and paddles crowding from the Atlantean wave? See our great iron highways inviting the commerce and the traffic of the western world. See our tumultuous torrents pouring from a hundred hills; deep-rushing and impetuous rivers, or tumbling over falls; mill-sites formed by nature, not by art, inviting the wheel to the rivulet, not the rivulet to the wheel; water-power to rival all the tall chimneys of Birmingham or Manchester, and turn the industrial machinery of the world. Here are the paths of progress—these be the useful propaganda.

See the great telescope of Rosse, opening out the milkyway, giving new worlds to the thirsty mind of man, and enlarging our conception and our admiration of the Infinite. See air, earth, fire, water, put to new uses, and compelled to do our bidding. See winged lightning bearing to and fro the messages of man. These are the paths of progress in the world of thought—this the interminable struggle

to make the world of matter subservient to the world of mind.

Such, then, must be our future; our sciences and useful arts, our energies, our commerce, and our manufactures, our agriculture and our fisheries, our broad expansive fields and golden valleys—the material elements around us are the primary sources of prosperity and national wealth, and nature has not been illiberal to us; our soil is fertile and our shores and rivers prolific. We are given the earth to subdue it, and the fishes of the sea to exercise dominion over them. Have we hitherto done so wisely or well? For our misuse of the one, the doomed potato is our lesson; for our abuse of the other, our deserted rivers are the retribution.

We have thus cast a hurried glance, and transiently shadowed forth our social indications: we see in the past a chequered, varied scene; and in the present, scope and field for many hopes, and fears, and anxious imaginings. Fain would we lift the veil, and peer into the future; but this vision is withdrawn from us. It may be dark and lurid; or calm and peaceful as the summer sun, sinking with mellow ray upon the western wave, it may be bright and hopeful. Our night may pass, our dawn of day may come—but let us up and be doing.

DUBLIN

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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.,

WILL BE RESUMED IN OUR NEXT.

CLOUGH FIONN; OR, THE STONE OF DESTINY.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER XII.

WINNY Mulcahy stretched out both her hands in the direction of Patrick Donohoe's flight; and, thus standing, she gazed after him, until a turn of the road hid him from her.

"Why did he go so precipitately from us?" she questioned of Nance Pender.

"To make good his word to you—to save the bull-head Dick Mulcahy, who wouldn't be said by me, and stop within the doors to-day.—'Heart-blisthered Nance Pender, you're teetom-totally in the dark yourself.'—He went from us, a lanna machree, as if his wits were flying along the road before him, and he was thriving to come up with 'em for the bare life."

"I have been endeavouring to interpret some of his words; he was gone before I could get an explanation. 'If blood is to be shed to-night,' he said, 'it will not be your father's blood.' He said too there was a presentiment upon him. Could his presentiment be, that the blood to flow this night would be his own? Could this be his meaning?"

"Don't be cross-hackling my sowl out, by axing such a question. Bad cess to you, Winny Mulcahy, you'll vex me sore if you do.—'Her guess is on the right road to the thruth; you can't deny it, Nance.'—"

"That would be a fatal proof of his love, indeed; it is a chilling, harrowing supposition."

"He towld us, before he took to his heels, not to stay where we are. 'Creep along,' says he, 'as fast as your pegs can move, and get out o' this, and cross over the stile that's between you and the wood'—I know the stile well—and make your way home,' says he, 'by the blessed well.'"

"I remember he said so, but I cannot go. I feel as I have sometimes felt in troubled dreams: I have not power to free myself from the terrors that are around me everywhere: I cannot leave the place where my future

lot is to be decided. It terrifies me to be here, but still I cannot go."

"But I'll make you to go, Winny Mulcahy; I'll make you to go, if I was to rub you again' the grain until I'd sthrip the flesh from your bones. Sure you done more than I had a thought you'd be able for, you chrea chrautha—you cooled down the biling wrath that was ready to scald the world; and Pathrick Donohoe gave the promise to keep Dick Mulcahy in a whole skin, and Pathrick, the slob, will keep his word: what more do you want? Hearken to me, my dame—if Dick Mulcahy makes his way into the house, and that we're not to be found, take my word for it, we'll not darken his door again. Come your ways, I tell you, or I'll give you a mark you'll remember. Don't put Dick Mulcahy on the cross-hackle with us."

While Nance Pender spoke, she was drawing Winny Mulcahy along the road in the direction of the stile they were to cross.

"I believe I should not farther disobey my father," the young girl said. "God has blessed me so far, and I should not offend him again; but yet the events to come are so uncertain, that even with danger before me, I had rather know the result of my mission—much rather, Nance, be in certainty, than be absent, and remain in long, long ignorance."

"What on the living earth can you do, you poor wakely rush, by staying here? and mischief, without a pinch of sugar to sweeten it, will surely be your dhrink if you do. Don't be cross-grained with me, or I'll make you rue it.—'Tis only afther a manner like a lame duck she's able to walk; the chance strength she got is out of her.'—"

Nance Pender continued to draw her charge onward, but at a very tardy pace. Winny Mulcahy would stop almost every moment, and she would listen with the utmost attention, and

she would draw her companion's notice to every sound, and she would give a signification herself, or she would seek for Nance's interpretation. Proceeding thus slowly together, they approached within view of the copse-wood in which the seven waylayers were concealed. They had nearly reached the stile over which Patrick Donohoe had directed them to take their way.

"Hush!" said Winny Mulcahy, in a low whisper—"what noise is that?"

"'Tis nothing, you fool of a shivering bound: 'tis the wind among the throes of the wood."

"There is not a breath of wind stirring, Nance; it is some one forcing his way through the branches; and—look—look—Nance, look!"

"Hide yourself, hide yourself," cautioned Nance; and she pulled Winny Mulcahy with her into the shadow of the thick hedge by which they stood. "Don't as much as blink your eyelids, and let the breadth come and go so aisy, that a moth's wing would be louder: don't stir for the life o' you."

A man had emerged from the leafy screen towards which the two adventurers had been making their way, and he stood erect on the fence above the road, looking for a short time directly before him. The moon shone so clearly and unobstructedly on him, that his figure was nearly as distinct as if he were exposed to the light of day.

Neither of the crouching observers could be mistaken as to his identity; he was the same who had terrified Winny Mulcahy in the glen, and the same who had more than once given to Nance Pender timely warning of intended attacks on the life of Richard Mulcahy.

"He has a gun in his hand," cautiously whispered Nance Pender. "Bad cess to your body, don't shiver so hard; he can't see a blink of us."

As she spoke, Murtoch Donohoe descended from his elevated position; stooped, as if in caution; crossed the road to the opposite side from that where our friends were hidden; descended into a deep bounding ditch, and the breathless listeners could hear him splashing through the water therein contained. As he moved onward, they could trace his course by this sound, although his bent figure was concealed from them; and he came on, on, towards them. Three

times they saw his head above the gripe through which he crept, and each time he stopped to look about him, and then again, bending down, he plashed on through the water. They heard the plash, plash, coming nearer and nearer; it came opposite to them; it passed on, and the sound continued to be heard for some time, becoming gradually less distinct, until it was lost in the distance.

"He is gone, praises to the Lord in heaven," whispered Nance Pender, as she cautiously wiped the perspiration from her face with her mantle.

"You may be mistaken, Nance," breathed Winny Mulcahy, applying her mouth to the old woman's ear; "you may mistake. Listen! listen—what is that?"

"Och, it is the thramp, thramp of a horse, galloping hard along the road. The hand of Heaven may be between your father and his fate! That is the hoof-fall of your father's horse."

"Oh, my God!" murmured Winny Mulcahy. "My God, take pity upon him and upon me; be merciful to us, O Lord!—be merciful!"

A gun-shot rang loud on the suppliant's ear, effectually frightening away the silence of the night: and when the reverberation ceased, the rapid tramp of the horse could be heard again. In a very short time the animal dashed by, close to where the two agitated women crouched. They could see him, and recognise him fully. The saddle was empty; the horse was without a rider.

"My father—is dead!" screamed Winny Mulcahy, rushing from her concealment, and standing on the road, in the moonlight. "Or, or," she continued, "he may not be murdered outright; he may need assistance."

Without speaking more, and endowed with a sudden and unnatural energy, she hastened on as quickly as her limbs would bear her. Before ten minutes had elapsed, she stood over the prostrate body she had come to seek. The slaughtered or wounded man lay upon his face, and there was a stream of gore flowing along the road. He was not dead, for he moaned faintly. Was it Winny Mulcahy's father that so lay before her? She looked and looked until her eyes protruded from her head. With a desperate effort, and although her nature revolted and sickened, she turned the

body over. It was Patrick Donohoe's face, and not her father's.

Winnie Mulcahy knelt down, and scrutinised closely the disfigured up-turned countenance. She then sat upon the road, stretching out her feet, and so fixed herself as to enable her to raise the young man's head, and place it leaning against her bosom. With her soft hand she smoothed back the clustering hair, and she kissed the forehead and she kissed the lips. No tears fell from her eyes as she sat thus, but she moaned loudly and sorrowfully, as her person rocked to and fro.

Patrick Donohoe groaned a long and deep-drawn groan, and his eyelids opened. His glance became rivetted on the eyes that looked down into his, as if he would fix a vision into a reality; and although the words "my beloved Patrick" were spoken with struggling difficulty, and barely reached his ear, his straying senses were convinced.

"This is Winnie Mulcahy who is with me," he faintly said.

"Yes, Patrick, it is I."

"This is a blessing, indeed—the greatest blessing that could be vouchsafed to me."

With both her little hands about his temples, Winnie Mulcahy pressed the reclining head against her heart. Patrick Donohoe felt the soft caress, and he endeavoured to murmur out his gratitude.

"Winnie," he said, "my senses, at first vague and indiscriminating, have come to me; and I feel my strength returning. Winnie, I have kept my promise, your father is free from danger."

"Whatever blood is to flow to-night shall not be your father's; these were his parting words," Winnie Mulcahy slowly said, not in answer to him, but in retrospect—"He has kept his pledge, and his death-wound is from me."

"Winnie, I almost foresaw what was to happen, and I would take the chance again sooner than you should weep tears of remorse over your father's body. Your father will mourn for me when I am gone; I know him, and I know he will."

"But you will not leave me, Patrick. Ah! no, Patrick—no."

"I feel the hand of death upon me. I feel his chilly touch advancing to my heart—cold and chilly. I am about to

quit this world. The bitterness of the parting is, that my bequest to her I love is sorrow for my fate. After years and years are gone, and even to old age, you will continue to weep over my grave. This is a sad bequest to leave you, my poor Winnie; a poor legacy, my gentle girl."

"Patrick, with God's mercy, you will not die, and—owe your death to me."

"I see you are heart-sore, Winnie, and I will not make that heart sorer by my words. Yet I have one request to make."

"I will take you with me, Patrick, and I will care you, so that death shall not come near you."

"Winnie, although I pain you, I must speak of my request to you, or I may be too late. My gentle, tender Winnie, I am near my death, and I am dying unprepared for the awful journey. I dread I shall be lifeless before the rites of religion can be offered to me. Winnie, you are here to soothe me in my need. Winnie, remember me in your prayers; when you rise at morning, when you go to rest at night, and at mid-day when you kneel in prayer, remember Patrick Donohoe. Pray for God's mercy to my soul. Your prayers will find favour with my Judge. Pray for my soul, beloved Winnie."

The afflicted girl laid her forehead down on that she supported, and her glossy hair was around the young man's face, as she murmured—

"I will pray for you, Patrick."

"Those are words of peace and hope to me," faintly answered Patrick Donohoe.

The interchange of sorrows between the lovers had been almost in whispers, not distinguishable beyond the spot where it took place. As they now rested in silent affliction, the loud wail of Nance Pender, as she came up, was heard, by one who had, up to this, looked on without stirring from his concealment.

"Och! och! Patrick Donohoe, my bouchal bawn," she cried, "is it here I see you stretched lifeless before me? May the arm be withered that spilt your blood, Patrick Donohoe;" and she clapped her hands, and shouted his name again and again.

Appearing suddenly on the announcement of the name, from behind the fence bounding the road to the left

hand, Murtoch Donohoe came forward. A few hasty steps brought him to the side of his son. In his hand he held the gun from which the fatal shot had been discharged. He stooped his tall person, and gazed with wild intensity on the face below him. For some seconds he so stood, and while he looked, he breathed thick and short, and with a violent heaving of the chest. He raised himself erect, and a loud cry burst from him, that might be heard afar off. "This," he vociferated, in Irish, "this is not Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth that lies dying here—this is the portly son of Sheela Donohoe, of Clough Fionn. This blood is not the blood of Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth, it is the blood that was round the heart of Sheela Donohoe's son. Och hone ! och hone ! this is the life-blood that warmed the body of Murtoch Donohoe's brave, and lofty, and beautiful boy. It was at the body of Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth that I discharged the gun, and through and through him went the bullets, and head-foremost he tumbled from his swift-footed horse. And where is Dick Mulcahy that fell by my bullets, and why is Sheela Donohoe's son lying here in his gore, bleeding away his life blood, and Dick Mulcahy gone ? Oh ! oh ! oh !"

His lamentation was a prolonged melancholy wail ; and while crying out, he raised the gun with both his hands : he struck it against the road, and shivered it into atoms. He continued his incoherent speech—

"Murtoch Donohoe said to the scourgers, that he was not mad : but Murtoch Donohoe is mad now. He would not shed the blood of the son of his soul, if he was not mad—mad. Oh ! oh ! oh ! Murtoch Donohoe did not slay his son ; he slew Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth : and he slew him to fulfil his long-sworn oath. Why is Sheela Donohoe's son here, to die under his father's eye ? Who was it brought Patrick Donohoe, dying before his father ?"

"Miserable father, be patient," said Patrick Donohoe, as audibly as he could speak.

"I did not, brave and beautiful son of my beautiful Sheela—I did not fire the shot that laid you there ; I could swear upon the holy mass-book, that it was Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth I laid low. I never swore an oath over your mother's corpse to

take the life of your mother's son ! and how do you come here, when I saw with my eyes that Dick Mulcahy fell headlong down ? Sheela Donohoe could look from heaven on my withered and blasted heart this night, and she could tell you that I would not harm a hair upon the lofty head of her only child. Och hone, Patrick, I would not harm you ; and why are you lying there on the edge of your mother's grave ? Why, why, my son, are you there, bleeding to death ? Hah !" he cried, as if struck with a sudden thought, "there is the daughter of Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth. He has sent her here to laugh over the death of the son, and to scoff at the madness of the father. But laugh she shall not, while the hand of desolation is on our name. Dick Mulcahy's daughter shall not scoff or laugh at the destruction of Murtoch Donohoe and his son."

"Fly, Winny—fly instantly," Patrick Donohoe besought, as audibly as he could speak : "I have not strength to save you. Fly ! Winny, fly !"

From the moment of Murtoch Donohoe's appearance, Winny Mulcahy's look had fixed on him with uncontrollable dread. An overpowering fear of him had seized on her, that for the time banished all other consciousness. It was an instinct of preservation, not an action of the will that swayed her. Patrick Donohoe's warning—"Fly, fly," produced a paroxysm of terror.

"Fly ? fly ?" shouted the maniac, "there is one with as fleet a foot to follow her."

She sprang up erect, as she became conscious that Murtoch Donohoe rushed towards her. Vaguely and indistinctly she perceived that there were other men around her, with knitted brows, and with weapons in their hands. She stretched out both her arms, and uttered a long, and thrilling, and ringing scream. She flew onward, directly as her face was turned. Her speed, although it appeared fleetest than the stretch of the race-horse for the goal, would not have availed her, but that the apparently dying Patrick Donohoe seized his frantic father by the skirts, and held on with a firm gripe. Murtoch Donohoe dragged his prostrate son along the road for some distance.

"Father," petitioned the young man, "you are sending the last drop of blood from around my heart. Father, you will extinguish life, even be-

fore God wills it. Father, have pity on your dying son."

Murtoch Donohoe heard the voice, and he looked down upon the speaker. His purpose of imaginary vengeance passed away; he sank upon the road beside his child, and his lamentation was loud and appalling.

And Winny Mulcahy, with outstretched arms, shrieked and shrieked,

and raced, without other purpose than to flee fast and far from the outrageous man who had terrified her, until terror was her only sensation. Straight along the road, leaving the scene of alarm far behind her, she ran on. She struck with all her force against some obstacle, for her eye took in no note of objects. She fell prostrate, and lost all consciousness.

CHAP. XIII.

AFTER the lapse of four months from the eventful night, the incidents of which we have detailed, we take up the thread of our narrative.

Winny Mulcahy had been discovered where she had fallen, by her faithful friend Nance Pender. Nance had at once followed the guiding sound of the reiterated screams, but she was left far behind by the panic-stricken fugitive. Winny had been conveyed home in the cart of a neighbouring peasant, lethargic, although breathing, her head resting in the lap of her "forty-second cousin." If Nance had been under observation, she would have endeavoured to keep in her grief, through mere perversity. But as it was, she wept, during her progress home, silently and profusely. She endeavoured, however, to qualify the motive of her lamentation. She, the least selfish of human beings, would fain convince herself that her grief was altogether out of compassion for "the heart-scalded, heart-blisthered, and cross-hackled Nance Pender."

A perilous and protracted fever had followed the harassing agitation Winny Mulcahy had endured: her bodily and mental strength, equally unfitting her for harshness or suffering. The delirium of the sickness had continued longer than usual in such cases; and then, when her mental equilibrium was restored, she lay helpless—and still, her thoughts reverting, with pertinacity and perseverance, to every minute particular preceding her illness.

Immediately following heavy sickness, while the body is languid and unfit for energetic exertion; while the mind is unable for laborious occupation, and while the intellect is left almost to its internal operations; past occurrences are examined with a continuity of attention, not compatible with the energy or bustle necessary for

active pursuits. The reflections of the invalid are pursued, too, with a calm equability of spirit consequent on physical debility. The enjoyments of former days are reviewed with sobriety, and by-gone sufferings are thought on without extreme poignancy. There is a modifying generality of tint pervading alike the remembered joys and sorrows, that prevents either from appearing in the full force of contrast. Recollected raptures are only smiled at, and the tamed heart is prepared for acquiescence even with heavy misfortunes.

So it was with Winny Mulcahy. When consciousness returned, she pondered over past events silently and incessantly. Her recollections came piecemeal; but bit by bit she unravelled the confused entanglement of memory. She was so employed for some days, until, after close scrutiny, she, at length, remembered that of a certain night, how long back she had no datum on which to found an opinion, she had left Patrick Donohoe, lying wounded, and to all appearance at the point of death. The tears she shed over this reminiscence, although coming from a heart full of its grief, were not agonising; Winny Mulcahy came to the conclusion, that Patrick Donohoe had died on the spot where she had left him, and she wept over the calamity as one that must sadden every day she had to live, but to which she would endeavour to be resigned.

Of a certain evening, Nance Pender, having propped up her patient with pillows, was sitting in a chair close by, with her face towards her charge; she was engaged, as she herself would have described, "paying compliments." She was making very short, quick nods forward with her head; suddenly recovering herself; uttering a sound half-sigh half-moan; steadying

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herself: opening her eyes, and blinking them for a moment; closing them again; and then, repeating the same routine of "paying court-duties" over and over, and so on for a full hour.

A sun-beam flowed through the nearly-closed shutters of the window, and, appearing as if the light had been condensed to a solidity, crossed the apartment, and rested on the opposite wall; and there was in sunbry duskiness; and all eyes were fixed on this almost tantalizing beam of light. Her nervous hands resting on the coverlid of the bed, Winnie Mulcahy had been following the theme of her reflections, while Nance Pender had been "paying compliments" to her, as if she were performing a bounden duty.

"Dear Nance," Winnie said, at length, speaking feebly and scarcely above her breath.

"I'll crack your neck, you lame thief," muttered Nance, partially awake; and, as we happen to be cognisant of the confused state of her thoughts at the moment, we will acquaint the reader that her half-pronounced words were addressed to a certain Willy Neil, the cowboy, who, in consequence of his decrepitude, Nance had taken under her protection, and whom she abused every time they met.

"It is your own Winnie that is calling you, Nance."

Even through her somnambulency our old friend recognised the voice of her "forty-second cousin," and the visionary Willy Neil fitted away. Her eyes were partly open in an instant, and after a little rubbing they were soon effectually distended.

"You want to fill your crop now, and have ne'er a wrinkle in it; but bad cess purshue the morsel you'll get to-day again.—'Do you want to lay your death on me, do you?'—"

"I am sorry now that I disturbed you, my dear good Nance. You are weary with your care of me."

"Disturb you! disturb you! says she; faith, maybe she'll tell me to my very muzzle that 'twas sleeping I was, and I watching her as if I was an owld cat listening at a mouse-hole. I'll punish you for saying that as soon as ever you're able to stand for a good thumping.—'A sound thrashing I'll give you for it.'—"

"My dear Nance, I have a question

to put to you. I have endeavoured to be patient, but I find I cannot defer my question one instant longer. I find my head aching, and my heart throbbing, with the desire to put this one question, and to receive the answer."

Nance was alarmed at the quick heaving of the patient's chest; and as she took the poor girl's feeble hand in hers, it felt hot. There was a flush, too, on the sunken cheek, that to the old woman's observation threatened a return of feverish symptoms; and the sunken eye looked into hers with an earnestness beyond its strength.

"If you don't keep yourself as aisy and quiet as a sleeping weenoch at the breast, and not to be frightening me to the very inside of my gizzard, I'll rise out o' you, and I'll bang out o' the house, and lave you to knock knowledge out o' the bed-post.—'Tis a burning shame for you, after the pull and drag we had with death for you, for a whole month, without ever letting our hould o' you get slack.'—"

So remonstrated Nance Pender.

"I will be calm and cool, dear Nance; indeed I am not able to be otherwise. Nance, during those days back, I have been thinking and thinking on all that happened before I fell ill. My thoughts have gone back even to my childhood, and have travelled over the path of my past life. Pondering over recent matters, I could not first bring to my mind more than a confused turmoil of things, one occurrence mingling with the other in a kind of dreamy perplexity."

"Who gave the lave to your tongue to go at such a canther?" interrupted Nance Pender? "You'll not give over till you'll rise me; you'll rise me, I tell you, and I won't wait till you're well, to flagellate you.—'She's troubled about my poor Pathrick, God rest his soul. I hear the rumble of what's coming; the poor, lonely, little bird-een.'—"

Winnie Mulcahy's intended question was answered unintentionally by Nance Pender. But still the poor girl, although convinced her sad anticipations were realised, was not content without a direct interrogatory.

"At length, my dear Nance," she said, "after continual thinking, every occurrence of the terrible night preceding my illness, I was able to remember. Finally, I recollected that I had been sitting on a public road,

with the bright moonlight down upon me, and Patrick Donohoe's drooping head was against my heart, and he was dying—dying, in consequence of his love to me. And then that frightful man came, and other men with wicked looks came, one by one, and stood around me, and I flew away in terror from them, and I left Patrick Donohoe to die! He would not so have fled from me; no, he would not!"

"Will you cry stop to the galloping tongue, or bad cess stick to my heels if I don't clip it across with the scissors.—'Twill be the best to tell her out and out the heart-scalding thruth. If I don't, this cross-hackling of the brain will lay her on the broad of her back again, and then, God be with her, she'll soon be as low as Pathrick, and I'll never rise the head myself.'—"

"I need scarcely ask you, Nance: Patrick Donohoe is dead—dead Nance?"

"You're driving long Corcoran pins through my livers and lights, so you are."

"Dead, Nance—dead?"

"Dead and buried with his mother, the Lord be merciful to his brave, honest sowl!"

"So my apprehensions told me. Blessed and praised be God for his afflictions, as well as for his blessings! Oh Lord, be merciful to him in your judgments!"

Winny Mulcahy wept herself to sleep. The exhaustion of her frame compelled repose; through her closed eyelids the tears came plentifully the live-long night; she awoke only to weep on; and daily and nightly, with little interval, she wept for weeks.

While she wept she still thought on Patrick Donohoe. The last request she had heard from his lips was not forgotten: she remembered he had besought her prayers for his salvation; and the fulfilment of this, to her, imperative obligation, was the chief, indeed the only, solace she knew. Her recovery was protracted. While still confined to her bed, she, each morning at her first awaking, at noon, and at the close of night, prayed for Patrick Donohoe's safety in the world beyond the grave; and, subsequently, when she was able to arise, the practice was continued without deviation.

Were we inclined for polemical discussion, we have here a favourable opportunity of entering on a point of variance between contending Christians;

our province requires of us to portray creed and country as they are or have been, not to impugn or defend disputed doctrines. We will only remark, that even those differing from Winny Mulcahy in her faith, would have paused before they scoffed, had they seen her while engaged in prayer for the happiness of him she had loved; and they might even understand and appreciate this blending of her worldly and religious affections together.

A remarkable change had taken place in Richard Mulcahy, the successful middleman, from the night that Patrick Donohoe received in his body the bullets intended for Richard Mulcahy himself. He went little abroad, and he was comparatively careless about his business; he blustered less than was his previous habit—indeed, he spoke little to any one; he took to solitary drinking, which had never been his custom, and almost every night went to bed more or less inebriated. It was remarked by his sententious footman, and reported as a deep observation, that twice, when he took up the books of accounts, that had been shaped and kept in order by Patrick Donohoe, he flung them from him, after a short and apparently embarrassing examination; and Davy Spruhan was of opinion, that he was sad and dejected on both occasions. It was noticed out of doors, too, and Davy Spruhan's surmise was strengthened thereby, that when he attempted to follow any of the occupations Patrick Donohoe had been usually engaged in, he turned from it almost immediately, and again he was sad and dejected. Sad he had never appeared before; he had been frowning, and angry, and exacting, but he had not been sad. It was reported also by the groom, as a decisive proof that Dick Mulcahy grieved over the loss of his former favourite, how Dick Mulcahy looked personally after the care of Patrick Donohoe's horse. He would, by the groom's statement, go into the stable and smooth down the animal's forehead, and rub the limbs between his hands, and brush out the manger himself, and place the corn therein, and stand by as if in reverie while the food was consumed—his own horse the while not noticed.

The visits of Dick Mulcahy to his daughter's chamber during her confinement therein were frequent and of long

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there was no her an that thou wilt be pleased, in thy mercy, to regard with pity and compassion, and to receive into thine eternal kingdom, there to adore and glorify thee, the soul of the deceased Patrick Donohoe, who died in his youth and unprepared to meet the rigour of thy judgment."

"Amen, Amen, O Lord," was distinctly responded to her petition. She turned hastily round, and saw her father in the doorway, rising from his knees. He was hurrying away; she followed quickly after him, and she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was her impulse to tell her father, by this mute embrace, that she understood him, and thanked him for thus permitting and joining in her remembrance of Patrick Donohoe.

"I must go, Winny—I must go," he said, and he departed abruptly; confused, as his daughter interpreted in his manner, at having been detected in the involuntary betrayal of an emotion which he found unnatural, and unfitting his hitherto unyielding character.

A certain incident convinced Winny Mulcahy that she conjectured rightly. Of a night, when preparing for bed, she knelt as usual at her prayers, and the conclusion of her orison was thus:—"Oh! my God, I humbly supplicate of thee, in all humility, through the merits of thine only Son my Saviour,

CHAPTER XIV.

Such of our readers as have employed a reflective hour decyphering the inscriptions over the dead in any of our rural places of interment in Ireland, must, amongst other distinguishing peculiarities, have observed on many of the mounds marking the humble graves, two indents, each separately dotted, but close together. These indents may be noted in the grass, if the dweller below has been long enough a tenant to have his resting-place covered with verdure, or in the fresh clay, if the final deposit has been recent. The visitor of the churchyard will know, when he observes these little hollows on the grave, that they are imprints marked by the knees of those who have prayed there, day after day, above the remains of relative or friend, whom the suppliant loved or valued, before death removed the object of affection.

The visitor of the "country church-yard" will remember, as he looks on these knee-marks, that he has often seen the hooded female figure there; at times kneeling upright, at times bent low, and at times with her forehead touching the earth, silently, and with overflowing breast, holding com-

munion with the world of spirits. They are principally females, who bring thither the religion of their hearts.

As soon as Winny Mulcahy's resolved strength would permit, she resolved to transfer the place of her noonday prayer for his soul, to Patrick Donohoe's fresh grave, beside the ruined church we have before noticed.

She had been told, that owing to his recent identification with the illegal confederacy of "Shanavests," and because he was presumed to have received his death-wound while assailing the life of her father, he had been interred stealthily and by night. And as his death and this unhonoured burial had been consequent on his devotion to her, her pilgrimage to his place of rest appeared to be a duty owing to the memory of him with whom her affections were buried.

Nance Pender accompanied Winny Mulcahy on this, her combined errand of love and religious impulse; and on a sunny day, in early September, they set out together.

Arrived at the small and secluded churchyard, the old woman sorrow-

fully pointed out the grave; and Winny, without attempting to speak, sank down softly on her knees. She drew the hood of her mantle close around her face, and covering her eyes fully with her handkerchief, she prayed silently, while her tears flowed fast in an uninterrupted current.

Nance Pender's peculiar verbosity was checked by the solemnity of the place and purpose, as well as by her feelings, and she also knelt at the opposite side of the mound of fresh clay to that occupied by Winny, and she joined her in her orisons.

While she was so engaged, Nance Pender felt something touch her right cheek very lightly. She put up her hand, and the hand was touched also. She turned her head, and she saw, peeping round the corner of the little ivy-covered ruin, the wrinkled face of Nelly Glynn, the proprietor of "the Shanavests' Hotel." There was nothing to be seen but the face and one hand, and the hand held a long osier rod, and with this rod Nelly Glynn had tapped the cheek and hand of her old crony, to attract her notice. When Nelly Glynn found that Nance Pender's eyes were on her, she winked most significantly with both her own, and jerked her head backwards, violently, beckoning to a conference. Nance Pender, without pausing in her prayer, returned Nelly Glynn's mysterious winks, and jerked her head with an opposite motion to that of Nelly Glynn; and Nelly, bobbing the signal head downwards, meaning thereby, "that will do, Nance Pender," withdrew at once out of view the small portion of her that had been visible. The slightest stir had not been heard during this intercourse of "nods and becks." After the lapse of a few minutes, Nance Pender "blessed herself" very hastily and very imperfectly, and rising up cautiously, and glancing across the grave, to be certain her motions were unobserved, she stole away as silently as possible, and disappeared behind the ruin whence the invitation had been telegraphed.

It will be recollected by the reader, that interviews between Nance Pender and Nelly Glynn had taken place before; the "owld sinner of a woman," as Nance denominated Nelly, being in the pay of Dick Mulcahy. These meetings had been hitherto held by night, that they might escape obser-

vation, and the ruin near at hand had been more than once selected as the place of tryst. Nance had little doubt but that she was now summoned to learn the details of a further plot against "Richard Mulcahy."

A full hour had elapsed before Nance Pender reappeared, and then she seated herself on the grass, wiping from her forehead the moisture that covered it. It would have been difficult, indeed, to read in her stolid pock-pitted face the nature of the intelligence she had gained; but that something of an engrossing character had occupied her might be understood from the eager glance of her grey eye, darting from under her compressed brows.

When Nance Pender took her seat, Winny Mulcahy was bent down over the grave on which she knelt; the palms of both her hands were covering her face, and her face resting on them. A very short time passed by when Nance began to fidget about, and her look, as she directed it to the still praying girl, denoted impatience. She spoke loud enough to be heard, although only in colloquy with herself.

"The mischief may go with 'em, for prayers, God pardon me—will they never stop, I wonder. Enough is as good as a faste, Lord knows; but such a kishfull would give myself the lock-jaw. 'Twould be a charity to chop 'em short, only I wouldn't cross-hackle the little birdeen."

After a pause, she seemed to take up a different subject for self-information.

"Bad cess may purshue 'em, right and left, the plodding, cosheering pair. Show me the gain, if you can, of going a mile round, through a dirty, puddly, crooked lane, when 'tis only a hop and a leap through the green grass, and you're home, in two snaps of the fingers, the gizzard splitting inside of me all the time. Don't tell it to her of a sudden, Nance, agumsha—don't tell it to her of a sudden. She's wakenly, agumsha—wakely, after her sickness, and it might—what's that they said it might bring about?—knock her into a doldrum, I believe they said."

Winny Mulcahy had heard Nance Pender's two soliloquies, although not intended for her ear. She raised her head, and looked with alarm at the old woman. She made the sign of the cross reverently over her person, and rose from her knees.

"You have evil tidings, I fear, Nance, concerning my father."

"I'll tell you some of my mind, Winny Mulcahy," answered Nance Pender, quite away from the mark, starting to her feet at the same time. "As sure as I'm a living sinner, this blessed day, I'll give Dick Mulcahy something that he'll remember, if he isn't sed and led by me this time, above all times. No more of his bull-dog barks or his crack-neck keemeens for me. I'll knuckle him down this time, as sure as there's a cap on my head. Let me see if he dares to cross-hackle me or scald me this offer; he'll remember it, if he does, the longest day he puffs breath."

And Nance banged both her hands together with a force that caused the startled echo in the little church to slap hands over and over again. Winny Mulcahy had never seen her so excited before. Winny paused a little, hoping that Nance, by one of her usual addenda, might enable her to understand the true meaning of the threats she had heard.

"Nance, you are leaving me in doubt and fear. Nance, will you not tell me what you have heard?"

"I'll make you go the way I want you, Dick Mulcahy," Nance Pender continued, her energy and her determination increasing, rather than diminishing. "I'll spanshell you so tight, you mule of a man, that you can't kick or lash one way or the other—I will, you thoro' of a mad bull. You gave your days, up to this, dhriving your head and your horns against all the world; but I'll stick a boord across your eyes, and I'll put a ton weight of a heavy suggawn collar on you, that will keep down your stubborn neck; and I'll put an iron ring in your nose, with a sthrong rope out of it, and I'll lade you what way I like. You must, Dick Mulcahy—you must." Again she struck her sounding palms together, and again bang, bang, went the wondering echo of the little church. "And," she went on, bowing her person violently, and waving her two hands up and down before her, as if appealing to a visible, not an imaginary Dick Mulcahy, "Is it to bring grist to Nance Pender's owld, rotten mill, that's past its labour, that she wants to guide you into the right thrack? O, my dear sowl, only think of it. Say to me this time, the way a tame,

honest Christian would spake—say to me, Nance Pender, have it your own way; you'r a rumbunctious owld foggy, but 'tis for my good you are—have it all your own way, Nance, I give up the battle. If you say this to me, Dick Mulcahy, won't the world gape at the luck you'll have? Won't the grass spring up in your meadows, to the height of a tall man? Won't the big gashes of whate, four fingers long, without the blight or the mildew on 'em, be bending down, and nodding and whispering in the ripening sun? Won't the orchard be all blossoms in May, and the branches breaking on All-hallow Eve? Won't the cows give yield into the pail twenty quarts at the milking, every one of 'em? Won't the butther be four feet thick on the churn? And won't the nails of the desk be drawn from the clinching, with the store of money that will be crammed into it? Won't there be look, and grace, and happiness the live-long day, if you do my bidding? Won't you have time to make up your soul for the long reckoning? Won't there be an eye to watch for you, and a tongue to speak for you, and an arm to guard you? And won't you die in your bed, a good Christian at last?"

Nance Pender's eyes were moist, and her husky voice was softened, as she contemplated the picture she had drawn.

"You must join their hands together, Dick Mulcahy, my dacent man," Nance Pender still appealed, as if addressing him personally; "you must say, 'God bless them,' and call them your childher."

"Nance," faintly, said Winny Mulcahy, "Nance—my dear Nance, you are —"

"A half-cracked owld divil I am. I'm cracked, from sconce to heel, and from shouldher to flank; and why wouldn't I be cracked? 'Tis a new story I have to tell; 'tisn't with the heart-scald I'm cracked this offer. I'm crazy with the joy—with the joy, Winny Mulcahy." And Nance Pender-gast's eyes overflowed outright.

"We thought he was lying there, but he isn't there, Winny. We thought the grave covered him; but, Patrick, my bouchal bawn, the cowl'd clay of the grave is not above you."

"Nance!" said Winny Mulcahy, still more inaudibly than before.

"I hugged him, and I kissed him,

and I had him in my arms," declaimed Nance.

"Will you, for mercy's sake?" petitioned Winny. She could say no more; but she stared at the vociferous Nance Pender, as if only half comprehending the meaning of the words she had heard.

"Patrick Donohoe is alive, in the pride of his youth, Winny Mulcahy. I listened to the words from his mouth; my head felt the beating of his heart; I felt his warm kiss on my owld horny lips."

Winny Mulcahy no more than breathed a plaintive cry, and she would have fallen, but that the old woman held her up; and then Nance Pender's raised voice shouted—

"Patrick, Patrick, Patrick Donohoe—run, run, Patrick."

The echo, dwelling in the ruins, had not ceased its imperfect imitation of the name of Patrick, when his supporting arms were around the drooping Winny Mulcahy.

Side by side, even on a grassy grave, Patrick Donohoe and Winny Mulcahy sat together. Nance Pender walked round and round the enclosure of the churchyard, with the expression of a faithful, but quarrelsome terrier, on her face, to guard the lovers from interruption; and she continued during her perambulation, to threaten and reason with Dick Mulcahy, by turns.

The explanation as to his unexpected appearance, given by Patrick Donohoe to his attentive auditor, can be conveyed in a few words to the reader.

Patrick Donohoe was borne from the spot whereon Winny had left him, by the men who had been concealed in the wood, and who were drawn thither by the report of the gun discharged by Murtoch Donohoe. He was conveyed by them to Nelly Glynn's "Shanavests' Hotel." He remained insensible for a considerable time, from loss of blood. When consciousness returned, one of the first objects he recognised was the body of his unhappy father stretched lifeless before him. In the mingled paroxysm of Murtoch Donohoe's rage,

and grief, and mental aberration, the overstrained blood-vessels at the seat of life had burst; the wretched maniac had died of a broken heart.

The events of the night producing this catastrophe, had vaguely reached the ears of the neighbouring magistrates. Dick Mulcahy doggedly refused to give any information so far as he was concerned. It was currently reported through the district, that Patrick Donohoe had assailed the life of his former benefactor, and that he had been dangerously wounded by the man whose death he had sought; and this rumour coming to the knowledge of the magistracy, it was known in Nelly Glynn's auberge, that a search for the supposed criminal had been instituted, that he might be made amenable to justice. It was deemed by the shrewd Nelly Glynn, that concealment could be most effectually secured, by pointing out Patrick Donohoe's fresh grave to all inquirers.

Murtoch Donohoe's return home, or his identity, were known only to the few to whom he had very lately imparted his secret; and these, with the view of saving the son from pursuit, interred the father with his wife, and the burial was by night. It was told, and universally believed, that Patrick Donohoe had died of his wounds, and that he was buried by stealth, by his late associates.

The unfortunate Murtoch Donohoe's gun had been loaded with two bullets; these taking the same direction, had perforated the son's side, but had made no lodgment there. A surgeon, conveyed privately to the sufferer's assistance, by the expert Nelly Glynn, found this to be the case, and at the first examination, he pronounced the wounds not dangerous. But the recovery of the patient was slow; and as Patrick sat beside Winny in the little "country churchyard," detailing the circumstances we have just narrated, she saw that he was as yet wan and haggard, and that he was far from being restored to his former health or vigour.

CHAPTER XV.

NANCE PENDER without intimating her intention to Winny Mulcahy, resolved to put Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, in possession of the important fact, the

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knowledge of which had enabled the two "forty-second cousins" to return to Mount Victory, as Nance expressed it, "like two bouncing jolly May-

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boys;" as, we would say, with comparatively light and happy hearts.

Nance Pender felt, to use another of her expressions, "squeezed to the centre of her gizzard" with the momentous nature of the task she contemplated. Whenever Nance's "gizzard" was so affected, a necessity for extreme shrewdness and caution was her conviction; and invariably on such occasions the involuntary audible addenda to her sentences were sure to be the most numerous. It was now her intention to lead to her all-important disclosure very gradually—to feel her way step by step, as it were, preparatory to fastening the "spanshells" on Dick Mulcahy's limbs—preparatory to the placing of "the ton weight suggawn" round his neck, and preparatory to the insertion of "the iron ring with the strong rope out of it," in his nose. As Nance stumped to the drawing-room after Winny Mulcahy had retired to rest, jingling the keys in her pockets, she came to the conclusion, that an hour at least must elapse before she could expect to hold the rope appended to the iron ring, by which she calculated she was to lead the "spanshelled" and "collared thoro'" Dick Mulcahy, to the hymeneal altar, to bestow his blessing on the union of Patrick Donohoe and his daughter.

Often as Nance Pender had been a miscalculator, and that was very often, she was never more out in her reckoning than in her present diplomacy—the diplomacy, above all others, far and away, wherein success was most desirable. The "mule," Dick Mulcahy, "kicked and lashed" more violently than he had ever "kicked and lashed before," and to "spanshell" him was out of the question altogether. As to putting the prepared heavy "suggawn collar" on him, or welding the "ring" into his nose, the "thoro'" butted so fiercely, that our friend Nance Pender retreated from him in fear and trembling. The matador with the high-quilled cap was obliged to retreat from the bull-fight, out of the arena. There was a letter ensconced in the very extreme depth of her elbow-deep pocket, indited by Patrick Donohoe, and written for Dick Mulcahy's eye. This letter Nance Pender did not intend to produce until Dick Mulcahy had said—the ring being in his nose, and the guide-rope in Nance Pender's gripe—"Have it all your own

way, Nance, I'll be led and be said by you." An hour, reckoning very moderately, was to have gone by, before allusion was to be made to this letter. To Nance Pender's consternation, one-fourth of the time contemplated for operation had not passed by, when "thoro'" insisted on having immediate possession of this momentous epistle. How it happened that knowledge of its concealment in her pocket had been conveyed to him, was unaccountable to Nance. But Dick Mulcahy "the mule," and Dick Mulcahy "the thoro'," "kicked," and "lashed," and "charged," so determinedly, that Nance Pender was compelled to produce the scroll, even while the animal that grasped it, half mule, half bull, according to Nance, was most rampagious and unsubdued.

The letter was read with a frowning brow and a threatening eye, such as bulls are used to wear; when read, it was crumpled together in the palm of the right-hand, and then thrust with a push into the coat-pocket.

The "thoro'" Dick Mulcahy rested his chin upon his breast for a moment, and puffed his cheeks in and out, and sent his breath in hard gushes through his lips; then, ordering the discomfited plenipotentiary to "take herself to the devil out of his way," he jostled her roughly to one side; and, bursting out of the room, she heard him ascend the stairs, with the haste, and heaviness, and clatter of an enraged bull, indeed. She heard him bang the door behind him, as if a veritable bull had struck it with his forehead, and in a way that none other than a genuine thoro' could have banged it.

Crest-fallen, and out of conceit with herself, Nance Pender reached the sleeping apartment of Winny Mulcahy. She had not yet given up her nightly vigilance of the invalid. Winny had knelt and prayed, omitting one sad petition from her supplication, and substituting a warm glow of gratitude and thanksgiving instead. She had retired to rest, and there was a smile of placid happiness dimpling the corners of her mouth. Nance Pender, as she prepared her pallet of watchfulness, abused both father and daughter, and pronounced her heart to be "blithered and scalded," beyond all former parallel.

To Winny's questions she gave full and distinct answers; her grief and disappointment were in too active a

state of ebullition to be disguised by evasion or circumlocution. The maiden was, no doubt, grieved to learn that the hopes she had founded on her father's silent sympathy with her, in hersorrow for Patrick Donohoe's death, were now proved to be baseless. Winny Mulcahy was too innocent, and too pure in mind, however, to be tossed or torn by the storms of passion ; she was certain that Patrick Donohoe lived—that he had not been brought to his early grave by her ; and thinking, in the grateful affection of her heart, only on this present source of joy, she still smiled her quiet happy smile, while Nance Pender mixed her prayers and her lamentations together.

Nance Pender or Winny did not fall into a state of oblivion for a length of time ; and the night was far advanced when they heard the voice of Richard Mulcahy filling the whole house. His words could not be understood ; but the blustering and loud vociferation told, beyond any doubt, to the eager listeners, that he was in a towering rage, whatever might be the cause of his anger. This cause was only too self-evident. Nance Pender and Winny Mulcahy came to the conclusion, that all hope of reconciliation between Patrick Donohoe and the turbulent man, who thus disturbed the quiet of the night, must be abandoned.

Nance Pender declared her unalterable resolution “to turn her back on Dick Mulcahy, at cock-crow, in the morning, and to work hard at the making of her sowl for the rest of her days.”

Winny Mulcahy, with a gentle sigh, came to the resolution to bow her head meekly and humbly to her father's will. She did not for one instant contemplate a forgetfulness of Patrick Donohoe ; but she prayed for grace and strength to be a dutiful and obedient child.

Nance Pender was the first to acknowledge the power of that temporary “tamer of the shrew,” all-subduing sleep ; and Winny Mulcahy's sigh of resignation gradually merged in the placid breathing of refreshing slumber.

Nance, notwithstanding her declaration of the former night to quit Mount Victory “at cock-crow,” slept longer than was usual with her ; and she spent the morning after her general manner, stumping here and there, and everywhere, and intermeddling

with everything and everybody. Winny Mulcahy, not yet quite re-established in health, was longer in bed than under other circumstances we would give excuse for ; she had finished her morning toilet, and was on her knees when Nance Pender appeared to announce breakfast.

“You'll wear the tongue in your head with them prayers,” was Nance's salutation. “Thoro' is hungry, and he swears upon his honour and sowl, that if you're not down stairs in three snaps of the finger, he'll smash the eggs again your forehead.”

“Is he so very ill-tempered to-day ?” questioned Winny, with a smile. She judged that Nance was in her usual exaggerating vein.

“Och ! the owld bucco he is, back again, from his pate to the sole of his boot ! Hurry down or you'll smart for it to your heart's content. I'll be down before you, and I'll snarl at him, and I'll turn his bark against myself, and I won't give him time to get one snap at you. I'll stand your friend, never fear me.”

There was a soliloquy added to this profession of needful service, but Winny Mulcahy lost the benefit of it, as it was delivered while Nance Pender was hurrying down the stairs, with all the speed her short legs enabled her to use.

She was standing on the threshold of the breakfast-parlour when Winny Mulcahy next gained a view of her ; and with her brows knitted hard, and her eyes glaring eagerly, she was beckoning the young girl to hasten on. Winny mended her pace in consequence, really alarmed at Nance Pender's hasty gesticulation. Nance made way for her to pass in, and with a step or two she ensconced herself behind the door. Winny paused, and blushed, and trembled, when, only two paces within the apartment ; for, with his hand resting on the back of a chair, and smiling and bowing to her as she entered, there stood Patrick Donohoe.

Hitherto we have not had to record one instance of laughter as emanating from Nance Pender. For the time the reader has been acquainted with her, she has been engaged bewailing the bitterness of her “heart-scald.” It is certain, however, that as she now looked from her place of partial concealment at the surprise she had planned and executed, she emitted a repe-

tition of sounds, as much resembling a cackinnation as could be expected from one of her saturnine temperament.

"March forward, march forward, Winny," shouted the voice of Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, "march forward, my girl. Upon my honour and sowl you look at ache other as if you were a pair of black sthrangers that had no great graw for one another. But the woman is in you, Winny. Ever since Eve's days the forbidden fruit is the one ye'll have. Give me your hand, girl. It is no ghost you see, but the same honest, brave fellow you knew since you were the height of my knee. There, Pathrick, there is her hand for you. Make the most of her, boy, and if my blessing is any use to ye, I give it you, share and share alike, as owld Slingsby would say."

Patrick Donohoe received the trembling hand placed in his, with affectionate deference; he bent his head over it, and gently touched it with his lips; he drew a chair close to the agitated girl, and she sank into it, overpowered by the suddenness of her happiness.

Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, paced up and down the room, with his hands behind his back, and he spoke thus as he walked:—

"Until I thought that fellow was gone from me, Winny, I didn't know the liking I had for him in the very marrow of my bones. They say I'm a hard-hearted man; may be so, but I'm not a stick or a stone for all that. I brought Pathrick here at the first because I looked on his dead mother, and remembered his father, and the rascal got round me in such a manner, that upon my honour and sowl, Winny, of the two I'd rather loose you than loose him. They call me Dick Mulcahy-na-Mulloeth, but I'm not the devil entirely, for all that. I owe my life to Pathrick more than once; but the last night of all would turn me to him, if I never saw his face before. The deep gashes of my whip was along his face when he met me, full of liquor,

and galloping to my death. I wouldn't blame the boy if he sent me lifeless from my horse. I fired my pistol at him when he stopped me, but instead of striking the man that struck him, he mounted my horse to save me, and the bullets that would have gone to my heart but for him, he received in his own body. Oh! upon my honour and sowl, I'd be the devil, and nothin' less, if I didn't love you, Pathrick Donohoe! And, Pathrick, my boy, I needn't be ashamed of you; you're able to howld up your head amongst the best of them, here, and there, and everywhere; you *are* Pathrick—upon my honour and sowl you are. Winny, I set off, helther-skelther for him in the middle of the night, and I brought him here, out of that owld, rotten cabin, to his own bed; I did, upon my honour and sowl."

Thus was Dick Mulcahy's loud talk, which to the apprehension of Winny and Nance Pender was a whirlwind scattering their hopes, proved to be a healthy storm, presaging calm and pleasant weather.

"Come here, Nance Pendher, you owld curmudgeon; you have everything your own way at last, Nance," continued Richard Mulcahy, Esquire. "Come over here, and handle the tay-pot; I don't think Winny could see a hole in a taycup this minute, if she was to loose husband and all for filling them."

Even on this occasion Nance Pender should have her own way. Instead of presiding at the breakfast-table, as Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, had requested, she started from behind the door, rushed to her "forty-first cousin by marriage," threw her arms round his neck, and, squeezing his windpipe hard, she kissed him; and then she went through the same ceremony with Patrick Donohoe; and, finishing with Winny Mulcahy, she went out of the room, as Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, called, "in a hard trot;" and she burst out crying the moment she was past the doorway.

CONCLUSION.

We have little further to communicate to the reader; but a few words of *finale* may not be unacceptable. Patrick Donohoe and his gentle Winny lived both of them to a good old

age; and their family of boys and girls was large. Nance Pender remained in the land of the living for thirty years after the nuptials of her favourites; and, although, from habit, she

often complained of being "heart-scalded," a "heart-scald" she never felt up to the time when, in her ninetieth year, she made adieu "to this mortal coil," attended on her death-bed by a throng of "forty-second" and "forty-third" cousins, all endeavouring to smooth her pillow. During the greater portion of the time allotted to her, she had full opportunity of giving those imaginary "boxes of the lug," and "whacks in the jowl," with which she daily threatened, but never favoured the young Donohoes, that from time to time called on her for the exercise of her vigilance. We remember to have seen Nance Pender, when she had reached half way between her seventieth and eightieth year, sitting at a sunny spot, known as "the gap," from which the view of two roads could be had; and here she was, with the tail of her gown turned over her cap, seated on a favourite mossy stone, "making her sowl"—that is, her beads were in her hand, and her jaws moved very fast up and down, as she repeated her prayers, and her active grey eye, very little dimmed, went round and round,

in watchfulness of the male and female urchins who sported under her immediate care; and every now and then she would interrupt her orisons, to threaten them aloud, and praise them in soliloquy. Nance Pender died a happy death.

Patrick Donohoe's influence with Richard Mulcahy, Esquire, increased daily, from the moment he became his son-in-law; and Patrick used this his influence to the best purpose. Wherever an opportunity offered, he advanced the interests of those who had suffered by his father-in-law's griping covetousness. He succeeded in benefiting nearly all of them in one way or another; and, for his sake, the antipathy to Richard Mulcahy was in a great degree forgotten. He gave peace and security to Richard Mulcahy's latter days; and Richard Mulcahy, as he became old, wishing for ease, after his life of warfare and incessant activity, ultimately resigned the management of everything into the hands of his daughter's husband, and rambled or rode about with his grand-children, a very altered man.

THE EPIDEMICS OF THE FAMINE YEARS.

In tracing back our laws and institutions to that period when authentic records lose themselves in the tide of time, we find that the means of preventing the commission of crimes are of equal date with penal enactments. This is declared by Sir William Blackstone to be really an honour, and almost a singular one, to our English laws; for *preventive* justice is, upon every principle of reason, of humanity, and of sound policy, preferable in all respects to *punishing* justice. This is a great principle, which only requires to be enunciated to force conviction and win a ready assent. It is a truth not confined to jurisprudence alone, but capable of universal application. "Prevention is better than cure" has long since passed into a proverb; it is in every one's mouth: but how seldom do we find its practical application to the solution of the great social questions that arise every day? Of this the sanitary condition of the people affords a

remarkable example. We see around us hospitals, infirmaries, and dispensaries almost without number—noble monuments of public liberality or private munificence—ready to afford relief to the suffering; but how trivial are the efforts made to prevent the disease, compared with those made to effect its cure?

The subtle power by which a disease is enabled to gain a dominion over the human frame, and to reduce—often in a few short minutes—youth, and health, and strength, to a mere perishing mass, is a mystery which wisdom and deep research never has, and perhaps never may be permitted to reveal. Doubtless the investigation of the secret causes of disease is of vast moment; it is too closely connected with our well-being to be viewed with indifference. It may lead to important results which, perhaps, we are not capable at present of fully estimating. But none of these investigations should

tempt us to neglect matters placed more immediately under our cognisance and control. Whatever may be the subtle influences that often appear for a season to overshadow the earth, and to spread pestilence among the children of men, experience teaches us that we possess the power, without being acquainted with its mysterious springs of action, of protecting ourselves from its assaults. However intricate the causes, or difficult the cure of pestilential epidemics when once they have seized hold of their victim, prevention is easy. All authorities agree that in this country a person in sound health, and living in a wholesome locality, has little to apprehend from the proximity of cholera or typhus fever.

Poverty, dirt, and disease are intimately connected together. Dirt, and the slovenly habits of which dirt is the fruit, are more often the cause of poverty than its result; but disease will spring alike from either. Noxious emanations, impure air, or an insufficiency of wholesome food, will equally impair the constitution; and delicacy is the great predisposing cause of disease. Debility may result from want of food, or may be produced by the reaction consequent upon over-indulgence. Privation, unbridled luxury, exhausting toil, enervating excess, bodily labour, mental anxiety, adulterated food, or a poisonous atmosphere, all produce debility; and debility is the main condition of epidemic pestilence. Upon these grounds writers of the highest authority have insisted that, as it has been proved beyond a doubt, that every form of pestilence is "preventible," so we possess the power, if we choose to exercise it, of driving cholera and typhus from our habitations, as completely as ever the wolf was driven from our forests.

In poor Ireland, alas! debility—among the classes that suffer from epidemics—seldom can be said to result from over-indulgence, luxury, or enervating excess. It proceeds almost altogether from want—from an insufficiency of nourishment—or, perhaps, the word *famine* will more adequately describe the sufferings of the poorest classes in this country;—or it proceeds from an ignorance or inattention to

the morbid miasmata that arise from decaying or putrescent masses, poisoning the people with their often imperceptible, but not the less noxious emanations. Famine and an impure atmosphere are, then, the most potent allies of epidemic diseases in this country.—We propose to offer a few observations upon both these branches of the subject.

Pestilence closely follows in the footsteps of famine; and those that perish in a season of scarcity, from an absolute want of food, bear but a small proportion to those swept away by the epidemics engendered by suffering and distress. Ireland has always been subject to periodical visitations of epidemic fever; and experience has shown that a scarcity of food, if of any considerable duration, invariably exposes the people to its ravages. Accordingly, upon the failure of the potato crop in the autumn of 1845, public attention was directed to the necessity of passing some protective measure to meet the apprehended danger. With this view the Temporary Fever Act, 9 Vic. cap. 6, was enacted, on the 24th of March, 1846. Under its provisions Sir Philip Crampton, Bart. (Surgeon General); Sir H. Marsh, Bart., M.D.; and Dr. D. J. Corrigan, were appointed Commissioners of Health. As such, it became their duty to take the necessary steps for mitigating, as far as possible, the severity of the affliction, and for providing medical relief for the suffering poor of Ireland. The Board of Health continued to sit from the date of its appointment, with one short interval, until the termination of the parliamentary session, in August, 1850, when the Temporary Fever Act, under which it was constituted, expired. But, as the great experience obtained by the commissioners during this eventful period, including a visitation of both fever and cholera, could not fail to prove most useful should a similar misfortune ever occur again, they were requested by the Government to furnish the Lord Lieutenant with a report upon the important subject of epidemic diseases. This report has been perfected; and was lately presented to both houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.*

The document to which we allude is

* Report of the Commissioners of Health (Ireland) on the Epidemics of 1846 to 1850. Dublin. 1852.

prepared with clearness and ability. The names attached to it are a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of its statements. The gentlemen by whom it is prepared are fully competent for the task. It treats of a matter of deep social interest—one intimately connected with the welfare, the health, nay, with the lives, of many of our countrymen. It holds forth many inducements for an attentive perusal; but it labours under one disadvantage, which we fear will more than counterpoise a multitude of merits—it is a *blue-book*!

If the predictions contained in the public papers be entitled to much credit, the present would appear a most opportune time for the notice of such a production. Scarcely a day passes that the press does not put before the terrified public some new dismal tidings of the approach of our ancient scourge, the cholera. The danger we believe to be greatly magnified. The steadiness and rapidity of its onward progress are both exaggerated; nor are we without hopes that a merciful Providence will look down with pity upon this land, that has already suffered such terrible afflictions. But even the total absence of all danger should not make us indifferent to the necessity of attending to the causes by which epidemics are created and propagated, and to the means by which their ravages may be best stayed; more particularly when we remember that the same unwholesome food, putrifying animal emanations, or other causes, that predispose the body for cholera, also predispose it for typhus, for small-pox, for dysentery, for influenza, and for every other form of epidemic disease.

It may be laid down as a general rule, that a healthy state of body and a wholesome atmosphere, are the only safe guards against contagion. Fever, mild under some circumstances, under others will continue to spread, and be followed by a more than proportionate mortality. The report before us attributes the malignant character of the fever, and the more than average number of deaths, principally to the debility of constitution in the patients, produced by the use of raw or insufficiently cooked food, or long-endured starvation. Inadequate clothing, exposure, damp and ill-ventilated lodgings, the proximity of foul or offensive drains, cess-pools, &c.; and the accumulation in

the neighbourhood of dung, filth, or refuse of any kind, are also most prejudicial. These were the immediate causes of the fever; but, like all similar visitations, it soon assumed a contagious character, and some of our best resident landlords fell victims to its influence.

Did space permit, we should derive a sort of melancholy satisfaction from pausing for a few moments to render the feeble tribute of a passing notice to the memory of many a valued friend, who fell a victim, during the famine years, to his duties as a resident landlord, and to his unceasing exertions to alleviate the afflictions with which an all-seeing Providence deemed it meet to visit our land. The famine in Ireland was a practical exemplification, not only of the reciprocal duties, but of the reciprocal interests that must ever unite the landlord and the tenant. Not only did the ruin of the tenant usher in the demolition of the landlord, but even the ghastly famine, that might appear to many as the proper heritage of the poor, attacked, by a sort of receding wave, the lordly mansion;—

"*Pallida more equo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres*!"

The famine brought with it a most virulent form of typhus fever; and the fever, sated, as it were, with paupers, sought the abodes of luxury and opulence. Thus, even wealth offered no protection to the landlord against the famine that invaded the cabins of his tenants. We speak from experience. We have spent months—a period measurable more properly, perhaps, by years—amidst these sad scenes. We have seen hundreds fall victims, whose lives, in another land, might have been saved. Doubt, disunion, mistrust—fomented by altar harangues—between landlord and tenant, at a time when confidence—unbounded, affectionate, reciprocal—could alone have enabled them to cope against the sea of adversity, soon destined to sweep away both lord and slave beneath its angry fury. O let us never forget the lessons so fatally impressed upon our memories!—Ireland will never be a happy country till landlord and tenant are permitted to love one another. One may be an officer, the other a seaman; but as long as they are both on board the same bark, common danger should

unite them, even if their breasts refused access to nobler motives. In the famine the landlords often found themselves paralysed. Acts were misconstrued, unworthy motives imputed, and distrust shown at times when the landlord alone foresaw the imminent peril, and alone endeavoured to make some provision to stave off the danger. Suspicion and hostility had been kindled between the landlord and his tenants, and the same calamity soon involved them all in a common ruin.

In the county of Gaway alone, J. B. Martin, of Ballynabinch, M.P.; Sir John Burke, M.P.; Lord Dunsandle, and Robert Gregory, of Cool, Esq., and a number of other proprietors, died of the fever, caught whilst in the discharge of their duties, as poor-law guardians. The mortality was also great among the Protestant clergymen, whose attention to the poor during this season of suffering drew forth tributes—let us hope *heartfelt* tributes—of admiration from every sect and party. Medical officers paid heavily for their zeal: of 473 appointed under the Temporary Fever Act, 36 died during the prevalence of the epidemic. Emigrants, too, suffered severely, and carried the fever into Liverpool, and several ports in North America, where it proved exceedingly fatal.

Many of the officers connected with the Poor Law Commission also, lost their lives in the discharge of their duties. Among them we may mention Mr. Handcock, Poor Law Inspector. And among the temporary inspectors, Capt. Hill, at Clonmel; Mr. Cronyn and Col. Vaughan Jackson, both at Ennis; Capt. Routh, at Newcastle; Mr. Marshall, at Skibbereen; Mr. Darcy, at Nenagh; Capt. Lang, at Bantry; and Major M'Kie, at Galway. Mr. Power died in the discharge of his duties as a vice-guardian at Granard; Mr. Rorke and Mr. Barry, successively at Loughrea, also in the discharge of vice-guardian's duties; Capt. Mosse and Mr. White, successively, while vice-guardians at Thurles; Mr. Adams, vice-guardian at Kenmare; and Mr. Fishbourne, while performing the same duties at Ballinrobe. *In addition to these*, seventy other officers had died previously to July 1849—sixteen of cholera, and the remaining fifty-four of

fever. Among these there were nine chaplains of workhouses, five masters, nine matrons, and eight assistant-matrons!

The great loss of life, particularly among the medical officers, must satisfy us that no ordinary precautions can afford a perfect safeguard against an epidemic, as soon as it has assumed such a contagious and virulent character. But it requires little skill or experience to teach us that there are certain circumstances which predispose to disease, and others that offer the best guarantee for a continuance of health. Among these an abundance of good and wholesome food fills the first place. This connexion between scarcity and disease was particularly marked in this country. The cases of fever increased or decreased in number, exactly in the same ratio as the potato, the staple food of the people, rose or fell in price. In the subjoined table we have placed the price of the potato* in juxtaposition with the number of patients admitted into the temporary fever hospitals, during the same years, to show this connexion more clearly:—

Year.	Average price of Potatoes per cwt.	Fever Patients admitted to Hospitals.
	s. d.	
1845	2 2	...
1846	4 10	...
1847	8 4	95,890
1848	7 0	110,881
1849	6 11	87,185
1850	4 4	89,056

But the *quantity* of food is not the most important consideration. Its *quality* also is of the highest consequence. So much weight do the Commissioners of Health attach to this, that they have published it as their deliberate opinion, that, even had a full supply of grain-food been attainable for the people of Ireland, in the years of the famine, in lieu of the potato, there still would have followed a considerable amount of disease. As the passages upon this subject form the most practically useful portions of their report, we extract them rather fully:—

* The price used is the average price in the Dublin Market.

"Chemical investigation has shown that the potato has a peculiarity distinguishing it from almost all other vegetables and kinds of grain used as human food. Although affording an inferior nutriment in proportion to the bulk consumed, from its consisting of about three-fourths water, it nevertheless contains in its composition nearly all those elements of nutrition that exist separately in most other vegetables and grain, and are, therefore, only to be obtained from most other articles of food by combining together different kinds. Hence, the potato can be used singly for support and nutrition; while in using other vegetable products there is required a combination of various kinds to furnish the varied elements that are necessary for the growth and support of the human body. In ignorance of this, rich and poor alike fell into error, in attempting to substitute some *one* article or other of food, as a sufficient equivalent in itself for the potato. Rice was one of the main articles which presented itself; and the popular, but erroneous idea, that it furnished the sole article of food for whole nations, led to an attempt to make it a substitute for the potato. Rice *alone*, however, is not anywhere the sole support of any portion of the human race. Experience or instinct has taught those who use it as a chief article of food that, of itself, it is not adequate to support life, and hence, there is always consumed with it, in those countries where it is generally used, oil, dahl, or some other vegetable, seed or grain, meat or fish, in order to add to the rice such of the elements of nutrition as it does not in itself contain. Thus, even if a full supply of grain food had been obtainable, the great bulk of the people would have consumed it, ignorant of the need of those combinations that are requisite in its use, and disease, to a considerable extent, would have resulted, until experience and information had corrected the error.

"A frequent mistake connected with the introduction of rice was the supposition that the bulk acquired by boiling afforded an indication of the quantity of nutriment contained in such bulk. Rice, instead of being superior, is much inferior to Indian corn meal in nutritious qualities. It is true that rice, by steeping and boiling, may be made to furnish a larger bulk of apparently solid food than will be furnished by an equal quantity of Indian corn, and hence has probably arisen the supposition of its being more nutritious; but the bulk thus obtained is deceptive as to the quantity of nutriment afforded. Rice contains about eighty-five parts in every 100 of starch; a given quantity of it will, by steeping and boiling, absorb a very large proportion of water, and will swell into a large and apparently firm mass; but this mass will contain a very small proportionate quantity of nutriment. A very simple experiment will satisfactorily illustrate this—one ounce of common starch boiled in the

ordinary way will form, with a pint of water, a firm mass, which, from its apparent consistency, will seem to be good substantial food; but the bulk thus formed, it is obvious, contains very little nutriment. In like manner of rice—one pound of it may be made to form, with water, a starchy mass of five or six pounds' weight; but the produce, as in the experiment of the starch, is bulk, without equivalent nutriment. The Board of Health are anxious that their observations on this subject should be clearly understood and widely disseminated, as the error is very generally prevalent of supposing, that in using rice or other similar substances, an amount of nutriment is afforded equal to the bulk gained. The Board of Health do not at all object to the use of rice as food; on the contrary, they highly approve of it, provided it be furnished in sufficient quantity. Another error was in the attempt to substitute for the potato itself what was very generally, but erroneously, called 'potato flour,' which was obtained in large quantities from rotted potatoes. This so called 'potato flour' was, however, not flour in the proper sense of the word as applied to wheat flour, for it did not contain the elements of the potato, but consisted wholly of starch or fecula, and was quite unfitted to support health or even life for any considerable length of time. It was as erroneous to consider this starch as equivalent to the potato, as it would be to consider wheaten starch as equivalent to wheaten flour.

"Even among tradesmen and labourers on railways, who earned sufficient wages to buy good food, the result of the loss of the potato was seen in the production of scurvy or purpura, in consequence of their being unaware that variety of food was necessary to form healthy blood. Their diet was most frequently white bread and coffee, with sometimes animal food; but yet, these articles not containing sufficient variety of elements, scurvy was the result."

Defective nutriment may, therefore, arise either from the deficiency in quantity, or deficiency in quality or variety in the food. The first generally results from poverty, the second from ignorance. The first is a calamity that falls exclusively upon the poor, the second upon the unthinking and ignorant. To obviate the ill-health produced in those who confined themselves to species of food not possessing the elements necessary for forming healthy blood, the Board of Health strongly recommended the admixture of onions, leeks, scallions, or shallots, with the ordinary food of the peasants. "Onions are so rich in nutritive qualities," to quote the words of one of their circulars, "that

as a mere article of food, one ounce and a-half may be considered equivalent to about one ounce of meal." It is, indeed, strange that leeks and onions should contribute so little to the food of our countrymen; it formed an important item in that of the Roman agriculturists. "*O dura messorum ilia*," said Horace, in allusion to it. The record still exists of the quantity of leeks and onions served out in rations to the labourers engaged in building the great pyramids of Egypt. The leek was so popular in Wales, as to have been adopted, like the rose of England, and the shamrock of Erin, as its emblem, and is still largely used on the Continent. It would almost appear as if the discovery of its high nutritive qualities, instead of enhancing, had depreciated its value. Upon every opportunity, the philanthropist should impress on the people the necessity of allowing not only onions, but carrots, parsnips, and turnips, to form a much larger proportion of their daily food, than they do at present. Beans and peas, also, possess high nutritive qualities. They contain, weight for weight, ten or twelve times as much nutriment as potatoes.

Even upon moral grounds, were it necessary, we might advocate the advantage of inducing the peasantry to use a greater variety of vegetables. It would put them in a better position to meet another failure, should it ever again occur, of the staple food of the country. It would indirectly improve the agriculture of the district. It would economise space, and gradually popularise a regular rotation of crops. It would provide for the younger members of the family useful employment, in which all the pleasures of "gardening," so eagerly sought by the wealthy, would be made subservient to practical utility. Thus, the industry of the rising generation would be encouraged. Grace even might be studied. The dunghill and filthy pool might, after a season, give way to the tidy garden; the woodbine and clematis might, perhaps, be taught to conceal the walls of the mud cabin; and, in time, neatness and cleanliness, attended as they invariably

are by a higher moral tone, might imperceptibly lord it over squalor and misery. The mind that is seldom roused into activity becomes apathetic. The mental, like the muscular powers, become relaxed if seldom called into active service; but derive strength and vigour from constant exercise. The more a peasant has to think of, the more he is able to do. Nothing tended more to degrade the Irish pauper-farmer than exclusive reliance upon the potato; and for this reason, that his potatoes once in the ground, he had little else to think of, and consequently fell into that listless state of idleness and apathetic indifference, in which he was overtaken by the famine of 1847-8. The potato was gone; it was all to him: he had never thought beyond it. When it was hopelessly lost, he resigned himself, without an effort, to despair.

But, even if food were supplied to the poor, abundant in quantity and excellent in quality, much danger might still be apprehended from its consumption raw or insufficiently cooked. In the famine, it seemed never to have occurred to the bungling officials connected with the relief works, that starving paupers were seldom distinguished for the possession of an abundant supply of fuel wherewithal to cook, with the assistance of divers pots and pans, the eleemosynary relief doled out to them. To distribute daily raw Indian meal to the houseless beggar, dying at the road-side of pinching hunger, with instructions to allow it to simmer over a good fire, in a closely-covered pot for eight hours, was practically conferring no benefit upon him. It was requiring him to fulfil a condition, before the meal was fit for human food, which he had no power to perform. The distribution of *raw* Indian meal was of little more use to the *really starving* than a daily ration of an equal weight of river-sand. Neither the one nor the other were calculated to support robust health. It is notorious—and scores of instances have come under our own observation—in which even three-fourths of the raw meal* was willingly given to some more fortunate person, to have the remaining one-fourth cooked; and many instances

* In case any of our readers have never seen the raw Indian meal, it may be necessary to inform them that it is coarse and gritty, and bears a striking resemblance to river-sand.

might be collected from the public press, in which it was proved at inquests, that the pauper had been obliged to prolong life for several days upon the uncooked meal. The gentlemen of the country were fully alive to all these facts, and made many representations upon the subject to the *then* Irish Government. They showed the jobbing that constantly resulted from the sale of the raw meal, and dwelt upon the immense advantages, social and sanitary, that would result from confining the rations to cooked food. In this they were backed by the Commissioners of Health, who attributed the dysentery and diarrhœa that proved so fatal to multitudes of the people, and predisposed them to attacks of fever, to the use of food insufficiently cooked. Notwithstanding these representations, a considerable time elapsed before its necessity was acknowledged and acted upon. As soon as it was generally adopted, its effects were almost miraculous. "The famine is stayed" was the reluctant admission of Sir Charles Trevelyan; and from all parts of the country satisfactory communications of the improvement produced were received. The following are extracts from communications addressed to the Board of Health:—

"Those districts in which 'eating houses' are in full operation, show a great improvement in the sanitary condition of the people—many bad cases of fever and dysentery have recovered, from the use of the food given them out of these sources of relief."

"Fever and dysentery are of a much milder form than hitherto, and the deaths very few in comparison, especially in those districts where cooked food has been adopted for any length of time."

"There can be no doubt that it has had a marked effect in checking bowel complaints. The districts most free from fever are those where cooked food has been the longest in use."

"It is a remarkable fact, that in those divisions where cooked food is not used, fever and dysentery are, or have been, most rife."

"Since cooked food has been given to the people, fever has, under Providence, astonishingly declined."

In the event of a similar calamity, we trust, the dearly-bought experience of those sad years will not be forgotten.

The total number of fever patients treated in the hospitals, subject to the Board, for this period of about three

years and two months, were as follows:—

	Total Number.	Number of Deaths.	Mortality per cent.
Males...	158,739	17,800	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Females	173,723	16,822	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Total ...	332,462	34,622	10 $\frac{3}{4}$

Although, as we have already said, we believe the public mind is unnecessarily alarmed about cholera, yet as there is a possibility that the apprehensions entertained by many may be well-founded, a detailed account of its progress last time it visited this country, may not be without utility. The cholera made its appearance in Ireland at the end of the year 1848. There was a total of 45,698 cases. Of these 31,162 were preceded by a premonitory stage of diarrhœa. The cholera is at this period generally easy to cure; but neglect is almost always fatal. There can be no doubt but that timely precaution would have saved the lives of the vast majority of those that fell victims to ignorance or inattention. The rate of mortality amounted to forty-two and one-fifth per cent; not much less than half the number attacked. The large proportion of children that suffered is most remarkable; 4,506 under seven years of age were attacked.

The important question of the effect which contagion may be supposed to exercise in the propagation of cholera is fully considered in the Report before us. It is a question of great moment, for it involves the whole theory of preventive measures. If cholera be not contagious, the inconvenience and pain of separating friends and relatives, at a time when friendship is tested, and fidelity is found most grateful, will be spared to many a sufferer. The children will then be allowed to approach the bedside of a dying parent, and the parent will be permitted to receive their caresses unalloyed by the fear that such proofs of endearing affection may be followed by danger or death. The opinion of the eminent gentlemen whom we have already alluded to, ought to go far towards settling such fears at rest. Admitting that some differences of opinion still exist, "the

weight of evidence," they say, "is decidedly in favour of the opinion that contagion has little, if any, influence in its propagation."

Fever, and other diseases well known to be contagious, seldom visit towns, in which the density of the population and other circumstances are the same, without attacking nearly the same per-centage of the inhabitants. In the cholera visitation this was not so. In some towns only two or three cases occurred. In others, the mortality was most severe; and yet the town that suffered most would appear in every respect best circumstanced. These facts are relied upon as strengthening the arguments of those who maintain the non-contagious character of the cholera. The instances are also numerous in which one town suffered severely, while a neighbouring town, in constant communication with it, completely escaped. Mountrath, Carlow, Fethard, Athlone, and Dromore were visited, whilst the neighbouring towns of Maryborough, Tullow, Cashel, Moate, and Banbridge respectively escaped. On glancing over an interesting map of Ireland, published in the Report of the Commissioners of Health, and in which the different towns containing 2000 inhabitants or upwards, visited or unvisited by the cholera, are designated, we find that no single town of any importance in the whole province of Connaught escaped; that Munster and Leinster suffered severely, and the North comparatively little.

Should the worst fears be verified, and the cholera again visit us, it will come stripped of many of the attributes that formerly made it so terrible an enemy. The sanitary condition of the country has lately engaged much more attention. The famine has left our shores. A dense population, crowding in narrow lanes and cellars, no longer exists. The experience of two former visitations is ready to cope with its virulence. An efficient staff exists, ready to be organised at the shortest notice. The terrors of contagion have almost vanished before science and experience; the disease is, therefore, deprived of one of the principal features that made it dreaded. The highest medical authorities recommend no preventive further than to endeavour to keep the body in its usual state of good health,

and to avoid what experience has taught us to be prejudicial. They agree, too, that attention to the least premonitory symptoms will stay the progress of the cholera, which is only formidable when neglected by sottish indifference or fool-hardy bravura.

But are we not, and the community of which we form a portion, obnoxious to this very charge of culpable remissness and neglect? It is owing to our indifference that not only the poor, but even the wealthier classes, live in an atmosphere surcharged with poisonous emanations. The soil of our cities is sodden with every species of abomination. Festered corpses fill the vaults underneath our churches, or lie a few feet under the ground, in the most populous portions of our cities; and dunghills, slaughter-houses, cesspools, choked and stagnant sewers, and crowded filthy cellars, all unite in saturating the vital air with every vitiating principle that produces or predisposes to plague and pestilence. It is not so difficult to avoid unwholesome or poisonous food. In such matters each individual must exercise a certain amount of discretion, and the penalty generally falls upon the party that ought to bear it. But it is not so easy to avoid a poisonous atmosphere; and the entire community invariably suffers for the faults often of a few individuals. The sanitary condition of the people is, therefore, a most important consideration, in which all have a common interest.

It is a fact, proved as well by the experience of every age as by the observation of every nation, that not only particular tracts of country, but even particular spots in every district, are more or less salubrious. Mountains and elevated table-lands are in general more healthy than the lower levels. There the air is purer. It is not corrupted by the effluvia arising from stagnant swamps, from which the region is far removed; and its exposed situation prevents the accumulation of the impure atmosphere that ever surrounds the crowded habitations of man. On the other hand, low-lands, more especially if situated in the neighbourhood of marshes, or of an ill-drained country, are not only afflicted with endemic, or local maladies, but are peculiarly subjected to the ravages of epidemic diseases. If we turn from districts to towns, we shall find the same rules pre-

vail. Some streets in large cities are scarcely ever free from typhus fever; others are almost exempt from these ills that flesh is heir to. Every rule has its exceptions; but, in the vast majority of cases, collected facts coincide with the conviction with which innate truth impresses every mind without hesitation; and leads us to the conclusion that, *ceteris paribus*, the prevalence of disease, its virulence, and the consequent mortality, are exactly in proportion to the unwholesome, or, to use a correlative term, the impure state of the localities.

Much doubt, as we have already remarked, enshrouds the immediate *modus operandi* of diseases upon the human frame. Upon this subject, as upon many others, "doctors differ;" but they all unite in ascribing, if not the origin, at least the spread of epidemics to some impure state of the atmosphere. There may be a natural predisposition or susceptibility to a disease in one; another may possess greater stamina of resistance; contact with the sick may be necessary before a disease can be taken; or a residence between particular latitudes, and many other things: but, without some marked atmospheric change—which we only know by its effects—epidemics will not spread.

Some able writers have endeavoured to account for the manner in which diseases undermine the vital powers, by a theory not unentitled to attention. As the air is ever more or less filled with the emanations of putrifying animal and vegetable matter, they have assimilated the action of these particles upon the blood, to that of yeast on wort. By the fermentation produced by yeast, the sugar is changed into alcohol. It is, apparently, predisposed for the change; and the slightest assistance it receives enables it to unloose the former union of its particles, and to enter into a wholly new state of chemical combinations. Just so, animal matter, floating in the air, in the chemical state of change called putrescence, if not sufficiently diluted, is capable of throwing the blood, with which it may come into contact, into an analagous state of fermentation. Thus, of course, it totally alters its nature, and renders it incapable of fulfilling its proper functions. Other writers have supposed that the air, when rendered impure, becomes overloaded with multitudes of

microscopic insects, who attack the human body, as smut attacks corn. Others conceive a minute fungus, whose spores, floating in the air, form the germs of epidemic disease. But all the various theories brought forward proceed upon the assumption of a vitiated state of the atmosphere.

To understand the full force of these theories, we must remember that the human body is a wonderful combination of innumerable particles, all placed in different degrees of chemical affinity or antagonism to each other, and only held separate, and in their proper relations, by the inscrutable powers of vitality. Port wine will tan and convert into a species of leather the coats of the stomach of a dead person; and the gastric juices, that possess the power of dissolving not only animal substances, but even metals, fail to injure, in the least degree, the tender vessels with which they are in constant contact, as long as life holds its full dominion. How wonderfully does one single fluid—the blood—in its passage through each organ of the body, yield to it the different secretion required to enable it to fulfil its proper functions—supporting, at the same time, that very vitality which it at once sustains and serves? Life has no sooner departed, and let loose all the different atoms of which our earthly tabernacle is formed, than they engage in the great strife that eventuates in its total dissolution. As in a moral sense, the spirit is ever at war with the inclinations of the flesh; so, too, in a physical sense, the different elements of the body are only preserved in their integrity by the despotic control of vitality.

These considerations derive some title to notice, from the undoubted fact that epidemics are almost invariably accompanied by an extraordinary development of insect life; and seldom fail also to produce most remarkable effects upon the lower animals.

We have often heard of the "showers of blood" that are said to have preceded pestilence, striking terror into the minds of the vulgar. These showers of coloured rain are almost invariably caused either by infinite multitudes of microscopic insects, or sometimes by the growth of a species of fungus. The cliffs between Cape York and Cape Dudley Digges, in the Arctic regions, are sometimes covered with

snow of a bright crimson colour. Mr. Bauer, having obtained some of it from Sir John Ross, planted it in snow, where he found it generated. At first it was colourless, then green, and when ripe, of a bright crimson colour. Whether these crimson globules belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom, has been much disputed; but Sir John Ross, the discoverer, insists that they are a vegetable production, and has called them the *Ureda Nivalis*. He has so styled them because, he maintains, they belong to the genus *Ureda*, vulgarly known as the smut in wheat.* It is evident, that the phenomenon of coloured rain cannot occur, particularly in our latitudes, without some extraordinary atmospheric changes, of which philosophy has failed to discover the causes; but it frequently takes place on the eve of a pestilence. Dr. Barker has recorded the fall of an ink-black fetid rain (doubtless animalcular), near Carlou, on the 14th of April, 1849, at a period coincident with the outbreak of the cholera in that town. This belief in a connexion between both circumstances, also prevails extensively in India; and, though perhaps it receives an undue amount of credence, the popularity of the theory vouches for the frequency of the coincidence. An immense development of insect life also preceded the pestilence at West Barbary, in 1799; and the same circumstance, elsewhere, has been frequently witnessed and recorded.†

The effects of a pestilential atmosphere upon animals, being more immediately

under our observation, are still more marked.

Dr. Arejula informs us, that during the existence of a terrible visitation of the worst form of yellow-fever, at Malaga, many animals suffered—dogs most severely; next were cats; then horses, fowl, and canaries—the latter throwing up blood, before death, like the human sufferers. “Of three dogs and two cats in my house, none escaped an attack.” Dr. Gillcrest says‡ of the epidemic, at Gibraltar, in 1828:—

“It is beyond all doubt, that there was an extraordinary mortality among animals—as dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, &c. In a small and remarkably ill-ventilated yard, in which several servants were taken ill, three dogs died. Mr. Boufante, a merchant, informed me that nine or ten dogs had died on his premises, and the skin of the greater number became yellow. A monkey died, its skin and eyes being distinctly yellow. A goat-keeper, residing on the southern part of the rock, lost a considerable number of his flock. I was informed by some of the private practitioners, that they saw black vomit in some of the animals that perished.”

Dr. King, alluding to the fearful type of fever at Boa Vista, well known by the awful mortality on board the *Eclair*, where she lost almost all her crew, in 1845, says:—

“That the common air which was inhaled by every living thing on the island, was in an epidemic condition is sufficiently

* An account of this snow, written by Sir John Ross, will be found in *The Arctic Miscellanies*. Second Edition, p. 265. London. 1852.

† Ehrenberg, in his work “On the Dust of the Regular Winds,” has classified, as facts indisputably proved and associated with atmospheric changes, many phenomena once supposed to rest altogether upon superstitious fancy. He has shown, by microscopical analysis, that the phenomena often recorded under the names of dust-rain, blood-dew, blood-rain, ink, brick or fire-rain, dark-sea, &c., contain various polyastrica, polythemia, and ptycholaria; and that among these genera of animalcules, fresh water and land forms predominate.

“Phenomena, having reference to disturbed conditions of vegetable or animal life, have been repeatedly recorded as occurring during influenza years—such, for example, as blights of particular trees, blood-rain, bloody snow, and remarkable flights of locusts, grasshoppers, and other insects. . . . Are there phenomena among plants and the lower animals, having relation to such changes in the constitution of the human subject?—*Annals of the Influenza*. London: Printed for the Sydenham Society. 1852.

Dr. Grant, in his essay on the “Influenza,” published in the year 1782, asserts that the French term, *la grippe*, was derived from an insect of that name, remarkably common in France during the previous spring, and which people imagined, not, perhaps, without some reason, contaminated the air.

See also “Epidemics Examined; or, Living Germs a Source of Disease.” By John Grove, M.R.C.S. London. 1850.

‡ Quoted in the Report of the General Board of Health. Second Report on Quarantine. 1852.

demonstrated by the simultaneous occurrence of universal sickness and great mortality among the cattle (including horses, cows, mules, donkeys, and goats), at the very time that fever was raging among the inhabitants. . . . In the two seasons it proved fatal to two-thirds of the cattle."

Pages of matter as conclusive might be cited without difficulty.

Thus the intimate connexion between the state of the atmosphere and the prevalence of disease is clearly established. It may not, doubtless, be in our power to find a complete re-

medy for every impurity that may viti-ate the air; or for the unwholesome food which poverty may compel the lower classes to have recourse to; but we may do much. We can, in a great measure, at least, eradicate the cause of the loathsome and dangerous maladies that visit us from time to time, like grim ministers of the destroyer, carrying off thousands of our fellow-countrymen before our eyes. The issue is in our own hands. We have to choose between cleanliness, health, and life, at one side, arrayed against filthiness, disease, and death.

THE SPELLS.

Deep are the spells of the fairy dells,
And gay are the fays around,
As they dance by night, in the pale moonlight,
In their own enchanted ground;
But *deeper* than spells, of the fairy dells,
Are those in woman's power,
When, by Love's dear light, her charms, so bright,
Are seen in the twilight hour.

Deep is the store of magic lore,
And the charm which the wizard weaves,
When the *book of might* to his eye of light,
Unlocks its spell-bound leaves;
But in woman's looks, more than magic books,
The light of magic dwells,
When her eye's soft beam, by some storied stream,
Its tale of passion tells!

Oh! the wizard's rod, more than fabled god,
O'er human hearts has power,
And pains, and tears, through troubled years,
Are all the victim's dower;
But not in fear, of pain, or tear,
Dear woman's empire lies,
But in the wand, of her snow-white hand,
Which fairy power defies!

They say the skies, with their starry eyes,
Look far into future days,
And if their light we drink by night,
We catch prophetic rays;
But let me drink, at the fountain's brink,
The light of some loved one's eye,
And her smile shall teem with a prophet beam
Of bright futurity!

A NIGHT WITH THE MYSTICS.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

[Private and Confidential.]

WHY was it that you were not at your club the other evening, my dear Anthony? Never did a shadow feel more strange when separated from its substance than did I, your *umbra*, feel at the absence of him who gave me the invitation. Peter Schlemel might have pitied me for the first few minutes, till I recognised Wilddrake and one or two more, who made me known to the chief members of your confraternity. Shortly after I entered, we sat down to dinner; and ere it was half over, I felt as if I had known the pleasant faces around me during my whole life. To one who stirs so little from the country as I do, it was very delightful to find myself amongst your city wits, and to get into familiar converse with men whose names were to me as household words—poets, novelists, philosophers, painters, statuary. I liked everything I saw, but especially the absence of all rules and formality, whereby so free a course was given, not only to wit, but to good feeling. One thing puzzled me a good deal: I mean the assumed name by which every member was addressed, and it needed the aid of my kind neighbour at table to interpret for me the strange *sobriquets* that I heard around me. It would quite transcend the powers of my memory to record all the witty *jeux d'esprit* that flew backwards and forwards along the table, had I even command of language to do them justice. I was particularly struck by the caustic humour of a gentleman, who went by the name of Rhadamanthus—a man of a portly presence—"a justice, with a fair round belly"—a colossal head, with broad, massive features, and a prominent beak, curved out like the prow of a vessel. His hair and whiskers were snow-white, his under lip full and somewhat drooping, and his eye, grey and sparkling, was replete with a quiet, pleasant, sleepy humour, to which he now and then gave utterance, through the medium of a rich, racy brogue, with a slight but not disagreeable lisp. He sang an excellent song, told a capital story, and was ever ready, with a quick wit and an imperturbable good humour, to return the hard knocks which were dealt him on every side. Not far from Rhadamanthus sat a personage, much his junior in years, and strongly contrasting with him in appearance. His face was thin, almost what is called a hatchet face, thought-marked and highly intellectual. He had a gleaming, black, restless eye; and as his mouth opened, with some lively sally, you saw a formidable set of handsome white teeth, that might have moved a greyhound with envy. His hair was long and coal-black, save where some straggling interloper, white as snow, intruded before its time, and looked like a high light upon some head of a Vandyke or a Murillo. A narrow black tie, and an open collar, displayed a long, lean, yet muscular, throat, with a prominently developed "apple," and as he spoke you were struck with the singularly deep, strong tones of his voice, which he constantly managed with a modulated cadence, that gave his utterance the sound of a recitative. Many another face and figure solicited my attention, as my eye wandered up one side of the board and down the other. How, indeed, could it be otherwise in that congregation of men, so convivial, so intellectual, so learned, and all exhibiting their natural characters in the abandonment of that exciting hilarity to which, for the hour, they had thus surrendered themselves. Dinner disappeared at a slapping pace: joints were bared to the bone in no time, fowls were hewed to pieces with magical celerity, and every one ate and drank, laughed and hobnobbed, with all the zest and keen relish of men to whom an evening like this was a rare relaxation from the daily toil of mind and brain.

"Now, then," said the gentleman who filled the office of President, after the Queen's health, and the charter toast and song had been given, and a reasonable interval had elapsed; "now, then, brother Rhadamanthus, see if you can get us a song or a story in your neighbourhood."

"There's nothing of the sort, sir, in my district," said his worship. "I think you may as well look in the B division."

"I'm afraid you don't know your men," retorted the President. "I've a strong suspicion of some of them."

The eye of Rhadamanthus twinkled with an incipient joke, and a smile stole over his large sleepy features, as he replied—"Be daad, maybe so. I know most of the suspicious characters about town, any way, and I think it's very much in favour of any gentleman here not to be well known to me."

A hearty laugh followed this sly observation from his worship; and when the peal had subsided, a little figure from about the middle of the table addressed the chair, in a sitting posture. 'Twas a plump, pleasant-looking little fellow, with no more angularity about his whole person than you would find on an orange. His face was full, smooth, and sanguineous; his eye was bluish-grey, and sparkling; his light, silky hair, which had left his forehead bald, was brushed sleekly down at either side; and he had an air of demure and furtive merriment about his face that impressed you with the conviction that his risibility never came up to the surface to disturb the smooth repose of his features, but dived down to his midriff with any good thing that it could lay hold on, and chuckled there over it in a voiceless cachinnation. And so, indeed, I found was the case, for he never laughed audibly; and it infinitely enhanced the comicality of his remarks, that while every one in company was exploding with laughter, he alone preserved the same tranquil inflexibility of countenance.

"Up on your legs—up on your legs, Pygmalion, when you address the chair," cried several voices.

The person addressed by this, to me, incomprehensible name, maintained his posture, as he replied, with an expression of the most placid repose, and in a voice that had just enough of the true Cork accent to make it soft and musical—

"What good would it do *me* to get up on my legs, or you either, when, after taking the trouble of standing, 'twon't make more than the difference of about four inches one way or the other?"

This plea was received with a shout of applause, the subsidence of which Pygmalion awaited with unmoved composure, and then proceeded to say, that as no one else seemed to be ready, he would be happy to sing to the best of his abilities, whereupon he threw back his head, shut his eyes, and poured forth, in a volume of sweet and tender sounds, that most delicious melody which Father Prout has immortalised by his verses on "The Bells of Shandon."

After some ten minutes' interval, during which conversation at times was broken up into various subjects, amongst separate groups, and again became general, the name of Heinrich was called out from the chair, with a summons to that individual to contribute a song. Upon this the thin, dark-haired gentleman at the lower end of the table, whom I have already described, arose, and stepping aside to the pianoforte, struck a lively prelude, and then requesting the brethren to join in the chorus, accompanied himself to the following song, to the air of "Unfortunate Miss Baily":—

Jolly let us be, my boys, while we're young and blooming;
Folly 'tis to mar our joys, by letting any gloom in.

When sweet youth is ours no more,
And our weary age is o'er,
We all must go, like those of yore,
To rest the silent tomb in.

Chorus.—Clink, boys—drink, boys,
Never flinch or shrink, boys;
Let every man
From flask or can
Fill bravely to the brink, boys.

Where are they who, ere our day, in the world were hiding?
All those hosts mayhap are ghosts, through creation gliding.
If their whereabouts you'd know,
To the upper regions go,
Or look in the realms below—
In either, sure, they're hiding.

Clink, boys—drink, boys, &c.

Short our life is here below, 'twill be finished quickly ;
 There's one fate for small or great, the healthy or the sickly.
 Swiftly comes to all grim Death,
 And in a moment stops our breath,
 Nor spares the poet's lyre or wreath,
 The strong man, or the weakly.
 Clink, boys—drink, boys, &c.

Long live our Queen, long live the Prince, and all their sons and daughters ;
 Long may her hand protect our land from foreign foes and slaughters ;
 And long may live our jovial club,
 To feast upon the best of grub,
 Champagne and claret, hock and shrub,
 And plenty of strong waters.
 Clink, boys—drink, boys, &c.

Long live ourselves, all jolly elves of pen, and brush, and chisel ;
 Each toilsome man, who will and can work still at desk or easel ;
 Our idlers, too, may they live long,
 And every tuneful son of song,
 With voices weak, and voices strong,
 Pipes treble, base, or nasal.
 Clink, boys—drink, boys, &c.

Now, perish sorrow, perish care—the devil take all sadness ;
 “ *Desipere in loco*,” boys, this is our hour of madness.
 So fill the cup : he is no friend
 To-night his aid who will not lend
 The flagon round the board to send,
 And share a brother's gladness.
 Clink, boys—drink, boys,
 Never flinch or shrink, boys ;
 Let every man
 From flask or can
 Fill bravely to the brink, boys.

When the song was finished, and the singer had returned to his place, I asked him, across the table, where he had got it, as it reminded me somewhat, in the commencement, of a Burschenschaft song, which I had heard sung by some student friends, at the University of Bonn, and I quoted the first lines :—

“ *Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus
 Post jucundam juventutem
 Post molestam senectutem
 Nos habebit humus.*”

Heinrich was just about to reply, when an elderly gentleman, to whom I had not been introduced, anticipated him, by conveying to me the astounding intelligence that it was written by “Slingsby !” You may judge of my astonishment at this assertion, which arose, doubtless, from his not knowing my appearance ; but what made the matter worse was, that notwithstanding my emphatic statement to the contrary, the whole company joined in the joke, and stood by the original inventor of the slander, who, encouraged by their support, absolutely went to such a pitch of audacity that he assured the company that I was not Slingsby at all, but an impostor, of the name of Spencer, who lived in some out-of-the-way place in Tipperary. I was beginning to get somewhat chafed when the president good naturally interposed, and put an end to a joke that he saw was trying my temper.

“Come,” said he, “you must take in good part whatever is said within these walls : when you know these merry fellows better, you will not judge of them altogether by what passes here. For all Heinrich's wild song, and the sentiments that we cheered, you will find that long ere the chimes of midnight we shall have all hied away, each to his home, and most of us to a vigil of thoughtful

labour carried far on towards the morning; and if you shall meet any of us to-morrow, you shall see nothing but sober, earnest, toilsome men, labouring each in his vocation. And, now, Philalethes, you are knocked down for a story."

"I have no story."

"Invent one, then."

"To invent a story, is to tell a lie. I never tell lies—I am a martyr to truth."

"The gentleman addressed as Philalethes was, as I afterwards learned, notorious for "bouncing;" and having thus indulged in his favourite propensity, he cleared his voice, and told the following story, as near as I can remember his words, which he called "An Hour among the Dead":—

AN HOUR AMONG THE DEAD.

One should be always in good time at a railway station, for the train waits for nobody. On a certain evening last summer, I was the first person on the platform at a station in a southern English county—that is to say, I was two hours *before* the next train, in consequence of being two minutes *after* that which had just started, and wherein I had intended to transmute myself to the metropolis. "Well, well," thought I, "it can't be helped now. This is what comes of that second bottle of claret with Westmacott, and then shaking hands with his wife, and kissing all the children. That last was the feather that broke the camel's back, for the operation took two minutes, at the least; and what horse could do four miles in a quarter of an hour?"

"When does the train go up to town?" I asked of the man in the booking-office.

"Eight, forty-seven, sir; you are in capital time."

"Ay," I replied, as I deposited my valise, and turned on my heel, grumbling a soliloquy. "In capital time, indeed, when the fellow knew in his heart I was too late; but 'tis just of a piece with everything and everybody—lies, lies and deceit: the conventionalities of society have banished truth from the mouths of mankind. He who rudely forces you from the pathway into the kennel, preludes the assault with, 'by your leave, sir;' and the acquaintance that wishes you with all his heart to the devil, shakes your hand at parting with a bland 'Adieu, my dear fellow.' 'Twas but the other day I received a most haughty and defiant letter from a man who had done me a wrong, in which he offered me the 'satisfaction' of standing opposite him, each with a loaded pistol—a pleasant sort of satisfaction, truly, to be *both* a murderer and a suicide,

morally, and, perhaps, one or both, actually. But why need I multiply examples, when the sun and stars, yea, the great globe itself, are for ever lying and deceiving? There is not a day in the year that the sun rises, nor a night when the stars shine in the sky, that one and all do not make-believe that they are engaged in certain revolutionary proceedings, surrounding the fixed and stable earth and taking her captive, whereas, all the world, except the little children, knows very well that though the sun turns himself round just to look about him, that neither he nor the stars ever ramble even the length of themselves; while the earth, as sedate and home-keeping as she seems, has done nothing since the creation but waltz, waltz, waltz through the great celestial ball-room, spinning round on her *poles*, as a danseuse does on her *toes*, once a-day, and whisking the moon along with her in an annual whirl round the solar master of the ceremonies—ay, and she will continue to do so till 'the crack of doom,' when, like many a belle upon her surface, she shall find herself 'overcome with the heat,' and have to give up. Truth, truth! I wonder where men shall find thee? *certain* not in a well, as hydropathic institutions and temperance societies have abundantly established—rather would I say thou art to be found in the wine-flask. Ay, men have lisped out the truth over the flagon, who would have died on the rack with a lie in their mouths; and it is a remarkable proof of the truth-compelling potency of the grape, that long before the days of Galileo, a certain wine-inspired searcher after the truth actually discovered the great secret, and detected the earth spinning round and round at a slapping pace. What marvel, then, that wine-bibbing is so thoroughly discountenanced, as a pernicious practice,

unsuitable to the age? and I am ashamed to confess I have so far fallen in with the fashion, that except now and then an extra glass of claret with a very particular friend, as to-day with Westmacott, I never venture to look after truth in this her most spiritual temple."

My meditations were suddenly interrupted by a chime of bells almost above my head; and, as I looked up, I perceived the sounds came from the tower of the old church to which I was now close. When the chiming ceased, the hammer of the clock-bell smote out the hour, and I found it was just seven o'clock. Now, here was another lie. "Seven o'clock, indeed; why it is no more seven o'clock here in this town of Abbotspogis than it is in Otaheite. I admit it may be that hour at Greenwich; but I insist, if there be any truth in astronomy, that by mean time on the spot where I now stand, it wants just three minutes of that time—three minutes! ay, there's the grievance; had the clock only told the truth, I should have been just in time for the train, but the perverse ingenuity of modern chronometricians has made that which is a truth in Greenwich to be a lie at Abbotspogis."

"You have dropt your glove, sir," said a voice.

"Thank you," said I, as I stooped to take up my gauntlet, which I suppose I had involuntarily flung down, to do battle for old father Time against this false-tongued vassal of his in the belfrey. A respectful inclination of the head induced me to examine the person to which it belonged. 'Twas an old man, thin, and tall, and leaning forward a little in the shoulders. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, and his scraggy neck was swathed in a white neck-cloth, whose questionable cleanness and limp edges reminded me that the week was near its close. Above this article of dress rose a pair of lank jaws, and a face of an ecclesiastical turn of expression, the pious asceticism of which was, however, somewhat mitigated by the faintest flush upon the end of his nose, and a pleasant moisture in the corner of his eye, that had a boiled-fishy look as it swam within its red-fringed eyelid. The skull, which was uncovered, was bald, dry, and shining; and as he stood at a little postern door of the church, with a huge key in his hand, and had

moreover, to my fancy, a certain earthy odour about him, I concluded he was the sexton.

I am fond of looking into churches, especially old ones, as this apparently was; besides I had near two hours yet on my hands, and here was an excellent way to dispose of them.

"Can I see your church, friend?"

"Yes, sure, sir; please come with me this way."

We went in through the postern, treaded a low passage, and so entered the church. It was one of those fine old specimens of church architecture still to be found in many parts of England, with chancel and transept, nave and aisles, and cleristory.

I walked down the nave, somewhat annoyed by the observations of my guide, who was dilating upon the new organ, lately erected under the superintendence of Messrs. Figgins and Juggs, the church-wardens, and the monumental window, whereon his bereaved young widow had chronicled the name of her deceased lord, Sir Kenhelm Gilbert. One always likes to contemplate a church silently. Canonical noises during the hours of service, are all very well; the voice of the reader from the lectern, or of the preacher from the pulpit, the chantings of the choristers, and the full, deep breathings of the organ, when the church is filled with those who come to worship and to listen, accord well with the sentiment of religion, awake, active, energising, mingling with the vitality of living men, whose aspirations and prayers, whose joys and sorrows, whose thanksgivings and wants are all then outpoured and outspread before the ear and the eye of God; but when the living have passed out into the world again, and left none behind but the dead—their bodies mouldering beneath your feet, and their memories recorded on tomb and tablet around you, then the voice of humanity is grating and out of place—a desolate whisper, which floats through the sleeping solitudes, and dies away, echoless and unanswered, in some cobwebbed corner, or amid the distant roof-beams. The gabble of the sexton was, therefore, to be cut short, if I were to have any enjoyment. I looked at his nose, and then at his eye, and had the key to his movements in an instant.

"What a hot evening!" I remarked,

as if to myself, putting my handkerchief to my forehead.

The old fellow responded sympathetically, by passing the cuff of his coat along his bald pate.

"I should like to look about me here for a-while quietly, but you need not wait. The evening is very hot indeed;" and I placed a shilling in his hand. The old man made a suitable bow, and went away, and left me to my fancies.

Fancies!—what has man to do with fancies in a church? Is it not teeming with the real? The reality of human destiny is to be learned here—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Life is a dream—Death is a reality, and here is his dwelling. Earth is transient, heaven is everlasting—this is its portal. Without, the scene is ever shifting: the actors come and go, changing their dress; and he who plays the lord in one scene, is, perhaps, the beggar in the next; but here, when the play is played out, all come to rest them, putting off sock and buskin, purple robe and kingly diadem, poets' wreaths and beggars' rags, and lie down in this "green-room" of earth's theatre, all upon the same level—every tongue silent—every eye closed—every hand unmoving!

The twittering and chirping of birds broke upon my musing, and I looked up. The sound was not ill-suited to the place, nor did it jar on the spirit; for the voice of birds, of all animal sounds, has the least of earth and the most of heaven in it; and no wonder, for they go up into the sky, with morning's light, each day, to drink at springs which none others can approach, and fill their hearts with song that other ears never attain unto. The sounds came from one of the mullions of the great western window, where two sparrows were nestling. My eye wandered over the florid tracery of the fine old window, with the beautiful central rose, through whose intervening panes of stained glass, the soft, rich, evening sunlight now poured its many-tinted splendour, till one could almost believe that a giant rose was blooming within the Gothic arched window. The rays fell obliquely on the northern wall, and brought out in full relief the figures upon a monumental pile, whose base was within a few feet of the floor, while its summit almost reached the oak corbels that

supported the roof-beams. It was the tomb of a certain doughty knight, of the olden times, a man of blood, and war, and rapine—cruel, perfidious and griping, as the chronicles of the shire attested; and yet, there lay his effigies in dark, time-stained stone, stretched tranquilly at full length upon his back, with his arms devoutly raised, and his hands clasped together in prayer, as though he had departed in the odour of sanctity. And there, too, lay his wife, Dame Alice, her head reposing—where, if truth be told in ancient story, it seldom was permitted to repose—upon the same pillow with her lord; and at head and foot knelt female forms, in stony ruffs and gaudy red kirtles. And overhead were other figures, as in another story of the fabric; while above all, toppled certain little turnip-headed cherubim, who appeared to have originally reached over too far, in an effort of prying curiosity, and so lost their balance, which they were never able to recover, and thus, they hung everlastingly in painful suspense, wondering how grim old Sir Reginald came to be in a praying attitude. Beneath was a slab of darkish marble, forming the base of the monument, upon which were carved in relief, the arms of the old knight, won by the founder of his family in Palestine. I stepped up and examined them—upon a field *azure* three crosses *or* in the dexter chief, and three swords trenchant in the dexter base; with these were impaled the wife's arms, three *cygnets proper*, on the sinister side. The shield was supported by two angels, with the motto in a scroll beneath—"Per crucem et ense." Under this was written in black letter:—

* Praye for ye Soulle
of ye goode Knychte
Reginald De La Croix. Eq: Aur:
who dyed in ye peace of Godde
A.D. MDXXVIII.
Allsoe his wyffe
Dame Alice Delacrois
in ye hope of
A joyfuller resurrection."

"May his hope not fail him," thought I, "in that day. Yet, if the 'goode knyght' died really in 'ye peace of Godde,' I suspect the priest had hard work who shrived him."

From the contemplation of this tomb, my eye wandered to a neighbouring monument. It was a slab of

white marble, standing out from a background of black, surmounted by what I presume were the arms of the town, and announced by the inscription, that it was "Erected to the memory of the Worshipful Master John Smithers, some time Mayor of Abbotspogis," and declared that he was "an honest man, an exemplary husband, an affectionate father, a sincere friend, a true Christian, an upright citizen, a just magistrate, and a munificent benefactor to the charitable institutions of the town of Abbotspogis."

Thrice-blessed, said I, be the worthy corporator, who, after partaking of all the good things of this life—feasting at charity dinners upon the fat things of the earth—governing his household as one who is in authority, a terror to evil-doers, and a credit to his fellow-citizens, has passed away from this world, as an alderman would do from a civic feast to the ladies in the withdrawing-room, to hear the song of cherubim, and to take his place in the kingdom of heaven!

Then I wandered about all that silent church, and I made acquaintance with the dead, by means of those marble chroniclers of their labours in life, their virtues, and their exploits. Here was the memorial of a warrior, with the trophies of shield, and helm, and cannon, and colour, and the form of the gallant hero himself resting against his war-horse; and beneath were inscribed the battles wherein he had fought, and the field where he died. A mourning wife, not far off, had raised a simple slab to a husband, who had gone to wait for her in heaven—ay, in heaven assuredly, for the virtues which the bereaved one had recorded, told that he was, even while here, scarcely of earth. A mother mourned a child, as mothers ever will mourn; and a husband rounded off in the most ornate periods of epitaphial eulogy, the domestic virtues of his three wives, in consecutive order and separate paragraphs; while beneath them all, an inscription announced that the worthy polygamist himself at length rested from his labours. So I rambled from tomb to tomb, reading every slab, and scanning every device and inscription; and yet, strange to say, I found nowhere the sins, the failings, the shortcomings of humanity. Now, I confess that I do not feel myself quite at my ease in the company of human nature, be

it defunct or living, so much above my own standard of frailty; and having, as I said, in vain endeavoured to find something in the way of a fault, or even of a foible, to link these excellent departed personages with my own soul, in the way of sympathy, I returned to where I had commenced my observations, and flung myself on a seat, opposite to the great window, and began to soliloquise somewhat after this fashion:—

"What a blessed community must have been that of Abbotspogis, if these monuments speak truth!—and surely no one dare to tamper with truth in so sacred a place, and, above all, upon so awful an occasion; for a monument is like Moses, standing between the dead and the living, and calls the former to testify to the truth of what it proclaims to the latter. If these monuments speak truth, what a capital feeder must Abbotspogis have been to that great celestial railway, which, according to the statement of divine teaching, is constructed upon the 'narrow gauge,' and has some terrible up-hill gradients in its line to heaven. So will these good men and women lie in hopeful assurance till the great day, when the angels of God shall summon them to reap the rewards of the thing done in the flesh. And then when that change shall come—wondrous, inscrutable, incomprehensible—when, in the sublime language of the Prophet—'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise'—then shall the pious souls, whose bones repose here, clothe themselves in the bodies, which have, as it were, 'holiness' engraved upon them as a breast-plate."

While I was indulging in such thoughts as these, the setting sun streamed through the window, and flooded the tessellated pavement with its gorgeous, unearthly splendour. It seemed as if the radiance of heavenly love and heavenly life were in congress with the cold apathy of earth, and warmed her worldliness with a glow of spiritual feeling. The air became warm and heavy around my brow, the chirping of the birds floated up faint and far away; I felt a sensation, too peaceful for ecstacy—too sublime for commonplace pleasure, stealing over me—a vague reverie, such as the tongue cannot describe, but the soul feels when she slips from her moorings, and drifts

away on the illimitable ocean of thought. I closed my eyes, and abandoned myself to a state at once intense and delicious. After a time, a sound as of a trumpet-blast pealed upon my ears, and its solemn and startling tones filled the vast and lonely aisles, and floated away up, up to the very roof above my head. Then came a silence deep and oppressive. The heavy clanking, as of booted feet, was distinctly heard, pacing, with measured tread, along the stone floor. I opened my eyes, and looked about me. On every side, the monumental tombs and mural slabs yawned around, and I felt a consciousness that the end of all things was come—that the graves were giving up their dead bodies, and the souls of the departed were awaking from their long and dreamless sleep, to seek a reunion with the flesh which they had erewhile tenanted. And now, as the sound of the footsteps came nearer, I beheld a form, made visible to my sight by a faint-blue, luminous irradiation, which shaped itself into a human form. I remembered what I had read of that marvellous odyllic effluence which animal-magnetists assure us forms, as it were, the spiritual bodies of the dead; and I knew, by an instinct which I cannot explain, that the psychological features of the ghostly being were exhibited to my intensified senses in the figure that stood before me. The form was that of a mailed knight; his features were coarse, stern, and haughty; his eye fierce and blood-shot; and there were marks of gore upon his surcoat, and stains upon the blessed cross that adorned his white mantle. The figure walked hesitatingly onwards, and I knew that it was "the goode knychte," Reginald Delacroix, who was searching out his fleshly garment, wherein he "desired earnestly to be clothed," and to array himself, ere he stood forward upon "the great and terrible day." At length, he came up opposite the monumental structure which first engaged my attention. Then I heard him muttering, as the armorial scroll caught his eye—"Ay, these are the arms of the name which I bare on earth, the swords and the crosses; and here should my body have been laid. But who is this who 'died in the peace of God'—whose hands are clasped in prayer—beside whom his wife reposes—over whom the angels of God are benignantly watch-

ing—who rests 'in the hope of a joyful resurrection?'" And then he smote his swarthy brow with his gauntleted hand, and he groaned passionately and despairingly, and cried—

"Not I, not I. My hand is red with blood—yet, not the blood of the enemies of the cross of Christ; but with the blood of the crushed serf, the stain of the raid and the foray; and my garments are wet with the sweat of vassals whom I have oppressed, and the tears of the children whom I have orphaned. And who is this that lies beside the figure, that men have mockingly placed upon this tomb, jibing at my sins with the semblance of virtues? Ah! these prayerful hands, and these sweet, meek, sorrowful features, they are thine, my Alice." And, as he spoke, a form stood beside him—meek, gentle, sorrowful, even as he had said; and she looked upon him, even as the sinless angels from heaven may look upon erring man—oh, how pitifully, how lovingly! and then she looked upwards—oh! with what beseeching and tender agony: and she stretched out her wan arms, and she cried—"It is even I, thine Alice, while upon earth; I who have borne with thee, and striven for thee, in prayer and tears, and in strong crying, if it might, indeed, be that the believing wife might sanctify the unbelieving husband." And then she essayed to clasp him in her arms, but some invisible power seemed to restrain her, and draw her away; and so she passed, weeping, and still turning her gentle, rueful face towards him, till she was lifted up, as they tell that the ecstasies were lifted from the earth, and was laid down gently beside her own semblance upon the tomb, and, lo! she mingled, as it were, into it, and was no more seen. But the effigy of the knight fell from its place, with a crash, and the mailed ghost rushed wildly forward, and smote with his hand fiercely upon the marble panel of the monument, and defaced the lying inscription, erasing for ever the false record of his peaceful death, and of his blessed hopes.

A deep cavernous cough, that seemed to issue from the depths of a claret-hogshead, and a thick, wheezing, stertorous breathing made me turn quickly round, and I beheld the figure of a pursy old man, hobbling along, panting at every step, and leaning for support against the pillars, as he passed. His

eyes were bleared, and protruding from their sockets; his face was bloated and red; and his whole physiognomy was expressive of avarice, sensuality, and cunning; while his portly trunk loomed over his legs, which, in size and shape, resembled those of an elephant, and were swathed in flannel. The ghost of Alderman Smithers toddled along, till it reached the seat immemorably assigned to the worshipful corporation of Abbotspogis, against the wall of the back of which was reared the tablet to his memory.

"Well," said the plethoric spirit, "this should be the spot for my mausoleum—I marked it out for myself during my mayoralty—unless that fellow, Sheriff Hoggins, who succeeded me, contrived to cajole the common council, and get the space reserved for himself. Let me see—ay, sure enough, there are the marks and tokens where I shall find my good, comfortable old body; these are the civic arms, the castle and the three bales, and the motto, "*Opes et stabilitas*;" and there are the sword and scales; and there, too, is my name, JOHN SMITHERS. But, bless me, what is all this, 'honest! exemplary! sincere! true Christian! upright citizen! just magistrate! munificent benefactor to charity! Nay, nay, that is not me, God help me—that must be some other John Smithers, that came after me—mayhap, that poor fellow, my son John, that I turned out of doors, because he would not join me in cheating my ward, Martha, out of her fortune; or else 'tis all the doing of that rascally Hoggins, who got all these lies written, to mock me. Yet, let me see; mayhap, 'tis me, after all. Wasn't I an upright citizen?—didn't I always attend to the affairs of the guild and the common council?—ay, and who shall say that I wasn't a just magistrate?—didn't I always punish every offender?—and a munificent benefactor of charities, attending all the dinners, and putting my poor relations into the schools and almshouses?—mayhap, 'tis me, after all." And, so saying, the ghost of Alderman Smithers hobbled up to the mausoleum; but, as he stretched out his fat hand to touch the marble, the scales of justice tumbled down with a heavy clatter upon his gouty foot, and the sword fell upon his pimpled nose, and the dark vinous blood spouted out from the angry-looking organ, till he howl-

ed with rage and agony; and I saw strange creatures all around him, as if emanations from his huge carcass; turtles sprawled upon his feet, and crabs and lobsters crept up his legs, while wildfowl flapped about him, and a turbot floundered upon his bald pate, like a huge white night-cap. I would have laughed outright at this strange sight, but that a wail of sorrow and indignation fell upon my ear, and I beheld the widow and the orphans crying to heaven against the bloated hypocrite; and the ruined tradesman and the betrayed friend menacing and cursing him; and they crowded around him and hid him from my sight; and so they hurried away the ghost of Alderman Smithers from his "mausoleum."

I now heard, in a remote part of a side aisle, a strange, irregular sort of movement. It was not the sound altogether of human footsteps, nor altogether that of any other animal, but resembled at one time the heavy sound of a man's foot, and then again the sharp clap which a goat's hoof would make upon flagging. Add to this, these sounds recurred at unequal intervals, resembling that particular measure in versification consisting of a long and a short foot, which at school we knew by the name of "trochee;" not that the resemblance occurred to me at the moment, though it has done so since, which does as well. I looked to the place whence the sounds proceeded, and discovered the originator of them. A fine-looking martial old male ghost, or rather part of a ghost, stumped along, now stepping with the only leg he had, and then with the ghost of the wooden leg (for it seemed even wooden legs, when put *en rapport* with humanity, became entitled to their ghostly representatives), which the regimental surgeon had given him in the Peninsula. An armless sleeve was looped up to his coat-breast; his face was ornamented with a round scar, as of a bullet, which entering his jaw, had carried away a couple of his nether grinders; an eye was missing from its dark, shrivelled socket; and his grizzled, grey hair was strained so tightly back from his forehead, into a pomatumed *queue*, that the remaining eye looked as if it were going to spring out in search of its former companion. The old fellow made his way, with a free-and-easy sort of a swagger, up the side aisle, looking, as it were, upon old

familiar objects, and now and then making audible remarks. "The old place still, though somewhat changed since I was a little boy. There's the big oak pulpit, whence good old Doctor Bloater used to preach us to sleep; there's the pew where little blue-eyed Maude Fielding always sat, just so that I could look at her during prayers, and think how long I should wait till we could all run out and wander home through the green lanes, when I was sure to tell her I would come back a great general from the wars, and make her my wife. Ah, well-a-day—it never was so! See, there is our old family pew; there sat my dear mother, at the upper end, and there six of us, merry urchins, boys and girls, were ranged along; and here, at the other end, sat poor, lank, meek Jenkins, our tutor, that we used to stick pins into, and fasten to the cushion with shoemakers' wax." Then the eye of the ghost-militant was turned upwards, and I thought it glistened with a spiritual ichor that resembled a tear; but his gaze at length rested on the monument of the stalworth warrior surrounded by those trophies. "Yes, yes," said he; "here surely is the spot where I should have been laid; for my comrade, in whose arms I fell at St. Sebastian, promised to bring my old bones home, and place them beside my dear mother. Ah! what is this? A fine, handsome fellow, complete from head to foot, without as much as the pairing of a nail off him, with a helmet on his head and a noble war-horse beside him. Why this can't be me, surely, upon that terrible day when we forced our way, sword in hand, through the blazing streets and over the exploding traverses? why I hadn't so much as a foraging cap upon my head, and my horse had been shot under me by a fellow from the ramparts. Well, well; what do they say about me?—'Leading on a charge'—Not exactly; the charge was over—'fell covered with glory'—covered with fiddlestick!—covered with blood, and rubbish, and ashes; struck on the head by a burning rafter from one of the houses, and squashed like a pumpkin; besides I didn't fall at all, for Serjeant-Major Huggle caught me in his arms." The gallant ghost continued his readings to the end, apparently as perplexed about his identity as a spirit well could be; at length, upon the whole, he seemed

to have made up his mind, that notwithstanding the many fictions and extravagant statements which he had just perused, he had discovered sufficient marks and tokens to give him a tolerable assurance that he had discovered the whereabouts of his corporeal tenement. Accordingly he was just about to hobble into the marble sarcophagus, retiring, I suppose, to dress himself in his old bones and muscles, when he suddenly stopt short with the air as of one who bethought himself of something he had forgotten. "Ah," said he, "I had nearly forgotten that all my life I had been sowing morsels of my humanity up and down through the world. There's not enough inside *there* (pointing to the tomb) to do more than half-dress me; I must be off for my eye to Seringapatam, for my arm to Copenhagen, and for my leg to Salamanca; so I'll be away on the first magnetic current I meet, and be back in no time." Thus saying, the "*esprit militaire*" hobbled away, and left me to the contemplation of what followed.

Just then I heard whining accents over my head, as of one alternately scolding and complaining. I looked up, and just above the foliated capitals of a group of pillars that sustained a zigzag arch, I saw a figure supporting itself, partly by clutching the handles of a sepulchral urn of a mural monument, and partly by standing on the projections of the carved work on the capital. 'Twas a thin, dyspeptic, atrabilious-looking ghost-masculine, whose lack-lustre eye was reading the inscription below the urn, and giving vent to its querulous dissatisfaction from time to time. "Where can that jade of a wife of mine have put me? Here's the very spot that I marked out for myself. But what's the meaning of all this rhodomontade?—'The tenderest of husbands, the kindest of fathers, the best of men.' Ah, the hypocrite; that was always her way: flattering me before my face, or when anyone was present; though I know well she hated me, because I made her sit up o' nights to tend me, and kept her so much at home, and would not suffer a silly young girl like her to go to balls and races, and because I crossed her so much about the children, and flogged them whenever they made a noise. Ah, I'm sure she has stowed me away somewhere else, for

the mother that bore me wouldn't know me by this description. But what's this here close beside me?—

"Here lies Priscilla, second daughter of Geoffry Medicott, Esq., and wife of Hector Grant, Esq., M.D." Ah, the jade—the flirt—the traitress. So she married that raw-boned doctor-cousin of hers, as soon as the breath was out of my body. I always thought the fellow had some motive in visiting me so often, and looking so carefully after my health—particularly when he refused his fees. How dared he place her bones so near where mine should have been laid? I think my body would have sprung away from the odious contact." At this moment, the urn, by which this cross-grained ghost was holding on, suddenly gave way, and both came tumbling and rattling on the pavement beneath. The urn was shattered in pieces; but I cannot undertake to say whether the spirit was smashed in the same way, or only spilt about the floor, for my attention was quickly diverted from both one and the other, by something that sounded rather oddly in a church. This was nothing less than a strange discord of female voices—if female voices can ever make discord—now sobbing, now scolding, now screaming; but always in contention. Not far from the chancel, I saw a congregation of ghosts, consisting of three of the fair sex of spirits, and one of the other. The former had seized the latter, and were pulling him, each her own way, with such energy and heartiness that I was momentarily in expectation that his ghostly limbs would be torn out of their sockets. He was a hale, jolly, easy-tempered, fox-hunting, claret-drinking-looking sort of a ghost, who appeared to me to be in the act of quietly making his way into the tomb of the three wives, when the three spirits who, in their lifetime, made up, in the aggregate, "his better half" (being, if my arithmetic be correct, each somewhere about one-sixth of the worthy male), laid hold on this other moiety of the whole compound that made up the politico-religious unity, know as "man and wife." Each seemed determined to appropriate him to herself, and, strange to say, each appealed to the description on the slab, in proof of her own claim and identity, and in disproof of the claim and identity of her two rivals. It would be hard to divine how the contention

would have ended, had not a low, sweet, solemn voice filled the church, making itself heard, as it were, by reason of its lowness—

"In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God!"

The low, sweet, solemn voice floated away up towards the chancel. I followed it with my ears and my eyes; when I beheld, as it were, from the vestry, and gliding across the tile-paved floor of the inner chancel, a venerable figure, whose stooping form was clothed in a rusty, thread-bare cassock, while his long, white hair flowed down his neck from beneath a close-fitting black cap that covered the crown of his head. At length, he reached the opposite side of the chancel, and stood before a tomb, built into the wall, on which was the simple memorial—

"Hic Jacet S. P."

The nameless one looked meekly, yet hopefully, at the inscription, as though he had a name elsewhere—a name written in the Book of Life; and he entered that tomb as one enters his closet to prepare himself, ere he goes forth in the morning.

Just then I heard a sound of sobbing and supplication, and I saw a mother stretching forth her hands towards a little babe. The babe was fair, as those may be whose souls have not yet been altogether withdrawn from direct communication with God, whose angels still stand between them and divinity, and "do behold the face of their Father in heaven." And the child said to the other spirit—"Here, mother, is the place where they laid me. Suffer me that I may go and array myself in those fleshly robes which I had scarce put on ere I was called to lay them aside."

But the mother wept sore, and flung wide her poor wan arms, as though she would gather the little one to her bosom, and she said, piteously—"Ah! leave me not, my own blessed little Grace, leave me not; for whither thou goest I cannot go."

And the babe replied—"Nay, but thou canst, indeed, sweet mother; for look, there is a place for thee and for me. See, thy name is written on the marble, beneath my own. Come hither, then, into this tomb with me, so that when the summons shall come I

shall be found upon thy bosom, just as I lay when I fell asleep long, long ago." Then the poor mother shrieked and wailed in her despair, and bowed herself down to the earth in the bitterness of her sorrow; and she cried—

"Alas! alas! It may not be. Such was not I as that marble tells—'meek, and patient, and pious.' Such I might have been, hadst thou been suffered to tarry with me; but when He who sent thee for a season, took thee away so quickly, I rebelled with a high, forward spirit, and I questioned His justice; and then my soul refused to take comfort, and I gave myself up to gloomy sorrow, and to unavailing regrets. Then thy father sought to cheer me; but I turned coldly from his consoling love, and shut up my heart in my own selfish sorrow. So, at length, he became wearied with my sadness, and jealous of that engrossing grief that shut him out from my heart; and so, by degrees, he ceased to strive with me, and our hearts grew estranged—and he sought elsewhere the love which I refused to give him—and he grew reckless—and—and—I destroyed him! But the world praised me, and pitied me—the wronged, the patient, the sorrowful—and they graved on the tomb the virtues which I had *not*, that they might testify against me at the last day. But thou, oh! my child, could I hold thee again to my heart, peradventure the stone would again become flesh."

At these words, she once more essayed to clasp the child; but the same sweet, low, solemn voice was heard—"Suffer the little child to come unto me." Then the child passed away to its cradle-tomb; but the woman entered not therein, but sank upon the cold pavement, wailing—a long, shrill, shrieking wail; and then I heard the rolling, as it were, of thunder, and the bellowing and snorting, as of terrible beasts, and a hissing, rustling rush, as of the wings of a gigantic angel, mighty as He who is to set his right foot upon

the sea, and his left foot upon the earth. I sprang upright on my feet in terror——

"Lord bless you, sir, what is the matter? I just stepped in to see that everything was right, before going home; and thought you were gone long ago. Something has frightened you sure."

"The shriek!—the thunder!—the rushing as of a whirlwind!" said I, in a terrified whisper, to the old sexton.

"What shriek—what thunder, sir? Lord bless you, I heard nothink at all on it."

"What may the hour be?"

"Well, sir, I think it'll be pretty close to nine o'clock: the up-train has passed by this minute; I heard the whistle of the *ingin*, sir, as I came up the aisle."

"Hang it!" said I; "so I am late again. Pray when does the next train leave for London?"

"There's no next train for Lun'un, sir. That there one that's a-gone is the last to-night."

"And what the devil am I to do now?"

"Why, sir, you'll get a train at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

There was nothing for it now but to make the best of a bad matter; so I determined to trust myself to the guidance of the sexton.

"You've got an inn at Abbotspogis, my friend?" I inquired.

"Oh, certainly, sir. We did have several before they made a railway station here; but they're all shut up now, except the 'Three Tuns.'"

"Can I get a bed there?"

"Laur yes, sir, sure, and *capital wines*."

I looked at the moist eye of my friend, and understood all that he meant by the last observation.

"Lead on, then, since it must be so, to the 'Three Tuns' of Abbotspogis. May I be without bed and board when next I fall asleep in church (except during the sermon)—that's all."

When this story was over, we all arose, and the party broke up. As the clock chimed eleven, I found myself in my hotel; and, ere long, I was in bed, thinking over the pleasant evening I had spent, till I fell asleep. My waking thoughts were strangely blent up with my sleeping visions, and I dreamed all night of ghosts in churches playing on the pianoforte, and hobnobbing one another in hock and champagne.

Ever yours, my dear Anthony,

JONATHAN FREEKE SLINGSBY.

P.S.—Pray do not show this letter to any one.—J. F. S.

HOW I MARRIED TO ESCAPE BEING HANGED.

My regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, belonged to the first brigade of the second division of infantry (Sir Rowland Hill's); and at the time when this little narrative opens, was quartered at Aranjuez, a small town of Toledo, about twenty miles south of Madrid, on the left bank of the Tagus. Though we had been for some months in quarters of refreshment on the Portuguese frontier, and had there received several supplies of clothing, &c., from Britain, in consequence of the rapid movements of the army, which, by turning the positions on the Ebro and Douro, had driven back the French under Joseph and Jourdan, making them to traverse the whole length of Spain in one short month, and the incessant activity of the light troops, my uniform was reduced to a mere mass of rags. My cap, a kind of Highland bonnet, chequered, but without feathers (like that still worn by the 71st and 74th regiments), was worn into many holes, and the rain came through upon my head. My epaulettes, or wings, were reduced to black wire; my coat, turned to purple and black, was, like my Tartan trews, patched with cloth of every hue; my sash had shrunk to a remnant; the pipeclay had long disappeared from my shoulder-belt, and the sheath of my claymore was worn away until six inches of the bare blade stuck through it. And such was the general appearance of the officers of our regiment, as, with our canvas haversacks, our blankets and cloaks slung in our sashes, and carrying wooden canteens, similar to those of the privates, we marched into Aranjuez, and defiled, with pipes playing and drums beating, towards the great summer palace of Philip II. which occupies a little island formed by the Tagus and Xarama, and is surrounded by the most beautiful pleasure-grounds.

In one hand I carried my sword, in the other a ham, which I had picked up when overhauling a French caisson. My lieutenant had a small wineskin, and my ensign a round loaf under his arm; thus, we, the officers of the 1st company, looked forward, to what we

deemed, in those hard times, a sumptuous repast, on halting in the quadrangle of the vast and silent palace, from which Joseph and his court had fled but a few hours before, leaving behind many a sign of their hasty departure. Here, lay Turkey carpets half torn up; there, velvet hangings but half torn down; in one room were bales of furniture, ornaments and plate, packed, but abandoned; in another lay the remains of a sumptuous feast; the wine was yet in the half-emptied glass; the fork remained in the breast of the turkey; the ashes of a large fire yet smouldered in the vast kitchen, and in each apartment of these long and magnificent suites, which traverse the whole palace of Philip II., were splendid Parisian clocks, with their gilt pendulums yet wagging under crystal shades, and all remaining in *statu quo*, just as the French fugitives had left them, on the approach of our advanced guard.

We chose our apartment, seized utensils, and, after a bath in the sandy Xarama, to refresh us, after our long and dusty march, we sat down to a supper on my ham, the ensign's loaf, and the lieutenant's skin of the country wine. Fresh from the royal gardens we took fruit in abundance; for the season was summer, and the purple grape, the golden apple, and the ruddier orange, with the ripe pomegranate, were all to be had at arm's length from the tall, painted windows. Nor were cigars wanting; for, when investigating the contents of a certain press, I found several boxes, from which we supplied ourselves, and gave the remainder to the men of our company, who were solacing themselves in the adjacent apartments, and lounging on the velvet sofas, down ottomans, and satin fauteuils, on which the fair demoiselles of the usurper's court had sat but the day before.

The quarter-guards were set; the out-pickets had been posted in the direction of the enemy; in the palace court, our ten pipes had sounded for the *tattoo*, and, wearied to excess, we lay down, some on beds, and some on benches, but many more on the hard

floor, where we slept soundly, and heedless of the advancing, the marching and skirmishing of the morrow; for we light troops, had always our full share of the latter.

I was in this luxurious state—for dry quarters, and a sound sleep after a hearty meal, are great luxuries to the campaigner—when I was shaken by the shoulder, and I heard the devilish voice of our sergeant-major saying—

“I beg your pardon, Captain —; the first officer for duty is required to take convalescents to the rear. They march an hour before daylight, and the adjutant sent me to warn *you*, sir, and say, the piper will blow the *rouse* in twenty minutes.”

He retired, having delivered his orders; and then, as a pleasant sequel to them, I heard the rain—the heavy rain of Castile, where every drop is the size of a walnut—pattering on the long range of palace windows which faced the east. No man ever left a warm down bed more unwillingly, than I did the hard tiled floor of the *sala*. I rolled up my cloak and blanket, slung them with my haversack and canteen, and then groped about for a small portmanteau which contained all my goods and gear; and, without disturbing my two comrades to bid them “good-bye”—for, poor fellows! after so long a march as that of yesterday, to have done so would have been positive inhumanity—with half-closed eyes, I hurried along, stumbling over the sleeping soldiers, muskets, knapsacks, and broken furniture with which the vast halls and suites of chambers were encumbered. After losing myself for a time in that famous apartment of mirrors, where Godoy and the Queen were wont to perform fandangos, I reached the bridge of Toledo, as it is named from the road which crosses it; and there I found the convalescents assembling, in the dark of a cold and rainy morning, for daylight was yet an hour distant, and I heard the heavy drops battering the tarred canvas covers of the wretched caissons, wherein the sick and wounded lay. I heard the rain also lashing on the parapets of the bridge, and raising bubbles on the rapid stream which swept below its arches.

There were not less than thirty wagons or bullock-cars filled by officers alone, many of them sick, or suffering from diseases produced by hardship

and starvation; others from wounds, and the amputation of legs and arms, by the stupid apothecaries’ boys, who composed almost wholly our medical staff in the Peninsula. In rags and misery, almost shirtless and shoeless, they lay closely packed in the caissons among a little straw; and one—the weakest and most reduced—was the famous Irish assistant-surgeon, Maurice Quill, of the 31st regiment. I had one officer of the 1st dragoon guards, who, being mad as a March hare, had an entire wagon to himself, and I heard him bellowing like a wild bull, above the rushing rain, and the howling wind, as I approached this mournful assemblage, on the old bridge of Toledo.

I received the lists and commissariat papers, &c., in the dark, from the brigade-major, who carried a lantern under his cloak, and, in bidding me adieu, bade me beware of Barba Roxa, or Red-bearded Sancho, a thief, whose exploits were then making some noise in Toledo and La Mancha. The few soldiers who accompanied me were also convalescents, on their way home to be discharged, and, consequently, were barely able to carry their arms. I had a French troop horse, captured in the scramble at Arroyo del Molina, and by my side rode the only effective man in the detachment, my orderly dragoon; who, for the good service he rendered me by his inborn bravery and fidelity, I shall ever remember with gratitude, Darby Crogan, a private of the 4th, or Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and when I say he was every inch a true Irish soldier, further comment is needless.

Though we had enough and to spare of fighting, I own that it was with no ordinary feeling of dissatisfaction I departed on this duty, leaving my comrades to push on towards the south, to fight and win the great battle of Vittoria, and drive the French from Spain; while I had the foreknowledge that there was never an instance known of an officer leaving the army, in charge of convalescents, without being involved in the most serious quarrels with the Spanish authorities, both civil and military. But there was no alternative for me; so, muffling myself in my cloak, after sharing with Darby Crogan a glass of brandy from a certain convenient flask, which hung at my waist-belt, and after a good deal

of galloping to and fro, swearing at muleteers and bullock-drivers, the cars were put in motion, and the march began just as the first streak of dawn glimmered dimly above the distant sierras.

A company of Les Chasseurs Britanniques (who, though French deserters and ragamuffins of every kind, wore the red British uniform), under a Captain H——, marched also for Cuidad Real, and nearly at the same time, but were ordered to pursue a route apart from mine, by Santa Cruz de la Zarza, and down the other side of the mountains, by Corral de Almuguer and Madridejos.

The morning had broken clear and cloudless, when, passing through an open tract of country, we reached Yepes, and the summer sun of Castile came up in all his burning glory. I generally rode about fifty yards in front of my party, to avoid the incessant complaints and cries of the sick and wounded, whose ailments or sores were exasperated by the increasing heat and pitiless jolting of the bullock-cars, which had neither springs nor iron axles. The day was cloudless and scorching; the plain hot, dry, and dusty, all vegetation being burned out of it. No breeze came from the distant mountains; but a vast swarm of black flies, which floated like a vapour about us, gave incredible annoyance.

A poor young officer (lieutenant in an English light cavalry regiment) expired under the pain of his mortifying wounds and accumulated sufferings. This event caused a temporary halt. By the side of the mule-track, which crossed that arid plain, we hastily made a little grave, about a foot deep, and laid him down, yet warm, in his uniform, and coffinless. A little of the blood-stained straw from the wagons was spread over his face, and then we covered him up, heaping the dry, dusty soil over him, by our feet, by the butts of muskets, and blades of bayonets, to keep the wolves from disturbing his rest. Near this lonely grave there flowed a little fountain from a rude stone duct, which had been made in the days of old, *en tiempo antiguo*, as a mule-driver told me. In twenty minutes after, we were all again *en route*, with the mule-bells jangling and the wheels jarring, as if nothing had happened; but his place in the wagon was soon supplied, as every

hour some of my convalescent guard became unable to endure the weight of their trappings, and had to be placed among the sick. Thus, our progress was so slow that night was closing before we entered La Guardia, a small town, about sixteen miles from Aranjuez.

As we clambered and toiled up the rocky ridge which it crowns, on the right bank of the Cedron, Crogan and I, who rode in front, were surprised to find the little town almost deserted, and that a few of the inhabitants who *had* lingered until we were close at hand, were retiring from it on the other side, some on foot and others on mules, but all bearing away their goods and chattels, beds and furniture. Entering, we found it empty; and as there were neither *alcalde* nor *alguazils* to go through the farce of distributing billets, we quartered ourselves wherever we best could. After conveying all the wounded from the wagons into the great convent (I carried Dr. Quill on my back, for he was weak as a child), there we laid them, in rows, on the tiled floors; and, after filling their canteens with water, left them to warm themselves the best way they could, for we were wearied almost to death by the slow, loitering march of the past day, under a scorching Castilian sun.

La Guardia is surrounded by a strong but ruinous fortified wall, which was built in the olden time to defend the district from the incursions of the Moors; and at each end it had a gate, whereon I posted a guard of a corporal and three men; for as the whole country swarmed with thieves and guerilla deserters, I knew not what *pícaros* might be lurking in the old gypsum quarries near the Cedron.

Darby Crogan and I took possession of a deserted house in the main street. He lighted a fire, and being scarce of fuel, made pretty free use of the doors and shutters, chairs and tables; and we broiled on a ramrod, or boiled in a camp-kettle, our poor ration beef, sprinkling it with flour, and eating it without salt, for that was a commodity extremely scarce among us in Spain; hence, the flavour of our commissariat beef, after being carried in a canvas haversack, on a long day's march, under a burning sun, would have driven Soyer or his majesty of Oude into fits.

We had scarcely concluded this miserable meal, which we shared fraternally—for on service, though discipline is never forgotten, the officer and private are more blended together, as real soldierly sentiment replaces empty etiquette—when we were startled by the report of two or three muskets in our immediate vicinity.

"Hollo!" said Crogan, springing to the door of the house, "the enemy 'll be on us before we can say peas!"

"Some guerillas, or picaros, or perhaps, Barba Roxa," said I, setting down my flask of aguardiente, to listen.

"Darby Roxy!—sure it 'll be pleasant to meet a namesake."

"Not if he beats up our quarters, when we are in so poor a condition to resist any who might attempt it; and the watches and rings, &c., of so many sick officers are booty enough for a few enterprising Spaniards, who might try to knock the guard on the head. Look to our pistols, Crogan; bring up the horses, and we will ride forth to reconnoitre."

"Right, yer honour—I'm the man," replied the active Irishman, as he looked to the priming of our pistols, loaded his carbine, and hurried to the shed close by, where our horses were chewing their rations of chopped straw; he saddled, and brought them to the door; and thus, in three minutes, we were both mounted. Meanwhile, the guards at each gate of the little town had turned out; and, leaving word to get the whole party under arms in the street, accompanied by Crogan, I rode at a rapid trot towards that direction in which the flashes had been seen by our sentinels.

La Guardia lay buried in obscurity; the night was dark, and a thin vapour veiled the stars; but no moon was visible, though at times a red meteor flashed across the sky. As the warm night-wind passed over the vast tracts of waste and untilled land, it was laden with the rich aroma of those innumerable little plants like *mignonette*, which flourish by the wayside in all the wild parts of Spain.

"Soft ground, sir," said Crogan, as his horse stumbled among the dry-scorched soil; "by the holy! this is just like still-hunting, only the bog, bad luck to it! is as dry as a bone."

"Hush!" said I, reining in my horse; "do you not hear something?"

"By my troth I do," replied Darby; and as he spoke, a musket flashed about a quarter of a mile distant; and then we heard a faint cry, like a woman's.

"There are no French in this neighbourhood," said I, surprised.

"But plenty of thaves and robbers, sir; and a nice meetin' it 'id be for us."

"Forward!" said I; "we must just take them like our wives, Crogan, for better or worse."

"And, like the wives, a sorry takin' it may be for some of us," said Darby, with a reckless laugh, as we rode on in the dark; and reaching the skirt of a cork wood, found a large Spanish coach, drawn by two mules—such a turn-out as one might have met in those days on the prados of Seville or Madrid—being ransacked by five or six ruffians, armed with pistols, knives, and carbines. A man lay dead among the long grass, near the trees; the mules were kicking and plunging in the traces; and while one ruffian dragged out two ladies, the others were cutting open and emptying their portmanteaus. I drew my sword.

"Make your horse rear, sir, the moment we are fired at," cried Crogan, who was a practised trooper—"twas by not doing so that Corporal Lanihan, of ours, got a ball in his chest, at Talavera—his first battle, too."

"Forward," cried I, "cut them down!"

"Whoop—hubaboo! this baste ov mine 'ud clear the rock of Cashel at one spring!" exclaimed Crogan, who uttered an Irish yell, as we fell suddenly upon the marauders; and though we were but two to six, routed them in a moment. Three shots were fired at us: I cut one fellow across the hand, and severed his fingers, which grasped the barrel of his musket; Darby stretched another among the grass, and, whether scared by his Irish shout, our sudden onset, or the dread that there were more of us, I know not; but in a twinkling they vanished into the wood, and we sprang from our horses to assist the ladies.

"*Ay de mi! señor oficial!*" cried the younger, grasping me by the left arm; "a thousand prayers and thanks."

"*Ay! mi señor caballero, muchas gracias,*" added the elder, making a stately, but profound curtsy to Crogan.

"Why, mam, you make a regular

Irish dip," said he, raising his hand to the peak of his helmet. "But, sure you've dhropped something," he added, picking up a flask. "Oh, it can't be this, at all—aggadenty, the thafe! Hurroo! its like raal Cork, but out of a bran new cask."

The old lady now turned to me, perceiving that I was the officer, and prayed "*el santo de las santos*," and all the saints in heaven might bless us, for our courageous and timely succour.

"We are on our way to Ciudad Real from Madridejos, and were attacked in the wood. My *senor escudero* was shot, our outriders fled; and the *ladrones* would undoubtedly have maltreated me—not that I cared for myself, *senor*, but my dear little god-daughter—*la nina—the child—la nina Estella*. It was all for her that I trembled"—and soforth.

By the moon, which glinted for a time through the hazy clouds, I could perceive that the speaker was a middle-aged lady, very dark complexioned; and, though not handsome, possessing a tolerably good, even stately presence; and that her god-daughter, whose features were blanched by terror, had fine dark Spanish eyes, and a graceful figure, though somewhat undersized.

I begged of them to be no longer alarmed.

"*Senoras*," said I, "my detachment is at La Guardia, close at hand; allow me to offer my escort to you, so far as Ciudad Real, for that, also, is my destination!"

"We owe you a thousand thanks, *senor oficial*," replied the gentle voice of *la nina Estella*, who seemed to be somewhere about eighteen. "Oh, I will never forget that fellow's red beard! *Madre de Dios*, what a size and colour it was!"

"O ho! then our friend was Sancho himself."

"Ah, *senor*," said the old lady, "how happily we will avail ourselves of your kind offer."

"Good—I shall have pleasant companions for the remainder of this most unpleasant journey," thought I, beginning to repack the half-rifled mails.

"We are travelling in great haste," said the *senora*. "Is your detachment composed of horse or foot, *caballero*?"

"It partakes of both, *senora*; being thirty wagons of sick and wounded."

"Sick and wounded! *O madre de Dios!* 'tis quite a travelling hospital; thirty wagons—a lazaretto—and I have lost my priceless relic of St. Margarida the Scot. Oh, *senor valoroso*, we owe you a million of favours, but will rather proceed alone. And here is this rogue, Pedrillo, come back with his mule. Ah, false coward, to leave your young mistress in such peril. I will have you well beaten when we reach Ciudad Real; I will, sir. What would have become of us, but for the miraculous arrival of the *senor oficial*?"

While I assisted the trembling Pedrillo to restrap the portmanteaus, and put the mules in order, a colloquy was proceeding between Darby Crogan, and the Spaniard whom he had levelled when the fray first began.

"Silence, now," I heard him say, while striking the butt of his carbine to shake the priming; "it will soon be all over wid ye; so die aisy—do, and don't be bothering me."

"*Ay par amor de Dios*, *senor Inglese*," implored the Spaniard on his knees.

"*Senor Inglese*, indeed!" said Darby, testily, as the *aquardiente* mounted into his brain; "is it an Englishman you'd call me, you rascally Spaniard, and I, praise God! a dacent Irishman, like my father and mother before me?"

"*Ay de mi*, *senor Dragone*——"

"Dragon, is it, now! I have a name, Mr. Spaniard; as good as your own, for lack of a bether, and that is Darby Crogan, ould Widda Crogan's boy, at the four cross roads, near the bog of ——; but what am I prating about? To make a long story short, prepare for your wooden surtoo, and make a clane breast, you spalpeen of the earth, you!"

"Come, come, Darby," said I, "let him go; he is only a poor rascal of a Murcian."

"It's only makin' game of him I am, your honour; but sure I am that his being, as you say, a marchent won't make him feel dyin' a bit the *more*," replied Darby, uncocking his carbine with an air of discontent. "Richly he deserves to die, for he fired his pistols at me twice; the curse of Cromwell be on him!"

"Away now," said I, pointing to the wood; "*vayan usted con Dios*, or demonio, if it suits you better; and see, villain, that we meet no more!"

With a dark gleam in his eye the disarmed robber slunk away, and I saw that his face; where not streaked with blood from Darby's sword-cut, was ghastly pale with hate, fear, and fury.

We placed the ladies in their antique caravan-looking coach; buckled their baggage on the pyramidal top thereof; furnished Pedrillo and another servant with the arms and ammunition of the two robbers; promised to see the unfortunate escudero interred, a promise which we never performed; and after escorting them some miles beyond the cork wood, bade them adieu, receiving a pressing invitation to visit them at Ciudad Real, "where everyone knew Donna Emerenciana de Alcala-de-los-Gazules," which name I give myself no small credit for remembering. We then returned to La Guardia, and for a time thought no more of the affair.

I had ordered the drum to be beaten before daylight, but it was not until two hours after it, that the whole of the sick and wounded were again stowed into their wagons, and *en route*; for in the back-garden of the convent we had to bury those whom we found dead.

Then again began that melancholy chorus of groans and cries of pain, mingled with curses in English and Spanish, the cracking of whips, and jingle of bells, as the obstinate mules and lazy bullocks, which drew the rude cars, were urged to motion; and over wretched roads we departed from La Guardia, towards the mountains.

Passing over the ground of the last night's adventure, Crogan picked up something which glittered amongst the grass; it proved to be the portrait of a young lady, in a veil, flowing over a high comb; and in her well-arched eyebrows, fine dark eyes, roguish mouth, and fascinating smile, I recognised Donna Estella.

"Bravo! a delightful souvenir of La Guardia," said I; and, after admiring it for a time, consigned it to my breast-pocket. "Darby, I will owe you a dollar for this when I draw on the paymaster." I gazed at it frequently on the march, and every time I did so my interest in the original increased (but bah! do not think I was fool enough to fall in love with a mere miniature), and I resolved that if she was to be found in Ciudad Real I should certainly discover and visit her.

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Again a black cloud of flies covered the whole of us; several cars broke down; and such was the terrible nature of the road that one fell entirely over a precipice, bullocks, wounded, and all; and then so great was the delay occasioned by the various casualties, that evening came on before we reached Mora, which is only *ten* miles from La Guardia. So the reader may have some idea of the tedium of our progress.

Mora I found also abandoned by its inhabitants, who fled at our approach, carrying with them all provisions and everything else which could be borne away. Many of the houses appeared to have been recently burned, for flames were yet smouldering in three of them, and in another two men were lying dead; one shot, the other bayoneted. Being certain that there were no French in the neighbourhood, or nearer than Burgos and Navarre, I was at a loss to comprehend the source of this terror and outrage: but, influenced by anxiety to be nearer Ciudad Real, and to have my defenceless detachment disposed of for that night, I pushed on, in hope of reaching a small village, which, as my "route" indicated, lay about ten miles further off.

Descending from Mora, we traversed a plain which lies between two sierras that terminate at Porzuna, in La Mancha: and if our progress was slow by day, it was slower still by night. The heat was yet excessive; a thick impalpable dust floated about us; the air was close and still; there was not a breath of wind. Our thirst was intense, and a murmur of satisfaction arose from my mournful cavalcade when the blackened sky, and the croaking of the frogs, announced *rain*; and when it did come, it came in torrents. Then, raising the covers of the wagons, the wretched patients thrust out their pallid faces and trembling hands to catch the heavy drops. The dusty plain soon became transformed into a sea of mud, and the poor convalescent guard sank above their ankles at every step, while, deeper still, the mules went above their fetlocks.

Anxious and impatient, accompanied by my orderly, I rode forward a few miles, but failed to discover the said village; the whole district was desolate, and being without a guide, I feared that we had lost the way. On returning I found matters still worse;

for, taking advantage of my absence, the villainous Spaniards, by a preconcerted arrangement, had simultaneously cut the traces of their mules and bullocks, and (though my guard shot a few of them in the attempt) had fled, leaving the sick and wounded to die in the wilderness.

I cannot say whether anger or despair was my prevailing emotion; but to be left thus, with three or four-and-twenty wagons (for their number was now reduced), full of sick and dying men, among the mountains of Toledo, without provisions, and without a medical officer, was not very pleasant. Though the rain was still falling, as it falls only in Spain (like one ceaseless and tremendous shower-bath), Crogan and I departed at a gallop after the runaways, but could only overtake one; and, as he would neither halt nor obey us, we fired at him with our pistols, and, breaking his leg, left him in the same condition he had left so many of our comrades.

Aware that not a moment should be lost in procuring a fresh team, we turned in the direction of Toledo, and ascended the sierra, half blinded by the rain which lashed in our faces, and by swelling the streams from the hills, was fast making the valley between them a sheet of water.

"A fine thing it will be, your honour," said Crogan "(for I'm just in the mood to be savage) if we fall in with the rapparees that rummaged over the old lady, last night, and sacked Mora and La Guardia."

"Never mind, Darby, my boy, you will die in the bed 'of honour' then."

"Divil a one of me cares—though, by my sowl," he added, as our horses plashed fetlock-deep in water, "I would like that same bed of yer honour's to be a *dhry* one."

"So would I, Darby, but remember—

" 'Why should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business 'tis to—die!' "

"By the hokey! that ditty sounds very like as if the man that made it, sir, had been up to his neck in a bog at the time. But there are lights!"

"And the rain is abating, too."

To be brief. After a ten miles' ride, we reached Almonacid de Zorita, a small town of New Castile, where we roused the alcalde from his bed. He summoned his alguazils, and they, after an infinite deal of trouble, col-

lected by impress all the cattle in the place, amounting to about twenty mules, and as many bullocks. The alcalde assisted us with ill-concealed reluctance, and told me that he and "the alcalde of Mora had that morning transmitted to the commandant at Ciudad Real an account of certain outrages, and lawless impressment of mules, committed by a British detachment, at Mora and La Guardia."

"You must mistake, Senor Alcalde," said I, angrily, for I was drenched to the skin at the time; "the only plunderers of La Guardia, if I may judge from personal experience, are true Castilians."

"The Marquis of Santa Cruz shall judge," said the alcalde, showing us to the door. "Adieu, senores."

"Good-bye, old gentleman, and bad manners to you," said Crogan, as we leaped on our horses, and, re-crossing the sierra, reached the wagons about daybreak; and though sleepless and exhausted, I was but too happy when the new team was traced to them, and the whole were once more on their way towards La Mancha.

Slowly and wearily we toiled on by the banks of the Alagador, and again crossing the mountains, near a lake into which it flows, reached Guadalerza, all but overcome by heat and fatigue. I remember that near the lake (which was literally alive with adders and small snakes) there stood a solitary convent; and as we passed its walls, the fair recluses waved their handkerchiefs from their narrow gratings, with many a cry of *viva los Ingleses*, so long as we were within hearing. From Guadalerza, fortunately, the inhabitants had *not* fled, and they answered promptly and readily the piteous cries of our sufferers for water, which was supplied to them in crocks and jars, that were filled and emptied as if to quell a conflagration.

The village of Fuentalfresno, which overlooks those sands from whence the Guadiana is supposed to spring, was our next halting-place, but its miserable and impoverished inhabitants were totally unable to afford us rations of any kind; and there several of the wounded, whose sabre-cuts or gun-shot wounds, by the jolting of the wagons, had broken out afresh, expired. There were two officers and four soldiers, whom we buried in one hole (alas! I cannot call it a grave), under an old orange-tree, near the Ja-

rama. Finding that it was useless to halt in a place where we were in danger of starving, we went further on, and bivouaced nine miles beyond it, near a little runnel of spring water, on a fine green plain. The soundest sleep that ever closed my eyes was enjoyed there, on that soft grassy sward, beside my horse's heels; but I cannot omit to mention the terror with which it was broken.

My charger snorted, reared, and tried madly to break away from the peg to which I had picketed him.

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked around me. The wagons were all closely drawn up side by side; the escort were sleeping among their piled arms, and, muffled in their great coats, our four sentinels stood motionless, about three hundred yards distant. The moonlight was clear and beautiful. Suddenly something reared its head close beside me; I shrunk under my blanket, and lo! a frightful snake, nearly fifteen feet long, passed over the whole bivouac, hissing and gliding; but, fortunately, without biting any one, it disappeared into a little thicket of laurels and underwood which grew near us.

"Och this Spain!—snakes, too—devil mend it!" I heard Crogan muttering in his sleep; "more ov it yet! and I have never had a raal good potato down my throat since I came into it."

Next day, the sun-burnt plains of La Mancha lay before us; but ere the intense heat of noon, we reached Fernan-caballero, in the partida of Piedra-bueno; and there (so exhausted were my soldiers, and so terrible the complaints of the wounded), though my route permitted me to tarry but one night, I was compelled to halt for two additional days, an indulgence which nearly cost me my life. In the early morning, when visiting the quarters of the sick and wounded, to render them any assistance in my power before marching, I became aware that a person was following me through the dark, muddy, and unpaved streets of the mountain Puebla.

As a soldier, habitually cautious, and, as a campaigner, aware of the Spanish character, I grasped the hilt of my Highland sword, and walked watchfully on.

This man, by whom I had certainly been dogged and followed for some time, was now joined by two others,

and the three accompanied my steps, remaining close behind. Crogan was looking after our horses, and I had no other orderly or attendant; but resolving that if their intentions were bad to anticipate them, I halted, and confronting the trio, said, as if without suspicion—

"Senores, que hora es?"

"Son los quatro, caballero," replied one, gaping at me with surprise on being so suddenly accosted; but I saw the ominous gleam of two knives, as they were secretly drawn from the broad worsted sashes of his companions, who skillfully endeavoured to conceal the act. Quick as lightning, drawing a pistol from my belt, I fired a bullet right at the head of one, whose enormous red beard the flash revealed to me. The ball tore open his cheek, and carried away his left ear. His comrade rushed upon me, but I received him by thrusting the muzzle into his mouth, and hurling him furiously back. On this, they all took to flight; but not before I perceived that the wounded man had his left hand swathed in a bandage.

"O ho, Senor Sancho, la Barba Roxa!" said I, recognising the robber whom I had maimed at La Guardia; "I thought your voice was not unfamiliar to me."

I hurried to the muster-place, in a frame of mind that struggled between wrath at my narrow escape, and triumph at the victory I had won; but, in ten minutes after, the drum beat, and replacing the sick in the wagons, we moved off.

Our march of fifteen miles from Fernan-caballero, we got rapidly over; for Crogan and I having found no less than twenty-five mules grazing near the Alzuer, which there flows through a fertile plain, many of them bridled, as if just abandoned by their riders, we yoked them to the wagons, and entering Ciudad Real, the capital of La Mancha, passed at a rapid pace through its broad, straight, and well-paved streets, to the great Plaza, or principal square.

"The Lord be praised!" thought I, as the train halted, and I gave in my papers to the Spanish town-major, Don Jose Gonzalez y Llano, a field officer of that regiment of Leon, which fled, *en masse*, from the field of Vittoria. "My duty and my troubles are over together."

But I was grievously mistaken, as I might have augured from the manner

of the town-major, who curled his mustaches, and shifted from one foot to the other, like a man who has something unpleasant to say, but dares not.

While the occupants of the wagons were being conveyed to hospital by fatigue-parties of Spanish soldiers, and my guard joined a detachment of convalescents, who, under another officer, were on their march towards the castle of Belem, I soon became aware that I was an object of marked attention to the denizens of Ciudad Real. A vast crowd had gathered in the Plaza, and I saw many men, particularly paisanos, gesticulating violently, and pointing to me, while the muttering gradually rose into shouts of "*maldetto! mueran los Inglesos! Perro! ladrones! bandido! carajo!*"

"What the devil is the meaning of all this?" thought I; and indignantly pushed my horse right through them. On this the cries redoubled; and the crowd increased so fast, that I was fain to ride at a trot towards the house of a *guantero* (a maker of those gloves for which Ciudad Real is famous throughout Spain), on whom I had been billeted. There I found Darby Crogan awaiting me, breathless, exasperated, and carbine in hand, for he, too, had been followed in the same manner, by a mob, who shouted, yelled, threw mud, stones, and rotten melons, with every missile which the uncleaned streets so readily afforded. We were perfectly at a loss to comprehend the cause of treatment so unusual and so unmerited.

"El *guantero*, our patron, is as cross as two sticks, or a bag of ould nails, devil mend him! and unless your honour has a coin about you, it's but a cowl'd supper we'll have," said Crogan, as we entered the sala, or principal apartment of the house.

"I have not had a peseta since we left Mora," said I; "but here is the patron at supper, on a cold fowl, too! we are just in time."

"Sure he'll ask us to ate wid him—Och! for the smallest taste in life!" sighed poor Darby, for our food had been principally roasted castanos, during the two previous days, so miserably was the Spanish commissariat conducted. The patron was certainly at supper; but, instead of welcoming us to his house, as the deliverers of Spain, who had driven the usurper from Torres Vedras to the Douro, from the Douro to the Ebro, and from thence to-

wards the Pyrenees, he barely bestowed a bow upon us, and desired his servant to conduct me to one room and Crogan to another. Amazed at the coldness of this reception within, which corresponded so exactly with the ungenerous treatment of the mob without, a storm of indignation gathered in my heart; but being aware that a strong Spanish garrison occupied the citadel, and that the Dons were lads who did not stand on trifles, I pocketed my wrath and turned away, resolving on the morrow to discover Donna Emerenciana and *la nina Estella*.

"Blue blazes!" grumbled Darby; "are we not to have a ration of something to-night? Lord, sir, you don't know how hungry I am, for the two insides o' me are sticking together. I wish we had hould of that darling pullet."

"So do I, Crogan, and that the old *guantero* had hold of the horns of the moon."

"Wid his fingers well greased, the ould thief! Never mind, sir, wait till they're all asleep, and if I lave a place unransacked, I am not the boy of ould Widdy Crogan, at the four cross roads."

The sulky looks of the glover were reflected by those of his wife and servant, a buxom Basque woman, who wore her coal-black hair plaited into one long tail, which overhung her thick woollen petticoat of bright yellow. Her stockings were scarlet; and I saw Crogan squinting at her well-turned ankles, cased in their neat leather *abarcas*, as she tripped before us, up the steep wooden stair that led to my apartment. The brown-checked Basque bade us "good night," in bad Spanish, set down the light, and on being told that one room would do for the soldier and myself, withdrew. Crogan placed a few chairs against the door, and near them lay down on the floor, with his carbine loaded and half cocked. Without undressing, I threw myself on the bed, with my drawn sword beside me, for the uproar still continued in the street; but long before its din had died away, we were both buried in profound sleep—the deep and dreamless slumber of long weariness and toil.

From this happy state I was aroused about midnight by a loud noise. Sword in hand, I sprang up; and Darby's promise to overhaul the patron's pantry flashed upon my mind. But lo! a lantern glared into my eyes; and I saw

the brown uniforms, red facings, silver epaulettes, bronzed features, and enormous mustaches of several Spanish officers, who surrounded me with drawn swords. Among them I recognised Don Jose Gonzalez y Llano, the town-major, by whose orders I was roughly seized and disarmed. The lantern was held rudely before my face, then to my belt-plate and the buttons of my coat.

"The seventy-first *regimiento infanteria de Escotos*," said one.

"La division de Don Roland Hill," said another.

"Senores, what is the meaning of this intrusion, and how dare you lay hands thus upon me?"

"The Marquis of Santa Cruz de la Zarza will tell you that," said the little major, insolently.

"Then where is this marquis?" asked I, furiously.

"At his palace, where he waits you, and requires your presence," said a young officer, who wore the cross of St. James and the splendid uniform of an *Ayudante de Campo*. "Come with us, senor," he added, politely. "I beg to assure you that resistance is worse than useless; so permit me, for the present, to receive your sword."

I handed the young aid-de-camp my belt and scabbard.

"Gentlemen, I beg you to remember that I am an officer bearing his Britannic Majesty's commission." And without saying more, I accompanied them from the house of the glover, under escort of four Spanish soldiers, who surrounded me with fixed bayonets. In silence we traversed various streets, which were buried in darkness and obscurity; and I saw nothing of Crogan (for I had been seized while he was on his exploring expedition); yet though anxious and perplexed, I maintained a haughty silence, and disdained to question my conductors.

The bell of the cathedral tolled midnight as we entered the great Plaza, and saw before us the stately palace of the Marquis, brilliantly illuminated, for he was giving a magnificent fête in honour of his patron saint, whose festival had occurred on the day that had passed. From the lofty latticed windows, four-and-twenty lines of variously-coloured light fell across the great Plaza of the bull-fights, and shed their prismatic hues on its plashing fountains. A flight of marble steps led us to the vestibule, where a Spanish guard of honour was under arms,

with fixed bayonets; and, passing between their ranks, we ascended to the grand saloon of the palace.

In that magnificent apartment, decorated in the florid and profusely-gilded style of Charles the Fifth's time, filled with a deluge of light from crystal chandeliers, and over a slippery floor of clear and tessellated marble, I was led by my conductors through the glittering crowd of guests. On every hand I saw the brown uniforms, red facings, and silver epaulettes of the Spanish line, the blue and silver of the Portuguese, the green of the Cazadores, and the black velvet suits of old-fashioned cavaliers, wearing the crosses of St. James and of Calatrava. The ladies wore, almost uniformly, dresses of black or white, but with a profusion of the richest lace. Many of them looked like beautiful black-eyed brides, for their brows were wreathed with flowers, or they had one fresh red rose among their dark glossy hair, placed just beside the comb, from which fell that sweeping veil, which like a gauzy mist floated about their superb figures. For years I had not looked on such a scene.

"*Madre de Dios!* what an officer!"

"*O! Santos!* that a British officer!"

"*Morte de Dios!* he a cavalier!" were the exclamations, in every varying tone. I was led along the saloon; the music ceased in the gilded gallery; the dancers paused, mingled, and crowded about us; then reflecting that I had come straight from the camp and field, where my comrades were facing danger and death for these same Spaniards, I thought the exhibition made of me by the Major Don Jose Gonzalez, of the regiment of Leon, alike scurvy and ungrateful. Our division of the army had not received a farthing of pay for *six months* at that time, and many a brave fellow fell at Vittoria and the Pyrenees without receiving his hard-won arrears, which, more than probably, his relations never obtained either.

I was in the same plight in which I had marched from Aranjuez: my wings worn to black wire; coat purple, and patched with grey and blue at the elbows; my Tartan trews a mass of darns; scabbard, as I have said, six inches too short for the claymore; shoes all gone at the toes; and my last shirt all gone too, save the wrists and collar. But I was weatherbeaten as a smuggler; and looked more like a

soldier than the pomatumed Dons of the Spanish line, or the Cavaliers of Calatrava, who turned up their mustaches and muttered "carajo!" as I passed them, to where the marquis stood, with a lady leaning on his arm.

Don Christoval, of Santa Cruz, was a tall, gaunt man, with a long Castilian visage, black lack-lustre eyes, and a solemn air of lofty pomposity. His mustaches were curled up to his ears. He had an enormous basket-hilted toledo depending from a sling-belt, and carried his handkerchief stuffed into the hilt thereof. He wore the uniform of a Spanish lieutenant-general, and had various little gold and silver ornaments sparkling on his breast. I was aware that a graceful and bright-eyed young girl, in white lace, with her head wreathed by a superb tiara of brilliants, leaned on his arm; but so solemnly severe was the brow of the marquis, and so brief his greeting, though in the old style of Castilian courtesy, that he riveted my whole attention. Besides I was not a little indignant at the unceremonious manner in which I had been brought before him, and made a spectacle to his guests.

"Senor Don Christoval," said I, "for what am I brought—I may say dragged—hither from my billet, after a tedious march, and after having duly delivered over my detachment, according to my orders from head-quarters?"

"Senor oficial," replied the Marquis, with a look of grave severity, "you are charged with murdering two Spaniards, carrying off twenty mules from La Guardia, and levying other contributions in the partida."

"Who dare to be my accusers?" I asked, thunderstruck at such a charge.

"The alcalde of La Guardia, whose brother is one of the slain; and Alonzo Perez, a master-muleteer of Fuentefresno, whose mules you carried off."

"Marquis, on my honour as a British officer and gentleman, I deny this!"

The Marquis smiled coldly as he replied—

"To-morrow we will confront you with the worthy alcalde; and as for the mules, the owner recognised them this morning, drawing your wagons into Ciudad Real. Each animal has a private notch in its ears."

"Marquis, I beg to assure you —"

"Sir—no more. Here I cannot listen to explanations. I might place

a guard over you, but nevertheless consider yourself a prisoner, and believe that any attempt to escape will be deemed but a proof of guilt. Retain your sword—partake of our hospitality; and I hope, senor, that the morrow will find you prepared to refute these dark charges."

He waved his hand with such an air as a Castilian noble could alone assume, and with a lofty gait strode away: then, in his daughter, who swept on by his side, for the first time I recognised the young lady I had rescued at La Guardia, the original of the portrait Darby had found, and which at that moment I had upon my person.

Her large dark eyes dilated with astonishment, and then sparkled with the recognition, which the punctilio of the place or her father's pride and severity, together with my tatterdemalion aspect, prevented her avowing; and thus, though I had saved her life—yes, more than her life—at the risk of my own, this dazzling creature passed away, and left me, without a word of thanks or courtesy.

I do not remember that I felt either the alarm, horror, or astonishment that might be supposed consequent to an accusation so startling as murder and marauding. I can only account for this by the deadness of feeling and of all sense of danger which results from actual service and warfare. But there was one emotion which I felt deeply, an angry pride; aware that I was an object of aversion and suspicion to the gay guests of the Marquis, among whom the fat and ferocious little town-major made himself very conspicuous in laying down the Spanish military law on the enormities I had committed. The hidalgos gazed at me indignantly through their eye-glasses; the dark-eyed donnas peeped timidly through the openings of their veils, and "matador, barrachio, Inglesse ladrone," were the gentlest of the epithets I heard muttered by many a pretty lip. My heart swelled with rage, and instead of joining the dancers, or aiding in the onslaught made upon the viands which covered the long tables of an adjoining saloon, between lofty epergnes and vases of crystal and silver, filled with summer flowers, I stood aloof with folded arms, and felt the smarting of a wound received but a few months before—and that wound was received for Spain, and on Spanish ground!

At a little distance I saw the Donna Estella whispering to her father's aid-de-camp. A minute afterwards he approached me.

"Senor," said he, "if you will pardon the advice of a friend, I beseech you to retire to your quarters, for all here view you with hostile eyes; and, as a brave soldier, to whom my little cousin owes (as she has told me) her life, I cannot afford to see you thus misused. To-morrow, I hope, will see these clouds dispelled; meantime, allow me to accompany you. I have here a spare apartment, to which you are welcome."

All places were alike to me; I accepted his offer with gratitude; and, as we descended to the vestibule, the first person I met was honest Darby Crogan, with his sword under his arm, and his keen grey Irish eyes sparkling with rage; and he pushed the laced lacqueys right and left.

"I have heard it all, sir," said the brave fellow, who had been anxious about me; "and mighty hard it will go wid you. It was all the doin' of that capthin of the Chaseers Britaneeks, who came out of his own route into *ours*, ransacked La Guardia, and carrid off the mules (bad cess to them!) They were found with us, and the owner is ready to swear by this and by that, and by everything else, that you are the man, and these are his mules, as he knows by the holes punched in their ears, and to these holes he is as ready to swear as to his own two eyes."

"True, Darby; but how is all this to be explained to these hostile and obstinate Spaniards?"

"Kape your mind aisy, sir; there are four good hours till daybreak yet, and if I don't astonish them thaving Dons, I am not Darby Crogan of the 4th Dragoon Guards."

On the terrace of the palace, which had anciently been the head-quarters of that celebrated fraternity, the Santa Hermandad, founded in 1249 for the suppression of robbers, I walked to and fro for half an hour with the aid-de-camp, enjoying a cigar, talking of the war, my own mishap, and longing to ask a few questions about his dark-eyed cousin, with whom her miniature had made me so intimately acquainted. The glorious moon was rolling through an unclouded Spanish sky, pouring a flood of silver light into the Plaza and court of the palace, on the towers of

the great church, and the magnificent hospital of Cardinal Lorenzana, the good and wise Archbishop of Toledo. The gardens of the Marquis were all lighted up by the same white radiance; the foliage of the citron trees was edged with silver and laden with perfume; the rose-trees hung their dewy blossoms over the marble fountains, the clear waters of which plashed and sparkled in the moonlight. After a pause, I ventured to ask—

"What is the name of the—the Marquis's daughter?"

"My cousin—*la nina*—Estella de la Zarza."

"A pretty one enough; and she is about to change it, I presume?"

"Change it!" reiterated the Ayudante de Campo, who did not perceive that I was fishing for a certain information. "Oh! I see—marriage. She is about to marry, *Corpo de Baecho*! yes, but our Spanish ladies do not change their names when they marry."

"And who is the happy man—yourself, senor?"

"Nay, nay—we, Catholics, cannot marry our cousins. Next week she is to wed old Don Jose Gonzalez."

"What! that old beer-barrel, the town-major?"

"Si, senor," replied he, twirling his mustaches with a doubtful look; while I felt that I was beginning to abhor that town-major immeasurably.

About eight o'clock next morning I saw sixteen Spanish officers in full uniform, with their swords and belts, preceded by the said Don Jose, marching in file through the court of the palace, at a side-door of which they entered. A few minutes afterwards my friend, the aid-de-camp, came to acquaint me, that "the court-martial, by which I was to be tried, was constituted, and awaited me." Without any futile protestation against the illegality and rapidity of this measure, I followed him to a spacious apartment, having four large windows, which opened down to the floor, and overlooked a grass park which lay behind the palace. The members of the court, over which the town-major (who, from the first, had constituted himself my deadly enemy) presided, were solemnly sworn across their swords; they promised to administer justice according to the laws of war, and soforth, and then the prosecution proceeded.

I was charged with *murdering*, or causing to be shot, two peasants;

robbery, in levying contributions; blasphemous *sacrilege*, in destroying a statue of the Blessed Virgin. My horizon was now black as it could be! I knew very little of the language. Save Crogan, who remained beside me in court, I had not a friend or a comrade near me; for the whole of my guard had marched for Belem four hours before, while Maurice Quill, and the other sick officers, could neither defend nor succour me. I perceived in a moment, that as Crogan said, I had been accused of outrages committed by les Chasseurs Britanniques (who wore scarlet uniform); but I resolved, that unless matters went hard with myself, *not* to criminate their officer, who, by leaving his own proper route, and relaxing his discipline, had become guilty of the acts for which I was that day to suffer. The three principal witnesses against me were, the alcalde, the muleteer, and a farmer from the partida of La Guardia.

The first—old, stupid, half-blind, and obstinate—swore to my face that I was the officer who had ordered his dear brother, Vincentio, the abogado, to be shot on his own threshold, and another man to be bayoneted. In vain I drew his attention to the Highland cap of the 71st, and to my Tartan trews, assuring him that I was an *Escoto*. He shook his head—I wore a red coat—I was the very man!

Then came the muleteer, a sturdy Catalanian, clad in a fur jacket and yellow cotton breeches, wearing a broad sombrero, under which his black hair hung in a red net. He, too, swore across his knife, that I had carried off his train of mules, or at least, that at the bayonet's point, my soldiers had done so, to travel more at their ease.

"He did not see me, neither did he then see any wagons of sick, but he knew his mules as well as if he had been the father of them, the moment they appeared in the streets of la Ciudad Real."

"You will swear to your mules, hombre?"

"By the marks in their ears, Don Jose, as readily as I would swear to my own nose."

"Lead forward some of those mules to the window, and let the witness see them."

An uproar of voices was heard in the park, and the witness, who went to the window, uttered a cry of

dismay. The ears of his twenty mules had been shred off close by the bone!

"Morte de Dios!" growled the officers, twirling their mustaches; "these Inglesos are devils!"

"It was murderin cruel for the poor bastes," whispered Darby Crogan; "but it was all to save your honour's life I cropped them; and sure it is worth a bushel of mules' ears: for it was a good bushel ov 'em I buried this blessed morning. The Lord reward Mither Quill, for it was his best doctor's knife he lint me, to make crop-pies of them all."

The little Major Don Jose was bursting with wrath.

"Call the next witness," he exclaimed furiously.

A tall, powerfully-formed, and fair-complexioned man, who, contrary to the Spanish custom, was closely shaven, now came forward, and stated himself to be a farmer, or *jardinero*, at Mora and La Guardia. He had a large patch on his cheek, and kept one hand constantly thrust into the red and yellow sash which girt his waist.

Confronting me boldly and vindictively, with all the glare of hate a cold grey eye can pour, he accused me of destroying for firewood a statue of the Virgin at Mora, and swore to having seen the act committed. A growl of anger followed his evidence; and I found that shooting an alcalde's brother, and carrying off twenty mules, were mere jokes, compared to this. I was startled by his voice, which, assuredly, I had heard before—but *where*? What could be the origin of a charge so false, so strange, as *sacrilege*? I turned to question him, but he was at that moment ordered to withdraw.

"Senor Ayudante de Campo," said Don Jose, "read from the RECORRELACION of the military penalties the first article."

"Elque blasfamar el santo nombre de Dios, de la Virgen ó de los Santos, será inmediatamente preso y castigado por la primero vez con la," &c.

"Read the fourth article, concerning outrage to divine images, for the prisoner has been alike sacrilegious and blasphemous."

"El que con irreverencia y deliberacion cannocida de desprecio ajaro de obra las sagradas imágenes, ornamentos ó cualquierro de las casas dedicados al Divino culto, ó las hurtare, servá ahorcado," &c.

"The plot thickens," thought I.

In short, *they sentenced me to be hanged!*

The Marquis, as Governor of Ciudad Real, dared to confirm this unjust sentence, which he directed should be put in execution in the Plaza, at eight o'clock on the following morning.

Far, far from aid and my comrades; wholly at the mercy of men, whose hearts the cunning charge of the last witness had totally closed against me; aware of the futility of denial and defiance, and the hopelessness of rescue or escape, I sat in a grated room of the public carcel, or gaol, of the town, almost stupified by the suddenness, the shame, and opprobrium of my impending fate. "Poets and painters," says a certain writer, "have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their favourite themes of comment or description." By heavens! I never read one of either which came within a thousand degrees of the agony I endured that night at Ciudad Real. I, a gentleman, a soldier, bearing on my person three wounds, won on that accursed Spanish soil; innocent of all they alleged; young, with a long life and rapid promotion before me, to be cut off thus—strangled like a garrotted villain—hanged like a dog, to glut the noonday frenzy of a Spanish rabble! Horrible! I had often faced death without shrinking; but now, like a coward's, my whole soul shrunk from such a death as that which these Spaniards meted out to me.

The night came on: I sat in darkness, revolving a myriad futile plans of escape. I was to die to-morrow, and that conviction seemed palpably before me. I heard it, saw it, felt it; there was a dull sound humming in my ears—a tingling in my heart. I recollected, with remorse and shame, how coldly, calmly, and unmoved I had seen the provost-marshal's guard hang six soldiers on the retreat from Burgos. I remembered their struggles, their agonies, and wondered how they *felt*. I passed a hand over my throat, compressed it a little, and shuddered.

And now, in the man who had accused me of sacrilege, I suddenly remembered Barba Roxa, the robber, and the hand I had maimed was that which he retained in his sash.

"Fool! fool! that I am," I exclaimed, bitterly; "where were my eyes, my ears, my faculties, that knew him

not before? This is his revenge—his Spaniard's triumph."

Even my friend, the aid-de-camp, seemed to have abandoned me; and could it be that the pretty daughter of the marquis had not pleaded, or said one kind word to save the poor officer who had so freely risked his life for hers?

All at once my stupor left me. I sprang to the bars of the window, and from their solid sockets, madly strove to wrench them with a tiger's strength. I felt every corner; the vast iron lock of the door, the door itself moveless as a wall of adamant. Vain, vain! I was to die to-morrow, and my swollen heart almost burst with emotion, when I thought of my friends, my family, and my regiment, all canvassing the various causes of a death so ignominious.

A face appeared suddenly at the window, which was raised.

"Don't be alarmed, yer honour, it's only me," said a voice.

"Crogan—you!" I exclaimed, in the confusion of my thoughts; "are you not dead—in heaven?"

"In heaven—the Lord forbid! I am here, standing on my two feet, not that I think people there stand on their heads; but don't be spakin' in that doleful way, sir, at all, for you must prepare to lave this place in less than no time. Do you hear the knockin' of hammers? It's them thavin' Spaniards puttin' up the dancin' post in the Plaza—blazes take that same!"

"Leave this! Crogan; but how?"

"By the door, to be sure. It will be opened in ten minutes; and horses are waitin' for the three of us, I hope, at the corner of the sthreet."

"The three of us, Darby!"

"Ay, sir, just the three of us; for isn't there a darlin' young lady goin', too?—but I must be afther lookin' to the girths and straps of our cattle."

He was scarcely gone when the door of the room opened, and the daughter of the marquis stood before me, together with a man bearing a light; and in that man I recognised the under carcelero, or turnkey.

"Oh! senora," I exclaimed, my heart bounding with gratitude and joy, "you have not forgotten me—not abandoned me to this cruel and unmerited death?"

"Hush, senor; not a word of thanks or of transport, for that would spoil all," she replied, with calmness and

decision. "I do, indeed, owe you a debt of gratitude; but the mention of that to my father, and more than all, to Don Jose——"

"Ah, you shudder at *that* name."

"Would but accelerate your fate. I have bribed the carcelero," she whispered, "and he will sleep sound. His deputy is about to join the guerillas of the great Don Julian Sanchez, and for twenty dollars will guide you to Madrid, sent by my cousin, the ayudante; your horses are waiting at the corner of the Plaza. No more," she added, shortly, when I attempted to kiss her hand, which the thick folds of her ample veil concealed.

In a minute we had left the detested prison-house, and crossed the garden, which lay between it and the Plaza. Again the glorious moon was rolling in its silver splendour over Ciudad Real; and as I gazed on my fair companion, the interest I first felt for her returned vividly, and became stronger, as the moment approached when I would leave her for ever. I saw her magnificent eyes sparkling through her veil.

"Senora," said I, with hesitation, as our attendant, by hurrying on before, had left us for one instant alone—"Senora," I continued, urged by a kind, a grateful, and a stronger impulse than I could at that time analyse, "though to remain here is remaining but to die, I leave Ciudad Real with the most sincere sorrow."

"And why?"

"Because I may never see you again."

"But I, also, am going to Madrid—and this night, too."

I remembered the words of Crogan; I knew all a Spanish love was capable of; my heart leaped within me.

"Madrid!" I reiterated.

"With you and your brave dragoon. Ah, senor, do not refuse to escort me. My father is bent on marrying me to Don Jose——"

"What!—that rascally old town-major? My dear senora, I beg you not to think of it."

"Ah! I have thought a great deal of it, and wept for it, too."

"Then," said I, drawing breath more freely, and seeing a prospect of vengeance on that pot-bellied major, "you do not love him?"

"Oh, no; I hate, abhor, detest him; and to avoid him, am about to

retire to Madrid, where my aunt lives. She is reverend mother at our Lady of Atocha. You know the great convent, where the little Jesus is that works the miracles, and looks so beautiful, a love of an infant, on the altar of the hundred lamps. My aunt will save me from this detested union, if you, senor, will but afford me your escort. I am friendless," she continued, weeping; "for such is the terror of my father's name that there is not a man in Ciudad Real whom I can trust. Yet I shall confide in your goodness; indeed, I am sure—I know—I think—I may. The British officer has a high sense of chivalry and honour, but *Ay de mi! el Espanol no tiene nada.*"

"Madam," said I, touched to the heart by the compliment, and her confiding nature, "trust to me, and while life remains, by heaven, and that honour, I will see you safely to Madrid."

Crogan, with four saddle-horses, stood at the gate. We mounted, the fair Estella springing on her jennet, *a la cavalier*, in the fashion of old Castile. We left Ciudad Real by the northern gate, and then put our horses to their mettle, as we avoided the direct route to Madrid, and struck off into the mountains towards Carrion de Calatrava.

I might spin my story beyond the limits allotted to me in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE; but surely it requires no conjurer to guess the sequel! The interest begun by the miniature, so fortunately found, the charming society, confidence, and generous spirit of the original, strengthened and confirmed. In four days we reached Madrid, and in four more we were married in the convent chapel of Atocha.

The Marquis sent the Major Don Jose expressly to Wellington, requesting him to hang and behead me. His grace declined to accede, but the name of Captain ———, of Les Chasseurs Britanniques, was struck out of the army-list. My head is still safe on my shoulders, though somewhat powdered by time. Thanks to his Grace of Richmond, I have got my medal with eight clasps, and enjoy 10s. 6d. per day, in a snug little cottage near Edinburgh, where La Senora Estella (now known under another name) is stooping at this moment kindly over my chair, as I write the last line to an old soldier's yarn.

A SKETCHING TOUR OF FIVE WEEKS IN THE FORESTS OF CEYLON.—ITS
RUINED TEMPLES, COLOSSAL STATUES, TANKS, DAGOBABS, ETC.

BY ANDREW NICHOLL.

PART II.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF WJITTAPPOORA was founded 504 years before the Christian era, by Wijitta, celebrated as a fortified city, for its siege, during the wars between Elala and Dootogaimoono, which occurred in the second century B.C. The contest was finally decided by single combat, each mounted on an elephant, when Elala was slain. The body was burned where he fell; a monument erected to his memory at Annaradhappoora; and a decree issued by his noble-minded conqueror, prohibiting any person passing this tomb, riding, or by beat of drum; and although 2,000 years have passed away, the observance is still held sacred by every native, of whatever caste or degree.

This great city has long since passed away, which poured its population over its once fertile plains, and nought remains, save a small dagobah, forty feet in height, covered with trees and jungle. A flight of stone steps leads up to its base, having two sculptured stones at their foot, each representing the rude figure of a king. There are also a long inscription, carved on a stone, in the Pali character, much defaced by time; a portion of the walls of the ancient fort; and the ruined tank, which once irrigated for miles around, the fertile rice fields. Now, owing to the escape of its waters, Wjittappoora is a neglected swamp, and one of the most unhealthy places in the island. Here the forest path, for a distance of three miles, resembled a walk through a beautiful flower-garden, with leafy arbours, trellised with blooming flowers of every colour. Jungle rope, and other air plants, coiled round, and hung from the branches of aged trees, like great snakes, some of which had poisonous thorns, fully two inches in length, as sharp as a needle, while the air was strongly impregnated with the smell of wild thyme. On ascending the high rocky bank of the Kilawaya Oya, a glorious view presented itself both up

and down this noble river, the bed of which was composed of rugged, grey rocks; the clear water in many places stretching from bank to bank, hissing and foaming over a pebbly bed, or surging and brawling through a narrow channel formed by the large silvery rocks. Old trees, with gnarled branches, and varied foliage, raised their great stems on either side, spreading across, so as nearly to shut out the sky, and were reflected in the stream like a mirror—deep, dark, and transparent, or gliding gently onward, beneath the rich, leafy underwood, a warm and lovely green, where every stone and pebble was seen below its surface. Thin streams of bright sunlight shone down on the tall lemon grass and giant fern, which had a magical effect; while the hoarse brawling and hissing of the water, mingled with the notes of the Ceylon robin, and the mocking-bird, which repeated our whistling as distinctly as an echo, imparted additional delight, and added much to our enjoyment; which was here most agreeably increased — on turning the angle of a rock we beheld an excellent breakfast prepared for us, after our delightful morning's ride of fourteen miles. From hence we proceeded along a narrow road to THE AUKANE WIHARE, distant two and a-half miles. This temple is situated on the summit of a large rock, on which there is a long inscription. Descending a flight of stone steps, we entered a small enclosed space, where a huge colossal statue of Buddhu presented itself, measuring upwards of fifty feet in height, carved out of the face of an immense perpendicular block of granite. This gigantic figure is most admirably executed, and seems not only to bid defiance to time, but even to the more destructive hand of man. The drapery hangs in graceful folds, and is as perfect, as if fresh from the hands of the sculptor. It is joined at the back to the rock, for the purpose of support, and stands on a handsome

pedestal, elevated about seven feet above the ground. On the right is placed a sculptured stone, representing a cobra capella, with the hood extended; demon and serpent worship being the most ancient of all the heathen superstitions of the east. Broad green leaves, and tiny creeping plants hung over the face of the everlasting rock, and flowering shrubs grew out of its crevices, while the peaceful river

was seen below, gliding through the vast forest by which we were surrounded, with not a human habitation for miles, save the pansals of these poor priests. This statue was discovered by a party of gentlemen, a few years ago, who were out elephant hunting, and may truly be said to rival the kindred wonders of Upper Egypt, or Central America, for antiquity, of colossal dimensions, and admirable proportion.

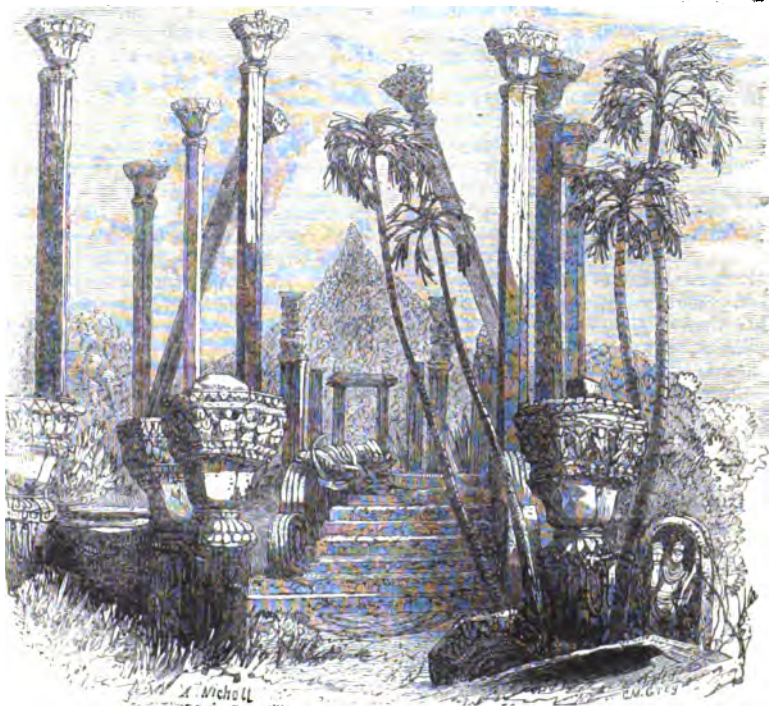


ANTIQUITIES OF MEHINTILAI.—The sacred mountain of Mehintilai is situated about seven miles east of Annaradhapoorra, and was formerly included within the walls of that celebrated city. It derives its name from Mehindu, who first came to Ceylon, 307 years B.C.; about the period that his father, King Dammosako, sent over the branch of the sacred tree, from the banks of the Ganges. 1800 stone steps conduct you to its summit; the first flight of which is formed with great detached blocks of stone, each measuring twenty feet in length, weather-worn and broken; others are cut

out of the solid rock—a stupendous and wonderful undertaking. In the ascent, you pass a number of ancient relics, temples, and dagobahs. On the highest point stands the huge Et Wihare dagobah, which is a brick structure, nearly covered with full-grown forest trees, erected over a holy relic of Buddha—a hair which grew on a mole between his eyebrows. In a portion of the overhanging rock is a small temple, containing a well-executed figure of Buddha, which is fast mouldering to decay. Below, stands the Ambustella dagobah, a beautiful structure built of cut stone, surrounded

by numerous rows of handsome columns, with elaborately wrought sculptured capitals. This is the spot on which Mehindu held his conference with King Dewenipiatissa. Among the ruins of the sacred mountain, scattered around, are mutilated statues and rich fragments of sculpture; while temples, shrines, and dagobahs, peep out through the palmyra and cocoa-palms, to speak of the sanctity of the place. A huge beetling rock rises behind, on which there are several long inscriptions, in the Pali character, partly defaced by time. In the precipitous side of this rock is the dizzy and dangerous bed of Mehindu, not unlike St. Kevin's Bed, at Glendalough, but more difficult of access. This coincidence is remarkable, between the Asiatic and the European

devotees. From this spot is obtained another wonderful panoramic view: the wide-spread forest in every direction around. On the N.E. is seen the hill of Saingliamolli; on the S.E. the lofty mountain of Rittagalla; while, on the west, and immediately below, appear the tanks and dagobahs of Annaradhapoor. Ceylon is one vast forest from sea to sea, with the exception of a few miles inland, round its shores, where flourishes in great perfection the cocoa palm (fringing the borders of this lovely island), which is one of the most valuable vegetable productions of the east. It supplies the Indian with all the luxuries and necessities of life, and is more serviceable to man than any other tree in the world, with the exception of the date palm, to which its uses bear a strong resemblance.



THE RUINED CITY OF ANNARADHAPPOORA.—As the antiquities of a country are said to be closely associated with its early history and religion, the ancient city of Annaradhapoor may be considered one of the most extraordi-

nary in the world. Imagination cannot picture anything more striking and interesting to the traveller, than its wonderful ruins, buried in the depths of impenetrable forests and jungle wastes. These edifices have witnessed

the lapse of countless generations; they have seen empires and dynasties rise, flourish, and decay; yet they still remain, as monuments of its former greatness. Annaradhapoorra was founded 437 years before the Christian era; was the capital of Ceylon for upwards of 1300 years; and where ninety kings are said to have reigned. It covered a space of sixteen square miles; was surrounded by a wall sixty-four miles in circumference; and contained palaces, temples, water-courses, tanks, rice-fields, gardens, and forests. Its streets were wide, and of great extent, one of which extended as far as the sacred mountain of Mehintilai, a distance of seven miles; through which the processions of the priests took place, amid all the pomp of ecclesiastical prosperity and princely munificence—the king and his nobles appearing in the train.

It has now dwindled into a poor, mean village, containing a small bazaar, a few huts, a courthouse, and the cottage of the Government agent. The surrounding forest conceals the ruins of this once-famed capital; where, in every direction, for miles, are temples, dagobahs, and elegant sculptured stones and pillars. The place is still venerated by the followers of Buddha, and they consider it the most holy in Ceylon. Its ruins are hallowed by his sacred character; yet all its venerable structures speak of desolation and decay. The water-courses are choked up; the vast city, with its immense population, has long since disappeared; silence reigns amid its ruined temples; its once fertile fields are a swamp, the haunt of the elephant and the alligator: still these wonderful relics remain, to remind us of its grandeur in the days of old.

THE LOWA MAYA PAYA, OR BRAZEN PALACE, was erected by Dootogaimoono, B.C. 142 years. Its height was 270 feet; and it was supported by 1,600 stone pillars (which are still standing), having nine stories, containing apartments for 1000 priests; and was roofed with brass. The pillars are in rows, and are set parallel to each other; the distance between each pillar varying from two to four feet. The priests, eminent for great piety, had the honour of being lodged in the upper stories (like artists and authors of the present day), whilst those of doubtful merit were domiciled below. This building

has undergone alterations and repair, according to the fancy of the different kings. It was destroyed A.D. 236, with other religious edifices, by Mahassen, who, after repenting of the sins he had committed, commenced rebuilding it; but died before it was completed.

Opposite to the Brazen Palace, on a mound overgrown with aloes, palm-trees, and jungle, is a handsome, sculptured stone, in bass-relief, surrounded by a number of mutilated columns, which is pointed out as the grave of Elala.

The next objects in this vicinity which arrest attention, are the MAHU WIHARE, or GREAT TEMPLE, and sacred tree. At the foot of a flight of stone steps, ornamented with carved figures, the entrance to the courtyard, is a large semicircular block of granite, containing an admirable basso-relievo, representing a procession of the horse, elephant, lion, and bull, beautifully drawn, and full of life and action. Two other sections contain wreaths of the lotus flower; and a fourth, a procession of the dodo, with the lotus in its bill. This is by far the finest piece of sculpture at Annaradhapoorra, or, perhaps, any other part of the island.

THE MAHA WIHARE was erected by Tisso, 300 years B.C. It stands in an enclosed space, 345 in length, by 216 feet in breadth. Here lie scattered among huge trees elegant bass-reliefs, mutilated statues, and broken pillars. Out of the centre of a building of four terraces, each having a space of about eight feet to stand on, the upper being the smallest, grows—

THE SACRED BO TREE, FIRUS RELIGIOSO, or, JAYA SRI MAHA BODIN-WAHANSEY (the great, famous, and triumphant fig-tree), which is an object of the greatest veneration among the Buddhists, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims, from all parts of the island. Before permitting you to ascend the ladder leading up to the sacred spot, the priests oblige you to take off your shoes, lest the holy ground should be polluted.

This is a branch of the tree under which Goutama sat, the day he became a Buddha. The Raja Ratanacari says—"The king determined on fulfilling the prophecy, and went to Ceylon, with a great retinue of riders on elephants, riders on horses, riders on chariots, and pedestrians, from the banks of the

Ganges, with the right-hand branch of the king of all trees; and, having made the necessary offerings, ascended upon a ladder of gold, and, with a painter's pencil and yellow paint, drew a mark round the branch, on the right-side of the tree, when, in an instant, the branch was parted from the trunk, and, without any visible agency, was placed in a vessel of gold, which was prepared by the gods. Then the king, Dharma Soka, having determined on sending the said branch, which he now called Sree-Bodin-Wahansey, to the island of Ceylon, some of his own family, and eight princes of other families, and along with them the eighteen castes of people, together with his own daughter, called Samitra, who had become a priestess, and a great many other priestesses, commanded them, saying, 'Take to Annaradhapoor, in the island of Ceylon, Sree-Maha-Bodin-Wahansey, and present the same to my friend, the king, Deweny Poetissa Rajah, and inform him that I have, at three different times, made an offering to all Jamba Dwipa, to Jaya-Maya-Bodin-Wahansey (the bo-tree), and tell him to act in the same manner.' He then put the tree on board ship, with a heart full of grief, and eyes full of tears, and worshipped, saying to the tree, 'Oh, lord! who was the helper of Buddhu, go to Ceylon.' And thus the said tree, like a calpoy weershu (a tree which confers whatever may be wished for), alighted at Annaradhapoor, at the same place where the bo had been planted by former Buddhus; and stood erect, at seven cubits above the earth. The people had prepared sweet-smelling flowers, and worshipped; and the king, to show his regard, stood on the watch, for a whole week, afore the same tree."

When I visited this place, in July, 1848, two of its branches had shot across the walls, and were supported by the strong branch of a tree, somewhat like a crutch, having a little silk cushion, stuffed with cotton, underneath, to prevent its holy arm from sustaining injury. A few years previous, a branch was blown down during a storm, on which occasion a great meeting of the priests was held from all parts of the island, when they lamented and howled over it for many days; they afterwards rolled it in silk, burned it on a pile, and buried the ashes with great solemnity and sorrow.

In the circuit of a few miles, buried in the depths of the jungle, are six dagobahs, the tombs of the relics of Buddhu. The most important and beautiful of these structures, by far, is the Toopharáma dagobah, which stands on an artificial terrace, considerably elevated above the surrounding country. It is approached by means of a high flight of stone steps, at each side of which is placed a massive piece of sculpture, representing an animal, with the body of an alligator, the grim mouth open, displaying its great teeth. It has also the trunk of an elephant, and a serpent coiled lying on its head. Two bass-reliefs, deeply and well cut, about four feet in height, stand at each end of the first step; likewise, two of the same design at the top, representing some of their heathen deities. The building is constructed of brick, covered with a coating of chunam; and is surrounded by a magnificent assemblage of pillars, in four rows, each row numbering twenty-seven, forming an aggregate of one hundred and eight. The shafts are composed of one solid block of granite, with square bases, and octagonal shafts, measuring twenty-four feet in length and fourteen inches in diameter. The capitals, which are also octagonal, are highly ornamented with sculpture, having dancing figures, and other devices, exquisitely cut, in bass-relief. The steps are richly carved, with rows of figures. Many of the columns are in an inclining position, while others lie prostrate, amid the accumulated dust of ages; sculptured capitals, elegant plinths, an elephant's feeding-trough, chiselled out of one great block of stone, richly ornamented with carvings, pedestals, and carved stones lie overwhelmed in rubbish, or obscured with vegetation.

On the right of this dagobah are the ruins of the Delada Malegawa, or Temple of the Tooth of Buddhu, in which the sacred relic was deposited when it was first brought to Ceylon, A. D. 309. These ruins stand on a mound, and are approached by a flight of stone steps, richly ornamented. At their foot is placed a semicircular stone, splendidly sculptured, nearly similar in design to the one I mentioned at the Maha Wihare, having a procession of the bull, horse, lion, and elephant, carrying the lotus flower in its trunk; also a train of the dodo, carrying the same flower in their bills, and scrolls

and wreaths of flowers, elegantly executed, and in perfect preservation. At each side of the steps is placed a massive block of stone, representing a huge fabulous animal, having the head and body of a crocodile, and trunk of the elephant, with open mouth, as if guarding the entrance to the sacred edifice; of which, a square and well-jointed stone doorway and a number of fluted columns, with carved capitals, of different design from the others, ranged on each, alone remain standing. Numerous fragments of figures and animals, stone coffins, and lamps lay scattered around; while vestiges of other edifices were partly buried among the huge leaves of the yam and aloe, over which waved a group of Palmyra and cocoa-palms. About half a mile, in an easterly direction, a forest path leads to the Jaitawanarama dagobah, another of these huge, brick structures, erected by Mahasen, A.D. 275. It measures in height two hundred and sixty-five feet; and, with the exception of the steeple, is covered with forest trees and impenetrable jungle, which gives an idea of the wonderful vegetation of the island. The approach is gained by several flights of stone steps. At their foot stands a large stone, with a figure in bass-relief, and a number of shafts of pillars remain standing. Their capitals are round in form, adorned with leaves, which lie scattered about, among other fragments of sculptured stones. The most ancient of these relics is the Abayagiri dagobah, which was erected by King Wallagam Bahoo, B.C. 76 years; and measured in height four hundred and five feet, but has gone greatly to decay. The entire structure is covered with dense wood. Great heaps of mouldering bricks lie in masses around its base, where stands a kind of cell, surrounded by stone pillars, which appear at one time to have supported a roof. In the centre lies a large, hollow flag. Here flourish a number of magnificent Buddha trees, with their beautiful, sweet-scented white flower, which is presented as a sacred offering at all the shrines of Buddha.

The Lanka Rama dagobah, erected in the reign of Mahasen, A.D. 276 and 302, is the most perfect of all these ancient monumental tombs of the relics of Buddha. Much of the chunam with which it was coated has fallen off, leaving the solid brick-work visible, which imparts an agreeable variety of

colour to its weather-stained sides. Trees and shrubs have sprung out of the crevices of its masonry. It is surrounded with rows of pillars, similar in design and exquisite chiselling to those at Toophārāma, and is approached by a massy flight of stone stairs. Fragments of mixed sculptures lie strewn about; but a detailed account of these bass-reliefs, many of which I have passed over, would be tedious and uninteresting. The Palmyra palm waves its broad leaves over these mouldering ruins.

There are also in the circuit of a few miles elephant stables, and the fragments of a stone feeding-trough, sixty-three feet long, made by command of Dooto-gaimoono, B.C. 200; a rock temple, a tank of hewn stone, and numerous other interesting relics. From the accounts given by the ancient native historians of the external decorations of the great monumental tombs of the relics of Buddha, their magnificence, when in a perfect state, cannot be doubted. They all seem to be solid structures, having no entrance in their sides, nor have any passages been found underground, which, from their gigantic dimensions, might have been supposed to exist. Their form is alike, from the huge Abayagiri dagobah to the miniature edifices which abound at Mehintiloi. The great rock temples, colossal statues, beautiful pillars, exquisite sculptures, and wonderful tanks, some of them measuring twenty miles in circumference, demonstrate a state of prosperity at a very remote period of time, and fully prove the former greatness and splendour of the island. These interesting remains lie scattered in the deep solitudes of the forest; wild beasts prowl among the sacred edifices of the hallowed city, where the bear, cheetah, elephant, and elk abound. The trees are tenanted by the owl, peafowl, jungle cock, and parrot; while the prophetic scream of the devil bird is heard amid the ruins of this solitary and desolate spot, sending forth such unearthly sounds, screaming, wailing, and moaning, waugh o, waugh o, so wild, loud, and frightful, that the very dogs tremble at the sound. No other cry is heard at all approaching to it; and as Ceylon is said at a remote period of time to have been inhabited by demons, the natives believe it to be the voice of the devil himself, and dread it as an ill omen, and the certain fore-

runner of some approaching calamity. It often bursts out with its discordant yells at midnight over your dwelling, waking you out of your quiet sleep, when it is truly terrific, and quite enough to make one believe that it belongs not to this world. Old Knox most seriously asserts it to be the voice of the devil. It proceeds, however, from the Virginian horned-owl. Here also is heard the plaintive moan of the sloth, the cry of the monkey, the scream of the peacock, the chattering of the parrot, the bark of the elk and spotted deer, and the loud trumpeting of the elephant, to remind the traveller that he is in the heart of a vast forest, far removed from the populous abodes of man, where once flourished the celebrated city of Annaradhappoora—

"Thy form, pale city of the waste, appears
Like some faint vision of departed years;
In many clusters, still a giant train,
Thy sculptured fabrics whiten on the plain."

Among other things necessary, before entering on a journey through the forests of Ceylon, a knowledge of farriery is indispensable. Of this we were all profoundly ignorant, except one gentleman, who performed the operation of shoeing his horse with wonderful dexterity and skill, having provided himself with shoes before leaving Colombo.

Up to this period the excursion was the most delightful and interesting I ever had in my life, for which I am indebted to Sir E. Tennent (as well as for all my excursions through Ceylon), who, on this occasion, invited me to accompany him in his official tour through the northern province of the island. The entire party were most agreeable and happy, and appeared to enjoy the wonderful scenery and antiquities with which the forests of Ceylon abound. I parted with them on the 24th of July, with regret, when they proceeded to Arripo. I remained at Annaradhappoora for two days after their departure, to sketch and examine the ruins. My horse being lame, I determined on returning by way of Dambool to Kandy, and proceed thence by coach to Colombo. Accordingly, on the 26th, Mr. Tranchill, the district judge, whose guest I was, accompanied me as far as Periocolum. We breakfasted at Galcolm, a village composed of three or four native houses. The bungalow, which had four sheds, and was thatched with the plaited leaves of the cocoa

palm; the partitions were made with elk skins, and each shed was provided with a mat to sleep on. Here we bivouaced under the grateful shade of a noble tamarind-tree, surrounded by pomegranate, plantain, wood-apple, gamboge, and graceful palm-trees. A group of wild people, both men and women, nearly naked, a short distance off, sat under a large Indian-rubber tree. The smoke from a wood fire, on which they were cooking their rice, in a large chatty, imparted a wonderfully picturesque effect to the scene.

At this spot, Mr. T. shot a large monkey, which tumbled dead among the long grass. The poor animal had one of its young in its arms when it fell, which escaped uninjured, and was taken to the bungalow. The screaming of the tribe was deafening, as they sprang from tree to tree, in terrible consternation. The people complained loudly of the robberies of midnight marauders, who drove off their buffaloes and also demanded paddy. We noticed numbers of jackals, and heard the frequent trumpeting of elephants. While enjoying the luxury of a bath in the Malwattoo Oya, we saw two large cobras glide from beneath a rock close to our clothes, on the river's bank. This, and the danger to be apprehended from alligators in the muddy waters, hastened our onward journey. The Malwattoo Oya is the river which Robert Knox, by keeping its course, escaped from captivity, after a confinement in the Kandyan country for nearly twenty years; arriving at the fort of Arripo, 18th October, 1679, after many privations and escapes from elephants and alligators. We arrived at Periocolum, where we dined and slept. The next morning we parted; Mr. T. for Annaradhappoora, and I for Dambool, accompanied by a canganey, or guide, my horse-keeper, and two Coolies. When within three miles of the latter place, we met multitudes of the villagers flying into the jungle on either side of the road; some of them driving their cattle into the forest, others with burdens on their heads. On asking what was the cause of the excitement, we were told that several thousand men, armed with guns and swords, had assembled at Dambool, and crowned a man King of Kandy at the Great Temple; that they were murdering the Europeans, and burning their houses. The coolies refused to

proceed, so we turned, and I slept that night in the verandah of a native house, ten miles distant from the rioters. We were once more on the road by daybreak the next morning, and breakfasted at Ellogama, thirteen miles onward, where I was detained three hours waiting for my guide and coolies. During my stay, a most respectable Moorman came four miles out of his way to inform me that men had been sent to capture me, and to be off to the coast, as the King had heard of a European having been seen near Dambool the previous evening. I again proceeded onward, at half-past three, and arrived at Mr. Tranchill's at half-past seven o'clock, where I met his two brothers (one of whom was an officer in the Rifles); these gentlemen having only reached Annaradhapoor a few hours previously, armed with two double-barrelled guns, for the purpose of enjoying the sport of elephant-shooting. I related to them what I have stated, and shortly afterwards, when sitting at dinner in the verandah, a villager came, accompanied by Don Samuel Jaytellike, the modliar of the district, who confirmed all I had stated. Several messengers called in the morning—one with an account of my death, which of course I did not believe; others, that the King was on his way to the Sacred Tree at Annaradhapoor, there, according to some Singhalese superstition, to legalise the coronation. Armed men were said to have been seen in the neighbourhood, and that evening two men were murdered on the Putlam road, nine miles from where we were sitting. Excitement was now at its highest pitch; groups of men were standing under the shade of the trees, listening to the latest reports and rumours. A document was brought to Mr. Tranchill, of which the following is a literal copy:—

"The command of his Highness, Sree Wickrama Sarwa-Siddhi, who has aspired to the throne, on the 12th day of July, is, that you ——— do, on receipt of this, without delay, cause the roads to be blocked up, and well-watched by armed men; and, that you do report what number of places are guarded, and the number of arms, so stationed by you. Such report being sent to the Palace, at the fort of Matelle, where his Highness resides. In default of which, you must not complain if his Highness should visit you with his displeasure, should a foreign enemy rise from this district (nereweraklawe), after evincing loyalty to his Highness.

"This is further to inform you, that being rejoiced at Hell, do not break down branches and block up the path to Heaven."

(Signed)

"SREE."

The villagers were now to be seen in crowds, heavily laden, conveying their little properties for concealment into the jungle. The bazaar was closed; the priests had four bullock-bandy loads of relics, and other property, conveyed to the ruined dagobahs, and had fled from their temples; the tom-tom was silent, and Annaradhapoor was completely deserted by all, except Mr. Tranchill, his two brothers, the modliar, and myself. I took my departure for Arripo, on the 31st July, at half-past five in the evening, accompanied by Mr. Charles Tranchill, and proceeded a distance of twenty-one miles; the greater part of it by tule-light—a large torch made of the dried leaves of the cocoa-palm. The silence of the night was broken by the occasional barking of the jackal and the hooting of the owl; presently a crash was heard, and a huge elephant dashed across the road. The torch-bearer swung the light around; we gave a simultaneous shout, and fired a couple of shots, when the great animal rushed into the jungle, and we heard the breaking of trees, which gave way to his giant strength, as he tore through the forest, until the sound was lost in distance. We arrived at the solitary post-house of Paymaedo, where we stopped for the night in a deserted house, which was filled with coolies. They had lighted a large fire, and the dense smoke was issuing through holes in the roof and apertures in its mud walls, which were covered with various shades of brown dirt, and the rafters were shining like tar, while dozens of filthy chatties lay about. The comfort of the place was enhanced by the abominable stench of dried fish; and the hole intended to represent a window was partially covered with cajan, gunny-bags, and rags. On looking out at midnight we saw wood-fires in all directions, where a number of native cattle-drivers, and the ejected coolies, were seen bivouacing. Placing our guns in a corner of this rascally abode, and pistols under our pillow, we retired for the night, suffering eternal thirst from the oppressive heat, but could procure not even a drink of water at any price.

We proceeded on our journey before sunrise, and arrived at Crippinawilly; where, with some delay and difficulty, we obtained a few hoppers and some thick, black coffee for breakfast. Here my horse lay down panting; I thought he was going to die. We met a coolie with a chatty on his head, containing some dirty water, for which I offered him a shilling, as the poor horses were dying with thirst; but the fellow refused to sell it, and there was no water of any kind to be procured nearer than the Calla Oya, seven miles distant. We passed on the road-side several small Malabar shrines. This river is seventy-two feet wide, and was as dry as the desert. It is wooded on both sides, and the trees and bushes were festooned with rags and Malabar coolies' cruppers, as an offering to some heathen deity, for miles. A number of these naked wretches were sitting in the middle of the dry bed of the river, cooking rice in a large chatty, on a wood fire; we were thankful for a drink of the congee, as the rice-water is called, and our jaded horses were refreshed with water, procured by digging a hole in the sand to allow the absorbed water to ooze through its sides. We then proceeded on to Arripo, and reached the rest-house about seven o'clock, an hour after sunset. The country was flat, barren, and desolate-looking in the extreme.

The rest-house, which was the old custom-house, had certainly been misnamed, as it contained neither chair, table, nor seat of any kind within its naked walls; nor could we induce the man in whose care it was to supply us with food, although we offered to pay him liberally for anything he might do for us. So here we were, without a seat to sit on, fatigued and feverish, after twelve hours' exposure under a tropical sun. An old Moorman, however, hearing of our arrival, supplied all our wants—chairs to sit on, a table, curry and rice, and coffee.

From Arripo, the road runs along the seaside for miles; flocks of sea-birds were flying over the clear blue water, and the air cool and delightful. Quantities of sponge and large shells of the turtle lay scattered along the sandy beach, beneath immense banks of oyster-shells, which had accumulated during the successive pearl fisheries, this being the site of the famous pearl-fishery of Ceylon, in the Gulf of Manar.

These fishings, when in full operation, presented a busy and animated scene. Thousands of people from all parts of the island, as well as India—Parsees, Hindoos, Mohamedans, and Singhalese, in their various costumes, lined the shore for miles, retailing their different wares, as well as speculating in the chances of the fishery. The oysters were disposed of by auction, by the thousand. The pearl fishery being a Government monopoly, the profits formed a most important item in the colonial revenue, each fishery producing, according to the official returns, from £192,000 to £4,000.

This great source of revenue has been abandoned for many years, several trials having been made, attended with total failure, which has been attributed to the over-fishing of the beds, leaving no oysters for reproduction.

Here the road runs through a bleak tract of barren sand, with, here and there, a few stunted trees; not a human being or habitation to be seen in this dreary region, or boat or vessel on the wide-spread sea. Eight miles distant, on the banks of the Calla Oya, is the temple of Penna, a Malabar place of worship. Here the euphorbia, fully twenty feet in height, grows in great perfection. Green paroquets were seen in flocks; and several white birds, with tufted heads, and two long feathers growing out of the tail, were skimming about, like swallows. This part of the island is thinly populated, and is wild and desolate. We passed some native rest-houses, situated about ten miles apart, which are sheds covered with the leaf of the talipot-tree, having each two rude benches for poor travellers to rest on.

Leaving the Tapal station at Marchucutty, we entered an uninhabited jungle. At every step the foot was buried in deep dry sand, where the bones of the elephant and buffalo lay bleaching in the burning sun. Passing a half-dry tank, where we noticed the recent marks of elephants' feet, the canganey pointed out a shed, which he termed an hospital, being a mere covering from the weather, for the wretched Malabar coolies who may be attacked with cholera or dysentery in this sickly jungle.

At Pamparipo I noticed a placard, "requesting travellers to give notice at the Tapal station of the dead and sick coolies they may pass, in order

that information may be conveyed to the nearest police station." This gives an idea of the sickness which prevails, owing to the malaria rising from the ruined tanks and half-decayed vegetation.

Leaving the forest, we entered on an extensive plain, where the salt-fields of Putlam—great vats of water supplied from the sea, backed with a dense grove of Palmyra palms—burst on the sight. The salt, which is a very valuable commodity in eastern countries, is obtained by the evaporation of the water from exposure to the intense heat of the sun; and the Government derives a considerable revenue from its sale annually.

Putlam had a garrison, and twenty-five Malay soldiers, commanded by Captain Wing, who were in hourly expectation of the rebels. The place was in the greatest state of excitement. I remained here one day to rest, as my horse was lame and jaded. Close by, in an old Moorish burying-ground, stands a remarkable tree—the Tamil name for it is papparappauli, or giant tamarind. It is of huge growth, and is held in great veneration by the Mohamedan people, who reckon it to be upwards of one hundred years old. Its stem measured forty-six feet in circumference, and is upwards of eighty feet in height. Its leaves are medicinal, and the blossom white, but, like most of the flowers in Ceylon, scentless. The fruit is eaten by the natives. Underneath the shady branches of this tree is a deep well, near which stands an ancient Moorish mosque, the population being Tamil. After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Wing and Mr. Brodie, C.E., I left Putlam on the 6th August, and reached the post-house of Buttucolloya, where we halted for the night; passed through Chilow—the Government agent, Cassie Chittie, extremely kind, and the people greatly excited, as the King was then at Kornegalle, not many miles distant, where the rebels had broken into the Cutchery, and plundered it.

Here there is a ferry to be crossed,

where the Negombo road runs along the border of a ruined tank for a considerable distance. I was startled by hearing a rustling among the long jungle grass, and on looking round, I saw two alligators, dashing and plunging through the muddy water, which reminded me of my imprudence in bathing at the ferry of Chilow. Here numbers of persons, as we passed along, were flying hither and thither in the greatest excitement, hurrying their bullock-bandies, containing their properties and families, to remote parts of the forests for safety. On reaching Necombo in the evening, I embarked, after dusk, on board a large boat, having a covering of the plaited leaves of the cocoa-palm, called cajan; sailed down the Calany Ganga, which is a beautiful, wide, rapid river, and reached the bend of the river, as the place is termed, on the 10th of August, where I hired a palanquin carriage to convey me to my house, on the Colpetty road, five miles distant, where I arrived, nearly barefooted; my shoes having been worn out, and my clothes hanging in shreds, completely exhausted, from excessive fatigue and exposure to the sun's heat and the malaria of the swampy forests, with my sketches strapped over my shoulder, in which way I carried them night and day after leaving Annaradhapoor. In the course of the morning I received a note from Dr. Williams, inviting me to dine with Sir E. Tennent and the others of the party, with the officers of the Royal Artillery, all of whom were glad of my return. I retired early, sick and travel-worn, and the following morning found me dangerously ill of jungle fever. Thus terminated my sketching tour through the forests of Ceylon, the most interesting I ever had in my life; and although attended with both danger and fatigue, yet the enjoyment which I derived from it far more than compensated for the hardship of the journey, and will ever be considered by me the most delightful of all my sketching excursions, either at home or in distant lands.

A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.

BY FITZGUNNE.

FOURTH ROUND.

“ Here’s a stay
 To shake the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags. Here’s a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death and mountains—fire and seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
 Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
 Since first I called my brother’s father ‘Dad.’ ”—KING JOHN.

THOSE ladies in the American cities who take the lead in society, adopt a plan of receiving their visitors somewhat resembling the continental custom. A certain day and hour in each week is appropriated, and the whole circle of the lady’s acquaintance (which, indeed, generally, does not include many more than a single spacious drawing-room might contain), assemble for the purposes of conversation. A stranger, in attending a levee of this kind, is surprised at seeing a number of ladies in bonnets, sitting on chairs arranged around the walls, with gentlemen, hats in hand, also on chairs, sitting opposite them. In the dress and general appearance of the company, there is little to distinguish them from English, unless that the complexions are paler, perhaps, than those we see at home. The style of conversation much resembles ours. Some words, it is true, they use in a different sense, and some they pronounce in a different way; yet, in the main, a native of the British Isles will not find himself out of his element. People who have had the advantage of a European tour generally show a marked superiority over the rest; but this observation applies only to Philadelphians: for I have met with persons from the southern states who have never been out of America, and yet are perfectly English in their manners and ideas.

My impressions of an evening party were not quite so pleasing. At the first glance, you may fancy yourself in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin. The rooms are splendidly lighted and furnished. Handsome chandeliers throw out a blaze of light, which magnificent pier-glasses, from the ceiling to the floor, reflect and refract in all directions; the walls are adorned with copies of

the most celebrated works of the most celebrated artists, and curiosities from Italy, Egypt, France, &c., &c., are to be found on the elegantly-proportioned tables, which divide the possession of the floor with ottomans, sofas, and chairs—such as would not disgrace a crystal palace industrial exhibition. And who are the denizens of this apartment? “Surely these are English!” is the exclamation one feels prompted to make. A more critical examination, however, would call for a veto upon such an opinion. Too pale are those fair faces—too sylph-like are those forms. Roses bloom better in the Isles of Britain, and the daughters of merry England, graceful and feminine though they be, are less delicate in appearance than the belles of the New World. The unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists baffles description. A waist that could be spanned is an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment, on viewing the phenomenon, was one of pity for unfortunate beings who might possibly break off in the middle, like flowers from the stalk, before the evening concluded. No less extraordinary is the size of the ladies’ arms. I saw many which were scarce thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their wrists and arms becoming the thickest parts of the body. Here is a subject worthy the contemplation of the ethnologist. How comes it to pass that the English type, which I presume has not, in every case, been so affected by

the admixture of others as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypotheses: amongst others, the habits of the people—the dry climate. The effect of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to me sufficient to account for the singular conformation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country that the small waist is mainly owing to tight lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and, if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.*

These peculiarities, which are hidden by the morning shawl or mantilla, but become visible at night, cease, after a time, to attract the eye. The stranger will then probably turn his attention to conversation and manners. To show how far simplicity carries some who have not had the advantage of seeing other than their own little world, and who, unfortunately, look at distant objects through the wrong end of the telescope, I shall mention one incident:—Talking to a young lady about things in general, my ideas began to float towards “the old country:” thus getting into the *English channel*, I suddenly found myself (to judge by the lowering aspect of my fair companion) in danger of a breeze, and saw that it was necessary “to look out for squalls.” The weather was getting unsettled, and the farther I went the worse it got. As I pointed out this or that headland, the lady became exceedingly restless and fidgety, till, at length, unhappily the storm broke with violence over St. James’s. At the mention of Her Majesty’s name, which I was imprudent enough to articulate, my friend, unable longer to contain her indignation, burst out with, “Well, I do think Victoria would show a great deal more sense if she would become a private individual (!)”

I had the good fortune to attend several evening parties during my stay in this city; there was neither music

nor dancing, Lent being observed very strictly among the better classes, and it was during Lent that I visited Philadelphia. Many of the American ladies spend much time in acquiring proficiency in music, but they seldom sing anything but Italian. Balls are carried on pretty much as they are at home, as far as regards lights and crowds of people, but there is much more variety in the dances. They have several kinds of quadrilles, and the Redowa Waltz occupies the place of the “*Deux Temps*.” No people are, perhaps, more addicted to dancing. With the exception of the few weeks of Lent, the whole of the year is devoted to Terpsichore; and her votaries, when they leave the city, go the round of the fashionable watering-places—Newhaven, Newport, Saratoga, &c.—and may be found dancing early in the day and late in the night. This more particularly applies to the young ladies of New York, some of whom not only go as far as shutting the shutters, and lighting up the rooms in the middle of day, but actually cannot walk into a drawing-room without adopting a kind of polka step, finishing with three little jumps on their chairs as soon as they are seated. Such is the force of habit. The other sex, in that city, at all events, are not so indefatigable. Going out into society, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, they go through so much gaiety before they are out of their legal infancy, that, after attaining their majority, they grow sick of the world; they no longer “trip it” on the “light fantastic toe,” but taking to their heels, escape at once from the mazes of the dance, and the fascinations of the ladies. Then comes the new era, in the life of the young New Yorker; then rises in his soul that thirst for gold which in other countries only becomes the ruling passion at a more advanced age. He forgets the ecstatic scrape of the fiddle in the chink of the dollar, and the smiles of the fair fade before a vision of soiled bank notes. A southern gentleman complained to me, that although Philadelphians were hospitably entertained by their friends in the more tropical

* I was assured by some gentlemen of the medical profession that the female patients in the hospitals frequently pass through a long period of sickness without ever allowing themselves to be released for one moment from the confinement of the corset, nor will any argument induce them to forsake a practice which is deemed necessary to preserve beauty of figure.

states, but little return is made when those friends visit "the Quaker city." I presume this may be put down to the credit of that Yankee system of lavishing nearly everything on display, and leaving little for comfort. I strongly suspect that other parts of the houses are neither handsomely nor so comfortably furnished as their reception-rooms would lead you to infer; and this would, no doubt, prove a sufficient barrier to "taking in strangers." The hotels are so numerous and convenient, and, withal, are so universally made use of as places of residence by the inhabitants themselves, that this affords additional reason why the few who have establishments of their own should not think it necessary to introduce anyone to their household gods. For a like reason, although the stranger may receive invitations to tea, worded in a very formal manner, dinner-parties are not frequently given. Servants who can wait at table are very difficult to be had—indeed, I believe there are only two or three in the place who are at all available, and these are Englishmen. By the way, they must make a great deal of money, for they enjoy a complete monopoly; and a dinner-party in a private house cannot be given without their consent and assistance. Residents in hotels and boarding-houses often ask friends and strangers to the public table; but as the reader has already been shown one of the best specimens of these which the country can afford—that at the Irving House, New York—there would be no object in harassing his feelings by describing others, where, perhaps, the black servants may be discovered washing before your eyes, in a dirty-looking tub, the plate whereon you have eaten fish; and wiping in his own apron your knife and fork, in order that you may fall *foul* of flesh, or *flesh* your weapon in fowl, with all the relish obtained by these preliminaries.

Those who fill a menial capacity are chiefly the Irish and the negroes. An American can rarely be prevailed upon to become a servant. That humility is often the passport to honour, is clearly proved by the success which the Irishwomen meet with. Thinking it no disgrace to enter service, they obtain places soon after landing in the country. In a few years, being in receipt of high wages, they have been known to realise a considerable sum of

money, and in general get very well married. The American girls, on the other hand, who are all "ladies," or who, at all events, assume the title, cannot be prevailed upon to become servants, and are frequently doomed to comparative poverty and want, as the means of employment for females is totally inadequate to the number of applicants. It is surprising how soon the emigrant from Europe adopts the republican slang. This is exemplified in the case of some of the Irish servants who, perhaps, land in New York with scarce a rag of their country's livery on their backs. In a short time, having been taken care of by some American aristocrat, fed and clothed, they will turn round on their patroness, and inform her that "this is a free country;" that there is; or should be, no aristocracy; and not unfrequently insist upon the privilege (acknowledged in Europe to be the right of monarchs, when in company with their subjects), of *sitting down* in the presence of their *mistress*. If, however, the constitution of the country acknowledges a sovereign people, it is no wonder if each petty autocrat insists upon the homage which he is justly entitled to. The Irish bull bellowed out some truth for once, when, after the question, "Is not one man as good as another?" the thoughtless answer came, "To be sure he is, and a great deal better!"

While such is the state of things in an American household, one cannot but expect that the spirit of insubordination will sometimes show itself in the domestic circle. This spirit is too generally fostered by parents, who conceive it of the greatest consequence that their children should be sharp, and who, in fact, put down *smartness* at the head of all the cardinal virtues. Thus, instead of being trained up after the manner of young fruit-trees, whose tender branches are confined against the garden-wall, their offspring are allowed to grow up, like unnurtured plants, in all the rank wildness of their natural inclinations. Children, under such circumstances, turn into men much sooner in the new world than in the old; and mere infants will be found making long journeys by rail and steam on their own account. Nor are they backward in contradicting their seniors, or setting parental authority at defiance. Sometimes these features appear in a light calculated to

excite the utmost degree of horror in a rational and benevolent mind. Strange as it may appear, instances are to be met with of young men living in affluence in the large cities, keeping an expensive establishment, and "faring sumptuously every day," while the aged father and mother are toiling painfully through life, and struggling hard with poverty in some distant part of the Union. Not long ago, a man came to Boston on some mercantile errand, and meeting an acquaintance, carelessly observed to him, that he "guessed his mother once lived in these diggins," and declared he had "half a mind to inquire whether she might still be alive or not." Ludicrous stories are also told of the self-sufficiency and cool impudence of the young. I have heard of a little boy in Boston, who, when the Sunday's discourse was concluded, was in the habit of publicly thanking Heaven it was over; this, too, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation, nor could he be prevailed upon to relinquish the practice.

Another anecdote was told me of a little girl who regularly indulged herself in the recreation of mimicing her mamma's visitors to their faces. Not a sentence, not a word could they utter that the small *stuck-up* creature did not repeat verbatim in the most persevering, pertinacious manner. Vain were expostulations—the infant still kept its post; no sentinel was ever more on the alert to watch against his country's foes, than this child to watch an opportunity of imitating its mother's friends.

I am led to believe that American *olive-branches* often bear such fruit. But enough of this subject for the present.

Let us now request the reader to accompany us to the banks of the Delaware river, where an enormous crowd had assembled to witness the launch of a man-of-war. It was the 30th of March, and a clear, cold, frosty day. The superintendent of the dockyard had invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to his house. After meeting in force at the rendezvous, we picked our way amongst quantities of raw material, prostrate timber, pig-iron, &c., to a distant slip, where a place was said to be reserved for our accommodation. The dockyard was swarming with free citizens in all directions,

who went whithersoever they desired, no one hindering them. After some peregrinations, our party, to the number of twenty, reached their destination. Entering a large empty slip, we ascended the scaffolding, which was disposed up the sides of the interior, to the height of about five-and-twenty feet above the ground, where the planking lay horizontally, for a distance of some twenty yards. A tier of ports opened along this flat, and out of these ports we looked to see the state of things in general; for where the launch was to be, seemed at first anything but clear. A vast collection of bonnets and hats, jammed tightly together, spotted the prospect in all directions, as far as the edge of the river; beneath were the heads and shoulders of the spectators. In the back-ground, at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, rose the "thing" as yet without "life," which was destined to "walk the waters;" the large stern being the only part visible from where we stood; the rest was concealed by the large shed which sheltered it. By inconveniently straining the neck out of the port, this vision was accomplished, and here we were to wait for the birth of the young leviathan, whilst a cold north wind was blowing through and through us. It would have been as much as the commodore's post was worth, had he taken up a place for us nearer to the scene of action, or had he even made preparations for our reception where we were. In England the dockyard authorities would have posted their friends under the very bows of the launch, nor would the *Zeppelin* have grudged them the privilege; but were such a thing to be done in the Philadelphia dockyard, not only would the "press" shower an avalanche of abuse on the head of the offender, but there would be much danger of the sovereign people exercising their prerogative, by rushing in and trampling down the usurpers. As we have related, the narrow platform on which we stood ran along the side of the slip, a little lower than the range of ports. There was another row of ports, about fifteen feet above us, and another platform of thin boards was disposed similarly to ours. By-and-bye, as the concourse increased, the "great unwashed" flowed in, deluging the floor of the fabric which covered us. They ambled and scrambled hither and thither, as

if to display their perfect right of doing whatever they pleased. It was not long ere they espied the rickety gallery above our heads; no sooner had they done so, than a number of great hulking, savage-looking fellows came climbing up the poles of the scaffolding. On they came crawling over one another, something after the manner of the rats who came to devour the Bishop of Mentz. Some of the ladies in alarm spoke to the gentlemen to intercede for them. It was then represented that the planking above was slight and insecure, and that men's bodies were heavy, not being exempted from the laws of gravitation; nevertheless the assailants deigned not a reply, but whistling some of the most popular melodies of the day, came swarming and sprawling up, till the boards above us bent and cracked beneath their weight. A message was now sent to the commodore, to beg of him to use his influence; and after ten minutes had elapsed, there arrived two men in ultramarine uniform—*beyond a doubt, marines.*

These men, with gestures expressive of the deepest respect and humility, addressed those aloft with, "Gentlemen! would you have the goodness to come down." No answer. "Gentlemen! would you *please* to come down!" But the gentlemen didn't please; so the two *pale-blue men*, after waiting patiently for an answer, which was not vouchsafed, melted into thin air, and never appeared again.

A gentleman who formed one of our clique said, that though he did not like the danger which was incurred of the men falling through on his head, still he was "glad they stayed up, for it showed a fine independent spirit." As our sole *dependence* was now placed upon the strength of the boards, and not on the yielding spirit of the people, and as it was besides late, the tide going out and the ship immovable, we vacated our position, and soon learned that the grease was frozen, and that young *Walk-the-Water* could not slip down into its proper element till next day. Finally, the hospitable roof of the commodore received us; and under the influence of the ladies' smiles, the frothing and sparkling champagne and

the good viands which overspread the luncheon-table, we soon forgot the coolness of American days and American mobs.

I left Philadelphia with some sentimental regrets; I had made several kind friends during my stay, and when the hour of parting came, I felt sorry to bid farewell to those I should probably never see again. A kind farewell is, however, better than a warm greeting:—

"Go, let the timid lovers choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for three kind *how-do-ye-do's*,
One kind good-bye would barter."

And so I was not without consolation in my grief.

Not long afterwards I found myself, my back to New York and my face towards Westpoint, in a train of the long* railway carriages described in a previous chapter. On this occasion the carriages were separated, and the detachments trotted off by horses. We skirted the wharfs of the Hudson. On the one side were sloops, hay-boats, and rafts of timber; on the other, warehouses, stores, and dwellings. Now we rattled between two walls; now we pursued a more open course (happily with less noise), till at length, having cleared the suburbs of New York, which are very paltry, and do not extend very far, we arrived at the spot where the engine was hissing disapprobation at our delay. Like the amiable lady of Tam O'Shanter, it appeared to be "nursing its wrath to keep it warm." Soon we were scudding with loud clatter and bang along the left bank of the Hudson. To the right was a tolerably well-cleared and cultivated country. Here and there was a farm-house, and near to the side of the river one might observe an occasional wooden, white-painted hotel, with the usual veranda round it: comfortless-looking concerns they invariably are. On the left was the broad Hudson; from the farther side of which rose an inclined plane, covered with trees and brushwood, surmounted by a long line of basalt rocks, looking like a row of pillars. The evening was cold, clear, and frosty; the pale disk of the moon was shedding a shower of silver light on the rippling waters;

* The dimensions of the interior of these carriages are nearly as follow:—length, fifty feet; width, twelve feet; height, six feet four inches.

while far away in the west, where the sun had gone down, distant mountains came out in dusky relief against the faint, greenish yellow of the horizon.

The conductor pops in and out of the carriage with his ticket-box, banging the door violently behind him, and letting in gusts of chilly evening air. As the evening grows older, the scene changes: mountains like giants frown upon our path, rearing their dark shoulders on each side of us. Islands covered with brushwood, creeks, gulleys, and murky glens seem to fly past; and at last, the train, stopping for an instant, casts us and our baggage on the side of the way, and darts off as if delighted to make its escape. We are now opposite Westpoint, at a place called Garrisons. Why it should have that name, or any name at all, I do not know; I could see nothing but the gloomy hills behind and the water before me. Two boats appeared after a short space, and a gentleman, who afterwards proved to be an officer of the American army, accosted me, and after some conversation, said he was going over to Westpoint, and would advise me to accompany him; there was a hotel quite close, on the top of the hill opposite, where I could get a bed, and in the morning he would be happy to show me whatever was worth seeing. I accordingly shipped my fortunes in the same boat with him, and we were pulled over the river together; and landing on the opposite side, ascended a steep hill covered with low trees, sometimes by means of a winding path, and sometimes by making a scrambling short cut. After some puffing and blowing we found ourselves clear of the wood, and walking on the table-land above.

There was a dark object looming in front, which presently developed itself into a hotel of the ordinary country pattern, two stories high, and surrounded by a veranda. A few vigorous kicks at the door, repeated at regular intervals, acted as an emetic, and brought up the landlord (and camphine lamp) to open it. The house seemed quite deserted; two officers and their wives I learned were the only inhabitants. During the summer it is crammed with visitors. The drawing-room was small, containing, as usual, a table, a sofa, some chairs, and a pianoforte. The walls displayed some views of the Hudson, Westpoint, and a portrait of

Zachary Taylor; the last being a hideous side-face, of unearthly proportions and diabolical expression. The general was confined in a stiff-collared coat, possibly intended to represent an officer's uniform, but looking more like a strait-waistcoat.

A bed secured, I crossed the Westpoint-parade with my new acquaintance; a long row of lights twinkled in front. After walking three or four hundred yards we came to a row of trees planted along one side of a road. Turning to the left down this road, we passed a number of very snug detached houses, and presently arriving at a long building, entered at one end. From a passage we passed into a small low room. This was the anteroom of the officers attached to the College. There were about fifteen assembled there; some were lolling on sofas and chairs, chatting, smoking, or reading the newspapers; others were indulging in a rubber of whist or a game of *ecarté*. I was immediately introduced personally to each.

They seemed (like most of the American officers I have met) to be a very gentlemanly and intelligent set of men. They wore single-breasted surtouts, or shell-jackets, and dark or light blue trousers, with single or double white and red stripes. We talked over the news of the day, and had some conversation about the military establishments of our respective countries. They told me that their dress was about to be altered; the new uniform was to be a sort of compromise between the full dress and the undress—viz., an undress coat with full dress epaulettes, and a forage-cap with a plume. They did not seem to approve of the new arrangement. It was late when I deserted my new friends for my dormitory at the hotel. Next morning I took a glance at the scenery before I went *lion-hunting*. Above Westpoint, three mountains rise on either side of the Hudson—on the left bank, rugged, precipitous, and overgrown with wood, except where crags and scours refuse to encourage the encroachments of the vegetable kingdom, further than to allow a stunted cedar or pine to take root in the clefts of the rock; on the right bank, less picturesque in outline, but very steep and rising abruptly out of the water. As the spectator stands near the hotel mentioned above, and looks northward between this vista of

mountains, which I believe are upwards of two thousand feet in height, he cannot fail to be struck with the magnificence of the prospect. A hundred feet below him, the Hudson, a noble river, here more than half a mile wide, sweeps to the sea. The broad, lake-like tide, washing the base of the cliffs on each side, stretches, like a glassy road, away into the distance, where, fifty miles off, the pale blue hills of Catskill form the back-ground of the scene. Perhaps a wreath of light vapour flits round the summit of the "Crow's Nest," or of that of the other mountains of Westpoint; while the sunshine, falling across these, lights up the trees, the rocks, the rivers, and the island on the right. Perhaps the shadows of passing clouds, creep like ghosts across the landscape, or, perhaps, the whole picture is wrapped in gloom; but under whatever effect seen, the Hudson river and the West-point mountains cannot easily be forgotten by an admirer of the beauties of nature.

The military college or academy of Westpoint, stands on the level platform which lies in a plane about one hundred feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. This platform, or tableland, is of sufficient extent to admit of the manœuvring of a considerable body of troops. It varies from one-third to one-half a mile in width, and makes a dip to the north; where, in a little valley, lies the village of Westpoint, consisting chiefly of the barracks of the soldiers and the cottages of artificers and their families.

The College, its tributary buildings, and the houses of the professors and masters, are disposed in a semicircular form at the side of the platform furthest from the river. Behind, the mountains rising steeply out of the level ground, and sweeping round in a curve, afford various eligible positions for forts and batteries, from whence the river and the intermediate military posts may be commanded. It was these which General Arnold offered to deliver into the hands of the British. Had his project succeeded, the American War of Independence might have terminated differently; but the capture of Major André entirely altered the face of affairs, and Westpoint was

saved. Most of the forts are now in ruins. In one of them, a casemated structure, very much dilapidated, poor André is said to have been confined. A true Englishman can scarcely pass the spot without reflecting on the melancholy fate of this brave officer. American writers have tried in vain to justify a sentence which, at the best, must be considered as unnecessarily severe. André had been carried beyond the American lines, contrary to his wishes. He had there been compelled to disguise himself, in order that the betrayer of the revolutionary army might avoid the suspicion which would have been cast upon him, had a British officer, in uniform, been seen returning from the hostile camp to the King's ship. Sparks (in his "Life and Treason of Arnold") labours to prove that an American officer, under similar circumstances, received harsher treatment at the hands of the British. Captain Nathan Hale, an officer of the revolutionary army, volunteered to reconnoitre the heights of Brooklyn, then in possession of the English. He *went in disguise* and was taken prisoner, tried, found guilty, and hung as a spy. The author admits that Captain Hale exchanged his uniform for coloured clothes before he set out on the expedition, and yet declares that André's case was parallel, although André had come to consult with Arnold in his regimentals.

Look at the business in what light you will, it casts a shadow on the fame of Washington.

Listen, England, while we tell
The fate that brave André befell:
By treach'rous Arnold's wiles betray'd,
Within the lines had André strayed.
No spy was he;—at duty's call
He risked his life, he risked his all.
His chief commands, nor will André
A leader's mandate disobey,
Although on dang'rous quest he goes,
To parley with his trait'rous foes.
How sad the issue!—foil'd, misled,
André was taken—Arnold fled.
And, oh! how strangely Fortune guides!
The British flag the felon hides,
While in a dungeon's sullen gloom
The brave André awaits his doom!

Go! spoke the soldier—say from me,
That André seeks not liberty;*

* "I beg your Excellency will be persuaded, that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is

His life he cheerfully lays down—
 'Tis in the cause of England's crown.*
 Tell Washington I dare to die,
 But say I came no secret spy;
 Nor as a timid traitor crept
 Past hostile lines while sentries slept.
 Boldly I came, and, therefore, know
 If now I bend before a foe,
 'Tis only of his Grace to crave
 A soldier's death—a soldier's grave!

Vainly Sir Henry Clinton tried
 To save the British army's pride;
 Not all the interest he could bring
 Could shield a servant of the King.
 Stern were the judges—harsh, severe—
 The doom was fix'd, the day drew near.
 Ah! shameful sentence—he must die
 On the black gibbet, as a spy!
 If *then* a tear escap'd control,
 Wrong not the feelings of his soul;
 And if a sigh had chok'd his breath,
 Think not that André dreaded death.

Away across the heaving main
 Lies what he'll never see again—
 There lies fair England, happy isle,
 Where peace and virtue ever smile;
 Where still, as age on age rolls by,
 Firm as a rock stands LIBERTY.
 His own lov'd country! Now he sees
 A mansion, half-concealed by trees,
 'Mongst spreading oaks and elm-trees
 tall;
 The rooks caw round his father's hall—
 His home!—where he had left behind
 A mother dear, and sisters kind.
 In fancy now he hears them say,
 "How long, how long he's been away!"
 And thinks, alas! that soon bereft
 Of every joy, and helpless left,
 A lonely path they'll have to tread,
 While he lies in his narrow bed.

Peace to his soul—he bravely died,
 And Britons wept their country's pride.

Go, seek the ABBEY's sacred shade,
 Where England's kings in dust are laid;
 Where painted windows, through the
 gloom,
 Throw holy light on many a tomb,
 And the proud Muse bedews with tears
 The heroes of a thousand years—
 There, Englishman, thy tribute pay,
 In memory of the BRAVE ANDRÉ!†

According to the arrangement of the previous evening, I was shown over the College of Westpoint.

The principal building is a large edifice of sandstone, four or five stories high, containing cadets' barracks, lecture-rooms, and class-rooms (a large structure of granite was in the course of erection, designed to increase the comfort of the cadets, and of the officers attached to the institution). There is a chapel, an hospital, an observatory, a library, a bowling-court, and a mess-room for the cadets. There are also quarters for the governor, lieutenant-governor, and staff, and detached houses for the masters. In the observatory are some valuable instruments, an equatorial, a transit, theodolites, quadrants, and levels. The course of instruction which a cadet goes through before he can "graduate," that is to say, before he is qualified for a commission, is as follows:—The ordinary branches of mathematics, as far as the differential calculus, besides optics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics. They also study astronomy, chemistry, geology, and botany. The works on field and permanent fortifications are nearly the same as those used at the military seminary at Addiscombe. Until lately the course of instruction

to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest—a conduct incompatible with the principles which actuate me, as well as with my condition in life. It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, not to solicit security. . . . The request I have to make of your Excellency is, that in any rigorous policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonourable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my King."—*André's Letter to Washington.*

* "Buoyed up above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operations of those feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet."—*Ibid.*

† "His ashes were removed from their obscure resting-place, transported across the ocean, and deposited with the remains of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey."—*Sparks's Life and Treason of Arnold.*

has been only theoretical. I saw, however, a field-work, which they had just commenced; it was a lunette rivetted with gabions. Two small models of Vauban's, and the Modern system, served to convey some idea of a permanent fortification. Surveying is not taught; but the officers are supposed to study it in after years. The instruction in landscape drawing is very good. Models and large drawings are placed at some distance from the pupils, who sit opposite, and make the best attempts they can at them. The eye, by this means, receives a good education. Light and shade are studied in a similar manner.

They have a little gallery of paintings in water-colours, most of them by English artists—Prout, Bartlett, Copley Fielding, &c. None of the cadets display any remarkable taste for the art. French is well taught at this seminary, but, strange to say, neither history nor geography.

Entering between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, the cadets are educated at the expense of Government. *One-third* only obtain commissions; two-thirds being sent away without further recompense for lost time than the amount of education they may have received. Every cadet receives so many good or bad marks daily; at the end of the week these are balanced: if the result be not satisfactory, punishment ensues. But when the delinquent persists in bad conduct, he incurs the risk of being tried by court-martial, and expelled. Nor is there any second chance allowed, when sentence has once been passed. Not long ago, the President of the United States failed in an attempt to reinstate his own son.

During the whole period that students remain at Westpoint, they are only allowed leave of absence for three months; and this indulgence is granted only to those who have been three years at the institution. Eleven hours and a-half a-day are devoted to study throughout the year, except, during two months, when the companies are regularly encamped on the parade-ground in front of the College. Their time is then entirely occupied with drill and military exercises. I question if this arrangement be good. Eleven and a-half hours of study is too much for every-day work. Perhaps, it would be found to answer bet-

ter, if the two months of drill were divided into small daily portions. Most of the cadets have an extremely old appearance for their time of life, and seem anything but robust. Bad complexions, shrivelled skins, and wasted figures, are suggestive of over work and want of air and exercise. It is not the habit of Americans, however, to walk much, or voluntarily to undergo fatigue. Their very dress shows you this; even in the most rural districts, they carry what we may term a *town air* about with them: and it is not at all uncommon to see a man ploughing his fields, attired in black dress trousers and black satin waistcoat. The delicate appearance of the cadets may be attributed to constitutional weakness with, perhaps, as much fairness as to any other cause: suffice it to say, however, that health is not sufficiently regarded in their system of education.

The usual number of cadets is two hundred and fifty. They are divided into four companies. Officers of the line are attached to each company; but cadets also act as captains, lieutenants, sergeants, and corporals. Captains and lieutenants are distinguished from the rest by epaulettes, swords, and sashes. The uniform is of a light grey colour. Guards and pickets are regularly mounted. When a cadet has passed his examination for a commission, he is called a "graduate," and the last ordeal he goes through is the riding-school. I had the opportunity of seeing some of them at this exercise. The riding-school is rather a dangerous one, as there is some risk of the rider knocking himself to death against the wooden pillars which support the ceiling. The floor was covered with sand instead of tan. About twenty men, in light cavalry uniform, led in the same number of horses. The men did not look very smart; the horses were indifferently groomed, and the appointments had a somewhat slovenly appearance. The men were Irish. There are very few Americans in the ranks of the regular force. The emigrants from Germany and the Emerald Isle supply recruits. The light esteem in which so honourable a service is held by the Americans is remarkable.

When the cadets had been mounted by the riding-master (a young officer of dragoons) they were filed

out of the door, and the drill proceeded in the open air.* I cannot say very much in praise of their performances. Whatever the reason may be, Jonathan is certainly ill fitted to become a centaur.

The library is a good one, containing several thousand volumes, most of which are standard works. The room is handsome, and very lofty. Portraits of distinguished officers, and trophies of engagements in which the Americans have been victorious, are suspended above the shelves. Occupying a commanding position at the upper end of the room, are two busts—one of Julius Cæsar, and one of Napoleon Bonaparte. I was struck at the moment with the remarkable likeness between the two military heroes. The principal events of their lives were nearly the same. The eagles of Cæsar, leading to victory, raised him to the zenith of power. Napoleon's eagles did as much for him. Cæsar was Consul; so was Napoleon. "Each belonged to a triumvirate; and each, after getting rid of his colleagues, took the proud title of Emperor."† Thought I, "the two busts are not much out of place." Who can tell whether there may not be at this moment, among the students of Westpoint, some embryo Cæsar or Napoleon, who, after tumbling the American democracy into a compact pyramidal shape, may place himself on the pinnacle at the top.

I regretted that I could not avail myself of the hospitable invitation of the officers of Westpoint, who offered me something in the way of a field-day on the following Monday, if I would join their mess in the meantime. It was Saturday; and the cleaning of barracks, &c., put a stop to drill.‡ They have a few companies of infantry stationed there; and as I had not seen any of the American regulars, I was the more sorry for being obliged to proceed on my travels that evening. I visited the arsenal, which was simply a small yard, containing some pieces of ordnance. A few mortars, of various

calibre, and two or three piles of round shot, were disposed in the centre; and a field battery, consisting of light six-pounders, and twenty-four-pounder howitzers, was under a shed. The guns in the American service are kept bright; they are plainer in their construction than ours, having only the centre ring and ogee; they have tangent-scales, screws, and sights, like our heavy iron guns. The field equipment, however, is nearly the same as in our service; but the carriages are of lighter construction, and are furnished with poles instead of shafts.

In the armoury, a small room in a building at the corner of the yard, containing specimens rather than supplies; I saw a number of singular weapons—muskets, with short swords, by way of bayonets; others carrying the bayonet reversed; swords with pistols in the hilts, and revolving rifles, of the pattern used in the Mexican war, and found very effective.

The musket is an admirable arm, neatly made, and, as I was informed, almost as serviceable as a rifle. All ordnance for the American service is made by contract. They have arsenals at Springfield, Massachusetts, Harper's Ferry, Virginia, Vergenes, Vermont, and at Rome, New York. As far as I could learn, they are very badly supplied.

The cadets' band was playing on the parade-ground, when I was leaving Westpoint. It is a very good one, but the performers are all Germans. Several of my new friends accompanied me to the wharf, where I had landed on the previous evening. Bidding them a hearty farewell, I threw myself into a boat, which was to convey me to the opposite side of the river; and had again an opportunity of admiring the splendid scenery, now glowing with the hues of sunset, as the creaking cockleshell bore me across the calm tide to the village of Coldsprings.

A few words about the American service. The strength of the army is as follows:—

* The horses, which were rather heavier than those of our dragoon regiments, I was informed were brought all the way from the western states. The best horses are to be got in those districts; but when brought eastward, their condition becomes so bad, from change of climate, that for two years they are quite unserviceable.

† It is to be hoped that the nephew of the modern Julius Cæsar will emulate the pacific virtues of Augustus.

‡ The Americans adopt the French tactics.

- 2 Regiments of Dragoons.
- 1 " Mounted Riflemen.
- 4 " Artillery, including one
troop of Horse Artillery, and three
or four Field Batteries.
- 8 Regiments of Infantry.
- 1 Company of Sappers and Miners ;
and about fifty Engineer Officers.

Making in all (together with a battalion of Marines) about 11,400 men, and 940 officers.

Each regiment has one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, ten captains, twenty lieutenants, ten second-lieutenants. There are ten companies in each regiment. The strength of the companies varies between thirty-five and one hundred and twenty. During the American war, the strength was at the maximum ; it is at present about fifty.

The commander-in-chief is a major-general, which is the highest rank in the American service.

There are a few brigadier-generals and brevet-brigadier-generals ; but the list of general officers scarcely numbers a dozen.

The following is a scale of pay and allowances* :—

Major-General Commander-in-Chief, pay and allowances, including com- mutation allowances for servants, forage, &c., about	£900
Brigadier-General	600
Colonel	450
Lieut.-Colonel	390
Major	340
Captain	250
First-Lieutenant	192
Second-Lieutenant	192†

By this scale it will appear that the junior ranks are paid better, the senior ranks worse, than in our service. Government is often in debt to the army, on account of the opposition made in passing the army estimates. Both officers and men are often kept many months without pay. They express apprehensions, too, of being some day suddenly turned adrift, so strong is the feeling of the country against keeping up a standing army.

Officers rise by brevet very rapidly. It is not uncommon for a lieutenant to be a brevet-colonel. Unless employed, however, in the rank they

have acquired by brevet, they do not enjoy any increase of pay.

As the number of officers is not in proportion to the number of men, they are obliged to make the most of their time at the military college. Cadets there are expected to make themselves acquainted with the interior economy of a regiment, the payment of men, and the charge of a company, as well as with military tactics. After entering the service they may pass many years without so much as seeing a soldier.

It is supposed that to keep up a staff of officers and non-commissioned officers is sufficient, and that if officers and sergeants understand their work, men can easily be got into training. Keeping up the mere skeleton of an army has, apparently, in point of economy, the advantage over the system usually adopted ; but it is difficult to see how the staff are to *become* effective, not to mention how they are to keep themselves in that state, without opportunities of learning. The stations of the army are principally on the frontiers of the Mexican, Indian, and Canadian territories ; and as the force is necessarily divided into small detachments, brigade and battalion movements cannot be practised. There are, in fact, no means of acquiring a practical knowledge of the military profession. It is only recently that the American Government has provided any asylum for disabled soldiers, and there is no retired list for the officers. This is a great injustice. If there are any men who have a decided claim on their country's gratitude, they are surely those whose lives are hazarded in the public service. A kind of retirement, indeed, is sometimes obtained by officers who do duty for a month in each year, passing the rest of the year on leave, but this indulgence is not frequently permitted. It is very difficult to obtain leave of absence at all when employed on the frontiers. Whole detachments sometimes pass their lives at one station. I met at Westpoint a young officer who was just going to start for the Rocky Mountains, there to be quartered for the rest of his days. The American naval force acts on shore as well as on its more natural element. The navy,

* It must be remarked, that quarters are not always provided.

† Non-commissioned officers and privates are better paid than in the British service.

like the army, is manned almost entirely by foreigners; no inconsiderable number of tough Britons is to be found among their crews. This observation applies equally to the mercantile navy. It is a singular fact that the Yankee does not like the sea. I once asked an English *Jack Tar*, on board an American ship, to explain the phenomenon. "They ben't fit for the hard work," was his quaint reply; "they're good for nothing but peddlin' and book larnin'."

The discipline in the American naval service is, in some points, more severe than in ours; in some points more relaxed. While they allow smoking all over the ship, it is said that slight delinquencies are punished with a degree of severity worthy of Draco.

They have 11 sail of the line—1 120 gun-ship; 10 seventy-fours.
 " 12 first-class frigates; 44 guns.
 " 2 second-class do. 36 guns.
 " 21 sloops of war; 20 guns & under.
 " 4 brigs; 10 "
 " 3 schooners; 2 "
 " 5 steam-frigates; 10 "
 " 10 steamers; 4 "
 " 5 store-ships.

In all, 73 sail.

Many of these, including some of the largest ships, were built fifty, forty, thirty, and twenty years ago. Some are not built at all, at least they are not yet completed.

There are 6 commodores (the highest rank in the service).

" 4 commanders of navy yards.
 " 68 captains.
 " 97 commanders.
 " 827 lieutenants.

In all, 502.*

The citizens of the American Republic look upon their militia as their grand protection against invasion, and also consider that force as the most to be depended on should it be necessary to assume the aggressive.

This feeling is natural enough in a country where democracy carries the day. Volunteers are cheap. They do not cost the country a fraction. No taxes are necessary to keep them up, and in time of war individual heroism makes up for the want of discipline.

A free, independent "Loafer," with a revolving rifle and a bowie-knife, is as good as two or three mercenaries, who, forced into unnatural postures, and kept down by systematic tyranny, must necessarily be devoid of that indomitable spirit which true liberty alone inspires. So reason the mass of the people, and it is difficult, nay, impossible, to open the eyes of a body of men to a fallacy which flatters their pride, and seems to harmonise with their interests.

America boasts of two millions of volunteers, a fine force, doubtless. But, let it be recollected, that this force is officered by popular suffrage, each regiment and company electing its own officers, and I imagine our admiration will be much diminished.

The volunteers were called out during the late Mexican war, at least some of them were; and I have been assured, by several intelligent officers of the regular army, who fought in the campaign, that on that occasion the system failed entirely. Although by the democratic papers and pamphlets they were made out to be the glorious defenders of their country's rights, to the valour of whose arms America was indebted for her triumphs (statements implicitly believed by numbers), I am informed that throughout the campaign they were in a state of the most complete disorganisation. They wasted their provisions—they robbed and pillaged; and when the regular troops had made a breach in the walls of a town, and furnished the "forlorn hope," the volunteers brought up the rear, a confused mass, adding to the difficulties, whilst they diminished the laurels of their comrades. Making some allowance for a very natural prejudice, in favour of a well-organised force, on the part of my authority, it can hardly be doubted that something very like anarchy must have existed. The secret of all this (if *secret* there be) obviously lurks in the democratic basis upon which the force is built,

THAT VOLUNTEERS SHALL ELECT THEIR OWN OFFICERS.

Blodgett, Coggeshall, Stryker, Rust, Hunkin, Scudder, and Cobb, &c. &c., are in want of an officer, and also want to have as much of their own way as possible. They consequently pitch upon

* American Almanac.

Rust, who is either the easiest-going fellow, or the most useless man of the party. Encamped within the enemy's territory, and countenanced by the regular force, they lead a free and easy life enough. The rigorous discipline which prevails in most armies is relaxed to meet the views of the majority. Rust is in his *marquéé* enjoying *otium cum dig.*, as commanding officer. In come Blodgett, Coggeshall, Stryker, Hunkin, Scudder, Cobb, &c., privates. They throw themselves carelessly on his camp stools, squabble for a soft seat on his bed, and do, perhaps, some little damage to his effects. Rust bethinks himself of the necessary discipline of his corps. Reflecting that a fashion prevails in the army (useless, perhaps,) of mounting guards and pickets, &c., he seizes the opportunity of hinting to Blodgett, Coggeshall, Stryker, Hunkin, Scudder, and Cobb, that he would like them to do a little bit of sentry. They signify their assent as follows:—

"You be *darned*!" says Blodgett.

"I'll see you—somewhere—first!" says Coggeshall.

"Go to the devil!" says Cobb.

Sometimes a glimpse of the volunteers may be had, in the shape of a brass band, parading the streets of New York, with much pomp and ceremony, followed by a dozen men in a grey uniform, with firelocks on their shoulders, and by half the town cheering vociferously. Sometimes they may be seen in greater force. A friend of mine attended a muster of the militia at Utica. A motley crew were assembled in two ranks, and were treading on each others' heels, and mutually kicking each other, to pass the time until the reviewing officer should arrive. Stray memoranda of the panoply of war dotted the line. One had an old shako; another, a pair of trousers with red stripes; a third, an antique fatigue jacket. They were variously armed, with muskets, rifles, and bowie-knives. About one-half had nothing but sticks, and while some were fantastically "got up" in fancy dresses and paper caps, others swelled with martial pride, on the strength of having stuck empty fig-drums on their heads: but the best part of the joke

was to follow. In the distance, a cocked hat with a fountain of white feathers flowing out of it, appears slowly advancing. There is a figure in red underneath the hat, and the whole is mounted on a sorry horse. At length the object arrives in front of the line. It turns out to be the officer commanding. He is gorgeously attired. Of tinsel and feather there is no end; and he takes off his hat, and bows low to "the army," which occasions a slight sensation, and calls forth cheers. He then makes a very complimentary speech upon the satisfactory appearance of the force, and makes his inspection, riding down the ranks *with his hat off*. If he did not behave in this manner there might be a mutiny, for it does not do to rob *free* citizens of their *rights*.

Of all countries in the world, the United States is the least likely to furnish an effective volunteer force. Democracy has taken such deep root, that discipline is not to be expected.

It may be objected, that war was once successfully maintained by American volunteers against the armies of England; but we must remember that a spirit of subordination, the effect of monarchical government, then existed (at least to some extent), which cannot now be found. A change in the national mind of any country cannot be brought about at once. Habit is second nature; and it was not till the last link with England was broken by the Declaration of Independence, that democracy was really established. Few traces now remain to tell that America was once a British province. The children have gradually lost all resemblance to the parent; and Albion has cause to sigh over her estranged offspring.

Bold as the assertion may be, I have little doubt that should the United States be drawn into a war with any great power, they would, *at first*, meet with *total defeat*. Blindly relying upon their volunteers, they would find that their confidence is ill-placed; for, unless in a kind of guerilla* warfare, so undisciplined a body would be of little service. Secure, however, in her vast territory, which simply, by its extent, might vanquish an enemy, the AMERI-

* It must here be remarked, that guerilla tactics are the most suitable for a wood-covered country, such as Jonathan's.

like the army, is manned almost entirely by foreigners; no inconsiderable number of tough Britons is to be found among their crews. This observation applies equally to the mercantile navy. It is a singular fact that the Yankee does not like the sea. I once asked an English *Jack Tar*, on board an American ship, to explain the phenomenon. "They ben't fit for the hard work," was his quaint reply; "they're good for nothing but peddlin' and book larnin'."

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The citizens of the American Republic look upon their militia as their grand protection against invasion, and also consider that force as the most to be depended on should it be necessary to assume the aggressive.

This feeling is natural enough in a country where democracy carries the day. Volunteers are cheap. They do not cost the country a fraction. No taxes are necessary to keep them up, and in time of war individual heroism makes up for the want of discipline.

A free, independent "Loafer," with a revolving rifle and a bowie-knife, good as two or three mercenaries, forced into unnatural postures, kept down by systematic tyranny, necessarily be devoid of that indomitable spirit which true liberty inspires. So reason the mass of people, and it is difficult, nay, impossible, to open the eyes of a booby men to a fallacy which flatters pride, and seems to harmonise their interests.

America boasts of two million volunteers, a fine force, doubtless. But, let it be recollected, that force is officered by popular suffrage; each regiment and company elects its own officers, and I imagine our admiration will be much diminished.

The volunteers were called out during the late Mexican war, at some of them were; and I have assured, by several intelligent officers of the regular army, who fought in the campaign, that on that occasion the system failed entirely. Although the democratic papers and pamphlets were made out to be the glorious defenders of their country's rights, the valour of whose arms America indebted for her triumphs (statistically implicitly believed by numbers), informed that throughout the campaign they were in a state of the most complete disorganisation. They wanted their provisions—they robbed and pillaged; and when the regular troops had made a breach in the walls of the town, and furnished the "forlorn hope," the volunteers brought up the rear, a confused mass, adding to the difficulties, whilst they diminished the labours of their comrades. Making some allowance for a very natural prejudice in favour of a well-organised force, the part of my authority, it can hardly be doubted that something very like anarchy must have existed. The result of all this (if secret there be) obviously lurks in the democracy, which the force is to be.

THAT VOLUNTEER

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CAN EAGLE, perched in her native forests, may peck at small birds with impunity—it would be needless for her, at a distance from European bayonets, to sharpen her claws. Let her keep at home, and she will do very well. She “whipped the British” once—let that content her. Let her keep her eye off Canada, and make friends with THE LION. If America is a great commercial nation, England has a fleet; and should the volunteers of the great Republic “try a tussle” with the Queen’s army, the result might not be satisfactory.

It is hoped that a FITZGUNN— who sincerely prays for peace, harmony, and good will—may be pardoned an ebullition of *filial* feeling, in stating his conviction, that should we, by any ill-hap, come to the scratch, the GREAT GUNS OF ENGLAND would loudly proclaim their efficiency.

When Britain’s glorious banner
Is flying proud and high,
And British hosts march forward
To conquer, or to die;
While cheer the brave battalions,
And like a torrent’s flow,
The bold dragoons are rushing
In vengeance on the foe;
Then loud above the tumult
Our sounding challenge stuns—
’Tis then you hear the thunder,
The thunder of our Guns!

When onward press the columns,
And glory lights the way;
When ramps the British Lion
Triumphant thro’ the fray;
When foes begin to waver,
When lines begin to shake,
’Tis ours to give the signal
The serried ranks to break:
Along each rent-field flying
The flaming port-fire runs—
’Tis then you hear the thunder,
The thunder of our Guns!

And when the day is over,
And dews of night are shed,
Like tears from heaven weeping,
Upon the warrior’s head;
When sighs upon the night-breeze
For many a comrade come;
When swells the dead-march slowly,
And rolls the muffled drum:
Then peals our stormy requiem,
For glory’s deathless sons,
Who hear no more the thunder,
The thunder of our Guns!

The standard of Old England
Shall float to victory,
For still shall rally round it
Her dread artillery;
And when the battle rages,
New laurel-wreaths we’ll gain,
For thunderbolts of Britain
Were never hurl’d in vain;
And foemen’s cheeks shall whiten
Before our dauntless sons,
Where’er is heard the thunder,
The thunder of our Guns!

SONNET

TO JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

“Oh, thou, whatever title please thine ear”—
Whether thy practised pen outpours a stream
Of graceful song, or sweet prosaic theme
Of rich old quaintness, thou art welcome here.
And yet men know thee not; and the wide fame
Which spreads thy worth, forbears to speak thy name.
Let friendship’s hand unmask thee, and before
A smiling world stand up revealed and real,
With the proud, gentle name thy fathers bore.
And HE who sang “The Summer Islands” glory,
And HE stern Soldier of the Commonweal:
These linked thy name with England’s song and story.
Oh, be it thine to render still more dear
This bright old name, and may’st thou wear it many a smiling year.

TYRONE POWER; A BIOGRAPHY.—PART III.

Soon after Power returned from America, we met, with mutual congratulations. His two years' tour had been agreeable, and productive beyond his most sanguine hopes; and I, in the interval, had been visited by a gleam of prosperity in the accession of Lord Normanby to the Viceroyalty of Ireland. His unvarying patronage, and marked taste for the drama, promised fair to redeem all previous losses, to make up for many failures, and to restore the old glories of the Dublin Theatre. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, lately established, had announced their second annual meeting in the Irish metropolis: a great influx of visitors was expected, and I was strongly advised not to neglect a golden opportunity, but, although the regular season was over, to collect a company, and open again for this short experiment. I had gone to London for the purpose, but great attraction was necessary to draw the public to the theatre at such an unusual time—in the height of the summer, with fine weather, and many other opposing temptations. A very high order of performance could alone command success equal to the outlay. The services of Mr. Macready and Miss Ellen Tree were already secured, when Power's arrival was announced. It struck me that high classical tragedy, with broad national force to close the entertainment, would hit all tastes, and produce a combination in which failure was impossible. The event, for once, fully realised my expectations. With an expenditure of £90 per night, there remained, at the end of a fortnight, a profit of £300. Power had no intention of acting during the summer. He wanted rest, and time to enjoy himself with his family, who were then residing near Tunbridge, principally for the convenience of education, his two eldest sons being placed at the collegiate school in that ancient town. His coffers, too, were well filled: he felt himself more independent than he had hitherto been, and was disposed to wait and weigh the offers which managers were pouring in on him from every side; but he was pleased with

the idea of making his first re-appearance on his native soil. This induced him to lay aside all other plans; and, after a little persuasion, he returned to Dublin with me. The theatre opened on the 7th of August, with his own historical drama of *Saint Patrick's Eve*. When he stepped on the stage as Major O'Doherty, he was received with reiterated volleys of welcome, such as the "rollickin' boys" of Dublin can alone deliver, and none but those who have stood before them can understand. In dreams and meditations, these well-remembered sounds often fall on the ear with the freshness of reality, and startle thought as if time had retrograded in his course, to call up and embody again life's brightest episodes. The stereotyped recollections of the past are sometimes more soothing and satisfactory than the shadowy anticipations of the future.

The company was hastily formed, and for a very short period; but it would be difficult now to collect such another. Seventeen years is a theatrical century, when we consider how frequently and rapidly genius dies, and leaves no living representative. All gave great satisfaction; and although "the wise men," as the unsophisticated called the members of the Association, were much occupied with learned lectures and the festive symposia which lighten the labours of science, they still found time for Apollo and the Muses. An additional and accidental interest attached to one particular performance. Mr. Thomas Moore, amongst many other distinguished guests, had been invited to the meeting. He had not visited Dublin for several years, and was hailed as a lion of no ordinary magnitude. The public considered him as national property. The manager had foreseen the attraction, and requested a bespeak from the Poet of Ireland, to which he most obligingly acceded, and laid aside several special engagements to fulfil his promise.

On Saturday, the 17th of August, the play-bill was headed by the following announcement:—"Theatre Royal, Dublin.—The entertainments of this evening are selected at the request of

THOMAS MOORE, Esq., who has signified his intention of being present." The pieces chosen were the comedy of the *Jealous Wife*, and the farce of *Born to Good Luck, or the Irishman's Fortune*—Captain O' Cutter and Paddy O'Rafferty by Mr. Power. The cast included Mr. Macready, Miss Ellen Tree, and Miss Huddart (now Mrs. Warner).

A brilliant sight the theatre presented on that evening. The Viceroy was there in his private box, with his family, and the usual officers in attendance. Opposite to him might be seen the Commander of the Forces, surrounded by his staff. The nobles of the land, the stately matrons and their blooming daughters, the Lord Chancellor, the magnates of the law, the learned professors from distant countries, bright eyes and dazzling uniforms ; wisdom, youth, beauty, rank, intelligence, and wealth ;—all that was imposing to the eye or impressive to the imagination was there congregated, to render respect to individual character, and bow in graceful acknowledgment before the still more exalted aristocracy of mind. In the spectacle itself there was much to see, and more to remember in philosophic application. It was late before Mr. Moore arrived. The audience began to listen to the actors with growing symptoms of impatience. Telling points passed over with little effect ; even the never-failing laugh was subsiding into a mistrustful murmur, when the leading star of the night at length appeared in his place. He had feasted at the College, and had been delayed by the necessity of listening to several of those heavy post-prandial harangues usually appended to public banquets, to temper and keep down exuberant conviviality : brought in, we suppose, with a moral object, as the Roman slave was appointed to dance before the triumphal chariot of the conqueror, uttering homilies to check vanity, and teach frail mortals not to indulge in excessive happiness. The entrance of the Poet was the signal for a burst of applause, which interrupted the performance for several minutes—"hands with hearts in them," such as hailed Virginius on his return to Rome. This was repeated during the interval between the comedy and afterpiece, when, according to custom, Mr. Moore was called on for a speech, with which

he readily complied. In those days, as at present, it was difficult for any public man to escape from a speech in Ireland without politics, or something that might be tortured or twisted into a political bias. He managed this with excellent tact, and contrived to escape both Scylla and Charybdis, by saying what pleased everybody, and redoubled the applause. Throughout the remainder of the evening, there sat that little, unpretending, humble-looking, and obscurely-born individual, who had raised himself (as a courted and honoured guest) to an equality with the great and titled, by talent, integrity, and education—"the observed of all observers ;" an object of blended curiosity, respect, and affection, and a living instance of how conventional formalities are swept away and forgotten in the controlling supremacy of genius.

Power's benefit, on the last night of this engagement (with the exception of the Lord Lieutenant's command, and the bespeak of Mr. Moore) was the fullest of the whole—a strong evidence of his established popularity, for it occurred after the Association had broken up, and all the visitors had departed. At the end of one of the pieces selected on this evening, he was backing from the front of the stage, bowing to the general applause, with the heroine in his hand. By some mistake of the prompter, his retreat was cut off, in consequence of the curtain being too suddenly dropped. In answer to the laugh of the gods, who enjoyed his momentary perplexity, he told them that "either side of the curtain was the right one with so pretty a partner." It was during this performance also, that when encored twice in a song, he substituted the following impromptu :—

"D'ye see how they're teazin' me,
Them there vaga-bones,
Shouting *encore* twice, as loud as they can ;
Paddy Flynn, by Saint Patrick,
I'll whale your big bag o' bones,
If you come down and turn out like a
man.
D'ye think I'm to stay here
All night a divertin' yez,
With the tumbler of punch gro'in' cold there
inside ?
Och ! boys ! and it's I that am sorry for
partin' yez,
But the 'Love of the Sperrits' was always
my pride."

A ready turn, no matter how trifling, will suffice to set an audience in a roar. The great point is to time a repartee or interpolation happily. Power was very quick in matters of this kind. It was his maxim, whenever any accident or contretemps occurred, to make the audience laugh *with* him, as by appearing vexed or disconcerted they would infallibly laugh *at* him—an important difference, to which comic actors are not always sufficiently awake. One night at Covent-Garden, while dilating, in Paddy O'Rafferty, on the hospitalities he had received, and what a general favourite he was in Naples, the circular top of a table escaped from behind the scenes, and came meandering across the stage, as if seeking a comfortable spot to lie down. At last it pirouetted on into the pit, to the utter dismay of the big drum, who fled incontinently. The audience roared, and it would have been difficult to bring them back to the subject, had not the actor at the first pause remarked, "There, Count, I towld you so ; you see the very tables come rowling after me." His accent and look were irresistible, and carried away the audience unanimously. We have seen many an irritable son of Thespis grill himself into a fever at a trifling mishap, which his own maladroitness shows up to the house, while self-possession would have turned it to profitable account. "*Æquam servare mentem*:" to preserve an equal mind is more difficult under ridicule than adversity. The maxim may be studied by actors with as much advantage as by prime ministers, potentates, or professed philosophers.

When Covent-Garden opened for the season of 1835-36, Power was engaged at a large nightly salary, and put forward as one of their leading attractions. He had reached at last the point at which he had long aimed, and the solid reality assured him it was no dream. His reputation was no freak of sudden popularity, a bubble inflated to-day, to burst to-morrow ; but a work of steady, laborious progression. He possessed excellent health, and everything seemed to promise a long future of all that could bind man to life, and make him grateful for its blessings. A few extracts from his diary, which we shall presently subjoin at their proper date, explain his feelings on these points, and show that in private me-

ditation they were directed to the profitable channel. A gay and careless exterior is not always indicative of the deeper thoughts which lie beneath the surface. During this season, at Covent-Garden, he appeared in Mrs. Gore's new comedy, entitled *King O'Neill, or the Irish Brigade*, first performed on the 9th December, 1835. The gallant Captain, Phaidrig O'Neill, assuming the regal title, when under the ascendancy of Bacchus, was always considered one of his happiest assumptions. A drunken gentleman, if the association is compatible, carried through an entire play, came out as a novel experiment, attended with great danger of failure. In any other hands it appeared to be as tiresome as in Power's it was irresistible. The jovial Hibernian adventurer, as coloured by this inimitable artist, and coarsely daubed by his successors, always reminded us of a delicate distinction originating with the late well-known and eccentric Major Peter O'Shaughnessy, of the 18th Royal Irish. We knew and honoured him. A braver soldier, and a merrier boon companion, never drew a sword or a cork. It was true, he was a little given to drawing hair-triggers also, as his Mantons bore testimony, by more than one significant notch. This was his only weakness ; and as Evan Dhu said of his chieftain, Fergus Mac Ion, when in a passion, "he wasna to be blamed for that, for he couldna help it." But Peter was bland and pacific withal, unless his blood was put up, and he thought an insult premeditated. Then he was fearful to behold, and dangerous to encounter, for he stood six feet three without his boots, and had a chest and breadth of shoulders which Hercules might have gazed on with envy. We remember him—a true type of chivalry, stalworth as Orlando, and handsome as Achilles. Being examined as a witness on a court-martial, when a brother soldier was arraigned for habitual tippling, and conduct disgraceful to the character of an officer and a gentleman, &c. &c. &c., according to the prescribed formula, he was asked by the Court, "Did he know Captain H.?"—"Intimately," was the answer ; "we are the Orestes and Pylades of the corps." "Then you are acquainted with his habits?"—"As well as if they were my own." "Humph! does he drink hard?"—"Very." "How many bottles at a

sitting?"—"We never count bottles in the Royal Irish, but, barring myself, he can see the whole mess under the table, without turning a hair." "Oh!" exclaimed the President; "Oh!" gently echoed the members. "Is this his constant practice?" resumed the Court. "Invariably," responded the witness. "Then, Major, you look upon Captain H. as a confirmed drunkard?"—"Quite the contrary; on my conscience, I regard him only in the light of a gentlemanly convivialist."* Now King O'Neill, as represented by Power, was to all points the *gentlemanly convivialist* of the gallant major, and not the brutalised, vulgar caricature into which clumsy copyists have sometimes metamorphosed him.

On the 26th of April, 1836, Power produced, at Covent-garden, his own romantic musical drama, called *O'Flannigan and the Fairies; or, a Midsummer Night's Dream—not Shakspeare's*. Here again, as "Phelim O'Flannigan (sworn against liquor)," he had to depict inebriety in a different class of life, and under opposite circumstances. Not the slightest resemblance could be traced between the two characters. O'Neill is a gentleman and a soldier—O'Flannigan is a rustic; both warm-hearted, brave, and generous, but distinct by education, habits, and associates. O'Flannigan has a scene of twenty minutes, consisting of one long soliloquy, in which, being very drunk, he determines to reform, to win the girl of his heart, who has imposed this as a preliminary condition. He draws up a code of regulations by which he determines to bind himself, with certain exceptions—one tumbler per diem, unless on particular days. The exceptions, of course, are more numerous than the rule. All marriages, births, christenings, fairs, wakes, and faction-fights, come within the former list. "When the priest dines with us," says Phelim, "one tumbler extra, in honour of the occasion. If his reverence stays *tay*, one tumbler more—because *tay* does not agree with me." There is little in these, and many simi-

lar sentences as read, or quoted, but uttered as Power spoke and looked, we cannot adequately describe the effect. He sat, throughout the scene, on a three-legged stool, in front of the stage, with scarcely a movement, or a tone louder than the common style of conversation, while every sentence was responded to by peals of laughter, setting criticism and decorum at defiance, and to which boxes, pit, and galleries simultaneously abandoned themselves. In the course of a long experience, if called upon to name an instance of the comic actor's spell, more demonstrative than any other, we should be inclined to select this as the foremost example. Power himself considered it his most artistic effort.† The subject of this ingenious drama, taken from a legend, is briefly explained in a paragraph appended to the play-bill:—"There is hardly a lonely valley or wild mountain range in all Ireland, that is not characterised by names denoting the residence or haunt of the 'good people,' or 'fairies;' and the belief that those elfin inhabitants of earth and air, occasionally condescend to interfere with mortals, either in mirth or in malice, still lingers amongst the peasantry—one of the most poetical of our natural superstitions, and highly congenial to the temperament of an imaginative people. This drama, however, presents the 'good people' in dream only, the action of the piece, from the time the fairies appear, until the sleeping O'Flannigan awakes once more to a working-day world, existing only in the creations of a wild fellow's brain, fired by whiskey, and disordered by hard blows. His imaginary perils and sufferings being at once the consequence of his intemperance, and the moral punishment of the relaxed whiskey-lover." The story was first moulded into a drama by the late Mr. William Kertland, and performed several nights in the Dublin Theatre, in 1835, under the title of *Shaun Long and the Fairies; or, the Seven Churches of Glendalough*. I thought it would tell admirably in the hands of Power,

* We had an eccentric Yorkshireman in the Scotch Fusileers, who adopted a similar standard. When a tyro or a toper was unable to speak, stand, or walk, he would say, "Let him alone, sir, he is not drunk; he has just got what I call a proper gentlemanly stimulus."

† Liston was always *encored* in Mawworm's sermon, after George IV. set the example and made it the fashion. Emery, more than once, was obliged to repeat the passionate scene of Fixtue, in *A Roland for an Oliver*. But he was an actor of great physical power, giving tragic effect to a comic character.

and suggested it to him on his next visit, whereupon he purchased the manuscript for a given sum, with full power to do with it as he pleased. He adapted the legend and some of the incidents, but the dialogue and general structure of his own drama were entirely new. The piece has been revived, with little success, after an interval of several years; but the correct manuscript had perished with the author, and the substituted copy contained but a modified portion of the original humour. During the season of 1835-36, Power visited Dublin twice, acting in the two engagements thirty-one nights, for which he received £586, and two benefits. His London novelties proved as attractive as could be wished. He also brought out a little interlude, in one act, by himself, called *Paddy Carey, the Boy of Clogheen*. This trifle was founded on the old song, which says—

" 'Twas at the fair of nate Clogheen,
That Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey;
A tighter boy was never seen,
Brisk as a bee—light as a fairy."

All differences of opinion had now long vanished, as to his undoubted superiority. The press and the public were unanimous in praise; but on the occasion of his second benefit, a trifling "ruction" interrupted the flowing harmony, and evinced that no degree of favour could secure an actor from the ebbs and flows of popular caprice. On the night alluded to, he was announced for Darby, in *The Poor Soldier*, a part he had not yet added to his list. A principal feature in the revival of O'Keeffe's excellent, although rather old-fashioned, farce, was the restoration of all the original melodies, instead of spurious or unsuitable introductions. The "Groves of Blarney," was, of necessity, excluded from the programme; and as he had to sing another air in *The Invincibles*, which piece concluded the entertainments, it was thought full measure, and more was already promised. But the Dublin galleries were (and perhaps are still) insatiable on benefit nights. They looked on them as saturnalia, when

every body might do as he pleased, in defiance of rules and regulations.* Accordingly, in the middle of *The Poor Soldier*, the "Groves of Blarney" was loudly demanded. It had been so with Macbeth, if Power, on that night, had essayed the ambitious Thane. He came forward, obtained silence enough to be heard, and respectfully, but firmly stated, that the call could not be complied with. The precedent would break down all decorum, nullify the discipline of the theatre, and affect the best interests of the drama. To all this, the answer was, "Blarney! Blarney!—give us the 'Groves of Blarney.'" But the actor and manager were resolute, and carried their point. The disappointed gods retreated on clamour, and resolved, that as they could not get the song as a bonus, the rest of the audience should get nothing at all. These little incidental skirmishes occurred formerly oftener than they do now. They were amusing enough when carried on with good humour, and ending in a joke, but when they merged into unmitigated noise and angry yells, they deterred quiet people from their favourite amusement, and converted the theatre into a temple of Babel. The slowness of an audience to vindicate their own rights, is sometimes incredible. We have seen three or four troublesome, half-drunken denizens of the galleries disturb a performance by perpetual exclamations, while a crowded pit and boxes have sat supinely, without calling on the executive to expel the intruders, or seeming to care for the destruction of their own pleasure. The Parisian theatres are admirably regulated on these points. There the public go to see "the play, the whole play, and nothing but the play." The slightest interruption is hushed down on the instant, whether it proceeds from the loud lungs of the upper regions, or the buzzing *sotto voce*, polished small talk of the private boxes and stalls.

The following extracts from Power's "Diary,"† relate to the period we have

* There existed formerly in Dublin, certain "free nights" in every season, when the public were admitted gratis to all parts of the house; and gentlemen sat in elegant *dishabille* in the dress boxes, without coat or waistcoat, with their shirt-sleeves tucked up, quaffing whiskey-toddy, instead of listening to Shakspeare. These were the good old times, so much lamented by those who abuse them when *in progressu*.

† This "Diary" was not kept for effect, or with the intent of publication, but for his own private reference. The extracts are furnished by his family, who alone have access to the original, which was found, with other memoranda, after his death.

just glanced over. As wine opens the heart of man in society, so, we may suppose, his real nature and feelings unveil themselves in his hours of private meditation:—

"January 8rd, 1836. *Dublin*.—Two things I have to note of the past week. Christmas is over happily. I spent it with my family, surrounded by a few merry friends, happily and innocently. My 'American Impressions' are brought to a conclusion; and, although hastily done, as far as the composition is concerned, carefully and conscientiously, as far as the subject goes. I have advanced nothing unsustained by facts; nor have I commended in other than modest and moderate terms, regulated rather by deference to the opinion of the world, than in accordance with my own feelings, which could have made me more eulogistic. I read a curious statement of a Mr. Macdonald, who, disclaiming all title to the dialogue, characters, or incidents of *Paddy Carey*, yet says I stole his precious diadem. He is a fool, and I no better, to notice his rigmarole; but I was bilious, and had no will of my own; so I felt compelled to reply to the grandiloquent Mac. Read my reply to the said Mr. Mac. in the *Freeman's Journal*, and sent three or four copies about the world.

"I am now certainly taking to myself a holiday, for my recent hard fag; but I must think of doing something, for already do I find idleness irksome; and in this pleasant city, with my calls of pleasure and profession, yet have hours I cannot fill up without occupation. I will, next week, strive to have something I can record more creditable than my present confession, which may be summed up in a few words. The little I have had to do by compulsion, I have done; but the much I might have done by goodwill, has been left undone."

Those who suffer under the sin and sorrow of sluggishness, or want of something to do, will stare to find that this was written by a man who acted five times a-week, in two pieces every evening, besides attending long rehearsals in the morning. All this he considered a life of comparative ease and indulgence. There be those who have preached and printed, that the actor's avocation is twin-brother to idleness. These ingenious casuists would do well

to test their assertions by a year's practice, which would convince them sooner than argument, that what they are pleased to consider light, is probably the most laborious of all employments. They little know the time it occupies, with the exertion of mind and body it demands. Cumberland has remarked truly:—"There is no calling or profession in life that can less endure the distractions of intemperance and dissipation." He then adds:—"An actor is in the capacity of a steward to every living muse, and of an executor to every departed one."

"January 20th.—Settled to take my benefit on the 26th instant, as Dan, the next best Irish comedian to myself, has one of his performances on the 25th. Our attractions would clash, and I, in my modesty, think I might go to the wall—his tail being decidedly the longest."

"January 24th.—Sir Walter Scott,† Murray, and Macdonald dined with me at Greenham's. At ten, Frank Sheridan‡ joined us, and we went to Lady Clarke's,§ where we had two Polish princes. Closed the evening by dancing a jig with Lady Morgan, which she performed with infinite spirit. I feared for my breath, but succeeded in dancing her off, after a great skirmish.|| Her ladyship says I dance a jig divinely, and I swore as much for her; so we are even. This is the event of the week, and an odd event enough it is. I felt for these two exiled Poles in the midst of our merriment. They laughed, poor fellows, but looked sad. They are on strangers' stairs, and must feel the change a mournful one. What a charm is there in the words country and liberty, when they lead men to such sacrifices for their sake. I should not like to be a Russian, when the next settling day arrives, and come it will."

"January 26th.—At night a bumper, when I had the honour to receive from his Excellency,¶ a superb gold box, of elegant design, with the handsomest possible message, expressing a desire that I would consider the box as a mark of his friendship and esteem. It is one of those changes worth recording, that I have frequently acted in England on Saturday, and in Ireland on Monday alternately. A few years ago, a week was considered a fair allowance for the passage from Liverpool."

"February 26th. *Edinburgh*.—In this

* See "Cumberland's Observer," vol. i.

† Grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, also dead.

‡ The great effect of the true jig consists in the spirit and pertinacity with which both parties hold out. As the lads and lasses used to do this at the country fairs, it beat the Neapolitan Tarantella and the Highland Reel to "smithereens." But we fear this joyous hilarity has departed to the gold diggings with the exodus.

¶ The Marquis of Normanby.

† Dead.

§ Dead.

week I acted in England and Ireland. I have twice crossed the channel, am now in Edinboro' safe and sound, after an absence of three years, in which time I have visited the whole of the States of America, and done sundry foolish, and some wise things; incurred many perils, and came well through all. For all this I trust I am grateful, where gratitude is most due. *Laud Deo.*"

"*February 28th.*—End of first week in Edinburgh. A busy week, but far from disagreeable, if success be a salvo for labour. Lots of civilities, too, proffered, but which I have not been able to accept."

"*March 3rd.*—Early at the shooting gallery. Had a match with Captain Ross—he shooting with a pistol at twenty yards, I with a small rifle at twenty-five yards. Beat him twelve shots, out of which I hit the wafer the four last. He left, as I thought, rather grumly, though the weapons were so unequal. I hear he beats most folks at it."

"*March 5th.*—My last night. Every seat occupied. After the play, I was compelled to speechify, the which departure from assumption, and falling back upon self, I devoutly abominate. But it must sometimes be done. 'Custom exacts, and who denies its away?' as I used formerly to say in Dick Dowlas. *Floreat Edina!* A week of horrid weather, but cheerful audiences. Dull days, but brilliant nights. Work done after three hard engagements—Dublin, Manchester, and this. Now comes holiday. Out with Ramsay's fox-hounds to-morrow; mounted by that prince of Highland chieftains, Tulloch."

"*May 22nd, 1836. London.*—During the last three months I have been without my memorandum books; consequently, there is a vast hiatus in my diary. A great slice out of the year. I have not, however, been idle: since, after passing a fortnight in Paris, I returned home; in a week completed *O'Flannigan and the Fairies*, from first to last; came to London, made an agreement, and produced it successfully at Covent-Garden, April 26th. This I continue to act till Wednesday, the 12th June, and then to Liverpool."

"*June 1st.*—I find the journal, which I for a while kept with some method, is fallen wofully in arrears with time, who never stops or falters in his course. Leaving until to-morrow the minutes of to-day, shifts the blame to my errant mode of life. I think it ought really to be laid to the account of an indolent, procrastinating habit, which requires close watching to be held from an absolute and ruinous mastery. I am aware of my besetting enemy, and of the evil of his influence, yet constantly either give back before his assaults, or affect to be blind to them. I have decided to sail on the 11th July, which is the day of the Europa packet. My last voyage was prosperously made in her. May God render my next equally happy, and I think I may, in about three years more, coil up my ropes, and anchor on shore. I have ever been desirous to leave

off this public exhibition of myself, after my thirty-fourth year had begun. I hope to be able now to accomplish this, to return home, cultivate my children, my domestic duties, and my better nature; and so prepare for that last voyage which may not be avoided, and can never be repeated, and, being to be performed only once, ought to be well considered, and taken with a mind undistracted and at ease."

"*June 9th.*—My last night in Liverpool for the year 1836. Theatre well attended. Much fun in the audience, which is to an old actor like a spur to a worn-out but well-bred hack. It stimulates to exertion after higher feelings have ceased to influence the mind. Both make the blood tingle."

"*June 24th.*—To-morrow, my last entire day to myself in Dublin, where every unoccupied hour has been most agreeably spent between the court and the garrison."

"*July 3rd, Tumbridge.*—This week has seen me in Ireland, and at my home, with all things that I love surrounding me, and anxiously seeking to administer to my comfort. I don't know whether I sufficiently appreciate the many blessings that wait upon me, but I hope there are moments when I do, and am most grateful for them. May a merciful God pardon my too frequent forgetfulness, and continue his blessings to those I love, and cheerfully labour for."

"*July 10th.*—This week I have passed in idleness with my family, and have enjoyed it much, since I have earned the privilege to idle a little by previous industry. In one more week I shall have said adieu for a long time. God grant us a happy reunion. My mother seems contented and happy. Here, I hope, therefore, she will rest with her children."

"*July 18th.*—After a fortnight's stay at home, I took my leave of all those whose presence constitutes that word. Same night left town for Liverpool."

Power had some time previous to this resolved on a second visit to America, although every day was occupied at home, and engagements on his own stipulations were waiting him in every theatre of importance throughout the kingdom. He had already begun to meditate leaving the stage, and thought to expedite the advent of that coveted period by the double remuneration which could not fail to attend another campaign in the United States. Previous to his departure from Dublin, he made me a promise, without solicitation, that in any future engagements he might enter into in London, he would stipulate for time to come to me when I required him, and would never raise his terms, no matter what he could get elsewhere. This promise was most

punctiliously performed. We continue the extracts from his diary :—

"*July 24th, Liverpool.*—Down to the dock with great discomfort. The animals all assembled. The cabin dark, damp, and filled with all sorts of 'notions.' No ark had ever a larger proportion of the unclean than ours appears to be filled with, but we are like the starling, and 'can't get out.' This month, now nearly over, has many pleasant recollections for me. I spent much of it with my family in great quiet and perfect comfort, surrounded by all I love best on this earth ; had the satisfaction of bringing down my mother to Kent, and still more, the hope that she will stay and make my home her home for the rest of her days, which I pray may be long."

"*August 28th, New York.*—To rehearsal at eleven. All the old folk very perfect. Places taking like wild-fire. House will be crammed they say. Went to theatre a little nervous. House overflowing, lobbies and all. Cheers, cries of welcome, waving of hats and wafting of cambric handkerchiefs, attended my entrance ; indeed, no reception could have been more kind and cordial. Only one day previous to this date, I made my first bow to this audience,* a stranger, and uncertain as to how far my acting might be liked. I now return an accepted favourite, and act to a house crammed to suffocation, though there are three more theatres open this evening. I cannot but be delighted with my reception, and only wish I had here some of those I love best to share it with me."

"*September 4th.*—Walked to the battery. Saw a Texian man-of-war schooner lying at anchor, with her stripes and rising star. *My flag.* Oh, that I could exchange my rich acres for the same quantity of bog and mountain in Ireland ! Wouldn't I be a landholder ? 26,000 acres ! Dick Martin would be a nobody in comparison. What a glorious commencement have I made here. If this but continues through the season, I may cry 'content.'"

"*September 9th.*—Closed at New York with a very crowded house. This, my first engagement in this country, is more than twice as good as the best I ever made here before. A happy omen. Only let me continue at this proportion, and I shall soon close my accounts with the stage."

To render the Texian allusion intelligible, it is necessary to state, that almost immediately after his arrival, Power had been persuaded to invest eighteen hundred pounds in the purchase of an enormous tract of land in

the newly annexed province of Texas. But some of the negotiators were swindlers, who handled the money paid in, and absconded. Then arose questions about the title and actual payment ; so that the cash was impounded without return, and the property remains in abeyance. But his family are not hopeless of establishing their undoubted claim, and, perhaps, before the lapse of many years, a vast rental may pour in from what at present produces nothing. We have often heard Power describe the estate as being in a very desirable situation, and naturally fertile. Up to this date, we believe the space over which it extends is unsettled, and without inhabitants. The Pennsylvanian repudiators have lately shown symptoms of an awakened conscience ; let us hope, for the benefit of the plundered, and the sake of common honesty, that the defaulters of Texas may be compelled by the government to follow the good example.

The extracts we have selected from Power's diary contain sufficient evidence, that it is prejudice only which has endeavoured to stigmatise actors as frivolous, unthinking beings, incapable of serious, moral, or religious reflection. He whose trade it was to make the world laugh in proper season, appears to have cast aside the professional cap and bells, whenever they were out of place, and to have worn them only in his assumed characters. In March, 1837, his profitable labours were suspended for some time by a dangerous accident. Riding by night through a broken road in the State of Virginia, his horse fell, and in endeavouring to extricate himself, threw his rider with such violence as to break his collar-bone, and inflict other serious injuries. In this state he was compelled to remount and continue his ride twelve miles to Richmond, where he received great care and kindness. In the following summer he returned to England, and appeared for the first time at the Haymarket, with his usual success. After this he commenced an engagement at the Adelphi, on the opening night of the season, October 3rd, 1837. A new drama was written for him by Mr. Lover, on his own most amusing novel of "*Rory O'More.*"

* A reference to dates will show that it was on the same day. Power's life seems to have abounded in strange coincidences.

In this he surpassed all his previous efforts, both in effect and attraction. Few modern pieces have had so long a run. It was played, we believe, one hundred nights in succession, filling the treasury and the actor's pockets with equal satisfaction. During these three months, Mr. Power received £120 per week, which would have continued without interruption through the season, but from the necessity of his fulfilling, in other places, engagements previously made. On his first re-appearance in Dublin, we were assured there would be a "row," in consequence of the unsettled "Groves of Blarney" case, which was postponed but not forgotten. Anonymous letters, as usual, were written from "unknown friends," to warn us to be on our guard, and to be ready for combat; but, as we anticipated, nothing took place, or if there were a few faint sounds of discontent, they were lost amidst the tempest of congratulation. At the end of the play he was loudly called for, when he took the opportunity of alluding to the circumstance, and said, with appropriate good taste, "The momentary expression of your anger at parting was most painful to me, but it must have been still more so, before it could have obliterated the recollection of the many kind greetings I have received from you." *Rory O'More* proved a valuable addition to his stock-list of characters for provincial engagements, and was everywhere received with equal popularity. His two visits to Dublin, in 1838, produced him £636. He performed there on the 18th of July; on the 21st he sailed from Liverpool in the Great Western steamer, and again crossed the Atlantic for the third time. His views of retirement were suspended, in consequence of the increase of his income beyond all reasonable calculation, and the multiplied favours which Fortune seemed to force on his acceptance. It required more than ordinary philosophy to resist or reject the temptation. His third visit to America was a very brief one, not exceeding three months. He acted only in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, receiving £3,500 for sixty-eight performances, an average of above £50 per night. The life of a popular actor, instead of being confined, as of old, to the long, stationary London season often months, had now become a perpetual gallop of perilous adventure by sea and land,

skimming over time and distance with the rapidity of a telegraph.

The following letter, written during this short American trip, and addressed to his theatrical agent, is remarkable, as showing how distinctly he remembered a friendly promise, in making other arrangements :—

"MY DEAR K——,—You will be glad to hear that I am well, and well doing. My first engagement in New York was excellent, as usual, and here as good. The stars are all shining out in their respective spheres, each trying to eclipse the other. Madam Vestris and C. Mathews, not so great a bit, I hear, as was anticipated, but 'tis yet too early for a decided opinion; and they must, I think, improve on acquaintanceship. Celeste doing great things for Wallack, who is in high spirits accordingly. But all this, and much more, you will learn from better theatrical gossips than your humble servant. Now for my own movements. I shall leave the States by next trip of Great Western, and hope to be in London by the 5th of December. You may make any engagement you think best for a month or six weeks, at £20 per night—as much more as you please, but *not less*. I have promised Calcraft an early turn, and nothing shall interfere with that promise, or prevent my keeping faith with him. Ascertain how his plans are laid, and arrange accordingly. I hope his business is good. Let me have a line from you by next Western. ———, I see, has been hacking out a couple of my pieces, I hope with advantage to himself, though I cannot perceive the policy. However, *n'importe*, as the Frinch says. Give me any news of the day you may have, without encroaching over-much on your time, which has, I know, to be squared and triangled out into as many patches as a harlequin's jacket. If you see any one who cares to know whether I am dead or alive, say I am well; and give my remembrances to any of our cronies who may cross you. How is the Olympic going on, Adelphi, &c.; and how are yourself, wife, and little ones? All as well as you can desire, I hope. Accept my good wishes, and believe me always, very sincerely yours,

"TYRONÉ POWER.

"Philadelphia, Oct. 2nd, 1838."

In this year also (1838), Power played three engagements at the Haymarket, under the management of Mr. B. Webster, to whom he ever after proved, as to the Dublin lessee, a certain card which never failed to win. His principal novelties in 1838, were *The White Horse of the Peppers*, *Con-founded Foreigners*, and *The Irish Lion*. From the moment when he became an

object of attraction, he was particularly fortunate in original characters and dramas, nearly all of which were good in themselves, and afforded him the scope he desired. How much they were indebted to the actor, may be estimated by the flatness of their revival in other hands, now that he is no longer there to stamp them with vitality. The successors of Power labour under disadvantages more formidable than even the want of equal ability—the remembrance of his excellence, and the circumstances of his loss. There may be among the living representatives of Irish humour, men of mark and pretence, but we despair of seeing another Tyrone. As Reynolds wrote of Lewis, when he spoke outside, “the very sound of his voice inspired mirth.”

On the 17th of December, 1838, he again trod the boards of the Haymarket, having traversed many thousand miles in a short interval, scarcely amounting to five months. We subjoin a table of Mr. Power's receipts during two years, in the full current of his popularity, as an interesting subject for the thoughtful reader to ponder over. Let him remember, that sixteen years earlier, the same individual, who was now only forty-one, could with difficulty realise £200 per annum, by the exercise of the same profession, which was now yielding him more than thrice that sum in thousands.

Mr. Power's professional income during the years of 1838 and 1839 :—

1838.	
Haymarket, fourteen nights (acted gratis for two benefits) . . .	£280
Dublin, twelve nights and benefit . . .	431
Covent-Garden, nine nights . . .	180*
Liverpool, ten nights . . .	306
Adelphi, one month . . .	500
Haymarket . . .	870
Dublin, six nights and benefit . . .	225
Opened at New York, August 27th, and performed at Philadelphia and Baltimore, until Nov. 23rd; in all sixty-eight nights . . .	8500
Haymarket, from the 17th to 31st of Dec.	220
Dividends from Stocks . . .	800
<hr/>	
Total, £7812	

1839.	
Haymarket, fourteen nights . . .	£280
Dublin, fifteen nights . . .	419
Manchester, six nights . . .	185
Dublin, seven nights and benefit . . .	200
Haymarket, from April 1st to June 1st, . . .	1120
Leeds and Hull, five nights each . . .	200
Dublin, twelve nights and benefit . . .	807
Belfast, four nights . . .	122
Liverpool, nine nights and benefit . . .	811
Haymarket, fifteen nights . . .	800
Re-opened Haymarket, Oct. 30th, and acted until Dec. 31st . . .	1600
Dividends from Stocks . . .	1500
<hr/>	
Total, £6544	

These are certainly large results growing out of small beginnings, but they are faithfully copied from authentic documents, without exaggeration.

It has been stated in another biographical sketch, that Power, in 1839, appeared in Dublin, at the Abbey-street Theatre, “where he had a narrow escape of losing his valuable wardrobe, with that of the rest of the company; that old and dilapidated edifice being totally destroyed by fire, on the night of the 2nd of May.” This is a mistake: he never performed in Abbey-street. The building burnt down in that locality was a minor theatre, recently erected, and of slight construction.

Throughout the winter of 1840, he remained stationary at the Haymarket. Finding that his income at home now produced as large a return as he desired, without the fatigue and danger of foreign travel, he made up his mind to visit America no more. Had he kept that determination, he might still have been among us, and would have escaped the fatal catastrophe, so little foreseen and so permanently deplored. An easy calculation will show the enormous amount of the fortune he might have accumulated in twelve intervening years, had it been so permitted. Strong reasons induced him to change his plans. There was a vast property in Texas, from which no return could be obtained while his right of purchase was in dispute; he had also invested a large sum (£3000) in the United States Bank, which had recently stopped payment under very unpromising circumstances. He, there-

* A bad piece, produced for him at Covent-Garden was a failure. He predicted this to me and others before the result. He shortened his engagement in consequence.

fore, resolved to look after his affairs himself, in another and last flying visit to the Western World. His London season had been everything his most sanguine wishes could desire. He had a host of novelties—*The Irish Lion; The Irish Attorney; His Last Legs; The Happy Man; How to Pay the Rent*—and others of equal humour, ready to put in, in constant succession, when any began to flag. Authors wrote for him; managers courted him; the public crowded to see him. His merry glance and joyous laugh were sovereign specifics against care and melancholy. He was happy in himself, in his friends, in his family, in the good opinion of society, in an upright, honourable heart, in prosperous fortunes, and, above all, in excellent health and a good temper. With so many congregated advantages, his life was nearly all *couleur de rose*, with scarcely a passing cloud. But the roaring tempest and the muffled drum were faintly gathering in the distance, although the sounds were as yet inaudible to mortal ear.

Power came to Dublin in great spirits, to play what we little imagined was destined to be his last engagement. This was limited to twelve nights, but six more were added in consequence of the overflowing houses. He was then obliged to hurry back to London, all his time being engrossed at the Hay-market. With difficulty he had obtained a short interval to fulfil his promise to me. One morning, after rehearsal, he came into the manager's room, and said to me, "The President steamer is in Kingstown harbour, let us go and look at her." This huge leviathan of the deep, then the largest steamer which had yet been built, had been for some time at Liverpool to receive her engines, and fit out for her first voyage to New York. She came over to Kingstown as an experimental trip and a railroad attraction. Thousands crowded down to look on her.* She lay in the smooth basin, an imposing mass; her sides black and towering

as an impenetrable fortress; an ark in which a thousand souls would find no want of accommodation, and a home on the ocean, apparently strong enough to combat and subdue the fury of the wildest storm. She was built principally of oak, with fir planking; had three masts and three decks; her upper deck being flush from the bows to the stern, without a poop. On that ample expanse, smooth and polished as the floor of a drawing-room in Grosvenor-square, two hundred and fifty couple might have danced without jostling. It was beautiful to the eye, while the mind contemplated with wonder one of the noblest specimens of man's energy, exhibited in the triumph of marine architecture. On that day she was to return to Liverpool. As the lofty vessel glided out of the harbour, almost without perceptible effort, and with increasing speed, we were reminded of the poet's lines—

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife!"†

The long-hidden and miraculous powers of the steam-engine had now reached a colossal maturity, little foreseen in 1807, when Robert Fulton first navigated the Hudson in a small boat propelled by vapour, and even in 1819, when the comparatively diminutive Savannah, of 360 tons, steamed from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days. Fulton has obtained the credit of being the first who applied water-wheels to the purpose of steam navigation; but though he claimed the invention, he certainly was not the real inventor. As in the case of the discovery of the New World, Amerigo Vespucci has supplanted Columbus, in giving a name where another could show a more lawful parentage. Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, a gentleman of fortune, and family, and scientific habits, had expended many years and many thousands (by which his estate was involved), in the construction of a steam-vessel, propelled by paddles, and earlier than the year

* The dimensions of the President, as compared with the British Queen and Great Britain, subsequently built, were as follows:—

		Length in feet.	Breadth.	Tons burthen.
President	...	273	41	1600
British Queen	...	275	64	2000
Great Britain (iron)	...	320	51	2500

† Corsair, Canto I.

1790.* He offered his ship to our own Government, who refused to buy it, or try the experiment of its capabilities. Disappointed and disheartened, he took it to Stockholm, as a present to Gustavus III., an enlightened monarch, whose views were too far in advance of his people and his resources. His mind was active in improvement, but his exchequer was empty, and though he fully appreciated and understood the value of the gift, he had nothing to bestow in return but a gold snuff-box, with his portrait set in brilliants, valued at about £3000; a modern parallel of the unequal interchange of civilities between Sarpedon and Glaucus. The King of Sweden soon afterwards fell by the hand of Ankerström, and no time was allotted him to profit by the valuable acquisition placed in his hands. We have seen the box, in the possession of the family of Dalswinton; the only beneficial advantage they have ever derived from the ingenious discovery of their ancestor. It is hard to waste time and money without return, but it cuts deeper still to be defrauded of just reputation. We have reason to believe, from those who are best acquainted with the fact, that the double vexation preyed on the mind of Mr. Miller, and hastened his death.

Power was to leave England in the early part of August, and had half-determined to sail by the President, provided she was ready for her first voyage to suit his time. While we were examining her, I observed, "I don't like these very large steamers, and some day or other a fearful catastrophe will be recorded of one of them." "Why do you think so?" replied he. "Because they seem to me too large for their steam-power." He differed from this opinion, but pointed out several defects in the President's build, remarking, among others, that she was *hog-backed*, and then went on to explain, in nautical phraseology, with which he was conversant, the meaning of the term. He concluded, by saying, "She's an ugly-looking brute, and I won't go in her." This conversation made little impression on me at the time, but I often recalled it with painful earnestness, when after-events had stamped it with a tone of pro-

phesy, and I thought how differently they might have turned had he never changed that resolution. It was settled that he should come back from America to the Haymarket, before Christmas, and visit me again in March or April. He was, in fact, one of my sheet-anchors, of which I had very few in store. His final appearance in Dublin, occurred on the 20th of June, 1840. He had protracted his stay to the last moment, so that it was necessary he should leave Kingstown for Holyhead, after the performance, by a mail-packet, which then sailed at half-past eleven. The bill was arranged accordingly, and comprised *The Irish Attorney, His Last Legs*; and the farce of *A Good-looking Fellow*, to conclude, and in which he was not concerned. The announcement was headed by the following paragraph:—"The public are respectfully informed that in consequence of the necessity of Mr. Power leaving Dublin by the mail-train, at eleven o'clock, the performances, this evening, will commence precisely at twenty minutes after seven, and the second price at twenty minutes after nine." A more brilliant and crowded audience had seldom graced the walls of the theatre, and never did a merrier laugh, or heartier applause, re-echo through that extensive area. When he had finished, with scarcely a minute to spare, to be in time for the train, he came into my room, muffled up for travelling, shook hands, with a cordial grasp, and said, "Good-bye; we have finished gloriously, and I hope we shall *encore* this in the spring." The door closed, and I never saw him again. No foreboding shadows obtruded themselves, ominous of disappointment; no inward monitor whispered, "You have met for the last time;" for I never felt more confident that anxious anticipations would be realised. The broken reed of man's confidence was ere long snapped by a rude shock, the more appalling, because it came suddenly, without prelude or preparation. It happened, as if by arranged coincidence, although entirely accidental, that none of the Dublin papers contained any comments on Power's last performance. But this may easily be accounted for, as the pieces given were repetitions, which

* See the Scots Magazine for 1786.

had been already noticed, and not the slightest idea was entertained, that the pen of criticism would never again be in motion, as far he was concerned, except to record and lament his loss.

On Saturday, the 1st of August, 1840, he took his farewell benefit at the Haymarket Theatre, and made, what was destined to be his last appearance on any English stage. As the bill of

fare provided for that night's entertainment is now invested with a mournful interest, the insertion of a copy may not be considered inappropriate. The cast of the *Jealous Wife*, although very strong, is scarcely superior to that which was given of the same play in Dublin, on the occasion of Mr. Thomas Moore's bespeak :—

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Farewell Benefit and Last Night of

MR. POWER

In this country, previous to his departure for America.

This Evening, Saturday, August 1st, 1840, will be performed the Elder Colman's Comedy of the

JEALOUS WIFE.

Mr. Oakly	Mr. Macready.
Captain O'Cutter (for this night only)	Mr. Power.
Major Oakly	Mr. Phelps.
Russet	Mr. Strickland.
Lord Trinket	Mr. Walter Lacy.
Sir Harry Beagle	Mr. Webster.
Charles Oakly	Mr. J. Webster.
Mrs. Oakly	Mrs. Glover.
Lady Free love	Mrs. W. Clifford.
Harriet	Miss Travers.

After which (by desire) the Favourite Comedy of the

IRISH AMBASSADOR.

Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, A.D.C.	Mr. Power.
The Grand Duke	Mr. Waldron.
Prince Rodolph	Mr. Howe.
Count Moreno, the Spanish Ambassador	Mr. Strickland.
Baron Lowincraft, the Saxon Ambassador	Mr. T. F. Mathews.
Lady Emily De Lancy, secretly married to Prince Rodolph	Miss Travers.
Isabella	Miss Charles.

To conclude with (last time) Mr. Buckstone's Original Farce of the

IRISH LION.

Tim More, a Travelling Tailor	Mr. Power.
Squatt ... Mr. Strickland.	Puffy ...	Mr. Gough.	Wadd ...	Mr. Clarke.
Capt. Dixon ... Mr. Worrell.	Ginger ...	Mr. T. F. Mathews.		
John Long ...	Master Ward.			
Mrs. Cerulia Fizgig (a Blue-Stocking)	Miss P. Horton.	
Mrs. Crummey ... Mrs. Gallot.	Miss Echo ...	Miss Grove.		

During Power's stay in America, I received but one short letter from him, indicating a change in his plans. Current events induced him to prolong his visit, which he originally intended to comprise within three months. It is somewhat remarkable that this letter came by the ill-fated President, and the last time she anchored safely in an English port. The letter was endorsed, "Per President-steam-ship, November 2, 1840. Tyrone Power:—"

"Gloster Hotel, New York.

"My dear C——, you will be glad to hear that I am doing well here as usual, and hope to make up some of my loss by the U.S.B. £8000. No joke, eh? I hear great things of your operatic pull,* and hope it has served the cause. I am now between hawk and buzzard here, about coming home on December 1st, or staying till March 1st, so think it right to hint the probability of my not being with you, as concerted. If I do stay here, I shall see you in June, as I shall certainly return, to open the Haymarket. Your

* The first experiment of grand Italian opera, with Grisi and Tamburini, which proved very successful, and led to many others.

friends the W——'s, are doing great things, but troubled by annoyances. B—— is giving sacred oils at the Tabernacle. Hear this, Old Jewry! I'm told he is as jolly as a sandboy, and says he'll make a second fortune here. I hope he may, with all my heart. We are in the midst of a sort of revolution in Columbia. The Presidential election going on full swing. An English, and an Irish election, to boot, are milk and water compared to the excitement of a Yanky one. The present dynasty will be turned out, and no mistake. Offer my kind remembrances to Mrs. C——, and with best wishes, believe me, yours always,

"TYRONE POWER.

"P.S.—In your wardrobe my man's sister occasionally works. Her case will be bettered by two sovereigns, with the which her brother desires to invest her. Pray, therefore, pay Fanny Butterly that sum, on my account, and say to her that her brother is an honest, steady boy as 'any in the barony.'"

Shortly after this he had an attack of illness while in South Carolina, and letters, confirming his intention to remain, and complete engagements thus temporarily suspended, were received by his family, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, and others. The 1st of March was now fixed for the day of his embarkation, but he was persuaded to delay for the departure of the President, on the 11th. He wished to voyage in company with Lord Frederick Lennox, with whom he had become intimately acquainted; as also, with Captain Roberts, then promoted to the command of the President, an esteemed friend, a great man also in his line, and a most able and experienced officer. The day was fair when the noble vessel steamed down the river, from New York, with 123 souls on board, in company with the packet-ship Orpheus, Captain Cole, both bound for Liverpool. We have heard that the President was ballasted with bales of cotton—a bulky substance—but which her enormous tonnage could stow to almost any extent, without inconvenience or lumber. If this be true, it seems the more extraordinary that no morsel or fragment of that light freightage should ever have been discovered floating on the ocean. Warm farewells were wafted from the shore; there were wet eyes, and waving handkerchiefs, but all on board felt confi-

dence in this strong bark, and her skilful commander. Many predicted a rapid, prosperous passage, but aged seafaring men shook their heads, thinking of the equinox, which was nigh at hand, and murmuring of the "dirty weather" looming in the distant horizon, which would require stout timbers to withstand its force. It has been said, and often repeated, both in private conversation and public statement, that Mr. Niblo, proprietor of the well-known theatrical gardens at New York, came down to the wharf with his luggage, but an indescribable sensation came over him, that ill-luck would attend the voyage, and he returned to his hotel, without embarking. The anecdote is singular, if true, and open to contradiction, if unfounded. Throughout the first night, and the early part of the following day, the weather continued favourable; but on the evening of the 12th, there came rapidly on forebodings of the approaching danger, which could not be mistaken. The tempest soon lashed itself into a fury, such as none but those who have sailed in those latitudes, and in the stormy season, can imagine or describe. Throughout that night, and the whole of Saturday, the 13th, the conflict of the elements raged with fearful violence, and before the break of dawn on Sunday, the 14th of March, the President (it is supposed) went down, with all on board. As nearly as reasonable conjecture can establish certainty, she foundered, while beating between Nantucket shoals and George's Bank. This was the opinion of Captain Cole and the crew of the Orpheus, the last mortal eyes which looked on the fated vessel, while involved in the same peril, from which their own escape was most miraculous. The two ships parted company the first night, but had been within sight and signal of each other again on the 12th and 13th. The President was then observed to be labouring fearfully with the tempest, and evidently in the last extremity of danger, but her lights were still distinguishable to a late hour on that evening. When morning dawned, on the 14th, the captain of the Orpheus swept the horizon with his telescope in anxious survey, but the

* This poor lad perished with his master, in the President. Mr. Power had engaged him from the Dublin Theatre, as his servant and dresser.

dark hull of the steamer was no longer visible. He rubbed his eyes, as Colonel Ashton did, when he saw the Master of Ravenswood rapidly approaching, and disappear suddenly in the quicksand, which engulfed both horse and rider, leaving no vestige of either. The rest is impenetrable darkness.

The President was seen no more, while the Orpheus braved the angry storm in triumph. The dwarf escaped, and arrived in safety to tell the tale ; but the giant perished in his pride and strength. The stately oak resists and falls, while the quivering willow bends and rebounds. It has been often asked, why the President, in that awful crisis, did not put up her helm, and try to scud before the gale, retracing her steps to a haven of safety. Nautical experience has answered that it was impossible. No such vessel could plunge into the trough of that deep sea, and escape being overwhelmed by the pursuing billows. The best chance of safety lay in beating up, or laying to, until the fury of the hurricane subsided into a lull. Perhaps, too, her rudder was broken, and she was unmanageable. But all is vague conjecture. We know nothing—except that she is lost. The case is not insulated, nor confined to steamers. So disappeared (as memorable parallels) the *Blenheim*, seventy-four,* and the *Java*, frigate, when on their homeward voyage from India, in 1807. They, too, were supposed to founder, in a typhoon off Madagascar, which they encountered, but were never more seen or heard of. The fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror* are unascertained, after a long interval of seven years ; but of their safety and rescue there still remains a well-grounded hope. The following has been given as a correct list of the passengers who embarked in the President, on the ill-omened 11th of March, 1841 :—

“Lieutenant Lord F. Lennox ; Tyrone Power and servant ; E. B. Howell and wife, a bride and bridegroom, married only a few hours before the ship left the port : R. H. Dundas ; — Courtney, Esq., B.A. ; S. Maile, P. E. Pfeffel, A. R. Warburg, C. A.

D. Missagae, C. L. Cadet, T. Palmer, Dr. M. Torner, T. Blancher, J. Frazer, H. Van Loke, jun. ; A. S. Byrne, — Thorndyke, Esq., W. Wykeham Martin, A. Livingston, Rev. G. G. Cookman, D. Denchar, B. Morris and child ; E. Barry, J. C. Roberts, J. Leo Wolf, lady, and child ; and Master Morning. Total, 81.”

As usual on any unexpected event, exaggerated fictions were propagated. It was known that Power's last visit to the United States had added a considerable sum to his realised property. This gave rise to a report that he had converted all into specie, which was lost with him. The rumour had no foundation, as he embarked with nothing unrecoverable, except his wardrobe, manuscripts, and travelling expenses. As thought and memory linger over the sad catastrophe, we grow giddy with vague conjecture as to its details. No surviving evidence, no transmitted record, has unfolded a single page of the dark volume. There were stories of bottles picked up, hermetically sealed, containing scraps of writing, and indications of despair ; but these were all fabulous inventions. We often ask ourselves how did the blow fall ?—was it sudden and unexpected ; or foreseen, and gradual of approach ? Were that unconscious band startled into eternity, when dreaming of life, and home, and happiness ; of affectionate welcome, and bright days in store for the future ? Or had they time for preparation ? Did the voice of the experienced commander, on whose skill under Heaven they all depended, inform them there was no longer rescue in human energy, and warn them all to collect their thoughts, and turn to Him alone who was mighty to save, even when the last plank was yielding, or whose heavy chastisement, perhaps, was meant in mercy ? Did they join in prayer, or shriek in desolation ? Did the strong console the weak, setting them the example of manly fortitude ; and did the helpless gaze on the resolved, in mute despair, as if there might still be hope where there was courage, and calmness, and Christian resignation ? We may ask,

* Commanded by Sir Thomas Troubridge, one of the best officers in the Navy, and a companion of Nelson ; one of the “band of brothers,” as he designated his Nile captains. The *Blenheim* was condemned as not sea-worthy. Troubridge undertook to bring her home in safety ; and such was the confidence in his skill and resources, that a volunteer crew and officers were instantly found to venture with him.

and ponder, and conjecture ; but we cannot answer these momentous questions. Lord Byron's description of a

similar scene forces itself on our thoughts with agonising reality :—

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave ;
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her, like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

"And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive plash,
A solitary scream, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Death, in the gradual decay of nature, is often a welcome release. In the field of battle, or on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, it is consecrated by honour, and sweetened by a sense of duty. But, in the darkness of the midnight tempest, it comes as an unlooked-for dispensation, awful and overwhelming ; bearing, perhaps, less heavily on the sufferer than on the surviving relatives, who have lost their stay, and prop, and ornament, and for whose ad-

vantage, although they cannot fathom this at present, the lesson is inscrutably administered. There have been many poetical effusions on a subject so striking as the loss of the President. The following lines, written by the Rev. E. S. Hawker, have been printed before, but they appear so apposite, and so happily expressed, that, perhaps, they require no apology for an attempt to give them additional publicity :—

"Speak ! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea !
Lift up thy surges with some signal word—
Show where the pilgrims of the waters be,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirr'd.

"They went down to thy waves in joyous pride ;
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way ;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they ?

"Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive ;
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive ?

"Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie
Their stately ship, a carcass of the foam ?
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home !

"If thou hast drawn them, mighty tide, declare,
To some far off immeasurable plain,
'Mid all things wild and wonderful, and where
The magnet woos her iron mate in vain !

"Doth hope still soothe their souls, or gladness thrill ?
Is peace amid those wanderers of the foam ?
Say, is the old affection yearning still
With all the blessed memories of home ?

"Or is it over—life, and breath, and thought,
The living features and the breathing form ?
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm ?

"Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea!
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air!
Roll on, ye tears! Oh! what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?"

"Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow in the darkling cloud;
A voice more mighty than the floods shall sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!"

"What! though they woke the whirlwinds of the west?
Or roused the tempest from its eastern lair?
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast?
Lord of the awful waters! thou wert there.

"All merciful! the day, the doom were thine;
Thou didst embrace them on the seething sea:
Thy love too deep—thy mercy too divine—
To quench them in an hour unmeet for thee!"

"If winds were mighty, thou wert in the gale!—
If their feet failed them, in thy paths they trod!
Storms could not urge the bark, nor guide the sail,
Nor force the quivering helm away from God!"

The loss of the President, for a moment, produced a feeling of mistrust as to the permanent efficacy of steam navigation, in situations of extreme peril, and for very distant voyages over stormy seas; but the evil impression was only momentary. It was remembered that the British Queen and Halifax mailsteamers weathered the hurricane to which the President had succumbed, and that many of the finest sailing-vessels in the navy and merchant service had been lost by foundering at sea. The instance was an isolated casualty, and not a test by which to establish a general rule. Fifteen years before, Captain Johnston received a reward of £10,000 for making the first steam-voyage to India in the *Enterprise*, which sailed from Falmouth, August the 16th, 1825.*

Power was announced to open the Haymarket season on Easter Monday, the 12th April, 1841, in *Born to Good Luck, or the Irishman's Fortune*. It was known he was coming by the President. Time rolled on, the vessel was long overdue; no tidings of her had been heard, and sinister rumours began to be whispered abroad. Reports of the devastating storm reached England, and there was cause for alarm, although, as yet, none for despondence. The President might have sus-

tained damage, and put back to New-York; or she might have run into the Azores to refit; or might have been driven even to the West Indies out of her course. There were precedents for all these casualties. Mr. Webster, the Haymarket manager, retained his bill and his announcement, confident in the good fortune of Power, of which he had already received evidence, and in the firm belief that he would yet arrive, although it might not be until five o'clock in the day on which he was to appear. But when more time elapsed, and Captain Cole, with the *Orpheus*, arrived at Liverpool, and told what he believed, the intelligence was too startling and probable to be rejected; sanguine hope subsided into doubt, which soon gave way to conviction. Still reports were circulated from day to day, which revived expectancy and checked despair. The question became one almost of national interest, to the suspension of business. At one time the missing steamer had been seen far down towards the tropical latitudes, dismasted, and slowly working her way. Then she was on the coast of Spain; then rounding the Island of Madeira; and finally in the Irish Channel. Still she arrived not; and all these illusory appearances faded into nothing, like the phantom of the "Flying

* We believe this is the same skilful and successful navigator, of whom it is recorded that up to November, 1822, he had crossed the Atlantic in sailing vessels 172 times, without wreck or capture, or a single accident of any kind which incurred a loss to the underwriters on the ships under his command.

Dutchman." One Sunday morning, a busy official, of high rank, more anxious than well-informed, rushed into the Lord Lieutenant's presence, in Dublin Castle, and told him that the President had been signalled as entering the Cove of Cork. The news spread like an electric shock, and found its way into the morning papers. At that time the mid-day mail arrived from Cork about twelve o'clock. Thousands had congregated round the General Post-Office, in Sackville-street, and the name of Power was on every lip. The mail arrived, and dissipated the dream. Had he been there, they would have carried him on their shoulders through the streets of Dublin, in triumph as heartfelt, and with gratulations as sincere as ever hailed the return of a Roman general from the conquest of a kingdom. The writer was there among the expectant crowd, and shared bitterly in the common disappointment. Until then, he believed and trusted that he should see his friend again; but from thenceforward he felt convinced it was not to be.

When Power was thus cut off, he was only in his forty-fourth year. Having married early in life, he left behind him a numerous family of seven children, four sons and three daughters,* who, with his amiable widow, continue still to mourn their untimely privation. His marriage was one of free choice, uninfluenced except by affection, and proved a source of long and lasting happiness. In an union of twenty-three years, he and his partner had experienced the inconveniences of a narrow income, the bitterness of hope deferred, the failure of many sanguine schemes, the pain of protracted separation; but all was softened and relieved by the crowning blessings of affluence, and prosperity, and domestic concord. We must not presume to ask why this flowing current was checked in its full tide, or wonder at the decree; but let us rather lay the lesson on our hearts, in useful meditation, as applicable to all, as well as to those most nearly and dearly interested.

William, the eldest son of Tyrone Power, received an appointment in the Commissariat, from Lord Melbourne. He has seen rough service in India, China, and New Zealand, and is now

in Caffraria, with every prospect of rising high in the department to which he belongs. Maurice, the second son, was intended and educated for the bar, but he preferred the stage, for which he possessed many external and other requisites; but unfortunately he died suddenly in Bath, after a few hours' illness, in the summer of 1849. Frederick has been bred a civil engineer; and Harold, the youngest, holds an appointment in the Post-Office. One daughter (the youngest) is married; and the remaining two reside with their surviving parent. Power was about five feet eight inches in height, with a light complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair. His form compact, light, and agile; his face intelligent, animated, and expressive. Although the richest humour sparkled in his eye, and fell from his lips without effort, he could embody either pathos or strong passion with adequate intensity when required. The public have never seen his place supplied; and the friends who knew and esteemed his personal worth, remember him with unavailing regret, which time has not impaired. In a professional point of view, his absence has been most keenly felt by many managers, particularly by Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket, and Mr. Calcraft, of Dublin. The former, in his closing address, in March, 1842, thus introduced the mournful subject:—"Amongst the difficulties of the season, to which I have referred, the greatest, the keenest, and the most painful, was the loss of a public favourite, whose name cannot be mentioned in this theatre without tears. In that accomplished artist, the English public lost one of the most genial comedians that ever trod the stage, and I a friend whose memory is too sacred for eulogy at this moment."

John Johnstone and Tyrone Power were unquestionably the two greatest actors of Irish characters the stage has produced, within the annals of surviving experience. Which of the two is entitled to take precedence of the other, or whether they stood on an equality, are questions open to endless argument and opinion. Their style and qualifications differed in essential particulars, however the general merit and ability might be evenly balanced. We

* A fourth daughter died in infancy.

know of no other candidate to be admitted into the competition. Charles Connor was the next on the list ; but, although good, he scarcely stood beyond first in the second class. Of those who preceded, we have but scanty records ; and to classify the pretensions of the living would be invidious and unprofitable. The step from mediocrity to excellence is wide, and impassable except to the chosen few. Moderate talent may please, but high genius alone can delight to enthusiasm.

Johnstone, although perhaps less habitually familiarised to high society, had, on the stage, a more commanding air, and a more imposing personal deportment than Power evinced. Never wanting in the spirit and humour which his part required, he indulged more in repose. He flashed out occasionally, and then subsided for a time. Sometimes he ambled and cantered gently along ; but Power dashed away in a continual gallop. As George III. said of Garrick, when asked to describe his peculiar manner—"he was unlike anybody else, always doing something, and always keeping the whole audience on the alert." With Johnstone the laugh was long and loud at intervals. With Power it was incessant. An occasional round shot, as distinguished from the rattling fire of musquetry. Johnstone, although rich in his clowns, was scarcely so distinctly identical as his successor. His Dennis Bulgruddery, Looney Mactwoler, Murtoch Delany, and Teague, were more nearly related than Power's Rory O'More, O'Flannigan, Larry Hoollagan, or Teddy the Tiler. Johnstone's "brogue" was purer, indigenously Milesian, and engrafted on his natural attributes. Power could assume or divest himself of his Hibernian dialect, as he pleased. But absence and foreign education had mixed up with it some discrepancies, which a practised native ear might discover, although scarcely perceptible to ordinary observation. Johnstone excelled most in

characters where a high-bred tone was blended with military ease and polish, such as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Major O'Flaherty. We are not sure that he would not have surpassed Power in certain points of *The Irish Ambassador* (Sir Patrick O'Plenipo), admirable as that representation was in the hands of the actor for whom it was invented. But, we question whether he possessed physical energy and natural buoyancy enough, to support a whole play, instead of an insulated feature. He brought to perfection an existing style, but Power created a new one for himself. Both studied from nature, but Power, although the younger man, had opened more leaves of her polyglot volume, as he had seen greater varieties of human character, in different countries, and had led a life of superior travel and adventure. Power realised more money in less time, received larger salaries, and was more individually attractive. But, in the days of Johnstone, the play-loving public went, more to see an entire performance than one shining star. Power, too, was fortunate in a larger and more brilliant list of original characters ; but this marks the extent of his popularity. Dramatic authors write for the actors who can give their works the greatest currency. Plays are, in general, better than they were, although, in many instances, the one prominent performer appears to more advantage, and engrosses the public attention to himself, instead of sharing it with others. There are great actors still living, but the multiplication of theatres has divided the strength which was formerly condensed. Johnstone was superior to Power as a professional vocalist, and unrivalled in a *chanson a boire* ; but Power sang pleasingly, and always introduced his songs with taste and effect, both on the stage and in society. He sometimes wrote the words himself, and adapted them to popular national airs, which suited the compass of his voice. As a specimen we select—

THE IRISH HUSSAR.

AIR—"The One-Horse Shay."

THE WORDS BY TYRONE POWER.

"In times not very old, there lived a baron bold,
Who kept a lovely daughter under bolt and bar;
He was naturally mild, 'till he found his only child
Had been bother'd or beguiled by an Irish Hussar.

" His castle wall was steep, with a fosse both wide and deep,
And the lady's tower was lofty, as most lady's towers are ;
But what ditch or rampart stout, ever yet kept young love out,
Or ever gave the rout to an Irish Hussar ?

" On a cold and stormy night, in that tow'r there shone a light,
'Twas love's own beacon bright, high o'er the elemental war :
Each sentry kept his box, leaving all to walls and locks,
Little dreaming what a fox was an Irish Hussar.

" To that turret-light so true, now a pebble lightly flew,
So the watchful maiden knew that her lover was not far ;
Back she flung a silken ball, right o'er the castle wall,
Knowing well that it must fall near the Irish Hussar.

" Soon, according to her hope, she drew back a stair of rope,
Which her own fair hand safe fastened to the window bar ;
While she heard a voice below, whisper, ' Woh, good Shamrock, woh,
Till she comes—then off you go, with your Irish Hussar.'

" Tho' the tower was so high, soon the lover mounted nigh,
But the maid began to sigh to see the ground so far ;
Says he, ' Now, love, come down with me'—but, says she, ' Dear, where's your key ?'
' Hanging by my side,' says he, ' like an Irish Hussar.'

" His light laugh sooth'd her fears—soon she dried her maiden tears,
Knowing well that now a faint heart would her fortunes mar ;
Soon without the tower they stood, where they found a charger good
That would face both fire and flood, with an Irish Hussar."

" Says he, ' Now, love, mount with me.' ' Oh, dear ! oh, la !' cries she ;
' Why, I look'd at least to see a coach or jaunting car.'
' Ah, ma cushla gra !' he cried, ' your sweet self must learn to ride,
If you look to be the bride of an Irish Hussar.'

" The maiden made no more ado, but *en croupe* full lightly flew,
' And now good steed be true in love as you've been true in war :
Your fair arms around me throw, my own dear girl, just do ;
Now, one kiss, and off you go with your Irish Hussar ! "

We are not aware that Johnstone ever meddled with authorship in any shape. Power, as we have seen, wrote much, and distinguished himself in more than one branch of light, ornamental literature. Both were prudent in worldly affairs, honourable in all their dealings, systematically gentlemanlike in their habits, and as much courted for the charm of conversation in private society, as they were admired for their matchless humour on the stage. This slight comparison of two very superior men is attempted, less in the assumption of criticism, than to record impressions, uninfluenced by prejudice and formed on personal observation.

The theme is ended. The pen glides from the hand of the imperfect biographer, who feels that he has executed but a meagre sketch, when he would have desired to present a finished portrait. Farewell, Tyrone Power ! Alas !

we cannot say to kindred worth and genius, " tread lightly over his ashes, and weed his grave clean, for he was your friend and brother." His mortal remains lie entombed beneath the fathomless billows of the Atlantic, inaccessible to the tributary tear, and beyond the reach of the affectionate memorial. No *kebla* in the dim horizon points to the identical spot. The votive garland has long been ready, but where is it to be placed ? His memory survives, not in the laboured inscription, or sculptured emblazonry of a marble monument, but in the hearts of those who loved and respected him. Revolving years have softened and melted down the poignancy, but cannot weaken the enduring strength of their regret. They dreamed of his return, until hope faded into a baseless delusion, and bow submissively to the inevitable loss, but without ceasing to deplore its bitterness.

J. W. C.

SIR F. B. HEAD.*

WE certainly cannot congratulate Sir Francis Head upon his literary success as an Irish tourist. The book before us will add nothing to his reputation, whatever it may take away from it. It is, without question, one of the dullest books of the season or the age. The wonder is, how any person, with a note-book and a pencil, could have travelled from Kingstown to Galway, and contrived to make the records of his travel so dull. That he carried with him these formidable implements, and made free use of them, Sir Francis takes care constantly to remind us. He was considerate enough to apprise those who conversed with him that there was

"A chiel among them taking notes,
And faith he'll prent them."

But upon every commonplace conversation, out came the note-book, jotting down every passing remark as a specimen of Irish wit, or an important revelation of the political condition of the country. After all, it is almost incredible, that in the course of a fortnight, he has not managed to record a single memorandum that is worth recording. It may be that wit and fun and humour have passed from our unfortunate country; or it may be that, by some extraordinary affinity, the tourist contrived only to extract what was dull, in his intercourse with our people; but, be the cause what it may, nothing is more surprising than the fact, that an intelligent, vivacious gentleman could have passed, in travelling through any quarter of the world, so stupid a fortnight, except the fact, that he should have been afterwards bewitched enough to publish his diary of the excursion.

The book before us is divided into two parts—the first, consisting of 236 tolerably close-printed pages of letter-press, is entitled "My Tour;" the second is a political essay, occupying 164 additional, in which Sir Francis favours us with the insight he has acquired into the *vezata questio* of the sources of Irish evils; and with a rather summary solution of the still more puzzling question, "What is to be done?" We

believe we may sum up the opinions of Sir Francis briefly, by stating that he has come to the conclusion, that the Romish priesthood are the sole cause of the evils of Ireland—an opinion which he justifies by numerous extracts from "Dens' Theology," the decrees of the Council of Trent, and the newspapers published about the time of the late election: his practical remedies are, to continue the grant to Maynooth—to send an ambassador to Rome, and, we think we infer also, to continue Lord Eglinton as Lord Lieutenant.

His reasons for continuing the grant to the College of Maynooth are, we cannot help saying, a little singular. His main proposition is, that the priests who have been educated at that College "are the cause of the moral degradation of Ireland." The British Government he acquits. The Irish landlords he declares not guilty of causing the wretchedness of Ireland. The Irish people he generously and truly vindicates in a passage for which we regret we cannot make room. All these successive acquittals are only to fasten the guilt upon the one remaining body into whose conduct he inquires:—

"In virtue of the above facts, which are incontrovertible, I feel justified in asserting, that the Irish people are the victims of some secret malign influence, and that of the dissensions and demoralisation which disgrace their country, they are 'NOT GUILTY.'"

"ARE THE PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND THE CAUSE OF THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND?"

"I reply, 'THEY ARE!'"

"The affirmation of these two small monosyllables will of course excite the anger of those against whom they are directed; but as it is in sorrow rather than in anger, that I very deliberately make the assertion, I calmly defy all the talents, ability, sophistry, artifice, and indignation of the Irish priesthood to repel the evidence I am about to adduce, for the avowed object of degrading in the estimation of every Irishman, and most especially of every Irishwoman—to the proper level—a clergy, who—I will prove it—have brought scandal on the sacred character

* "A Fortnight in Ireland." By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1852.

of the Catholic Church, who have disgraced the cloth they wear, and who are culpably driving from a beloved soil hundreds of thousands of men, women, and little children, whom it was their especial duty spiritually and morally to befriend."—p. 251.

He then proceeds to establish this charge by extracts from the authorised standards of the Church of Rome, by a catalogue of violent speeches, and acts of members of the priesthood at the late elections, such as a pair of scissors and the files of any Irish paper for the month of July could enable any one to compile; and he thus winds up the tremendous impeachment of the priests educated, at the national expense, at the Royal College of Maynooth:—

"And what, I now ask of the priesthood of Ireland, has been the result of the guilty hatred you have inculcated between your poor parishioners and the legitimate proprietors of the soil they cultivate? You have excited passions, which, as Christian ministers, it was your especial duty to allay. In the name of God, and from your holy altars, with all the power of that education which the British Parliament gave to you at Maynooth, you have not only denounced, cursed, and threatened the Irish *landlords*, but, diverting the enormous spiritual influence you possess, to temporal purposes of the most sordid description, you have instigated your illiterate followers to the commission of the dreadful crime of MURDER; and, that there may be no mistake as to the awful consequences of your eloquence, your imprecations, and of your appeal to black-thorn sticks, iron picks, arms, and other deadly weapons, I call upon you, before the civilised world, to read (and as you read, may you repent) the following list of land-owners (designated by you 'tyrants, exterminators, and oppressors of the poor') and land-agents, who, in Irish graves, are now lying festering around you, either with fractured skulls and broken limbs, or with bodies perforated by bullets and shot, fired upon them as they were inoffensively coming from market—as they were innocently cultivating their land—and, in several instances, as, in the sacred enjoyment of domestic happiness, seated in their own homes, they were surrounded by families who are now mourning over their irreparable loss.

"When this list of murders* shall be affixed (as I trust it will be) to the door of every Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland, will the priest thereof dare to cross its threshold to administer holy mass to a devout Christian congregation? Will virtuous Irishwomen tolerate his presence at the

altar? will they confess to him who, for his own sordid, revengeful views, has been the means of turning wives into widows, and helpless children into orphans? Finally, whether they do or not, I ask the Irish priesthood, while this list of murders is before their eyes, themselves to declare whether I am not justified in asserting, that 'They have brought scandal on the sacred character of the Catholic Church; that they have disgraced the cloth they wear; and that they are culpably driving from a beloved soil, hundreds of thousands of men, women, and little children, whom it was their especial duty, spiritually and morally, to befriend?'—pp. 384-7.

Our readers will hardly be prepared for the practical inference from all this, that the College of Maynooth ought to be maintained, still less for the reasoning, that the worse the priests are, the more generously and liberally should we treat them:—

"In 1795, Mr. Pitt, conceiving that if the Irish priesthood were to be forced to cross the Channels of Ireland and England to the Continent of Europe in quest of education, they would with religious instruction imbibe Jacobinical principles, proposed the formation of a home college, in which they might learn not only to be religious but *loyal*; in short, he conceived that he would secure the Irish priesthood to the throne by educating them in Ireland. His expectations, however, have been reversed; for while Roman Catholic priests on the Continent have always been in favour of monarchy or despotism, in Ireland *alone*, generally speaking, they have been, and are, liberals or republicans.

"But the establishment of the College of Maynooth has produced other disadvantages which might have been foreseen.

"If candidates for the Irish priesthood had continued to go for education to the Continent, the mere expenses they would have had to incur would have secured to the Church the sons of respectable people. With an opportunity of mixing with foreigners, their manners would have been polished, and their ideas enlarged. Indeed, in the French School of Theology at St. Omer, there is very little of what is commonly called 'ultramontaniam.' On their return, they would thus have been fit to enter into the very best society of Ireland, an intercourse of which the advantages would evidently have been reciprocal.

"Now, in the cheap wholesale manufacture of priests at Maynooth, there exist the following glaring errors:—Instead, like our young Protestant clergy at Oxford and Cambridge, of enjoying the advantages of association with gentlemen and noblemen of

* See this table, for which we have not space, in Sir F. B. Head's book, p. 386.

all professions, their education is exclusively confined to themselves; indeed, the stone wall that environs them is but an emblem of that which is artificially constructed round their intellects, their minds, and their hearts; and as their life is evidently divested of all refined intellectual enjoyments, none but the sons of small needy farmers and small shopkeepers are willing to embark in it, and thus it may be confidently asserted, that among the whole of the Irish priesthood, there scarcely exists the son of a gentleman. Indeed, the bishops of the various dioceses are practically aware that young men chosen from the very lowest ranks of society are more subservient to them than had they been selected from a higher caste; and it is on this account, that in Ireland the Irish priest is rarely to be found in the society of a gentleman.

"In the class-books at Maynooth—for instance, in Dens' Theology—ultramontane principles are irrevocably implanted in their heads; their discipline (*vide* the number of hours they are at study, page 95) breaks down their minds; abject subjection to their superiors crushes their spirits: in fact, not only is the system altogether one of utter slavery, but I regret to say, it ends, as I have shown, in the slave becoming a tyrant.

"The addition to education money granted in late years by Parliament has not produced much improvement; for although it has undeniably increased the *number* of priests, it has not improved their *quality*. In short, Mr. Pitt's project, in almost every point of view, has proved to be a most serious failure.

"Notwithstanding, however, all these reasons in favour of the abolition of the College of Maynooth, and notwithstanding the misconduct of the Irish priesthood, of which no one can be more fully convinced than myself, I will not conceal my decided opinion, that by continuing to them our grant, we shall administer to the degraded priesthood of Ireland an infinitely heavier blow than we should inflict upon them, by withholding it. In the struggle and contention which for so many years have disgraced the connexion between England and Ireland, it has been, and *it is* of vital importance that we should not only satisfy, but undeniably *prove* to the civilised world, *who it is that has been to blame*. And as the priesthood of Ireland, blood-stained with the barbarous murders they have encouraged, have made themselves the object of detestation and contempt, it is, I submit, the duty as well as the interest of Protestant England, to evince, on the detection and self-degradation of an inveterate and ungrateful opponent, that generosity and magnanimity which have ever characterised her conduct to Ireland in general, and to the Irish priesthood in particular; and, therefore, although I have, to the utmost of my power, acted as the public prosecutor of their offences, with

equal energy, I urge, as their advocate, that the annual Parliamentary grant for Maynooth should be continued to them."—pp. 394-6.

Sir Francis will excuse us if we say, that we do not understand the reasoning which tells us "that as the priesthood of Ireland, blood-stained with the barbarous murders they have encouraged, have made themselves the objects of detestation and contempt," therefore it is the duty of Protestant England to reward them. The premises are not ours, and we may, perhaps, say, we are happy, neither is the reasoning; but if it be true, that the priesthood we are educating at Maynooth be "**BLOOD-STAINED WITH MURDERS THEY HAVE ENCOURAGED,**" we would "submit," that it would be "the duty of Protestant England" to deal very differently with that institution from the manner in which its accuser recommends. As "their prosecutor," says Sir Francis, I have convicted the priesthood of enormous crimes; therefore, as "their advocate," I beg for them a generous and munificent grant. Whatever may be thought of the premises, we cannot help thinking the conclusion as preposterous as would be the conduct of a real prosecutor in a criminal court, who, having obtained a verdict of guilty against a murderer, when he came to pray the judgment of the court upon the convict, would ask that he should be sentenced to receive a handsome pension from the Queen's exchequer for life!

We do not intend this paper as a political disquisition; and there is, indeed, little in the book before us to seriously invite one. Our conclusion upon the political portion of the book may simply be comprised in the assurance, that even Sir Francis Head cannot make himself master of the whole political, social, and religious condition of Ireland by the process of being "injected into the island," looking at it for a week, without winking, steadily in the face, and for another week immuring himself in various localities poring over data he deemed it necessary to obtain. Such is the preparation, he gravely assures us, which has qualified him to be the master both of the British ministry and the Irish people:—

"At the fag-end of this summer, among a motley crowd of tourists, by the irresistible

power of steam, I was injected into the island of Ireland, which I had never before seen. For a week, almost without winking, I looked it steadily in the face. For a similar period, in various localities, immured by myself, I was poring over data I deemed it necessary to obtain.

"At the expiration of my fortnight's holiday, with notes before me of the little I had seen, heard, and read; unbiassed by the counsels of any one, in pure retirement, and almost in solitude, for rather more than a month, I alternately ruminated, and wrote; and in the words of Mr. Weller's graphic history of his courtship, and of 'Sammy's' origin, this volume, I honestly confess, is the '*consequens of the manoeuvre*.'"—p. 3.

If the week's tour—Sir Francis Head is hardly honest in taking credit for the week which he spent in the manner which we describe, in his own words, as "immuring himself in various localities poring over data which he thought it necessary to obtain"—if, we say, the week's tour did not do much to qualify him to be a politician, the ambition to be a politician has sorely spoiled the tourist. "I wished to see the library of the College, the most magnificent *library-room* in Europe." Sir Francis hurried away with a most edifying contempt, especially when the person who suggested it ventured to couple it with the most absurd impertinence of an invitation to dinner. "I have not come to Dublin," writes Sir Francis, with the air of an offended statesman, to look at buildings, and as I intended to remain in Dublin but a very few days, I was not disposed to dine out." So, wisely determining to acquaint himself with the country by seeing neither the buildings nor the people, he confided himself to the care of a very stupid carman, whom he describes as being one of those who are always at the entrance-door of Morrison's hotel, "like sharks in a hot latitude, floating within the surf of a beach;" and spent his visit to Dublin in watching the school-girls in Marlborough-street drink water from an iron ladle, and visiting the constabulary dépôt in the Phoenix-park; and several pages of the "Tour" are taken up in *fac similes* of the inscriptions on the slates of the infant-school, and a humorous, authorised copy of that most interesting and scarce document, the rules and regulations for constabulary cadets.

Nothing appears so to excite Sir F. Head's indignation as the side-motion or our national vehicle, the "outside

car." Every ten pages of the tour we meet with an allusion to "*the crab-like*" motion of the car. Travelling in Galway, he permitted himself to be crushed against the iron railing of the driver's seat, rather than submit to have the side of his head go foremost—a motion which he evidently considers an outrage upon all natural laws of locomotion. And at last, in the intensity of his indignation, he observes, of a gentleman who invited him to sit beside him on the side of the car:—"My kind Mentor was not at all aware, that *his Irish brains*, for the last two hours, had been running wrong side foremost." "They were, however," he adds, with an edifying confession, creditable to one of the superior race—"they were, no doubt, quite accustomed to it."

Conceding to Sir Francis what a remembrance of his former lively *brochures* forbids us to doubt, that some travellers in Ireland do move with their brains (*though not Irish ones*) the wrong side foremost—the only other alternative being, according to Sir Francis, that they should leave them at home, we still must, on behalf of the traveller, whose "Irish brains" are so delicately sneered at, take leave to ask our author by what process of reasoning he establishes that the poor man's brains had been running wrong side foremost? Even a point in the compass is something in a matter of this delicately intellectual nature; and if the complaint be, that the traveller was running sideways, like a crab, we hardly think this is accurately expressed by saying that his brains were moving wrong side foremost—the matter would still be irregular if he turned the other side. What side of the person should occupy the first position in locomotion we leave Sir Francis to settle with watermen and crabs. We only venture to suggest, that he does not accurately state the grievance of the side car, when he describes it as a motion with the brains wrong side foremost. Certainly not, if he considers, as we presume he does, the proper leader of the human body, even of a tourist, in motion, to be the nose.

May we venture humbly to hint that, after all, this lateral motion is not a national peculiarity of Irish brains. We do not know whether Sir Francis has ever been ungenteel enough to use one of those scarce English conveyances called omnibuses, in which if he ever condescends to sit, he will behold the

specimen of twelve or thirteen heads, all moving with their brains wrong side foremost. We presume that our author has never heard of them. We beg therefore to assure him, that every day, in the metropolis of the world, in the city of London and its suburbs, some tens of thousands of persons are conveyed in carriages, in which the purely Irish blunder of "moving with the brains the wrong side foremost," is adopted as the law of locomotion.

Our traveller appears, we must say, to have been the victim of a morbid fancy—may we venture to call it a monomania?—upon the subject of the constabulary and the poor laws. We have already noticed the singular instance of it in his selection of the Constabulary Depôt in the Phoenix Park, as the only object of interest in Dublin or the neighbourhood. Several pages of his description of Dublin are occupied in copying *verbatim et literatim*, a portion of "the 558 regulations," contained in a blue-bound *vade mecum* by which Sir Duncan McGregor has organised this valuable corps. The most minute details of the sleeping apartments; the cooking and other utensils used in the barracks, are given with a minuteness which we apprehend could only have been attained by an elaborate copying of the inventory of the official who is charged with the account. There is no satisfying our tourist with constabulary statistics. Even the height of the men in the service is laboriously enumerated. There are, it seems, in that valuable force:—

"The height of the men is as follows:—

Ft. In.		Ft. In.	
6	3 and upwards 28	5	11 and up. 1794
6	2 " . 161	5	10 " 2921
6	1 " . 506	5	9 " 4623
6	0 " . 1104	5	8 " 1518

—p. 44.

We solemnly assure our readers that the above extract is but a sample of whole pages of equally interesting trash. It is, after all, something to know that there are twenty-three Goliaths in the police force, measuring each upwards of six feet three inches! It would be more satisfactory if it were not neutralised by the fact, that there are 1518 of diminutive stature, who measure only five feet eight!! Nothing can be more interesting or important, except the fact which Sir Francis has carefully recorded, that

the men in hospital "wear a blue bottle-coloured dress (!!) to prevent them from flying unseen to their healthy green-coated comrades." "On looking over the dietary," he adds, "I was quite delighted to find that on Friday all the inmates, whether Protestant or Catholic, dine amicably together—on fish!!"—p. 64.

"On the walls," he tell us, of the sergeants' mess-room, "were hanging the mess regulations." From these "it appears that these chief constables get an excellent breakfast and dinner for eleven pence, *servants and washing included!*"

"The tick beds are washed every six months, and the pillow-cases every four months."

We must premise that these minute discriptions are not confined to the Dublin depôt. Whenever a public conveyance stopped for an instant, after carrying Sir Francis, with his brains the wrong side foremost, our hero instantly made a move to the police barracks. In each of these the inventory is repeated. At Hollymount, we are gravely assured, that in the principal bedrooms were five iron turn-up bedsteads; on each was a straw mattress, upon which the sheets and blankets of the owner were neatly wrapped in a reddish counterpane, so neatly arranged, that the different coloured articles altogether resembled a section of what is commonly called a roly-poly, or *blanket-pudding*.—(p. 119.) (This, we presume, was the dainty dinner of the bed constructor in Regent's Park.) In the midst of the most splendid scenery of Connemara he has no eye for anything but the police barracks. The mountain-lake suggests to him no more romantic idea than one of regret that the CONSTABULARY ARE NOT ALLOWED TO FISH IN IT!!! We must let Sir Francis give utterance to this piece of sentiment for himself, solemnly assuring our readers that we faithfully extract the passage from the book:—

"After ascending a slight acclivity—the termination of the district of Connemara—there suddenly appeared, lying prostrate before us, Lough Lindy, bounded at a distance by a wild group of magnificent-looking, high conical mountains. We here met two barefooted, bareheaded boys, riding on a horse, with a straw halter. On the left of this lake was a whitewashed building, which, from its shape (for they have almost all been built on the same plan), I instantly

recognised to be a constabulary barrack. Beyond it, at intervals, were three other white-washed houses, the only habitations in sight.

"On entering the barrack, the windows of which were wide open, the walls milk white, and the floors as clean as a kitchen dresser, I found one constable (a Protestant) and four sub-constables (Catholics), all as neat, as closely shaved, as tightly buttoned up, and with accoutrements as well appointed as if they had been on guard at St. James's Palace.

"The constable, an exceedingly fine, handsome, well-behaved, intelligent-looking young man, of about 29 years of age, who had been at the station two years and seven months, told me that he and his party could get no provisions from the surrounding country; and that, accordingly, they obtained their groceries from Galway, 86 miles off, and the rest from Clifden, distant in the opposite direction 14 miles (English).

"Can't you get *potatoes* here?" I observed.

"No!" he replied; 'we cannot get a ha'porth of anything else.' After a moment's reflection, he added, 'Milk, and that's very dear—that's the only thing we can obtain. For our mate, butter, and fish, we send to Clifden. On Friday the men generally eat milk and butter.'

"But can't you get fish out of the lake?" said I, pointing with my umbrella to the beautiful expanse of water before us.

"No, sir!" he replied, very gravely; 'we're not allowed to fish. I wish,' he added, with a pleasing smile, '*I wish we were.*'

THE WORDS SEEMED TO STAB ME LIKE A SWORD. For many hours I had been almost solitarily gazing upon an expanse of water which, although beautifully subdivided in endless variety, appeared to form very nearly half of this desolate but magnificent portion of Connemara. By the beneficent arrangements of Providence this extensive aqueous district was, of course, more or less teeming with fish.

"Now, it was easy to comprehend that it may be highly advisable that the constabulary of Ireland, whose discipline it is so necessary to maintain, should, especially in their remote stations, be discouraged, or, in strict military parlance, should be forbidden from cultivating gardens, killing game, or catching fish—amusements which would inevitably divert their time, and distract their attention from the vigilant, important, and unceasing duties they have to perform. And yet, when I listened to the words I have just repeated, and observed the truth, obedience, and self-command with which they were expressed, I own I felt a pang, which it required a few moments' reflection to convert into indescribable admiration of the man who had uttered them, and of the general discipline of the force of which he was a worthy representative."—pp. 191-3.

His conversations with the constables in each station are reported in equal minuteness of detail. The following may serve as a specimen of the rest. He enters a village called Moycullen:—

"In the constabulary barracks are quartered one constable (a Catholic), and five sub-constables (three Catholics and two Protestants).

"Have these stairs been just planed?" I inquired of the constable.

"No, sir; only cleaned," he replied.

"They, as well as the floor of the rooms and table, had been scrubbed till they were literally almost white. The constable wore his side-arms; his men, as usual, were dressed as for parade.

"After seating myself at the table of his room, 'What is the population of this village?' I inquired.

"Seventy," he replied; 'there are about fourteen or fifteen families.'

"Sit down, sergeant," I said to him, pointing to a chair close to him.

"No, I thank ye, sir; I'll just stand," was his reply, remaining perfectly erect.

"Whence do you get your provisions?"

"From Galway" (7½ miles off), he answered; 'we get from thence grocery, meat, everything except potatoes and turf. When we are buying beef, we get it three times a month, so as to have it half fresh, and half corned; but beef is scarce, and we have, therefore, bought a fitch of bacon for the entire of this month.'

"What is your principal duty here?" I asked.

"He replied, 'In escorting prisoners from Connemara and Oughterard districts to Galway county gaol.'

"Has there been much crime here?" I inquired.

"Excepting a few cases of drunkenness, no offences for some time. Nothing can be more peaceable and tranquil than this neighbourhood."—pp. 212, 213.

We have quoted enough of this, and it will be remembered that our quotations are but specimens. The inventories of the constabulary barracks, and the detail of just such conversations as we have quoted, with their narrator, form no inconsiderable portion of the Tour—and that tour for two days through Connemara!! It is even a relief to read the dietaries of the poor-houses or the contents of Lord Lucan's weekly pay-bills, to all of which we are treated, as well as to the recommendations inscribed in the book of the Royal Hotel, Westport.

We cannot congratulate Sir Francis on his attempt to spell the peculiar

pronunciations of the lower orders of Dublin. It simply consists in the introduction of an R "where no R should be." We do not know how the inventor of this mode of spelling would pronounce the syllables he frames; but we question whether any one except himself has ever heard sounds that could be represented by the following—

"Wull yere *arn'r* give me a *jarb*?" meaning thereby, "Will your honour give me a *job*?" We will not undertake to find letters to designate the sounds into which the above words would be metamorphosed; but we undertake to say, that they do not bear the slightest resemblance to the outlandish pronunciation intended by the above. Yet, in the everlasting introduction of the hieroglyphics "your *arn'r*," consists the whole wit of the caricature of the dialect of the lower orders, in which our author manifestly fancies himself an adept.

Sir Francis, with characteristic prudence, confines himself for information to the constabulary and the car-drivers. Of the latter class, as of the lower orders generally in Ireland, we speak with some reluctance. When a stranger questions them with that air of bland condescension, which implies the affability of a superior, they unamiably return the compliment paid to their simplicity, by imposing upon the questioner: and while a very fine gentleman fancies that he is drawing them out, they are laughing in their sleeve at his gullibility. We suspect Sir Francis was more than once the victim of this not very amiable propensity; once he certainly was. With inimitable *naïvete* he tells us of the delightful simplicity of the car-driver, who interpreted the cypher and crown of George IV. upon the battlements of the bridge erected over the Liffey, to commemorate His Majesty's visit to Dublin, in 1821:—

"As we were crossing an iron bridge of a single arch, which I happened to know had been constructed in 1827, by the inhabitants of Dublin, to commemorate the royal visit of George IV., my conductor said to me, 'This, yere *Arn'r*, is called King's Bridge. Your *Arn'r*, it was built by George IV. By his manes (means) it was built; it was built, yere *Arn'r*, by what he give!'

"See there, yere *Arn'r*," he added, pulling up as soon as we had crossed, and pointing to a medallion, as follows:—



G. IV. R.

Then spelling the inscription very slowly to me, he added, 'GIVR stands for "GIVER." That manes the *Crown* is the GIVR!'—pp. 16, 17.

We suspect we may add another instance of the same:—

"In a solitary potato-field a stout woman, in a red petticoat and with bare ankles and feet, was stooping down digging potatoes; as we passed close to her she raised her uncovered head, from which hung a quantity of black shaggy hair as wild as the mane of a Shetland pony. On the hill side above her I observed an animal grazing.

"Will mules," said I to the driver, pointing towards it, 'eat potatoes?'

"Oh yes!" he replied, with a grin: 'they'll poke 'um up with their fate.'

"My friend's mouth now began to pucker up, and around each eye there gradually appeared such innumerable wrinkles of fun, that I saw I had unintentionally touched a ticklish point.

"Oh yes, sir," he added, scarcely able to suppress laughter. 'Oich! yere *Arn'h'r*, they're the bloodiest rogues you ever see in yere life! They're mortal knowing, and you can niver depend on 'um. Gad! if ye mind 'um for twinty yares, they'll some day or night all of a sudden turn on ye and give ye a kick!'—p. 178.

We must take at random specimens of the peculiar style of description which this volume occasionally supplies. What will our medical readers think of a mutton chop being like the shot of a pistol, and a man dying of typhus by a sort of explosion?—

"Hundreds of patients," said a distinguished physician to me, 'were brought into our Dublin hospital starving. A mutton chop, or a glass of porter, would have been to them like the shot of a pistol. We were obliged to nourish them gradually, homœopathically. In the space of a fortnight the stomach recovered its tone, and we were rejoicing at the result, when, by a sort of explosion, they died of typhus!'—p. 118.

The story of the mules searching for potatoes does not stand alone. Upon another occasion, our author, speaking of potatoes, inquired of his driver:—

"Will sheep eat them?" I inquired.

"Troth, yere *Arn'h'r*," he replied, 'they'll

root 'um ! Thim black crows steal pitaturs. Och !' he said, looking at me very archly, as he shook his whip at one, 'they're the biggest villans, yere Arnhr !'

"That mare of yours is thorough-bred, isn't she ?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, yere Arnhr, she's well got."

"Will donkeys," said I—we were at the moment passing one that was grazing afar off—"eat potatoes ?"

"Oh, yes, yere Arnhr, and our dogs will ate um, too. Gintlemen's dogs ate um with milk ; but ours, troth ! they'll ate um quite dry."—p. 162.

As Sir Francis drove fourteen miles with the sole object of visiting Lord Lucan, and questioning him as to the system he pursued, we presume the result of his interview must be worth something :—

"The main, serpentine street of Castlebar, composed of houses generally of two stories high, and of all colours, gradually dissolves or dwindles into a long series of white-washed hovels. In various parts of this line were to be seen, with their eyes closing, and heads drooping, donkeys laden with panniers of peat, and occasionally of coarse vegetables. Around them were women, in parti-coloured shawls, crossed in all sorts of picturesque folds over crimson petticoats, often fringed at bottom by their own rags. I also observed a number of children with bare hair, nicely combed. In the barracks, at the head of the street, were quartered about 200 soldiers.

"I now inquired the way to Lord Lucan's ; and as it had never ceased raining for a moment, I proceeded, under my umbrella, to a lodge on the edge of the town, opening by iron gates into a verdant, handsome, old-fashioned park, studded with large trees.

"The house, called 'The Lawn,' appeared smaller than I had expected ; however, it was large enough for all I wanted, so, ringing at the bell, I gave my card to the servant, and requested to know if Lord Lucan was sufficiently disengaged to see me ?

"I was shown into a large drawing-room, in which I was left for about a quarter of an hour, and I was getting a little tired of Bluebeard's hall, when the servant entered, and begged I would follow him. I did so, and in a small study I was received by Lord Lucan, a tall, slight, intelligent, and very gentleman-like man, of apparently about fifty.

"I told him at once, what I had not deemed it necessary to mention to any one else, namely, that in travelling through Ireland, I was taking notes, which I intended to publish ; and having thus, as was due to him, put him on his guard, I asked

whether he would have any objection to give me certain information I desired.

"None whatever !" he replied.

"What do you pay your labourers, if you please ?" I asked.

"Without replying, he took from his table the pay-lists of his various farms, and putting them into my hands, I perceived that he was not only giving from 9d. to 10d. throughout the year, but that most of his labourers were cottiers.

"I asked him how much land he had cleared ? He replied, 'I have in the neighbourhood of Castlebar about 15,000 acres stocked and cropped, and about 15,000 more in a transition state. The former is farmed by myself ; the latter, when properly reclaimed, will be farmed by tenants for whom I am building houses, costing about 500*l.* each.'

"His lordship now said very kindly, 'We had better adjourn to my establishment, where we shall find my head steward, who will give you correcter information than I can. At all events,' he added, with a smile, 'I had rather he should make a mistake than I.'

"On proceeding to the establishment, in the centre of which stood erect, the tall chimney of the industrious steam-engine that had already attracted my attention, I was led by Lord Lucan into a series of rooms, full of what he termed '*Cheshire* cheeses,' and with grammatical precision, I was acutely rather cavilling to myself about the appellation, when, turning round, I perceived on either side of me a fine, strong, rosy-faced, plump young woman, neatly dressed, with, strange to say, shoes and stockings on.

"There," he said, with a smile, 'are Cheshire dairymaids under the direction of a Cheshire woman married to a Cheshire man.'

"Then," said I to myself, 'they're Cheshire cheeses, and no mistake !' Indeed, the young persons beside me, looked as if they had been created on purpose to turn milk into Cheshire cheeses.

"At a farm I found admirable stalls for 400 head of cattle, sties for 200 pigs, 48 boxes for horses or animals of any sort, 10 cattle-yards, 2 bone-mills, a flax-house, and that "Jack-of-all-work," a steam engine, of 12 horse power, that was threshing, cleaning, grinding, chaff-cutting, sawing, besides lifting water to supply the whole premises, and, moreover, heating a kiln for drying corn. The engine, which was in charge of a Scotchman, was heated by turf, at a cost of about 5*s.* a-day.

"We were now joined by the head steward, a sedate, highly-intelligent, respectable-looking Scotchman, who has been in Ireland thirteen years. He told me that the number of persons that had been ejected was about 10,000, of whom one-tenth were employed by Lord Lucan, who had

given most of them cottages. He said that two Scotch bailiffs superintended the new farms at Ballinrobe, and that he had also one other Scotch bailiff under him at Castlebar. I asked him how the new plan was working.

"'At Ballinrobe,' he replied, 'where the system has been completed, the result is, that the land has become of double its former value, that is to say, would keep double the amount of stock.'

"'But,' said I, 'how has it answered to the poor people?'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'I think they are verra much improvit.'

"*Question.*—'If Canada fell into the hands of you Americans, how would you deal with the *French* population?'

"*Answer.*—'Well, I reckon that in about six months we'd just improve 'em off the face of the globe.'

"'In what way?' I asked.

"'The cottiers,' he replied, 'are better dressed, have cleaner cottages, have wages *all* the year round, from 1s. to 8d. a-day, and the greater number of them have gardens.'

"'What wages do other people pay?' I inquired.

"'From 6d. to 8d., without a house; but he added, 'few people here employ men *all* the year round.'

"'Have you ever been attacked by anyone?' I asked.

"'I have never met with a threat or an insult, nor have any of the bailiffs, nor any of the thousand men that work under them, excepting a little angry noise at the elections.'

"As a curious addition to these statements, I was told by Lord Lucan, that, as Protestant Chairman of the Catholic Board of Guardians, he had only last week, in recommending several necessary reductions, proposed that the salary of the priest should be lowered from 60*l.* to 50*l.*, and that, his reasons being deemed satisfactory, the recommendation was agreed to without a word. How clearly does this show what can be done in Ireland, as indeed everywhere else, by decisive conduct!

"From Lord Lucan's I walked to the constabulary barracks," &c. &c. &c.—pp. 188-42.

If we have been unable to give praise to this book, we have not been influenced to withhold it by any unkindly feeling to the author. The title, per-

haps, expresses its faults. "A Fortnight in Ireland" was, Sir Francis may believe us, not sufficient to give any man that knowledge of the country and the people which, he tells us, it was the object of his visit to acquire. Short as was the interval, the course which the tourist took did not add much to his faculties of information. No traveller in a strange country can be really independent. If he asks no questions, he might just as well stay at home. The end of our author's independence was, that he has made his book a mere record of very uninteresting conversations with very uninteresting people. Descriptions of the magnificent scenery through which he drove there is none. He turns from the glorious panorama of the valley of the Liffey to the *dépôt*, and at the very head of the Killeries bores us with an auctioneer's catalogue of a police barrack. Sketches of the manners of the people we could not expect from one who took his survey of the nation even from the driver's seat of Bianconi's car. A fortnight in Ireland, well employed, might have enabled Sir Francis Head to have described pleasantly and nervously some of our scenery, and something of our manners. Spent as it was, it must have been almost as miserable to himself, as the majority of his book is to those few who have been compelled to read it through. Should he ever visit Ireland again, we earnestly advise him to eschew every constabulary station; to believe that there is something in the country worth seeing besides the interior of a police-barrack, and some persons worth talking to, as well as car-drivers and constables. As for his political essay, he must not imagine that he has enlightened the world upon our politics, when he fills 150 pages with stale extracts and staler comments; or fancy that he has made wondrous discoveries, in lucubrations, in which, after all, he says nothing that has not, every week for the last three months, been much better said in any one of the Conservative newspapers of the country.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Tremendous visitant ! whose thunder-tread
 Makes strong hearts tremble, and the rock-ribbed earth
 Reel to its base ! Whither and whence hath sped
 The mystery of thy mighty goings forth,—
 That thus thou ridest towards the untrodden North,
 Clanking thy armour, and thy shroud-like vest
 Trailing across the homestead and the hearth
 Of awe-struck millions, who in pale unrest
 Start up and stare about, with new alarms oppress ?

Along what nether causeway of the night
 Hath sprung thy charger loose from thy control,
 Flashing hot breathings from him in his flight
 With open nostril towards the cloud-wrapped pole ?
 Hadst thou a message for some single soul,
 As once thou hadst on Horeb ? Or didst raise
 A general warning in thy muffled roll,
 Sounding the advent of that day of days
 When heaven and earth shall melt, and vanish in a blaze !

Whence comest thou ?—men ask. Hast moved across
 A continent, from old Etnæan caves,
 Burying thy head where hidden lavas toss,
 To lift it up beneath our people's graves,
 And give us back our dead ? Away !—waste waves
 Wait to be shock'd, and bare Phlegmæan fields,
 Rude deserts, which no mortal footstep braves :
 Here, man is sacrificed, whatever yields
 A harvest to the scythe thy ruthless fury wields.

Where hast thou been, since last we had thee here ?
 Hast slumbered under rocks ? Or suffered pain,
 Pent up in polar ice, like Mammoth, fear
 Of worlds pre-Adamite ? or underlain
 Hot tracts of tropic suns ? or in the main
 Stalled with the other monsters of its birth
 Amid the haunts of old Leviathan ?
 Or hast thou lurked within the central earth,
 Lest Nature should arise and curb thy maniac mirth ?

Now thou art up, O spare this tranquil shore !
 Seize, if thou must have food, thine ancient prey,
 Where since creation thou hast mumbled o'er
 The bones of prostrate cities—far away,
 Where trembling Guatemala owns thy sway,
 Or Andes pile their snows to press thee down,
 Or Java heaves beneath the dark Malay,
 Or humbled Antioch yields thee up her crown :—
 Back to thy haunts, grim king, nor fray us with thy frown.

It was a night to be remembered much—
 That breathless night, when thou wert drawing nigh :
 Last of a darksome avenue of such,
 Which with their ominous darkness cloak'd the sky.
 Millions were slumbering :—some awake, as I,
 Outwatching night, if haply to outwear
 By Fancy's sad but soothing hullaby,
 The restlessness of that strange phantom, Care,
 Which lays its head against our hearts—Hush !—what is there ?

A long, low rumbling—a confused advance—
 A rush, a crash, a rocking, and a roar—
 Nature convulsed in cataleptic trance,
 And staggering on her throne, as if before
 Some death-like form, from mortals shrouded o'er,
 But ghastly plain to her. Oh, is it past?
 Will dislocated Earth be still once more?—
 As with a roll of drums, and trumpets' blast,
 The hubbub reels away—and we can breathe at last.

Ay—breathe, and follow: where thy tremulous waves
 Pulsate along the galleries of old mines;
 Rattling the manacles of gangs of slaves;
 Tossing the lordly heads of giant pines:—
 Down by the mountain gorge I trace thy signs
 In deep-drawn furrows; and the stately tower
 Tells of thy presence in the gaping lines
 Of ruin, written there within this hour,
 In mockery of man's pride and overvaunted power.

Here hast thou found the student, whose soul's wings
 Had fluttered towards thy far, inaudible tread,
 In lofty and prophetic ponderings—
 The visions of his brain upon his bed.
 And here a loftier mission hast thou sped,
 To where the poet feeds upon the air
 Of fame, to him his life's immortal bread.
 And here, perchance, thou'st found one soul in prayer
 Before his God—and thine;—and left it praying there.

And into dreams thou'st stolen, where childhood slumbered
 Those balmy hours away which angels bless,—
 And passed on tip-toe off—for unincumbered
 Lay the light soul upon its last caress,
 And never dreamed of being rocked by less
 Of loving arms than those which had been under
 The trusting smile of its last consciousness:
 Nor o'er that soul hovered a shade of wonder
 Across its sky, begot of thy intruding thunder.

And there were others not to be alarmed.
 God for thy rush hath op'd a passage through
 The dreams of Labour; whose hard bed, unharmed,
 Hath rocked an honest sleeper. For he knew
 That retribution had its work to do
 On softer pillows—and the angel's hand
 Which smote the Egyptians, o'er his threshold flew,
 Honouring the sprinkled blood-sweat of the band
 Whose first-born are the heirs of mercy's promised land.

But, oh! in what deep dungeons thou hast found
 Wretches forgotten in the world above—
 Victims and martyrs, on whose lives have frowned
 Draconian laws of Church or State!—they move?
 Thou shak'st their irons with thine iron glove,
 Making them audible. Now, get thee forth
 Up to the great man's couch, with silk inwove,
 And bid him rise, and tell thee what he's worth,
 That thus his brother's thrust like carrion under earth!

Ay—get thee forth, and rock the couch of kings ;
 Perchance they'll sleep the sounder. Let them sleep—
 Better who sleeps, and dies, than wakes, and stings.
 There is a final slumber—whither creep
 The worms, which in such dead their revels keep,
 And still deny them rest. But, let that pass—
 Pass like thyself—which, in a moment's sweep,
 Reapest and gatherest thy spoils as grass,
 Heaping behind the scythe one indiscriminate mass.

Returned from reverie, we list the flight
 Of thy receding roar—and hear the beat
 In our own breasts—and then look out at night
 For comfort ; but its depths seem to retreat
 Into still further depths, there to repeat
 The heart's throb, from the echoing mountain's crown.
 And when with wilder fear the skies we greet,
 Then blackness, like a deaf ear, bendeth down,
 Rendering all questions back with stern and stolid frown.

Stillness ! more dreadful than the dread that's past !
 Silence ! more awful than the direst word !
 Hush of the tempest !—lull amidst the blast !
 Pause—that the still small voice of God be heard !
 For once these hidden elements have stirred
 The strata of deep hearts, 'tis worse to wait
 Where the keen sense is next to be transferred :
 And o'er the chasm 'twixt terror and our fate
 Methinks the bridge thus flung is trebly desperate.

And, as the living, so hath Death confessed
 Thy mighty presence. At the charnel-vault,
 In catacombs, where stillness, trod and prest
 Like mould about old coffins, braves the assault
 Of Time and Change—where Nature's footsteps halt,
 Numbed, crippled, spell-bound, at the muffled door,
 Was heard thy knock : and jailer Death, at fault,
 Let in the palsies which, as long before,
 Now seized his bones again, and shocked them o'er and o'er.

Oh, Herald of th' inevitable hour !
 Let men, forewarned of what one day must come,
 Take thy deep words to heart, tremendous power !
 And stand prepared to face the final doom
 Reserved for Adam's progeny—when the tomb
 Shall quake as earth hath quaked, and quick and dead
 Start up in dim battalions through the gloom,
 Before His judgment-seat, whose blood was shed
 That nothing more should shake the souls for which He bled.

SHAFTO D'ARZAC.

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I must talk about my mother! I can't bear that she should pass
From the mem'ry of the living, like the fleeting flow'r of grass;
For in beauty of the body, and in sanctity of soul,
The Almighty strangely moulded her unto His wise control.

She was lovely like the lily—just as graceful and as fair,
With the small, slight limbs and features that refinement's child declare.
In her youth, the maidens lov'd her, tho' they knew she was "the Belle;"
"Her delight was to adorn us," as some still rejoice to tell.

But what lip shall breathe the purity—the holiness of life,
That enwrapp'd her, like a crystal robe, since first she was a wife—
As she walk'd, with love and dignity, that way trac'd out by God,
Of obedience, self-denial, and sweet patience—rarely trod!

Yet, let none mis-deem it *dullness* when they hear that she was *meek*,
Nor believe divine humility belongs but to the weak;
Woe betide the stormy spirit that mistakes its pride for strength—
Late remorse and lonely mourning shall remove the mask at length!

No! in all the gay and gifted group of "goodlie companie,"
She was kindest in her courtesy, and merriest in glee;
And no list'ner fear'd the winning wit that gemm'd her pleasant speech,
So enlivened, charm'd and gratified were all within her reach.

In her home, the star of duty was the guide of her career;
She was treasured in her husband's heart, a prize without compeer!
Sweetly warbling forth, in cheerfulness, her melody of mind;
Ever veiling up the grievance, and displaying what was kind.

To the poor she gave "good measure." She would sorrow, side by side,
With the wretched, or the friendless—oh! how much she hated pride!
There are many now surviving who record, with grateful tears,
How the balm of her condolence still perfumes the grief of years.

She re-echoed not the worldly cry; but view'd life as it is,
Recollecting CHRIST's accounting day, and how all things are His;
Still in mercy, as in merit, she was modest of renown,
For her deeds were done for heaven, where they're woven in a crown.

But of all her beauteous phases, in *the mother* she excell'd;
One so tender, so devoted eye hath never yet beheld.
Not the less that she exacted mute submission and respect;
Where our love and awe were blended no observer could detect.

Oh! how much she lov'd her children! 'twas the burthen of her thought
They should live to that salvation her beloved Saviour bought.
So forbearing in her counsel, so perceptive of the wrong,
All her censure was ennobling—in her mildness she was strong.

She would share our mirthful frolics with the laughter of the heart,
Or the tear would fall, unbidden, had we sorrows to impart;
Who shall marvel that we lov'd her! May it be our proud delight
To pursue the path *she* follow'd—*doing* all *we know* is right!

'Twas enjoyment to be near her; though, unselfish to the last,
She used often bid us leave her when her spirits were o'ercast;
Deeply prov'd by many trials—and so fragile in her frame,
She endured them unrepining, until death's deliv'rance came!

Like the lily, too, she languished, fading stealthily away,
That we never thought to lose her in her delicate decay;
But her spirit sigh'd for freedom, as the captive long enthrall'd,
And she died where bliss abideth. Who would wish her now recall'd?

How she hushed her heart's affliction when the final hour drew near,
Just to spare from keener anguish those bereav'd ones, held so dear!
'Twas as if the Virgin Mother came to soothe her in her need;
For *her* sake she was call'd "Mary"—and she copied *her* indeed.

I repent me now profoundly, and I may not weep in vain,
O'er my faultiness and froward ways that ever gave her pain!
And I'll pray to love God like her (so neglected heretofore),
That not one of all her children but shall dwell with her once more.

Whosoever hath a *mother*, may he honour e'en the name;
There's a blessing for the duteous that outlives all earthly fame!
But let those, alas! who've lost her and the holy calm within,
Now enshrine her in their mem'ry—'Tis a talisman 'gainst sin.

"FILIA."

October, 1852. In mem. 18—

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH ROME.

[A JUST estimate of the momentous question on which our correspondent writes, and a no less just respect for himself, have induced us to submit, without abridgment or modification, the following letter to the consideration of our readers. We do so, however, upon the sole responsibility of its writer, and without committing ourselves in anywise to his particular views of policy and convenience. Our correspondent, we must observe, has neither stated nor answered what appears to us to be a striking, if not an irreducible objection, to the proposed measure. This objection is reflected from no phase of fanaticism; it rests upon no misapprehension of the personal qualifications of cardinals or nuncios, and upon no threats or complications of the code of *præmunire*. It is superior to them all, and equally above rant and sophistry; it presents itself in the sober character of an established principle of international and constitutional polity. As a temporal power, the Court of Rome, without army, navy, wealth, commerce, or numbers, is in all respects too helpless and beggarly to afford us the faintest shadow of a pretext for coveting a diplomatic intimacy with it. We have, and *can* have, no legitimate business with that diminutive and imbecile principality, except such as may occasionally arise out of injuries inflicted by its government upon the persons and property of British subjects; and in such cases we can never need more than the intervention of a Consul, or the expostulation of an Admiral. The reasoning by which the measure is recommended, has no relation whatever to those reciprocal interests and influences upon which states may, with safety and self-respect, exchange diplomatic messages and ratify international bargains. If we accredit an ambassador to Rome, notwithstanding his ostensible connexion and formal correspondence with the Foreign-Office, he is in reality neither more nor less than *the Agent of the Home-Office and of the Irish-Office in the Vatican*. He goes there to lay bare our domestic difficulties and apprehensions, to deprecate a piratical and incendiary interference with the subjects of the Queen of England, which, if recognised at all, should be mentioned only to be arrested and punished with a high hand. He goes there to *invite* a foreign intervention between the Queen and her own subjects; to ask the foreign "Sovereign of a State" (in which character "*alone*," our correspondent tells us, "we should recognise" the Pope) to aid her Majesty and her ministers in governing Dr. Mac Hale in Tuam, and Dr. Wise-

man in Westminster; and to negotiate with that "Sovereign the price to be paid to him for his valuable interposition in our domestic affairs—a price to be made up of administrative concessions, a purgation of our statute-book, and organic changes in our national constitution. If our correspondent cannot recognise in these circumstances something special, alarming, and unconstitutional, and in such a relation something more than the proper and customary process of diplomatic intercourse between two independent "States"—if he cannot see in the very jealousies and perturbations generated at home, by the apprehension that the ear of the Home-Office was open, through a direct and confidential channel, to the imperious stipulations and base intrigues of the Quirinal, some objections to the scheme, more solid and practical than the flimsy cavils with which he deals, we cannot help him. At the same time, as we have shown, we have no misgivings as to the result of discussion, and no fears about permitting those with whom we are at issue to state their case, even in our own pages. The view we have stated is that which governs, in our minds, the decision of the question, and it is one which our correspondent has either failed to see, or else has pretermitted.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE."

SIR,—At a time when so much natural anxiety is felt on the subject of a diplomatic intercourse with the Roman Court, it may not be unadvisable to divest the question of at least one error which, strangely enough, has, by the bare force of repetition, grown into the semblance of an argument. The "leading journal" of England, usually so well informed on matters of custom and precedent, has made the singular mistake of supposing that Sir Henry Bulwer's recent presence at Rome, is the evidence of "a blunder and a weakness," and a "direct recantation of those sentiments which so strongly animate the great majority of the British nation."

The journalist further informs us, that his "appearance at Rome is unsolicited and uninvited;" and then asks, in a tone of triumphant mockery, "what can be thought by the Cardinal Secretary of State, of the real disposition of the British Government towards the Papal See, when he finds that, for the first time since the mission of Lord Castlemaine, under James II., he has a British Envoy Plenipotentiary to a neighbouring court waiting for an audience in his antechamber?"

From these passages it might be inferred, that not only was the appearance of Sir Henry Bulwer at the Vatican an act of most undignified condescension on the part of our Government, but that it was totally unauthorised by the very spirit of our constitution. Now it is singular enough that the answer to these indignant remonstrances should require neither amplification nor enlargement, but can be contained within the simple limits of a

plain denial. Sir Henry Bulwer is the Envoy of her Majesty at the Tuscan Court; his functions including a diplomatic intercourse with Modena and Parma, and relations on all affairs of business with the Papal Court; for the due conduct of which, a resident *attaché*, Mr. Petre, has been many years employed.

That such affairs are not comprised within the category of mere passport details, the best evidence is, that these and similar matters, are transacted by our resident Consul, Mr. Freeborne, so that Mr. Petre's functions are purely and essentially diplomatic; his letter of appointment stating him to be attached to the Legation at Florence, to the head of which his communications are all addressed.

There was, then, no necessity for "invitation or solicitation." Sir H. Bulwer went to Rome exactly as he went a few weeks before to Parma and to Modena; not, it is true, to present credentials and receive diplomatic honours; for, in the present anomalous state of our law, the minister is reduced to transact, as a private individual, the affairs which should be conducted with all the authority of rank and office; and, so far from his presence at the Papal Court being unsanctioned by custom, his absence would be a distinct neglect of duty. The leading journal is certainly not happy in his historic parallel. There is no possible resemblance between Lord Castlemaine's mission and the presence of Sir Henry Bulwer. Had the writer really sought for a precedent to the present case, he might have found it with less learned research in the diplomatic correspon-

dence of Sir George Hamilton Seymour, who so ably represented our country at the Court of Tuscany, in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833.

A very cursory glance at the despatches of that period will show that they were written from Rome, discussing alike questions of Roman politics and matters purely relating to British subjects. That the anomaly of his position rendered many of his remonstrances to the Roman Government ineffectual was matter of serious regret to him, and his correspondence exhibits in many places the great difficulty he experienced in conducting affairs, from the absence of that weight and consideration usually accorded to a recognised envoy.

In fact, whatever may have been the private sentiments of successive Governments in England as to the opportune time or the manner of opening relations with the Court of Rome, there is little doubt that every foreign secretary in Downing-street has acutely felt the want of such diplomatic intercourse, the urgent necessity of conducting openly and authoritatively all questions which occur between the two countries, and the deep importance of having some channel for truthful information, to a cabinet whose measures were palpably undertaken under the promptings of false and interested agents.

I am no more in the secret of Sir Henry Bulwer's object at Rome than the mass of those who read in the *Times* and the *Débats* what these objects are. But of this I feel assured, that the first diplomatist of our day is not likely either to compromise the dignity of the country he represents by any professions of unworthy submission, nor is it probable that he has undertaken the task of conciliating a power irreconcilably hostile to our dearest rights and our most sacred institutions.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that diplomatic intercourse is not dependent for its existence upon any ground of similarity of institutions, or of approval by one State of the mode of government pursued by another. Were such the case, we should find it difficult to maintain our relations, at the same time, with the cabinets of St. Petersburg and Washington, with Berne and with Naples. Diplomatic relations are like the provisions

of a tariff, where concessions on one side are balanced by those on the other—where the mutual well-being of States are conducted on the principles of truth and fair dealing—and where the great interests of a country are not left to the misrepresentations of chance travellers, or the more dangerous agencies of intentional falsehood.

Perhaps this is not the most favourable moment to examine calmly and dispassionately, what there is to offend our Protestantism by opening a diplomatic intercourse with Rome. Assuredly the working of what is called "Popery," amongst us, suggests but slight temptation to the inquiry. The factious insolence of the Romish priesthood in Ireland—their outrageous conduct and offensive language, are small inducements to draw closer the ties between our Government, and what they scruple not to avow as *theirs*. Were we to be guided by the general feeling manifested against late acts of Romish aggression, we should certainly say, that the period for an exchange of diplomatic courtesies might be indefinitely postponed. But it would be well to consider how far it were wise to yield to such considerations. The Court of Rome, we are told, is inflated with an extravagant conception of its own dignity—deceived by its "own impenetrable dullness." Doubtless, there is much truth in the description. An overweening sense of its importance, and an almost incredible ignorance of the world, are the most striking characteristics of that Court. But would not our interests be served by an effort at dispelling these illusions? If we reduce Rome to her real dimensions in the eyes of those who now regard her as omnipotent—if we can exhibit the States of the Church in their true light to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and show that, in his temporal capacity—the only one in which we recognise him—the Pope is not on the level of a third-rate power, shall we not have combatted an error on which much of his pretension is based: and, secondly, is it of no consequence to us that every expression of England and Englishmen that is suffered to penetrate within the Vatican should be tinged with false views of our Government, its objects, and its aims? Are we to leave the Holy See to derive its opinions of our country from the MacHales and

the Cullens, and similar sources of bigotry and intolerance? Is it advisable that the ravings of Irish rebellion should be translated into Italian, and handed about as the expressions of an enslaved people, groaning under British tyranny? The *Times* itself confesses, in the very article from which we quote, "That the influence of fanatics and rebels would not have been uncontroverted;" and "the Pope would have been told, at a proper time, that Dr. Wiseman and John of Tuam were blowing the embers of a deadly quarrel, to gratify their passions and their ambition, at the cost of religion and tolerance," had we been represented diplomatically at Rome. It is but fair to say that the journalist makes this avowal while deploring that amendment which rendered the Bill abortive, and which it characterises as "absurd and mischievous." To say the least of it, these epithets, applied to a course of policy manifestly pursued to restrain the arrogant pretensions of Rome, come ill from one whose whole counsels breathe defiance, and who assures us, that if the minister of a Protestant crown is to appear in Rome at all, he will hardly obtain his just rights unless he be instructed to speak in the tone of a Government prepared to enforce them.

I am not, however, one of those who approve of the Eglintonian clause, for the simple reason, that it was unnecessary. Had the bill passed, and the various difficulties which oppose relations with Rome been satisfactorily adjusted, there would have been ample time to have come to a proper understanding upon this point. It is an almost recognised rule in such matters, that no minister is ever sent accredited to a court where there exist special reasons against him. The tone of intercourse between friendly powers is not exempt from the courtesies which govern private life, and it might not have been difficult, once that negotiations were really opened with Rome, to show that it were scarcely worth while to nullify them, on the mere choice of an envoy.

Besides this, our intercourse with Rome by no means required a resident minister at St. James's. The head of the legation might be content with a secretary, almost always a layman. The real object of the bill was to be represented at the Vatican, and we should have

some means of letting truth be heard within walls, whose traditional memories could tell far more of intrigue and deceitfulness; that we should be enabled to show the Pope, what he unquestionably is ignorant of, the part performed by the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland; that their anti-English policy is in alliance with the wildest principles of democracy; and that the very schemes which threatened the downfall of the Popedom in '49, are exactly the measures by which Irish Romanism assails the English Government. Were his Holiness to see this—were he to know that the MacHales and Fogartys represent politically with us, the very faction that in Rome expelled the Jesuits and banished Cardinals, it is possible he might have more sympathy with our Government, and less with those who desire to undermine it.

But there are reasons of far higher importance than this, for which we could desire diplomatic relations with Rome. It is essentially necessary that the Pope should either avow his concurrence in this policy of Irish disturbance, or at once discountenance and condemn it. With an English minister at Rome, there need be no very great difficulty in obtaining such an avowal. In fact, he would have a distinct right to demand it. Either the Pope's name is put forward in Ireland without his knowledge or consent, or he is an aider and abettor of an organised system of rebellion! If the former, let us have the benefit of his censure. If the latter, let *him* be taught to know that England is neither powerless nor indifferent. Whatever France may boastfully pretend to the contrary, we are the masters of the Mediterranean. And it is our own fault if our supremacy is not felt along its shores, and the menace of England can never be despised wherever the flag of a line-of-battle-ship can float.

There is no humiliation for us in seeking to establish these relations. There is neither a truckling to Popery, nor a compromise of our Protestantism. Diplomatic intercourse with Rome involves no question of religion whatever. It is true, the Cardinal Secretary of State, with whom our minister should transact affairs, may be an ecclesiastic. It is probable that he may be one deeply versed in controversial theology; and, not impossible, a zealous oppo-

nent of every principle of our Reformation. But I will dare to affirm, that our envoy will incur no risk by his intercourse, of any discussion on these subjects; nor will he have to guard his Anglicanism against any subtle schemes of conversion.

The Pope is the Sovereign of a State; and, as such alone, should we recognise him. It is highly important that at those councils, where every court in Europe is represented, we should not be wanting in some one who could defend our interests and protest against their being assailed.

We hear a great deal about Roman subtlety and Jesuitical craft; and, possibly, our fears are no great exaggeration of these qualities. But, let us ask, is their influence likely to be diminished by leaving the field open for their exercise? Is the march of the enemy retarded by our withdrawing our picquets?

I am prepared for much opposition to all intercourse with the Papal See. I have heard some grave objections on the very score of this same alleged superiority in point of tactical skill and ability; and I have listened to a great many weaker arguments, derived from what their authors dignified by the name of "conscientious scruples"—not that I would impugn their sincerity, but simply the inadmissibility of imposing such in a spirit of guidance to others. But against these I would willingly place the testimony of three experienced diplomatists, who have themselves, as envoys at Tuscany, repaired at different epochs to Rome, to transact, as well as their half-accredited position would admit, those affairs which, under a better state of the law, might have been negotiated with dignity and effect. Each of these has

assured me, that the absence of direct intercourse with the Papal Court has been a serious injury to us; and not only damaged our influence in the Peninsula generally, but deeply affected us in remote quarters, where the intrigues of other nations, matured and fostered at Rome, have plotted to our injury.

It would not be practicable within the limit which I have purposed to myself in this communication, to advert to those commercial relations which, by the want of an able minister at Rome, have been totally lost sight of between the two countries. Let me, however, remark, that of the entire trade of Ancona, one-half is carried on by British ships. That the imports are almost exclusively such as England supplies best and cheapest. That we derive the best timber for our dock-yards from the forests of Senegaglia, near the coast; and that it is the opinion of mercantile men of that country, that such a treaty as might lower import duties, coupled with increased facilities for internal transmission of goods, would throw an immense amount of our manufactures into central Italy.

I have had no pretension, in these brief remarks, of anything like a general examination of this difficult subject; still less do I desire that the character of your distinguished journal should be prejudiced by what are the mere opinions of a correspondent, and not authoritatively advanced by yourself. If, however, without in any way soliciting your concurrence in these views, they appear worthy of consideration, their appearance in your columns will much oblige,

Your faithful friend and admirer,
C. L.

Rome, November, 1852,

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